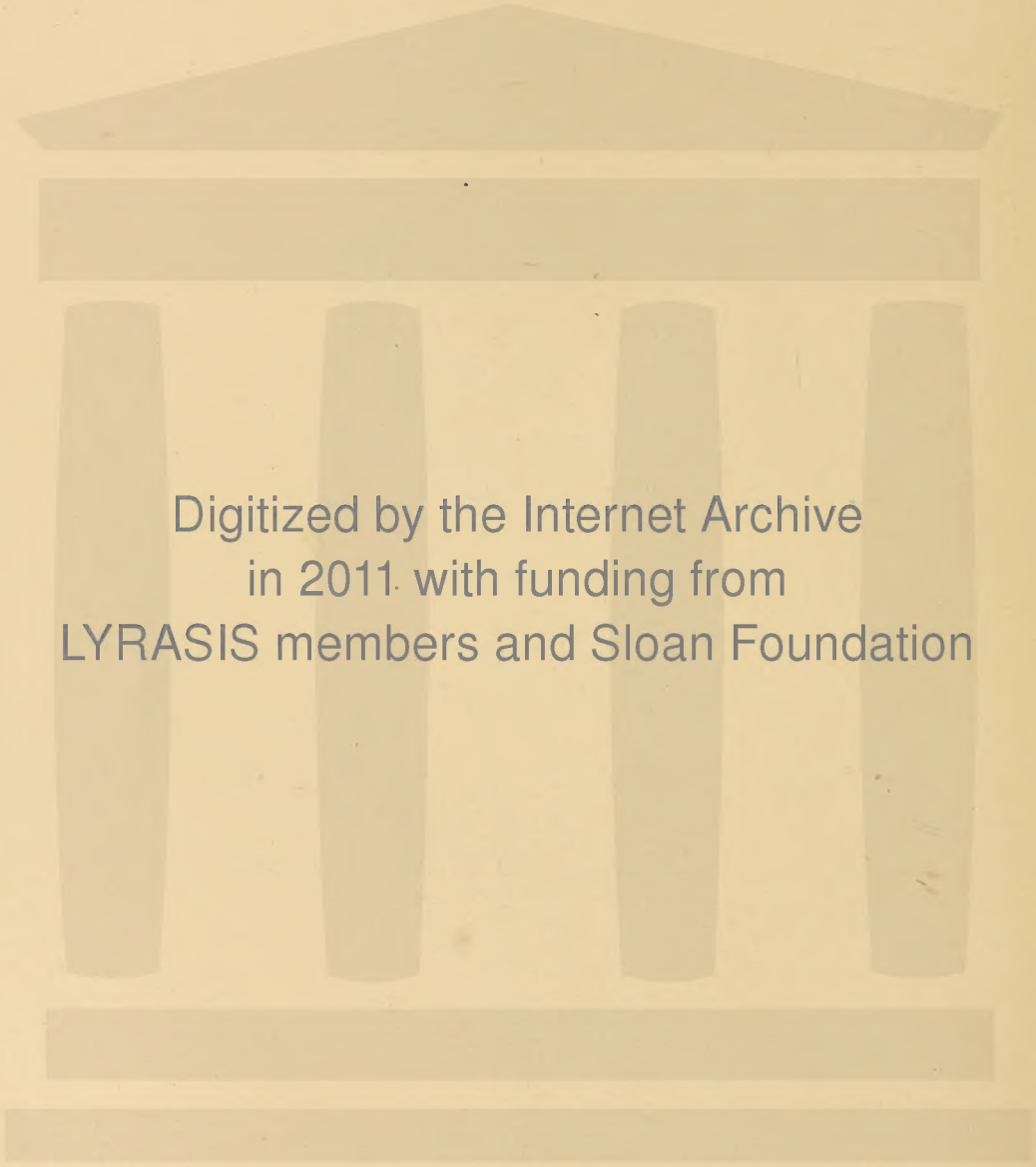

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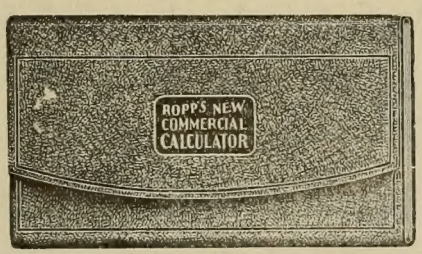
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

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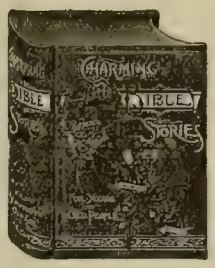
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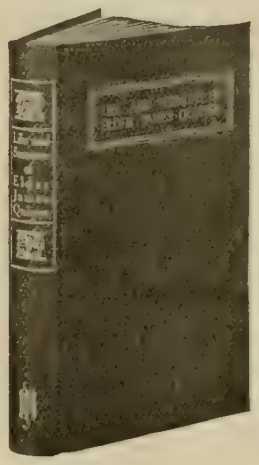


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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. January 4, 1910. No. 1.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES

JOHN WOODARD

It is not the purpose of this paper to trace the history of agricultural education from its inception down to the present time, but rather to call attention to it as it is at present and its probable future development. At present we have agricultural courses in universities and agricultural colleges, in a few high schools, and to a slight extent, probably, in the grades (at least there is a strong tendency towards introducing it into the grades). In the universities and colleges we find two distinct courses of study laid down. The long course or college course is a four years' course including instruction in the different branches of technical agriculture and allied sciences. This course is of the same rank as other college courses and requires as thorough a preparation for entrance. The short course occupies from six weeks to four months during the winter season. This course includes only the most practical phases of agriculture and a little in the allied sciences which has a direct bearing on practical agriculture. In the high schools we find agricultural instruction ranging all the way from a very brief survey of the subject in some schools to a well-arranged course in which agriculture occupies a considerable part of the time.

About all that has been done in the grades is " nature study " classes, which can hardly be called agriculture, as most of the teachers are not qualified to teach it from an agricultural standpoint. The teaching of agriculture in the grades must be mainly teaching the child to observe things around him. It is impossible at present, and will be for many years, to get teachers trained in scientific agriculture to teach it in the graded schools. On this account the country teachers will often know as little, and sometimes less, about agriculture than the children. But they can teach the children to observe. This will be good for the teacher as well as the pupil, for both will be learning at the same time. Country children will have opportunities to observe many things on their parents' farms but there should also be a school garden where they can plant things and cultivate them. City schools should also have school gardens. There is no reason why a city boy or girl should be deprived of the privilege of growing a few plants just because he or she was so unfortunate as to be born in the city. For each child to have a little strip of ground which he can plant and cultivate as he chooses and can have the product for his own, will do more to develop ideas of property rights than all the journal instruction that teachers can give.

There are two tendencies in regard to agriculture in the high schools. One is toward an agricultural high school of which there are a few in Wisconsin and Georgia. The other is to introduce agriculture into existing high schools. It means placing agriculture alongside of the subjects already given in the high schools and industrial courses in other lines which are sure to be introduced. The student can then take his choice. The country boy can study agriculture and stay in the country or he can study some other industry and go to the city. The city boy will also have the choice of preparing for work that will keep him in the city or for agriculture that will take him to the country. Prof. Davenport, Dean of Agriculture at the University of Illinois, favors the latter plan. Some of the reasons he gives are that a general high school can be better equipped than a special high school; it will lead to separate schools for all classes and the strengthening of caste lines, and it will prevent the natural flow of individuals from one occupation to another.*

It is difficult to decide how the time should be divided between agriculture and other subjects. It is doubtful if the agricultural course should be merely a training course for farmers. Some attention must be given to other subjects. It is the opinion of the writer that the chief object should be to develop an interest in the subject, as the training can be acquired much better in the agricultural college, either in the long course or the short course. Of course, the high

*See "The Next Step in Agricultural Education" by E. Davenport in the 40th annual Report of the State Board of Agriculture of Missouri.

school should have a farm with all the equipment, in buildings, machinery, and stock, of an up-to-date farm. A number of farmers object to the agricultural colleges because they require a high school education. They want the entrance requirements made so low that any farm boy can enter, whether he has a high school diploma or not. To do this would be disastrous. Many of the courses in agriculture can not be pursued profitably unless one has a good general knowledge. A high school education is necessary as a preparation and a year or two of college work, biology, chemistry, and physics would be still better. To admit students without a high school training would lower the agricultural college to a high school. But boys without a high school training should have a chance to study agriculture and very few of them have a chance to attend a high school which gives instruction in agriculture. For this reason every university or agricultural college should have a short agricultural course connected with it. Some of them do have already.

The short course is a course for practical farmers. It provides training in agriculture for those who have not the time and preparation for a long course. The work is all practical and the teachers are thoroughly trained men. The short course is not thoroughly developed. It is too new. It is constantly being improved. It will always be the course for men who want practical work and haven't much time to get it. The long course is for those who have more time and better preparation.

All the graduates do not become practical farmers. Some become teachers and investigators. These are needed just as much as the practical farmers. The great cry at present is for more teachers. That is why it takes so long to get agriculture into the high schools. The demand is so great that the colleges cannot furnish sufficient teachers. The agricultural colleges need better facilities so they can turn out more teachers as well as more practical farmers. It is a mistake for any one to think there is too much money being placed in the agricultural colleges. There may at times be careless expenditures—there is quite often in large, public undertakings—but the remedy is not less money but more money and a more careful watch over how it is spent. The common schools and high schools are important and we need to have agriculture taught in them but teachers are necessary and they get their preparation in the agricultural colleges. Modern agricultural conditions demand that the child be taught in the common schools to observe plant and animal life, that the high school develop an interest in farming and give a certain amount of practical knowledge in farming, and that the college or university give a more complete practical knowledge and also train men for teachers and investigators.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.

THE OLDEST VESSEL AFLOAT.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

THE schooner Polly, of fifty-five tons, now engaged in coasting between the Maine ports and Boston, is without doubt the oldest American merchant vessel in active service. She was built in Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, and has been in continuous service up to the present time. She was built for and was for several years commanded by Capt. Paul Grant of Prospect, Maine, and was engaged in carrying wood and passengers from Penobscot Bay and river ports to Boston, returning with passengers and general cargo.

Capt. Grant had an experience in her in the early days of the war of 1812, which points a moral for total abstinence. The *Polly* was bound from Boston for the Penobscot with a general cargo, a large portion of which was rum, a very common condition in transportation in those days. When near Mt. Desert, now Bar Harbor, the vessel was captured by a British warship, her captain and crew placed in irons and the vessel put in charge of a prize crew to be taken to Halifax. The first day after parting company with the warship the prize crew "broached cargo," and all got drunk. Capt. Grant and his men soon freed themselves from their shackles, which they transferred to the drunken Britishers, took the vessel to her destination, and then carried the prisoners to Portland and delivered them to the United States authorities there.

While in Portland Capt. Grant sold his vessel to Capt. Jeduthun Upton of Salem, Mass., who fitted her out as a privateer. Heavily armed and fully equipped for naval warfare, and with a crew of twenty-nine men, this little craft, then rigged as a sloop and scarcely larger than the launches carried on our modern war vessels, began preying on British shipping. Her first engagement was near the spot where she was, a few weeks before, captured by the British warship, but this time victory was with the *Polly* and she captured a large English ship richly laden, the affair bringing great returns to the owners and crew.

A little later, and again off Mt. Desert, the *Polly,* while cruising in company with another privateer, the sloop *Dolphin,* had a narrow escape. Seeing what they thought to be two English merchantmen the privateers gave chase, but on nearing their intended victims discovered them to be war vessels, the British ship-of-war *Indian* and a sloop-of-war. In the early days the terms ship-of-war, etc., did not refer to the rig, but to the armament. A ship-of-war carried three decks of guns, and was also known as a ship of the line. A brig-of-war carried guns on two decks and a sloop-of-war on one. The privateer's men discovered their mistake just in time to take advantage of a favorable wind and get out of range. The *Indian* gave chase to the *Polly* and her consort went

after the *Dolphin,* the war vessels using their bow chasers, as cannon carried on the forward deck were called, but without effect. Seeing that the Yankees were about to escape the *Indian* sent out her boats to try and overtake them by rowing. This feat was easily accomplished, as the wind was light, but when the boats came within range Capt. Upton gave them a charge of scrap iron from one of his guns and they returned to the ship.

After a highly successful career as a privateer, capturing many valuable prizes, the *Polly* was herself



Schooner Polly. The Oldest Vessel Afloat.

taken by a British frigate. Capt. Upton and his men were taken to England as prisoners of war and the *Polly* was hauled up at Halifax.

She next appeared re-rigged as a schooner, and under the American flag, but the method of transfer from a condemned British prize vessel to her old status is unknown to the present generation. For more than three-fourths of a century the *Polly* pursued the even tenor of her way, carrying freight between the seaports of Maine and Massachusetts, until 1904, when she appeared as one of the attractions of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of her native town of Amesbury. She was then owned by Capt. George F. Ryan of Belfast, Maine, and used in a packet line between that port and Boston. At the Amesbury celebration she was anchored off the town, gaily decorated; her story was told in prose and verse by the speakers and she was given a salute of cannon each morning.

As above stated, she was originally rigged as a sloop, with one mast, a large mainsail and goff topsail, long bowsprit and but one jib. In her rig as a schooner she carries but one topmast, but has two jibs; her masts are lofty and she carries a large amount of canvas. She registers fifty-five tons, is sixty feet in length, twenty feet wide, five and one half feet deep forward and nine feet aft. Her bows are full and her lines not attractive above the water line, but below she is lean and of just the proper lines to ensure both stability and speed. She has always had the best of care, with plenty of paint and liberal repairs, which accounts for her good condition today. She has the frame timbers, many of the planks and some of the deck beams that were put into her in the shipyard in Amesbury a hundred and four years ago.

NOTHING IN LIFE.

Nothing in life? Ah, say not so.
On a thousand hills there are dreams aglow,
In a thousand valleys the gold mist lies
'Neath the ambient gleam of the autumn skies;
In a million cities the thunder beats
Of life in the thronged and throbbing streets;
There are homes to build and hearts to cheer,
And a joy where the sweetheart lips lean near.

Nothing in life? It is running over
With hills of blossoms and dales of clover,
With simple duties and noble toil
Where the plowshares loosen the fallow soil,
Where the spindles hum and the shuttles fly
And over us always the sweet blue sky,
With little gay songsters of God a-wing
Where the world turns back to an April thing.

Nothing in life? It is full and fine
For the hearts that trust and the eyes that shine
With hope and courage and forthright zeal
In the comrade spirit that all should feel;
It is bright and bounding and brimmed with chance
For honest effort—with song and dance,
With rosy faces and lips of gleam
And the frugal board, and the sweetheart dream.

Nothing in life? Oh, trust its care,
The sun is shining for all somewhere,
The clouds will lift and the shadows flee
And the green world ring with the song bird's glee.
Go on with courage; the clouds will clear,
The green hills glow and the blooms bend near;
A thousand valleys are fair and sweet
For one dull loom in a city street.

—Baltimore Sun.

"The Christian is emblemized by four forms of vegetation. He is a tree by the water, representing growth through the reception of truth. He is to grow as the lily, showing the blossoming of his life into beauty. He is a well pruned vine, typifying fruit-bearing under severe trial and correction. And he is to flourish as the palm tree, and this is the token of his final triumphs."



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter VIII.

The child life in early New England was not as pleasant and comfortable as it is at the present time. In summer the child fared very well, but in winter the ill-heated houses gave the new-born babe a most chilling and benumbing welcome. Within those large open fireplaces when the glowing flames of a roaring wood fire were scorching to the face he could be bathed and dressed, but if taken three or four feet from the fire on a raw winter's day the temperature would make the modern infant scream with indignant discomfiture or lie stiffened by the cold.

The colonial babe was not even allowed to remain indoors. On the Sunday following his birth he was taken to the meetinghouse to be christened, no matter how severe the weather. Dressed in fine linen and wrapped in a hand-woven christening blanket the young Puritan was taken to the church, in some instances only a short distance, while in others very great distances, to receive his first cold reception into the Puritan church. There was one cruel parson who believed in and practiced infant baptism (?) until his own child nearly lost his life thereby. Sometimes the ice had to be broken in the christening bowl before the child could be christened. From Judge Samuel Sewall's diary, to which alone we can turn for definite and extended pictures of colonial life in Puritan New England, we find abundant proof that rough weather was no bar to religious duties and customs. We find in his diary under date of January 22, 1694, these words:

"A very extraordinary storm by reason of the falling and driving of the snow. Few women could get to meeting. A child named Alexander was baptized in the afternoon."

On February 6, 1656, and April 8, 1677, and on other dates we find similar items with the exception of more severe storms.

Little is known of the dress of the Puritan infant. Linen was the chief cloth used—little, thin, linen, short-sleeved, low-necked shirts. Some had tiny rows of hemstitching and drawn work, and edges of narrow thread lace. The gowns were shapeless, large-necked sacks of linen or dimity made and embroidered by hand, and drawn into shape by narrow cotton ferret or linen bobbin. In summer or winter the baby's head was covered with a cap, which was warmly wadded, being more comfortable in winter than in summer.

The first gay scene the Puritan babe looked upon was when the mother was taken from her big bed which was draped with heavy curtains, and placed upon a pallet, and the nurse and the women of the neighborhood had a big dinner. At all occasions of joy and sorrow beer was freely drunk.

Children were frightened into saying their prayers and reading their Bibles. In Sewall's diary we find:

"When I came in, past seven at night, my wife met me at the entry and told me Betty had surprised them. . . . It seems Betty Sewall had given some signs of dejection and sorrow; but a little while after dinner she burst out into an amazing cry, which caused all the family to cry too; her mother asked the reason; she gave none; at last said she was afraid she should go to hell; her sins were not pardoned. She was first wounded by my reading a sermon of Mr. Norton's, text, Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. . . ."

Puritan lawgivers exercised one needless piece of cruelty against the boys, in not allowing them to swim in the water. A tithing man had this as part of his duty. He had ten families under his care, and no doubt they did swim but not as often or as long as they wished. They could skate upon the ice in the winter and would often go upon the ice, before it was strong enough, break through and be drowned.

As the years passed, worldliness and frivolity took the place of Puritan sobriety and religion, and New England children shared with their elders the growing love for amusements, which found few methods of expression in the lives of either old or young.

Puritan families were generally very large. Cotton Mather says: "One woman had not less than twenty-two children, and another had no less than twenty-three children by one husband whereby nineteen lived to man's estate, and a third was mother to seven-and-twenty children." There are many other families reported to be even larger than these. One family consisted of forty children.

A writer in an old almanac urged "that boys as soon as they could run alone go without hats, to harden them." He advised the wetting of children's feet in cold water to make them tough, and also let them wear thin-soled shoes so as to more easily let the water in. He also would feed them on milk, pottage, flummery,

bread and cheese, and warm beer, the last not to be taken until they had eaten a piece of brown bread. He suggested that they drink but little wine or liquor and sleep on quilts instead of feathers. In this way our Revolutionary Fathers were reared.

The titles of some of the books read by the Puritan child were as follows:— "Small books in easey verse very suitable for children, entitled The Prodigal Daughter or the Disobedient Lady Reclaimed"— "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either English— Drawn out of the Breast of both Testaments for their Soul's Nourishment," and many similar titles.

In New England, which was peopled by men of special intelligence, and almost universally of good education, it was inevitable that early attention should be given to the establishing of schools. Cotton Mather wrote in 1685:—"The Youth in this country are verie Sharp and early Ripe in their capacities."

Both the boys and the girls were sent to the dame-school at an early age, where the girls were not taught much book learning, but how to cook, spin, weave, knit, and all the housekeeping art. One young miss at Shelburne, N. H., "Could Knit the Alphabet and a verse of poetry into a single pair of mittens." The Indian women would call the English women "Lazie Squaws" when they saw them embroidering. In 1716 a Boston schoolmaster taught "Young Gentle Women and Children all sorts of Fine Work as Feather-works, Filigree, and Painting on Glass, Embroidering a new way, Turkey-work for Handkerchiefs two ways, fine new Fashion purses, flourishing and plain work."

The boys were at once started into that iron-handed but wise grasp—Latin Grammar. The minds thus trained early in life in that study, as then taught, have made deep and noble impressions upon our nation. The study of mathematics was a hopeless maze to many in those days. Much attention was given to the child's penmanship.

The schoolmaster "promised and engaged to use his best endeavors both by precept and example to instruct in all Scholastical morall and Theologicall discipline the children so far as they be capable, all A B C Darians excepted." He was paid in corn, barley or peas, the value of twenty-five pounds per annum, and each child, through his parents or guardian, supplied half a cord of wood for the schoolhouse fire. If this wood was not furnished the child was not allowed to get near enough the fireplace to feel the warmth of the fire.

It was believed by the Puritan schoolmaster that sparing the rod spoiled the child. When young men were publicly whipped in the colleges, children were sure to be well trained in the lower schools. Every method of correction and every instrument of punishment was employed from

"A beesome of byrche for babes verye fit
To a long lastinge lybbet for lubbers as meet,"

or from a light tap on the head with a heavy thimble to a heavy walnut stick or oaken ruler. One teacher made his scholars sit on a "back seat turned upside down with his thumbs on a knot in the floor." Another invented a stool with only one leg, which was sometimes placed in the middle of the seat and sometimes at one edge, upon which the pupil was compelled to balance himself.

I have often fancied I would like to have lived in the good old Puritan days, but am very glad I was not a child in Colonial New England, to have been christened in ice cold water, fed on brown bread and warm beer, to have to learn the Assembly's Catechism and "explain all the Quaestions with conferring texts," to have been constantly threatened with fear of death and terror of God, to have been forced to learn Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," and at last be whipped with a "Tattling Stick."

* * *

RAISING A DUST.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

Do you know that there is a vast difference between "sweeping" and simply raising a dust? Just as a dense cloud of smoke does not insure a great fire, so a dusty atmosphere is not a sure indication that a thorough cleansing is in progress.

One of my pupils helped me, this evening, to sweep the room. He seized a broom, strode up to the front, and commenced a ferocious assault. By the way arms, legs, broom, and the dust *flew,* one would have thought he was a whirlwind, a veritable adept in the art of sweeping. He covered space rapidly, so rapidly, indeed, that not all of it *was* covered; aimed his shots at the door; sent the dust whirling out into the open when a dust-pan awaited his pleasure; swooped the broom down over the little mountains that had been disregarded, in a manner that reminds one of a thousand cannon assaulting, all at one time, a weak place in the wall of a besieged city; and went out-of-doors to get a fresh breath while I finished sweeping my section. The fact is, that when I had re-covered his space there was more dust on the pan than he had cannonaded out at the door.

Let us notice the character portrayed, and the relation of this incident to his work in general:

When I first entered the school I considered Harold an excellent student. Always at work, exceedingly studious, he made a good impression. Then, too, seldom a question is brought up that he fails to know *somewhat* concerning it. But it soon became evident that *somewhat* is all he *does* know. And even that is thrown together and told in a haphazard, careless way, seemingly with no thought of preciseness.

From the very first of the term the boy has been raising a mighty dust. He is bright, intelligent, and learns very easily. Rapidity seems to be his hobby.

He is determined to complete the two highest grades in the rural school this year; persists in studying twice the extent of the assigned lessons; scours the bookshelves for all reference books relative to school subjects; reads every new book that comes into the township library; and when it is all done, he can explain scarcely anything definitely. After positively assuring me that he has mastered a lesson thoroughly and properly, it requires but little testing before his foundation gives way, and he finds himself swamped. His eye ever seems to be on a goal in the distant future, forgetful that he is day after day on the treacherous sands of carelessness, rearing higher and higher a scaffolding that shall certainly, sooner or later, collapse into ruins. His day will then have been passed and his hopes unfulfilled.

And what is worse, Harold considers that he is doing commendable work. He cannot be made to see that the little gutters will in time become abysses of impassable magnitude. Any amount of drilling does not seem to stimulate him to exactness. But the time will come, unless a reformation takes place, that "the high places shall be brought low," and, too late, he will see his mistake.

CONDENSED MILK.

H. D. MICHAEL.

By a look at the labels of the many different brands of condensed milk you will see it referred to as "An excellent food for infants," "Germless and most healthful for infants," and "A perfect baby food." Some may be skeptical and slow to accept it as such, but at least one "infant" has made a phenomenal growth from its use.

Only a few years ago the present successful system of condensing milk was discovered which brought about that industry. The new-born industry has made a most remarkably steady and healthy growth. Now there are factories in nearly every civilized country; even far-off Australia can boast of several plants.

To get a glimpse of how this condensed milk is produced we should see the dairy farms that it comes from and the process at the factory. Conditions vary much in different localities, but I will describe the Sunrise Factory at North Bend, Oregon, and you will know all are not exactly the same, though similar.

The dairy farms that supply the milk for that factory are mostly up Coos River. To see the farms, imagine yourself viewing two or three separately-fenced fields as green and nice as can be found that are used for pastures, while nearby fields contain vetches, corn fodder, peas or red clover to cut for green feed. Other fields may be raising great crops of beets and carrots to furnish late fall and winter feed as milk producers, the winters not being severe enough to require much dry feed to keep the cattle in good flesh, they having good pasture all the year.

Along the edge of the pasture where it skirts the foothills you can see shade trees left to protect the cattle from the sun's warm summer rays, it being found that to consider the cows' comfort pays well in the extra amount of milk produced.

The water for the stock is often piped from some nearby spring out to a trough, but where it cannot be had that way a lane is built from the pasture fence down into the river and a small portion of the river enclosed. Then the stock may go and drink at will.



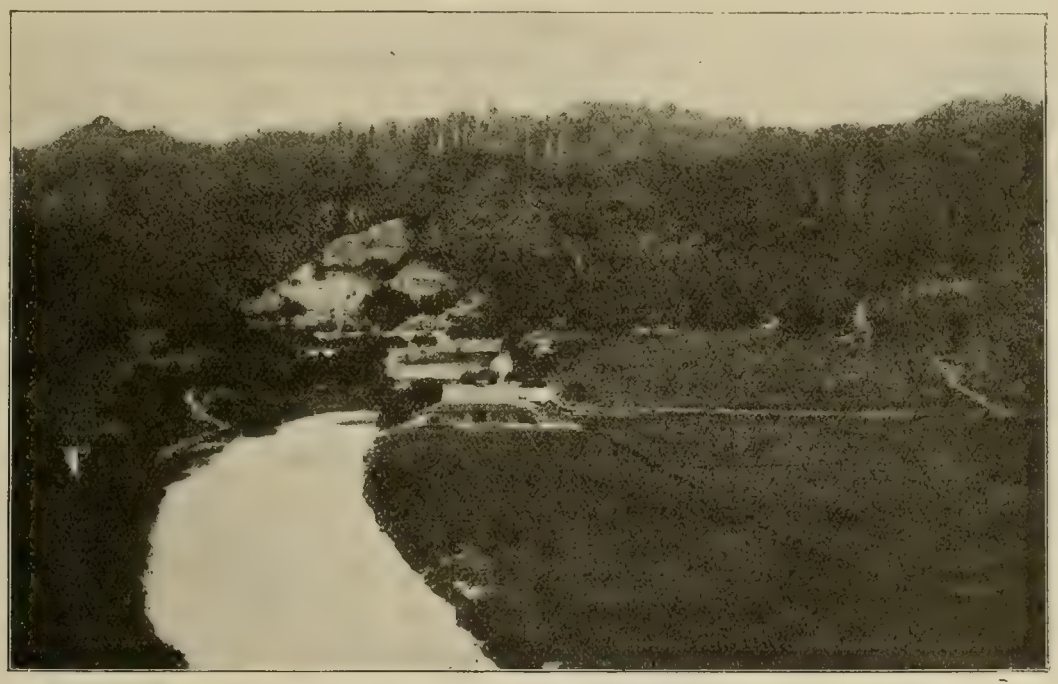
The "Vacuum Pan" Where the Milk is Condensed. The Process is Watched Through the Heavy Glass Window.

At milking time each cow marches into the barn, goes to her own individual place, and is there fastened into the stanchion until milked. After the milking is done the cows are turned out. Then the milk is taken to the milkhouse, usually only a few rods distant, to be cooled and aerated to take out all the animal heat, keep the milk sweet and best preserve its delicate natural flavors.

Each morning the milk is collected by a gasoline boat to be carried to the condensery. The reason for

its being taken on a boat is that roads are poor and the river smooth, making it less expensive.

Each patron's cans have some number painted on them that they may not become mixed with others and the weights credited to the wrong farmer. On being received at the condensery, it is weighed and started on its journey through the many processes. From the large enameled receiving tank it is piped into the defecators to be heated by live steam turned into it through a pipe from beneath. These defecators are large open vats made of copper and sunk in the floor until their tops are slightly higher than the floor. While the milk is heating in the defecators the operator starts the vacuum or air pump to raise the vacuum in the condensing receptacle. It is a large copper tank enclosed and air-tight that the air may be drawn out to condense the milk in vacuum.



Coos River Farm Scene, Near North Bend, Oregon.

When the vacuum reaches a certain degree the valve is opened that permits it to draw the milk up through a pipe and the condensing begins. The pump is kept running, removing the air and steam, the steam being all that is removed from the milk. During this process the milk is practically held in space by the vacuum drawing from the top of the condenser. The heat to cause the steam to rise is produced by steam heated coils that encircle the lower part of the vacuum pan on the inside, running through the milk.

Soon as the milk is condensed to the right consistency it is drawn off into cans that hold about one hundred pounds each. These are placed into a large vat of water to cool which process is hastened by each can being placed on a cog wheel that revolves in the bottom of the vat. When it is cool enough to can it is poured into the filling machine under which is placed a tray of twenty-four cans that are filled with one stroke of a lever. After enough are filled the sealing begins. Little caps are placed on the opening through which the can was filled and is passed to the next worker that solders it in place with a round iron that just fits on the cap. It is turned as the solder is touched to it and done in a surprisingly short time, three to four thousand cans being soldered in about three hours. The trays pass then to a man that patches any leak left by the round solderer, then solders the little dot or vent in the center of the cap. This mode of sealing is being replaced of late by the whole top of the can being crimped on by machinery.

Up to this stage the milk has never reached the boiling point. It is now cooked by the trays being placed into a revolving steel car which is run into the retort or sterilizer, as it is called. It is enclosed air-tight and subjected to a temperature of 220 degrees to 240 degrees Fahr. by steam forced in among the cans. The revolving car is turned part way round every few seconds by a connected, steam-packed shaft with pulley and belt attachments. No germs can withstand this excessive heat, so it is now prepared to "keep in any climate." Here it also receives the steam-cooked taste so distasteful to many.

Next it is piled in great ricks in a steam-warmed room to let any not properly sealed develop into "swelled heads" for the gases of the milk that are sure to decay if air can get in swell the cans so that they can be detected and removed. Swelled-head cans of milk, like people affected with the same malady, are badly spoiled.

After about thirty days the milk is ready to label. This is done either by machinery or hand. When

labeled by hand it is paid for by the case, two cents being paid per case of forty-eight cans. That might discourage most girls looking for work, but some have labeled from fifty to seventy cases per day regularly, depending on the speed they can acquire by practice.

Now that we have followed the milk until it is labeled ready to ship, some may wonder if there is nothing like chalk, flour or some such substance added. Many have asked that question. No! there is nothing added. It is the pure, fresh cows' milk with nothing added or nothing removed but some of the water. All the cream is left too. If more than two-tenths sour it must be rejected, for our alkaline tests will show that. Some may "dope" their milk, but when done it can be detected. Then if the proper officers and inspectors are serving the public and not the factories the pure food law will be enforced.

Next you may wonder if it is kept clean. Yes, scrupulously so. It is strained twice during the process besides at the dairy. It is handled with the greatest care. Then, too, the sterilizing kills any germs it may have previously contained. The dairy farms are inspected and kept in good shape and at the factory it is handled so carefully that I can unhesitatingly recommend if for infant or aged.

After the condensing is done, the vats, milk filter, vacuum pan and all the places milk is handled are thoroughly washed, steamed, and brightened with emery cloth until the copper and brass shine like new.

In this I have referred only to the unsweetened, condensed milk, the sweetened differing in having part and sometimes all the butter fat removed and enough sugar added to preserve it without sterilizing. That is the reason it has not the steam-cooked taste given by sterilizing.

Pasco, Wash.

MY FIRST TERM OF SCHOOL

IRA H. FRANTZ

After reading accounts of the first pedagogical experiences of those eminent teachers who have previously favored us with articles under the above caption, I thought it might be interesting to have the account of one who at the time of writing is in the midst of the triumphs and perplexities of that ever-to-be-remembered school year. So I will not wait until fame shall have attached interest to my name or until the experiences of many years shall have had their influence on the memories but will write my story now. There are no troubles with big boys to record and no thrilling adventures in swollen streams en route, but just an invigorating walk of two miles in the bracing Kansas air in the early morning, kindling a fire, ringing the bell, six hours' school work, sweeping and setting the house in order, then the walk home again in the evening, ending with a vigorous appetite to be satisfied with mother's cooking.

But to begin at the first: When school closed at Mt. Morris College last spring the county examination was but three weeks ahead. Having had no work at all in the common school branches for four years and being prevented by other work from attending the County Institute, I was compelled to make good use of my spare time during those three weeks in a hasty review.

Examination day came. Because of an incurable defect in my hearing the board of examiners strongly advised me not to try teaching at all. At first I was disheartened. A year's teaching was part of my plan, however, and, moreover, I had once been told by a teacher of experience never to let this defect stand in the way of anything I wanted to do. So I swallowed a lump, took the exam, and came home to shock wheat. The certificate came in due time and I got a school. I am glad I tried.

Children are an interesting study. Whether those who compose my school are a fair representation of the average or not I do not know. I hope not. They are too quarrelsome. At first it seemed strange—almost ridiculous—to have a little chap come in from play, call me "Teacher," and tell of the fun they are having, or with tears in his eyes tell how some one will not play fair or has hurt him. What business was it of mine? Now I have a feeling though that it *is* my business to listen to their stories, at least, and sometimes to act upon them. One day I noticed two boys coming in from the playground evidently exulting over something that had happened. As they entered the door their faces became serious. "Teacher," one of them began, "Aaron hit me."

Now Aaron is a boy smaller than his accuser. Moreover, I had recently reproved this fellow severely for mistreating little Aaron, whom he seemed to dislike. Now he will "get even" he thinks, for I can still read exultation in his eyes even though his face has taken on a mournful aspect. What shall I do? Aaron is now guilty of the same offense he had committed. Surely he must be punished. Yet I am sure the boy is not hurt in the least. Recalling his laughter as he left his companions, I said, "It must have been funny, the way you laughed." He saw the force of it and without another word ran back to his play. Isn't that human nature? Have you been there yourself? I have.

Whispering was strictly forbidden. Picture for your-

self then the face of one little fellow who happened to look up from a somewhat-heated discussion with his neighbor to see me intently watching him. How he did wish he hadn't whispered—or that he hadn't been caught! Shame, remorse, repentance, fear, pleading, promises, excuses, confusion—all were there except defiance. I know he would have given all his earthly possession to have been able to drop through the floor just then. I know it because I've had the same experience myself. Perhaps it was old recollections too that compelled me to look out of the window for a moment to hide an irrepressible smile.

Queer answers come in sometimes. It is doing my pupils no injustice to repeat some of them here for I well know they are more of a discredit to the teacher's teaching than to the pupil's learning. Some members of my history class could not understand the significance of the "gag-rule" in the House during Van Buren's administration. Finding them ignorant of the meaning of the word *gag* I took especial care by illustration and otherwise to explain what a gag is. One examination question was, "What is meant by the gag-rule in the House?" Here are two answers:

"Well the people when they talked too much or scolded their children they had a thing to put in their mouth so they wouldn't talk so much."

"The gag-rule is where the people of the South would put something into their children's mouth when they got to talking."

A professor of pedagogy once said, "If you want to find out what your teaching is worth, ask a child. The impressions he gets are what you teach him whether they are what you meant to teach or not." I beg leave to allow for the child's imagination and previous experience, for I am sure I never mentioned putting a gag in a child's mouth to keep him from talking.

On the whole this is a valuable experience to a young person. It gives one a training that is to be had in no other way. If my pupils learn half as much as their teacher does my work will be a grand success. This, however, I doubt.

* * *

THE WHITE PLAGUE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

DR. LATHAM, a noted London specialist, asserts that the white plague will have disappeared within thirty or forty years. Very few severe cases of smallpox are now reported while sixty years ago it accounted for a large percentage of deaths in England. Leprosy is not prevalent, cholera can be prevented by observing certain precautions, hydrophobia must succumb to the Pasteur serum, yellow fever and malaria can be conquered by sanitary methods, Roman fever has also been stamped out and diphtheria is prevented by antitoxin.

A great war is now being carried on against the sleeping sickness in Africa caused by the tsetse fly and promises to be successful. When the house-fly and the mosquito are exterminated, fevers will lessen, and the campaign now being carried on against the white plague gives promise of being a success.

THE ORGAN OF LIFE

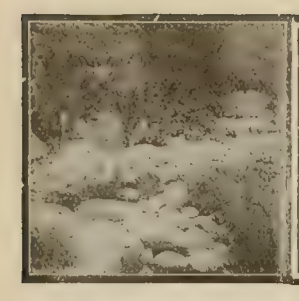
RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Over and over, and over, monotonous voices call,
Till weariness creeps upon us, and slumberous eyelids fall,
And dreamingly then we finger the dissonant, rasping keys,
And little we think of the terror that trembles on the breeze!

On the "organ of life" we are playing—each life a separate tune,
And one is a dirge of winter and one is a carol of June;
But like as the wind that bloweth, we tremble and wary along
Untutored of life's great Master, whose touch is the essence of song.

There might have been more of music, if we had but taken heed
To the lingering eyes that question, and the sorrowful hearts that bleed.
There might have been more of sweetness to mellow the harsh discord
If we had thought more of the service and less of the servant's reward.

But over the battered keyboard our faltering hands must run
Till the last faint notes are sounded—till the cantata life is done.
And then may the Lord have mercy on our poor blinded souls,
And pilot us home to the land where the heavenly music rolls.



NATURE STUDIES



BRACKET FUNGI.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

ALL plants must have organic food to promote growth, and this food must be evolved from the inorganic world. This change takes place by the agency of air, sunlight, and the green coloring matter in plants (chlorophyl). When we find a plant with no green parts which yet thrives, we may be sure that it has some means of securing this organic matter second-hand. They are for all the world like those members of society who are not producers—they either steal from those who do produce or they use what may be termed a vegetable "hand-out," or are robbers of the dead.

Those that steal are called parasites and obtain their food by levying a forced tax on the tissues of living plants. The saprophytes are those that live upon the material remaining in decaying wood, withered leaves, or soil containing their remains.

We will find fungi with fruiting bodies red, yellow, brown, and in fact almost any color except green, and from this we may read their history as in a book.

Fungi develop from spores. These are not seeds. They are a far simpler form of vegetable life. To the ordinary vision spores resemble dust, and yet each minute spore has within itself the power of producing mycelium which in turn produces the fruiting organ of the plant.

The bracket fungi, the deadly parasitic enemies of the forest, are the ones we are to consider in this article. Of these there are several kinds, the commonest kinds being the following: The *polyporus applanatus,* gray above and with a creamy surface below. These grow to a great size and have been found to be eighty or more years old. The *polyporus lucidus* is mahogany red above or in young specimens coral red, while below it is of a yellowish white color; the bracket is attached to the tree by a thick stem. Then there is another that is sulphur yellow above and below; this is known as the *polyporus sulphureus.*

These fungi can gain access to a tree only through a wound in the bark as where a limb is broken by the wind, a bruise by a falling tree, a stroke of an axe, or the like. The spores are very small, are borne by the wind higher than the tallest trees, and if they find an unhealed wound they establish themselves there. From the spores grow the mycelium. These threads push themselves into the heart wood, then up and down they go, eating away the very life of the tree. Farther and farther it pushes till at last it may reach the cambiam layer, that ring of living wood just within the bark.

After it has become firmly established it seeks an opening by which it may again reach the outside of the tree. Here it builds the bracket, the fruiting organ of the plant. Ring after ring is added to it year after year, the spores from it floating away in the air to seek new homes and found new colonies. Even though the tree repair all wounds and the fungus finds no place of egress, if the mycelium be once established the tree is doomed. Back and forth, up and down this cancer-like growth will eat, till the tree has been robbed of its vitality and spoiled for lumber.

What can we do? To save that individual tree, nothing. In Germany the foresters aim to remove all dead or dying timber and prevent the spores forming new colonies. With us this is perhaps not practical, but with the increasing scarcity of timber the day is not far distant when something must be done. We are reaping the harvest of the generations gone by and we are false to our trust if we do nothing for those to come. It is enough that we oppress the weak and helpless here present but far worse to rob unborn generations of their just and lawful heritage.

Some of us in our association with children may do much good. Have them study a tree on which fungi are found, then later examine the fungus itself. Lead them to see the manner of reproduction, the vast number of the spores, and the ease with which they are carried from the bracket to the neighboring trees. Teach them to never make needless hacks on a tree, even though it be small. It may make a large tree in some distant day. If a limb be broken it should be sawn off smooth and painted or covered with tar to exclude the spores. The tree will make a callus around a dead limb but if the spores reach it before the tree covers it they will pass down the branch and thus reach the heart wood.

The span of a tree's life is measured by centuries and he who saves a tree is doing a deed the results of which he may never know but he is fulfilling the divine injunction to do to others as he would that they should do to him.

The national government is taking steps to conserve our forests, and any one interested (and all teachers should be) may obtain much *free* information by addressing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or Mr. W. N. Clifford, 104 Cornell Avenue. Swarthmore, Pa. Mr. Clifford has a position in a Boys' High School in Philadelphia, and perhaps best understands a teacher's needs.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

ABOUT BIRDS.

THE bill of the brown creeper shows how he makes a living as clearly as that of the woodpecker. It is long and slender, not useful as a chisel, but an ideal probe to search the crevices of the bark for larvæ and insects' eggs. To see the brown creeper at work is to appreciate how well that probe is used. He is a tireless little bird, and works with the greatest system. He lands at the foot of the tree and climbs up the trunk in a spiral course like some little brown mouse. His coloring so closely resembles the bark that one often has difficulty in seeing him. When he reaches the top he flies down and begins afresh on the next tree.

The blue jay is a very different type of bird. He is brisk and alert, gorgeous with crest and a coat of gray and blue and white. When he alights in a tree he announces himself with loud clamor of "Jay! Jay!" He is something of a bully, as an incident coming under the eye of a friend will show. There was a nest full of young robins. A blue jay spied it, and in the absence of the parents deliberately took the tiny young birds from the nest and dropped them to the ground, where they were killed. Despite his evil ways with eggs and nestlings, we cannot help liking him. He is so alive and makes such a show of color among the more sober-hued winter birds.

Least of all in size is the golden-crowned kinglet. Like the brown creeper, his home is in the great forest of the North. In the fall he comes South, but the first warm days of April find him on the wing for the Northland. His name comes from the patch of bright yellow on his crown. We think of the wren as a small bird, but the kinglet is even smaller. When we see that little body scarcely larger than a man's thumb, we marvel at the vitality that keeps such a mite alive in the terrible cold of winter. He is not at all shy. I remember one winter day, watching at a distance of only a few feet a couple at play in a honeysuckle vine covering a piazza. They did not pay the least attention to me.

An instance of how we may find unexpected birds at any time occurred on Lincoln's birthday. It was a day of intense cold, with snow on the ground, the thermometer around zero, and a high wind. In the morning I went with a friend for a walk. We had seen a number of juncoes and tree sparrows, when we came on a flock of birds which looked like sparrows, and at first glance we took them for more tree sparrows. Then we noticed stripes on their sides. At that stage they flew up into an old apple tree, and I had a good look at one A bright crimson cap and rosy breast told the story. They were a flock of redpolls, driven from the North by the severe weather. We watched them for some time before they flew away. Another surprise came later, when we saw a meadow lark. As a rule these go South in the fall, so this one must have been left behind by his comrades. He was in brilliant plumage, and would soar around in a circle, showing his bright yellow breast and back crescent against the deep blue of the sky and pure white of snow.

Many other birds favor us with a call in the winter. Crossbills, with odd twisted bills, make an occasional visit. Juncoes, tree sparrows, white throated sparrows, are frequently seen. The pleasure of country rambles, or even quiet strolls through city parks, where many warblers love to congregate will be greatly enhanced if you will consent to study a little the habits of our feathered friends.—*Selected.*

A BEAVER'S INGENUITY.

ONCE upon a time an enterprising employee of the Hudson Bay Company caught a fine young beaver, tamed him, and kept him as a pet in Upper Canada. The winsome ways and handsome appearance of the beaver so endeared him to every one that his owner thought to acquire merit by sending the young fur-bearer as a present to his chief in London.

The beaver had scarce been in his metropolitan home a week before he became restless; something within him stirred the latent beaver instincts and said: "Build your dam and get ready for winter." So he built himself a dam—for had not his ancestors for a thousand generations always built themselves dams at this season of the year? Accordingly he fell to, one dark night, with the inherited beaver diligence, and by morning he had worked a wonder: the four office chairs were laid in a row, the contents of the woodbox were dragged out, two stools and the scrap-basket were brought into play, three pairs of boots and the bootjack were confiscated, a shelf of books was emptied, and by the time all these things were jammed and crammed into the most desirable-looking places he had a real, decent-looking dam. He sorely missed the usual plastering of mud, but he compromised by stuffing up the smallest crevices with pieces of old newspaper and was content. The murky London sun arose to greet a happy beaver—he had a dam, and he was not a bit disturbed by the fact that it merely went across the corner of a third-story office in London. There the office-boy found him at eight o'clock in the morning sitting calmly on top of his dam confidently awaiting the rise of the water.—*Exchange.*

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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We outgrow our tasks and are ready for greater and higher ones only when we have made ourselves complete master of them. There is no real advancement where one takes a higher position, leaving the lower with evidence of work poorly done.

Getting down to work after the holidays should not mean getting out from under the influence of the good spirit that prevails at that season. We get the most and the best out of these days of celebrating when we carry the essence of their teaching back to our everyday tasks, making them new and attractive and worth while.

In following out our new resolutions, the enthusiasm with which we start may buoy us up for awhile, but we should not depend upon it alone to carry us over all the rough places that are bound to appear ere long. We need in addition a determination stiffened by the conviction that the principle back of our resolve is worth a hard fight and that we are prepared to make it at any point the enemy chooses.

This is the time of year when subscriptions to periodicals are generally entered upon or renewed. We urge our readers to look after their subscription to the Inglenook and make arrangements for its weekly visits during 1910. We cannot afford to lose one from our circle of readers and we believe they in turn cannot well afford to go through the coming year without the many good things the magazine is prepared to give them. Send in your renewal and a new subscription for your neighbor or friend.

On page 23 of this issue there appears a poem reciting a very pathetic story in which a lesson on temperance is most forcefully taught. Material for a similar story might be found in almost any town in our land where the stuff that robs men of every manly virtue is temptingly offered to them. May we who cannot be tempted in this way resolve to put forth our greatest efforts this year to help those who would be free from its curse by removing it forever from their presence.

WORK CURES BAD BOYS.

Another institution is discovering and making use of the uplifting and ennobling influences of honorable, healthy, useful work. M. M. Mallory, superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac, in a recent address on the subject, gave this testimony:

"Since the abolishment of the contract labor law about four years ago at Pontiac, and the introduction of a manual training school for the younger boys and a trade school for the older set, a marvelous change has been noticed in the set of boys paroled from the institution. Where formerly sixty per cent of the paroled boys were returned to the institution there now is only fifteen per cent sent back. The advantages of these conditions can readily be seen, and to give some aim to the work, the boys are credited for the amount of work accomplished, thus giving them what is needed before they can be permanently discharged from the institution, as there is a law in effect which prohibits the sending out of boys from the reformatory without some preparation in the monetary line."

And the "cure" will work with equal satisfaction as a preventive measure. It is to be deplored that many parents do not see this and save society the disgrace of having to bear with their idle, lawless offspring and save the State the expense of giving the discipline and training that they should have given.

The gospel of work is being widely and generally preached in these days and the results in many fields are encouraging. But as a rule not enough emphasis is laid on the necessity of parents beginning with their children in teaching systematic work and the dignity of work. Many parents in raising their children labor under the idea—and "labor" is the right word here—that they are being good to their children when they bring them up without making any requirements of them in the way of useful work. The fact is, parents can hardly be more unjust and more unkind to their children than when they bring them up without a knowledge of and a love for some kind of useful work and a recognition of the dignity of all honorable labor. It is the children of such parents who make up a large per cent of those who are filling our reformatories and jails.

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

All the world has been freely discussing the life and reign of Leopold, the king of Belgium, whose death occurred Dec. 16. Few rulers of modern times have been so widely known as has this ruler of the little kingdom of Belgium. While King Leopold was a very able ruler, he has not been known so much for this as for other qualities that have brought lasting disgrace upon his name and made him hated the world over.

King Leopold was born April 9, 1835, and succeeded his father Dec. 10, 1865. "When he ascended the throne he was universally pronounced the best prepared prince in a century. Prepared he truly was, if training by the most competent tutors, drilling and schooling in all kinds of Machiavelian statecraft and warcraft, and history and travel could make him so. He had been everywhere; as far as China and the utmost India on the east; and had personally studied on the spot every form of government, from the patriarchal and republican to the despotic and oligarchic. He was read deeply in history, had the dead and living languages at his tongue's tip, and had cultivated a pragmatism and a shrewdness in affairs of business that made him in his later years, king though he was, capable of driving a bargain and fingering a penny with the caution and the skill of a Nijni Novgorod trafficker.

"It has often been said that it was a pity that Leopold did not have a large realm to rule, for it was believed that he might have made an excellent executive if his peculiar powers had not been pent up in a little Utica like Belgium, which is really no larger than a fair-sized duchy. He, as a middle-aged man, gave counsels to Queen Victoria in matters of statecraft which the brilliant ministers of the queen did not disdain to use, although seldom giving public credit to the source from which they came.

"And then, too, it must not be forgotten that, small as his little kingdom was, Leopold, by his fairness, by his familiarity with everything going on in counting-room and farmer's hut, by his wise and far-seeing legislation, made that little country the garden of Europe and the most prosperous country in the world. If there have been no Belgian immigrants, if the Belgian farmer and his prosperity and the Belgian manufacturer and his unparalleled success in the economy of productions are the marvels of the economists of Europe, most of these desirable things are due to the hand of Leopold, who took the reins of government and held them firmly and wisely for nearly fifty years.

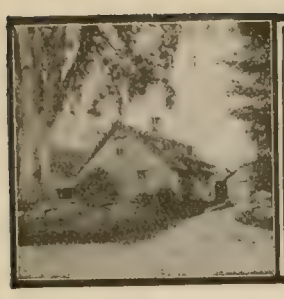
"This was the good that was in him, and it would be historically unfair and cruel to deprive him of the praise that is humanly his due in spite of the other and undesirable features of his character as king and man. That he was unfortunate in being born with strong and uncontrollable passions, that he was greedy, that he was shameless in the almost unmentionable intrigues he had with women of almost every description, that he flaunted his vices in the face of the world on the boulevards of Paris as well as in the palaces of his father at his capital—all this there is no gainsaying. Had he lived two centuries ago, or even one, his good deeds would have overbalanced his wrong ones. Unfortunately for him he lived in the age of newspapers and cablegrams and his private sins and his grinding greed as a business man were made the most of.

"Outside of his splendid administration of the mercantile and agricultural affairs of the Belgian people, Leopold's principal claim to world-fame consists in his manipulation for his own benefit of the Congo country in Africa. He was the founder of the Congo Free State, and sent the American explorer, Henry M. Stanley, thither to develop its resources. Later, in association with Thomas T. Ryan, the king coined millions out of the sweat, blood and death of the unfortunate black men of that region. This sort of policy, reprehensible enough in the American man of business who was his partner, was a double crime in Leopold because he was a king. But by it, however, he was enabled to secure immense sums for the gratification of his wild ways and libertine's life without oppressing his own people by starvation taxes—a system that is the usual practice with royal persons in need of extraordinary funds."

And so King Leopold is being written down,—a ruler and man who might have had only praise for a noble, upright life and a mourning world to comment on his good deeds had he recognized his duty to himself, to the world and to his Maker and governed his life accordingly.

King Leopold has three daughters living. The youngest, Princess Clementine, never married. Her life has been free from the scandals which have made her father and sisters notorious, but at the same time she has been the one constant friend and apologist of her erring father. Leopold's wife, the good Marie Henriette, died in 1902, tired out with the world-ringing gossip and the notorious conduct of her husband and her two eldest daughters.

King Albert, who succeeds to the Belgian throne, is the son of Leopold's brother and has been educated for the position of ruler. In two respects the new king is said to differ from his uncle. He is said to be a loving husband and father, and is wholly wanting in his uncle's characteristic love of money. The chief consideration in the beginning of King Albert's reign is the fact that he ascends the throne with the best wishes and the intense love of the people he has been called to rule.



THE HOME WORLD



DON'S "NAUGHTY"

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

I WILL *not* go to bed, Aunt Jean. My mama is the only one that can make me mind, an' she's gone to the hospital. I don't has to do nothing now but just what I please!"

Aunt Jean returned the gaze of the small rebel serenely as if dealing with such stubborn declarations were the most ordinary occurrence of her life. The eyes looking out from the flushed little face were feverishly bright, and even a less keen observer could not have missed the fact that the small scarlet lips were trembling.

"It is going to help mama get well, knowing that she can trust you and me to take good care of each other while she is away," she said. "I don't doubt she is thinking about us this very minute, and telling herself she knows we will do our best. I don't wish to *make* you mind, Don, laddie. It is your regular bedtime, you know; I shall come, myself, before long."

Don's small mouth hardened, as he cast a furtive glance up the stairway.

"I don't have any reg'lar times, now," he said, defiantly; and, walking over, seated himself in a corner of the divan. "It's all different, and mixed-up, these days."

The pitiful quaver that ended the statement gave his aunt the key to the whole case. Instantly she got up, and crossing the room, sat down beside him. He did not resist her arm as it went round his shoulders, but there was no response in the hot fingers that usually met hers so readily.

"Don, dear little man, I know it seems 'mixed-up,'" she said gently; "such times do come, once in a while. But we bigger people,—some of us—have learned that they are not times that will really hurt us, but just something that we are going to learn. Now, when it seems gloomy and lonesome as it does tonight, it is our chance to learn how to light a little lamp of happiness to make it bright and pleasant, exactly as we lit the lamp in this room a while ago. First of all, we are going to ask Jesus to take care of mama and make her well, for he can do so just as easily as he did for those people that came to him a long time ago. Then we shall stop feeling bad about her and see how happy we can fix up this house where she will be coming back by and by. We shall hunt around for some nice things to think and talk about. But, Don dear, your head and hands are dreadfully hot. Do you ache anywhere?"

Unconsciously, the hard expression had all but disappeared from the baby face. Aunt Jean felt the tense muscles of the little body relaxing.

"I think if I were to put on your nightie and give you a nice warm sponge-bath, you would feel heaps better," she said, cheerily, and not waiting for his hesitating answer. "That will make you perspire, and perspiring always helps our aches." She got up, still holding his hand; but he did not move. "I know I can fix you so comfortable that nice thoughts will come of themselves, dear."

"I don't want to go upstairs," Don insisted, piteously, and growing set again. "Not upstairs," he repeated, swallowing a sob.

Aunt Jean dropped down beside him once more.

"Could you tell me just what it is about upstairs that you do not like?" she asked, kindly.

Don grew white around his lips; indeed, she had noticed a pallor there all the evening, and drew her own conclusions.

"It's—so dark, and so—empty," he quavered.

"It won't be, when we go up and take a whole lot of light and warmth and pleasant thoughts with us," she assured him. "I shall get out your own oil heater, and have some warm water ready, with a tiny bit of baking-soda in it. Don, did you ever hear about the little boy that put on his grandmother's black veil?"

Don shook his head, with a puzzled stare at the digression.

"Well," said Aunt Jean, "there was once a boy that

was bound to wear his grandmother's black veil, which he found packed away in an old trunk. Of course he could see to walk around, but everything looked dark through it, and he cried because he thought the whole world was turning black. By and by his mama found him and made him take it off. Then he saw that the sunshine had been there all the time, and the nice old world was as pretty as ever. We are not going to put on any black veils, are we, dear!"

A weak little smile curled Don's lips. He slid down, unsteadily, and slipped his trembling fingers into Aunt Jean's firm ones. With a cheery laugh, she gathered him bodily in her strong young arms, and carried him up the broad stairs. "*Worms,*" she commented to herself, noting again the pallor around his lips and nostrils, the fetid breath. "No wonder he's feverish, and nervous,—and *naughty!* I'll fix them!"

Like magic the room, whose dreariness he had dreaded, was flooded with warmth and brightness. Indeed, it was hard to tell where the light left off and Aunt Jean's cheerfulness began. A basin of water was heating on the oil stove, and he was wrapped in his long nightdress. There was the novel experience of a warm injection for the sluggish little bowels, after which easeful process Aunt Jean tucked him cosily in bed and under the covers sponged his hot body gently with the warm soda-bath. In less than ten minutes she was rewarded by the appearance of a refreshing dampness across his neck and forehead. Don smiled at her sleepily.

"Oh! Auntie! You're so—good," he declared. "I love you lots. See my sweaty? It's all over me. It's the—naughty, I guess coming out. I—don't feel it—inside, any more."

Aunt Jean gave him a kiss of satisfaction.

"Lots of other 'naughties' might be disposed of in exactly the same fashion if people only realized it," she said to herself, as the Dreamland boat steered its precious little freight safely into harbor.

HIDDEN SORROW.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

The saddest tears in all this life
Are those behind a smile,
Where eyes will try to hide the truth,
And try to laugh, the while,
As hearts are breaking with their grief,
But wish no one to know
The anguish that within their hearts
So bitterly doth flow.

Such bitter grief is often hid
So deeply in the heart,
That none may see the fatal wound,
Or sympathy impart.
Thus suff'ring ones often endure
A kind of living death,
The heart seems crushed and while they live
Comes grief with every breath.

A BROKEN RESOLUTION.

MARY I. SENSEMAN.

It was late afternoon of New Year's Day.

Kate Sherman was standing at a window of the cottage home. Allen, her husband, was sitting at a writing-desk. He was stamping an envelope addressed to a correspondence school of agriculture.

"How barren everything looks," said Kate. "Those black, naked trees, and the dead grass beneath them."

"I thought you liked to look at such things," said Allen.

"It is desolate enough when there is snow," continued Kate, "but those lifeless trees!"

"Why, Kate! you always see beauty in the most unpromising landscape."

"I've turned over a new leaf, as they say, Al," said Kate, looking down with a smile at him. "I resolved this morning to work more and dream less. What do you want for supper?"

"Why, a cold lunch will do after our big dinner," said Allen.

"Now, you go 'long to your chores. We'll have the leftovers warmed up tomorrow. This evening we'll have a hot, new, little supper."

There were only two dishes—hot salmon soup and hot bread pudding with sauce. But Kate had been accustomed to "set out just a cold snack" after a holiday repast.

As usual, after supper Kate sat down with a book to read. This evening it was "Business Guide."

Before retiring, she gathered the various magazines, books, and a compound microscope from the library table and put them in orderliness on their respective shelves.

The next morning, after breakfast was over and the house was made tidy, Kate brought an armful of clothes which she proceeded to mend. It took all day.

The next morning she mailed a letter. It was an order for the shipment to her of twelve carpet stretchers.

"I have little work to do," she had argued; "it will do me good to drive out these brisk winter days."

The carpet stretchers proved to be handy contrivances which the country housewives readily bought. In two days the twelve were disposed of, and Kate sent for twenty-five more. Those were sold in less than a week, and Kate decided to plunge heavily. She ordered a hundred more.

She set out that day in mid-January so business-like, so imbued with the desire of money-making, that only a memory was the quiet, dreaming Kate Sherman.

She had arranged to be gone two days. Her territory had to extend. She took thirty carpet stretchers, and sold ten the first day.

It had snowed slowly all day. That night the fall became rapid and dense, and in the morning Kate dis-

covered that she could not drive her buggy over the unbroken roads.

Allen, sitting alone in the cottage, was waiting for what soon came, a telephone call.

"Yes, I'll come with the sleigh," he responded. "You're at Fred Dilling's, are you, on the Fenton pike?—All right.—Yes, I'm lonely. Good-bye."

Allen had indeed been lonely. For two weeks he had missed the appearance of the library table strewn with magazines and books. They had not been so many, but they were good and looked "used," and that denoted enjoyment. The couch cover had been looking too smooth and precise, also. And the blinds at the windows were always down midway and the curtains undisturbed, instead of being tossed out of the way that one might have a view of the world outside. Even the penholders looked unused and the desk blotter was without spot.

Allen brought Kate and the twenty carpet stretchers home in the sleigh, with the horse Kate had driven, following.

That night the cold came, dry and intense. The snow seemed to freeze wherever it lay or clung. The rays of the morning sun faced countless myriads of their own reflections.

Kate Sherman was at a window of the cottage. "What a beautiful world! What a wonderful world! Those snow-laden trees! That snow on the ground, pierced by the dead grasses!"

Allen was looking out, too.

"Jud Storm wants to buy the agency of the carpet stretchers," he said. And then, "Come, Kate, let's go out and touch this out-of-doors."

Kate glanced around the room. "I must put things to rights first," she said.

"Let's go out into the orchard first, Kate. You are more comfy when you dream."

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Do not jump to the conclusion that a man is stingy because he is not always spending money on your entertainment. A great many young men have to help with the home expenses, many of them carry life insurance, and those who are ambitious and thoughtful for the future are trying to save what they can for future business ventures. The man who spends the most money on your entertainment will not always make the best husband. There are so many ways of being happy without spending money foolishly, that it seems strange that so much should be really wasted. If two young people care for each other, they can find a great deal of pleasure with each other, even while economizing. If you are engaged to a man, would you not rather he would save all he can for the home-building when you take up life together? If you are not engaged, so much the more reason he should not be allowed to spend money on you. Even a car ride, with a little expense at the other end of the trip in the way of a light luncheon or supper, will count up to quite a respectable sum by the time it is all paid for. Many young men do not get large wages, and an evening or two out for pleasure makes quite a formidable hole in the weekly wage. Often men say to older women, when excusing themselves for not going into society more, "I would like to know more girls but, unless a man takes a girl everywhere and gets her everything she wants, she thinks he is stingy, so we men without money simply can not afford to have girl friends." Girls are not taught to think of these things, and they read the trashy stories in which the man pours out money with a lavish hand on every occasion, and their foolish exactions are oftener from ignorance and thoughtlessness than from a desire to enjoy extravagant outings.—*Selected.*

"FOR A GOOD DINNER."

One of our brother readers, who assures us that he "knows how to cook," sends us the following method for what he calls "getting up a good, cold-day dinner." He says it is by no means "like mother used to cook," but begs that we try it. Here it is: Select a piece of beef, five to eight pounds, according to the size of your family; have it cut from the under side of the round, which is a cheap, but juicy portion, but can not be used for steak, yet is the finest flavored of any beef. Have the piece as nearly square as possible, wipe it well with a damp cloth, and tie it into compact shape. Into a wide-bottomed, deep iron kettle, put three generous slices of fat, sweet, salt port chopped into small pieces, crisp this slowly in the kettle, drawing out the fat, but not scorching. When well done, skim out the pork, and into the fat drop one small carrot and one good sized onion, both chopped fine; brown them carefully, skim out and set to one side for further use. The fat should now be "smoking (but not scorching) hot," and into this drop the piece of meat, turning and searing every side of the surface, as you would a pot roast. When well-browned, cover the meat with boiling water, add the browned carrot and onion, and a like amount of each that is raw, salt to taste, add a dash of cayenne pepper (about the size of a pea), and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Let boil steadily for twenty minutes or more according to the size of the piece; set where it will simmer slowly for four or five hours (or until tender), replenishing the water to keep it from boiling dry, but let the water boil down a good deal. About half an hour before serving, take the meat out carefully, place in a pan, and set in the oven to quickly brown, not to dry out, then put on

the platter and serve. Thicken what gravy remains in the pot with a little flour, a cupful of canned tomatoes; pile plain boiled spaghetti around the meat, and pour the gravy over it.—*The Commoner.*

TO CLEAN BAKING DISHES.

To know how to properly clean utensils after cake or pie baking is an item in itself. A cake crock should be scraped clean of dough, then rinsed out with cold water. A metal ring wash cloth aids greatly in cleaning the crock or pan. If warm water is added, the dough naturally sticks to the pan. Always whip the egg beater in cold water. A grater is easily cleaned with a crust of bread and a small stiff brush. It is advisable always to use the same cup in measuring. First measure the flour, then the sugar, then use milk to clean the cup and the butter will slip easily from the next cup. This brings one cup into use instead of using two or three. Pie dough left after baking day can be kept fresh if laid away in the flour bin or sack. If crusts are baked, then set aside, and if not crisp when needed, heat them a second time before adding fresh ingredients.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

A GOOD TIME.

"I WONDER if I can borrow two or three children for a day or two!" called a familiar voice at the door.

"Oh! oh! it's Uncle Gerald!" cried three eager voices, and three pairs of feet hurried into the hall. Then Uncle Gerald was hugged and kissed, until he cried for mercy.

"Do somebody help, or I shall be strangled! Call the police!"

"Ask your mamma if you may go home with me and stay till tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Pine Hill is smooth and hard. It's fine coasting, and the 'double ripper' hasn't had a slide this year."

"I'm almost afraid to have them go," said the mother, doubtfully, in answer to the children's eager entreaties. "They might get hurt coasting, or take cold."

"There isn't the slightest danger," cried this funny uncle. "Haven't they a grandmother and two or three aunts, ready to rub them in sweet oil, roll them in cotton batting, and bake them in the oven, if they even dare to sneeze?"

"Well, then, if you will promise to bring them home 'safe and sound,' they may go, but"—

The excited children did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, but hurried away to find clean aprons, coat, cloaks, and hats, and very soon after they were seated beside their uncle in the sleigh, behind the big gray horses.

The snow was smooth, and there was enough crispness in the air to make their cheeks rosy; but the sun shone bright and warm, and Uncle Gerald told funny stories, and it seemed but a very short time before the city was left in the distance, and they drove up to the farmhouse door; and there were Grandpa and Grandma Avery, and Aunt Grace, and Aunt Jessie, and their four little cousins from across the way, to welcome them.

"We are going to have such fun tomorrow," cried Leon and Roy. "Mama says we must all go to bed early; so we must go home just as soon as we have played a little while."

"We will," said Phil. "Dolly always gets sleepy by seven, and we would all better go then, so we may have all the more time in the morning. O, grandma. how good your muffins do smell!"

After this hint grandma asked them all to taste her muffins, and after supper the children played a few games, and then went to bed to rise with the sun.

The next morning well muffled in warm clothing, the seven merry cousins started, with the long sled, for "Pine Hill." But grandpa came out from the stable with *"Old Dan"* harnessed.

"See here, children," said he, "you will get pretty tired walking up that long hill, and if you will be very careful, and let him take his own time, you may hitch on *Old Dan* to draw you up."

Was there ever such fun before? The gentle old horse easily drew them to the top of the hill; then he was unhitched, and trotted down again, while the children went swiftly down on the "double ripper," for almost half a mile.

How they laughed, and sang, and shouted! They never thought of being cold; and the morning was so short! But they were quite ready for grandma's delicious dinner.

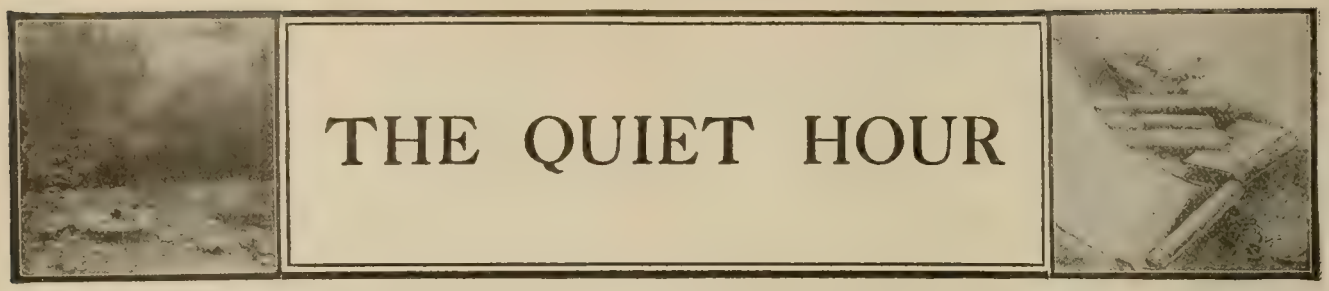
After dinner Uncle Gerald brought the sleigh and horses to the door, and Phil, and Clare, and little Dolly, were wrapped up warmly, and kissed and tucked in.

"We thank you all very much for the good times we've had," said Phil. "I never had so good a time before in all my life, but we always *do* have nice times when we come here—the very nicest times."

"We ought to thank Old Dan, too," said Clare. "Oh! wasn't it such fun?"

"You must come and see us just as often as you can," said grandma, tucking a bag of walnuts under the sleigh seat.

Grandpa brought out a basket of red apples, and Aunt Grace a bag of pop corn, and then Uncle Gerald started the horses and said, laughing, that if he stopped any longer there would not be a thing left in the house.—*Selected.*



DOES GOD FORGET?

IRA P. DEAN.

When my days are dark and dreary,
When I think of all my wrong;
My soul seems sad and weary
I scarce can sing a song;
God knows my sins were mountain high
I worry o'er them yet;
And then this thought comes with a sigh,
Does God forget?

When I open up the blessed Book
There comes a welcomed rest;
My sins! removed so far, oh, look!
As the East is from the West. (Psa. 103: 12.)
Isaiah must have known my heart,
My courage now is set,
The Book is true; God does his part;
God does forget. (Isa. 43: 25.)

Sometimes my spirit seems so weak,
There's not much I can do.
I tell my friends the Lord to seek,
I've found him good and true.
My work's so feeble, oft I fear,
And my eyes with tears grow wet;
But the Book then says, "Be of good cheer."
God don't forget. (Heb. 6: 10.)

THE QUIET HOUR.

S. S. BLOUGH.

In Mark 6: 30-44, we hear Jesus saying to his apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." It is of the "rest awhile" idea that I want to write. I do not refer to the matter of resting the body for I am persuaded that this was not the chief purpose of Jesus. It seems evident that the purpose of this rest was to secure a quiet hour away from the active, seething multitude where he could give his apostles further instruction. If this be true, we have a splendid example of the "quiet hour," the time and period for special soul refreshment. The multitudes had been large and Jesus had been busy. No time had been afforded for him to have those quiet talks which mean so much to teacher and pupil, to parent and child. It is but natural that he should earnestly desire some time with them alone.

What was good for the apostles then is good for Jesus' followers now. In too many lives no time is given for this essential thing, the "quiet hour." Some, even though they recognize its value, permit it to be crowded out by less important matters. Those who are anxious to make the spiritual life a success, more and more are coming to recognize the value of this quiet time.

Let all our young people plan so as to get some portion of each day, even though it be but short, for the "Alone with God" period, for quiet thought, the reading of a choice passage of Scripture and yielding themselves to God, and much will have been accomplished in their lives. Those working hard in shop or store, in school, on the farm or in the factory have little time for recreation or change of scene and occupation. Often there are few books in the home and less time to use them, but ingenuity will find some time when the stress of care and ordinary toil can be put aside and the heart can quiet itself for a little while with Jesus. Tension of mind and soul just as much as of muscle needs relaxation to maintain health and strength. Quietness and rest must alternate with activity if we would keep up our power of doing the best. Jesus took the disciples apart frequently when he had become worn with healing and teaching. One must have time for thought and feeling and quiet communion of the soul with Jesus as well as hours for practical labor.

As we become accustomed to these little breathing places they become very precious to us and we would not miss them. We look forward to them with eagerness and find ourselves unconsciously planning for them.

The uninitiated will ask, What do you do? How characteristic of this busy life! We have come to think of ourselves as *doing* something. But this is different. Just do nothing in particular. Think how good God is, what he has done for you today, what kindness to give health, friends, blessings. What a privilege to be alive now in God's world!

"Count your many blessings, tell them one by one." Let your mind run on this for a few moments and your soul will suggest the rest. O Lord, have I done my work well today for thy sake? It does make a difference to thee how I perform my tasks. Thou, O Lord, hast had thy gracious eye upon me today, hoping to be given an opportunity to help. Have I left the way open for thee? Help me then to do my work well and cheerfully. Am I weary, anxious, troubled? let me feel thy strong arm around me. If thou dost love me and help me I can do all so much better.

Thus the relaxed mind will run out toward God in beautiful thought and communion if only we give it time and opportunity.

There are some things which are helpful. A few stanzas of some hymn, a few choice passages from "the Book," a reasonable length of time upon the knees, some special words or thoughts on prayer, whatever is natural and brings the heart into peace and the quiet contentment and restfulness of God. Whatever does this is the right thing for the quiet hour.

The habit once acquired, the peace once felt, the help once experienced, one does not willingly forego the daily quiet hour with God. The morning hour is perhaps best, the evening most needful; both will not be too often. Whatever the hour, what length the time, let it be obtained, for in it we receive the sweetest and most helpful things from God. By it we mount to higher planes of spiritual life for joy and service.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

THE path, Lord, is untried; its far-off sky line fades into the dim horizon; unknown are the shoals and rocks; the hand on the helm is weak, the heart betimes faint, and the skill imperfect; hold then, Lord, not only the helm but the mariner, as the solitary life-boat, freighted by thyself for eternal issues, in the darkness of the night pushes its keel across the rim of the New Year; that the weak will may be steadied and energized by thine Own, the arm nerved by the Infinite, the heart quieted close up against the heart of the Christ, every sense sharpened by the heavenly companionship, and the ear made quick to catch the cry of other mariners in distress, and the hand prompt and strong to the rescue; if sudden tempest lash the sea and mountain billows sweep down to engulf my bark, may there be that absolute understanding between thee and me, that my eye with its silent appeal, shall on the instant catch thine, and the sea as quickly hush into a great calm; may all the year find me in the attitude toward thee of a faith that waits not on criticism or philosophic statement, but overleaps all, to appropriate as its very own all thou hast said and all thou hast revealed of thyself; may I see the unrolling year in thy perspective, and each day as the onward movement of thy larger plan; and so each night-fall find the little boat closer to the stormless calm of the Glory Shore.—Hervey Newton.

NINE-TENTHS OR TEN-TENTHS.

THE Lord gives his people "all things richly to enjoy." And he has asked his people to give back one-tenth, and that used in ways that would also profit and bless those who gave it.

When men refuse to give back the tenth, then the Lord declares that they have robbed him "in tithes and in offerings." Mal. 3: 8.

Many have tried the ten-tenths plan, and have not prospered; let them now try the nine-tenths plan which the Lord has appointed. Perhaps they will find here the remedy for some of their troubles and losses. Bring in, then, the tithes and offerings of the Lord, and see if he does not pour out a blessing that will be abundant and abiding.

Few people ever prosper greatly by robbing men; and when did a man ever prosper by robbing God? Those who rob God are likely to have troubles and losses, and find no benefit or blessing in their wrongdoing; while those who give and lend to the Lord find blessings in their obedience to him. It is related that a Hindoo Christian agent, who used to be always grumbling at the smallness of his salary, made up his mind to give one-tenth to God. So next pay-day, when the missionary handed him, as usual, ten rupees, he pushed back one of them saying, "That is for God's work, sir."

The missionary took it, but wondered much how the man, who was really poor and had a large family, would get on without it. Meeting him two or three weeks after in the bazar, he asked how they were doing. Instead of grumbling, as usual, the man answered cheerfully:

"Well, thank you, sir."

"Then tell me how it is that you, who used to be always grumbling when you were spending your ten rupees a month on yourself, now do so well with only nine."

"Because, sir, nine-tenths with God's blessings is better than ten-tenths without it."—*The Safeguard.*

SOME ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

DON'T shrink from faithful testimony against popular sins.

Don't be so dishonest as to stay in an orthodox pulpit after you have lost faith in orthodoxy.

Don't forget that you are a "Specialist," and not a trumpeter of secular, political and sensational themes.

Don't think because "truth will prevail against all odds," and you "cannot destroy the Bible," that you cannot destroy faith and souls.

Don't be deceived by the mockery of critics who, after doing their destructive work, say, "I hand you back your Bible improved in value."

Don't forget that if a political party should hire a man to stump the State, and he should stump for the other side, they would turn him down very quickly.

Don't think we must be worldly to win worldlings.

Don't split up your church into worldly clubs and trumpery societies.

Don't lose faith in God's ecclesiastical economy, but be assured that the less piety a church has the more clubs and societies, oysters, ice cream and fun it takes to run it, and the faster it runs from God.—*Selected.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Four thousand alleged anarchists have been exiled within the past few days from Argentine. Following the assassination on November 14 of Col. Falcon, chief of police of Buenos Aires, the orders were issued and 400 were sent to the penal colony in Patagonia.

Iowa Wesleyan University has decided to make the study of the liquor problem a part of the regular college work. The class on this subject will be conducted by Prof. Stephens, who has held the chair of economics, political science and sociology for several years.

The Knights of Columbus, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Catholic Benevolent Legion and Catholic Knights of Ohio, the five leading Catholic societies having over 500,000 members, do not admit saloonkeepers, bartenders or others engaged in the liquor traffic.

Collector Loeb declares that he has only begun the series of arrests that will be made in "sleeper trunk" smuggling cases. Persons in all parts of the country are involved, he says. He declares he has discovered "a far-reaching plot, the head of which was a former United States customs official, who made his headquarters in Paris and who is now dead."

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, a well-known missionary, author and lecturer, who with his bride is on his way from the United States to Labrador, believes that Labrador will soon become an important source of food supply. He says that it will export meat, cereals and fish, and predicts that the raising of reindeer for the market will ultimately become as much of an industry in that part of the world as is the raising of livestock in the United States.

During one of the automobile endurance tests between San Antonio and Dallas, Texas, one of the entrants, who is president of a telephone company, carried telephone apparatus with him, and by using a long fishing pole could tap the telephone lines along the route without leaving his car. By this means he was able to keep in touch with points in advance of the run, and arrange for relief in case of accident or for hotel accommodations.

Quiet prevails in western Nicaragua according to dispatches received from Vice Consul Caldera. Madriz, as provisional President, is organizing a cabinet of liberals and conservatives mostly from Leon, the province which has most staunchly supported him. The state department is silent on the question of the departure of Zelaya from Nicaragua. Athough it is probable that no direct opposition will be made to his leaving that republic, such steps as are possible will be taken to bring him to answer in a legal way for his treatment of Americans as well as of Nicaraguans.

The city of Chicago is discussing the possibility of utilizing the water power obtainable from the Drainage Canal to extend the street lighting system. A large part of the city is illuminated with gas and gasoline lamps, but by making use of the power from the Drainage Canal these lights could be replaced with electric arcs. There are 13,000 arc lamps now in use, and if the gas and gasoline lamps are done away with, 29,000 arcs will be required.

The American Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, in convention at Ithaca, N. Y., has decided to affiliate with the Corda Fratres, a like organization in Europe. The object of the combination of the chapters of the world's universities will be to further the movement for world-wide peace. The student bodies also will endeavor to have a representation at The Hague conference in 1915. The 1911 conference of the two bodies probably will be held in Rome.

Nearly one-half of the exports from the United States go to British territory and nearly one-third of its imports come from British territory. Nearly $1,000,000,000, according to the bureau of statistics, was the value during the ten months of the present year of the trade between the United States and the British empire. The total foreign commerce during the same ten months amounted to about $2,500,000,000. Imports from British territory were $362,000,000 and total imports $624,000,000.

The report of Secretary Nagel of the department of commerce and labor contains recommendations for the development and expansion of the bureau of corporations into an agency to which the management and condition of all interstate corporations must be reported. He says that any attempt to solve the question through State action has been and necessarily will be futile. The secretary advocates the abolition of all government clerkships which pay less than $900 a year. Aliens entering the country during the last fiscal year numbered 944,235, of which 67 per cent were from Russia. They brought with them $17,331,828, an average of $23.50.

Chang Yin Yang, the new representative of the Pekin government and successor to Minister Wu Ting-fang, arrived in Washington a few days ago to take up his duties as diplomat at the capital for the Chinese government. He was accompanied by a retinue of 50 attaches, secretaries, servants, and a dozen students, along with two moving-van loads of baggage. He is no stranger in the American capital, as he was once a secretary of legation to Minister Wu during the latter's first term of service in this country. His children are up to date, his son having graduated at the University of Pennsylvania law school and his daughters speaking English as well as they do their native tongue.

A Manchu, formerly a cook in the imperial household, made a murderous attack recently upon Prince Chun, the regent and father of Emperor Pu. Chun was stabbed as he was approaching the palace, but only slightly wounded. His assailant was arrested. The would-be assassin is believed to have been actuated by the belief that the Manchu dynasty is threatened by the new regime.

The battleship Utah, declared to have no equal afloat as a first-class fighting machine, and the greatest warship ever built in the United States, was launched from the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N. J., Dec. 23 in the presence of several thousand persons who crowded the docks and every vantage point in the vicinity of the yard. The Utah will be fitted for a flagship and her complement as such will consist of a crew of 1,000, of whom sixty will be officers.

In an exhaustive report on the most famous American patriotic musical compositions, just issued from the government press, O. G. T. Sonneck, chief of the division of music of the library of Congress, proclaims "Dixie" the first in popularity. He ranks "Yankee Doodle" as second, though he says it is no longer a national song. The report goes into the history of the songs and facsimiles of the original manuscripts are given. "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" are held to have partly originated in England, but "Hail Columbia" is classed as a strictly American product.

The total public benefactions in the United States during the last twelve months were $141,250,000, an amount just $40,000,000 greater than any previous year in the history of the country, according to statistics compiled by a New York newspaper. The amount this year was over twice as large as was given away last year, following the panic of 1907. The principal benefactors in 1909 have been the late John S. Kennedy of New York, $26,550,000; John D. Rockefeller, $12,825,000, and Andrew Carnegie, $6,056,500. Of the total amounts given in 1909, more than a third was given specifically for educational work.

Mrs. Russell Sage has presented to the Meropolitan Museum of Art the imporant collection of early American furniture that she acquired at a cost of $100,000 from Eugene Bolles of Boston, a lawyer, who assembled it in a quarter of a century of painstaking research. The trustees of the museum say that at this time no gift could be of greater use to the museum, for special stress is being laid upon the work of the department of decorative art, to which the collection will be added. Although Mrs. Sage, in making the presentation, referred to only 400 pieces of furniture there are ornaments, such as clocks, andirons, candlesticks, warming pans, fire tools and various utensils, which make a total of 650 pieces.

Railroads of the United States killed 10,188 persons in the year ending June 30, 1908, and injured 104,230, according to facts contained in the annual report of the interstate commerce commission which was submitted to Congress Dec. 20. These figures, however, do not include accidents reported by switching and terminal companies. "The number of passengers killed in the course of the year," says the report, "was 381 and the number injured 11,556; during the previous year 610 passengers were killed and 13,041 injured. There were 143 passengers killed and 6,215 injured because of collisions and derailments. The total number of persons other than employes and passengers killed was 6,402; injured, 10,187."

All German girls will be forced, by a system of conscription, to undergo a period of training in domestic science, if the German Evangelical Women's League succeeds in the campaign that it has started. The league proposes that just as German men are compelled to serve in the army, so should all German girls be compelled by law to serve a period in the kitchen and other household work. An elaborate system of registration and police supervision is proposed in order to enforce the compulsory household and kitchen service.

Coincident with an announcement that the Rock Island Railroad is adding two new California trains to its present equipment the management of the road have begun to put into effect plans for bettering its train service everywhere as rapidly as possible. One of the new transcontinental trains will run between Chicago and Los Angeles by way of Kansas City and El Paso, and the other will run between St. Louis and Los Angeles, also by the way of Kansas City and El Paso. A third new train will be run between Kansas City and Los Angeles on a 50-hour schedule.

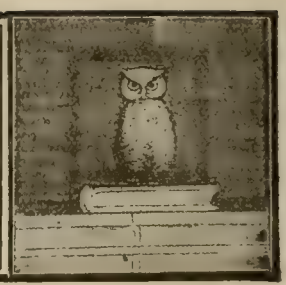
Another transcontinental line in competition with the Hill and Harriman lines is said to be behind the movement of the Moore and Reid interests, owners of the vast Rock Island system in taking over the control of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company. It is believed a close combination between the Lehigh and the Wabash will result in the change in ownership of the Lehigh as the Wabash is already in hands friendly to the Moore-Reid interests. The Wabash, it is said, is in the control of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose close business relations with Judge Moore adds to the belief that the roads will form a part of a new system from ocean to ocean.

President Taft, after reading voluminous testimony and thoroughly investigating the question, has decided that liquor distilled from grain is whisky, and under the pure food act may be so labeled. But he directs that in the enforcement of the pure food act the exact character of the whisky shall be stated upon the label. The decision, which is of great importance to the manufacturers of whisky, is a broad reversal of the decision of President Roosevelt, made with the advice of Chemist Wiley of the Agricultural Department and his Attorney General, Mr. Bonaparte. Under the last administration only straight whisky could use the label "whisky," and clear lines were laid down governing the labeling of other liquors distilled from grain as "blends" or "compounds."

Official announcement has been made of the inauguration on Jan. 1 of a pension system including all officers and employes of the Rock Island Road. In connection with the system the Rock Island has established an age limit which will govern original employment on the Rock Island. Under the new rule no inexperienced person over 35 years of age and no experienced person over 45 years of age will be taken into the service of the company. The pension allowance will be 1 per cent of the average regular monthly pay received for the ten years next preceding retirement for each year of service. Thus, if an employe has been in the service for forty years and his average salary for the last ten years of the period was $75 per month, his pension allowance will be 40 per cent of $75, or $30 per month. All officers and employes who have reached the age of 75 years must retire, and the employes in the operating service may be retired at 65 years of age.



Among the Magazines



THE NEW TARIFF EPOCH.

Secretary MacVeagh is called by the fossilized standpatters "the free trade member of the cabinet," but there is nothing extreme or riotous in his view of the Payne-Aldrich tariff or of the steps that should now be expected or demanded in the direction of further revision downward. Nothing, in truth, can be more reasonable or practical than his treatment of the whole situation.

The new tariff is disappointing, he declares, but it is only an incident in a great movement, and its indirect and moral effects should not be left out of the account. The great thing is that we have entered a new tariff epoch; that a sound, honest, enlightened test of protection has been adopted—avowedly by some, tacitly by many—and that even the standpatters realize that future revision must, as a rule, be downward. The nature of the change, Mr. MacVeagh truly says, has not been sufficiently recognized, but reflection shows it to be fundamental.

We have a tariff board to investigate and report facts. We have a sort of national understanding that differences in actual cost of production furnish the only justification of a protective duty, and that any additional increment of protection is extortion and plunder. If this is not progress in tariff-making then there's no such thing as progress.

As to immediate steps, a distinction must be drawn between a general reopening of the tariff question and amendment of particular schedules. The country should have a rest, but not "a long sleep," as Mr. MacVeagh well says. Specific complaints based on verifiable data can be attended to without disturbing business, and "the new tariff epoch" means that such complaints will be considered, not contemptuously dismissed under the prompting of special interests.

Finally, as another sign of the new epoch, we have the President's comments on the maximum tariff. Not war, retaliation, trouble, but peace and reciprocity should be the desire of the law's interpreters. Canada already feels itself reassured, and Europe will likewise put away fears and misgivings. We shall object to "undue discrimination," but the phrase will be sensibly, liberally construed, and standpatters' microscopes will hardly be used to magnify slight differences.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE GENTLE ART OF TAXING FARMERS.

Mr. Dolliver. It will interest most people to know that the gum boots in which the farmers of America are wading around in the snows of winter are lined usually with wool, and that when a box of them appears at a port of the United States they are not troubled by the thirty per cent duty on manufactures of rubber. Why? Because they are otherwise provided for. How? This law which we refuse even to look at with a view of correcting errors and absurdities, transfers this merchandise bodily to paragraphs intended to protect woolen clothing, and we see the fine vaudeville sketch of a pair of rubber boots being solemnly weighed up in the custom houses of the United States and assessed at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent ad valorem as wearing apparel composed in whole or in part of wool.

Mr. Aldrich. Mr. President, does the Senator mean to state that any such importations have ever been made, and that any such duties have ever been charged?

Mr. Dolliver. Certainly no such importations have ever been made. This is now, I take it, for the purpose of making that everlastingly certain. Certainly nobody would ever start on an enterprise like that.

Mr. Aldrich. Mr. President, rubber boots are cheaper in the United States than in any other country in the world.

Mr. Dolliver. Then why is there an increase from thirty to thirty-five per cent on manufactures of rubber?

Mr. Aldrich. Because manufactures of rubber include——

Mr. Dolliver. If they are cheaper in the United States than anywhere else, I intend to move to put them on the free list.

Mr. Aldrich. There are many other manufactures of rubber besides rubber boots.

Mr. Dolliver. I will single out the boots and move to put them on the free list. I am on the side of the citizens who sometimes have to walk in the mud to the polls to vote the Republican ticket in Iowa.

Mr. Aldrich. We have automobile tires made of rubber—a great quantity of them.

Mr. Dolliver. It would not require very much sagacity to separate an automobile tire from an ordinary gum boot. Besides, automobile tires seem to be down on this bill in the metal schedule at forty-five per cent.—Reprinted from the Congressional Record in Everybody's Magazine.

MOTHERS WELCOME INSTRUCTION ON REARING CHILDREN.

Mary E. Hallahan, Superintendent of Nurses in The Delineator Mothers' Conference, writing in that magaine for January gives some tabloid reasons why Mothers' Conferences are successful and why they can succeed all over the country:

Because of the contribution which The Delineator Mothers' Conference in New York City has made toward organized work for the prevention of infant mortality, I should like to sum up what, in my estimation, has made these conferences well attended and of value:

1. Because they were held in the school buildings, which have an authority and appeal. Because every agency in the district was asked to help in the work.

2. Because the districts were limited so that the mothers could easily walk to the school.

3. Because the nurse visited the mothers constantly. When a mother was missing from a class the nurse immediately called to find out the cause.

4. Because of the interest, time and sympathy given by the doctors.

5. Because the nurse was at the school every day at the same hour to receive visits. Because the same nurse was kept in the same district so that she was known by every one in the district.

6. Because the nurse made her visits to the home long enough to give valuable instruction and to explain the object and gain to the mothers in coming to the conferences.

7. Because the nurses themselves went to charitable and fresh-air dispensaries and hospitals with the mothers when necessary.

8. Because the nurse aroused a feeling of interest and curiosity among the mothers to hear what the doctor would talk about at the next meeting, and to know how much the baby had gained.

9. Because the nurses worked for results rather than for numbers.

10. Because the doctor gave practical rather than scientific talks, explained in a few short words why mothers must do as he said; because actual demonstrations were given in the care of the baby.

11. Because, for the first time, the interest has been in the mother primarily.

THE MODERATE PLAN.

SELECTED BY JACK LLOYD ELBERINK.

Why did I sign the pledge, did you say?
Sit down and I'll tell you the very way
It happened; for though it is many a year,
One scene in my memory is always clear.

When I was young, I had ever a mind
To be of the independent kind;
And I used to say that the man is a fool
Who binds himself by a rigid rule.

Forbidden joys I could simply sip
And put down the cup ere it stained my lip;
And a few wild oats I would like to sow,
But the seed, if scattered, would never show.
I didn't say much, for 'twould not be wise
To stir up my friends to give advice;
And besides, it would never be my way,
To travel far in a dangerous way.
But I wanted to follow the happy plan
Of being a real independent man.

Well, I had some friends who were very gay,
But I could break off from them any day.
So to be quite jolly, and not seem queer,
I sipped with them often a glass of beer.
What matter? I did not like it a bit,
And besides, I could drink it awhile and quit.
And often, when asked with a party to dine,
I would quaff politely a glass of wine;
And sometimes a fellow happened along,
Who insisted on something a little bit strong,
But, of course, it was certain as certain could be,
That nothing would make a drunkard of me.

Well, time went on, and I kept my plan
Of being an independent man,
Till it chanced on a bitter winter night,
When the earth was wrapped in a cloak of white,
As I hastened along the lonely street,
And the wind was thick with the wintry sleet,
That a light shone out like a friendly eye
From a dark saloon I was passing by,
And I thought it would not be amiss,
To take a drink on a night like this.

So I stepped behind the sheltering screen,
To the dirtiest bar I had ever seen.
A wretched creature was standing there,
And his face and his figure betokened despair,
And I heard the barkeeper sharply say,
As he looked him over and turned away:
"I've told you your credit was good no more,
And I've warned you to cease to enter our door."
Then he said with an oath that seemed easy and pat,
"We do not trade whisky for things like that."

His battered old hat and his seedy old coat,
The droop of his shoulders, the grieving note
Of his voice as he pleaded for only a drink
Made me pity the man, and I happened to think
That perhaps I could help him, so I asked him to tell
What it was he was seeming so anxious to sell.
He stood half ashamed, with his head drooping down,
And I saw on his face both a tear and a frown.
Then he said in a tone which was almost a cry:
"If I show them to you, will you promise to buy?"
And he drew from a paper, all tattered and torn,
A pair of red shoes some baby had worn.

I was shocked, so I said: "Why, you never should think
Of selling those shoes for the price of a drink;
Come, give up the drink, you have nothing to lose,
And your baby'll be needing those little red shoes."
He shrank from my words like the sting of a whip,
And I noticed a tremor of chin and of lip,
And a tear drop as clear as a crystal of dew
Trickled downward and fell on a worn little shoe.

"I am needing the drink," and he hung down his head,
"But he can't need the shoes, for the baby is dead."
"Dead! When did he die?" "It was only today,
And I haven't a coffin to lay him away.
But the neighbors are helping, and doing their part,
And I'm needing some toddy to cheer up my heart."

I choked for a moment, as into my breast
Surged the love for the babes in my own happy nest.
Their laughter, their frolics, the comfort and light,
The white, downy beds where we tucked them at night;
The slumber-flushed faces, the fire-light's red glow
And the dear little shoes standing all in a row;
Their mother—O God! that a mother should lose
Not only her babe but its little red shoes!
It is strange that our hearts have their tenderest strings
Oft swept into anguish by commonest things.

Oh, I bought for that mother those wee shoes of red,
And I went to that home where the baby lay dead.
And I put my strong arm round that poor, wretched man,
And I said, "You must promise, if promise you can;
For you're sunk just as low as a mortal can sink.

You must promise me that you will never more drink."
He wept as he said, "Oh, I long to be free,
But the habit is strong, and is master of me."
Then he looked me all over and what do you think,
He asked me the question, "Kind friend, do you drink?"

Ah, then, but he had me, this wreck of a man!
I acknowledged I did, on the moderate plan.
"Pledge yourself, then," he cried, "ere your ruin is done,
Why, that is the very same way I begun.
My eye was as clear as your eye is today,
And I'd plenty of labor and plenty of pay;
My home shone with comfort, my wife wore a smile,
And success marched along with me, mile after mile.
But I am a ruined and ruining man,
For I started to drink on the moderate plan.
It will grow, it is growing, you can not gainsay
That it tightens its hold on you day after day.
Behold here your future, if face it you can,
All drunkards begin on the moderate plan."

Did I help him? I tried, but my help seemed in vain,
For he rose but to stumble again and again.
Ah, the drunkard who rises, if ever he can,
Must cling to a power that is stronger than man.
But I wrote my resolve, and I signed it that day,
That my drinking was over forever and aye;
That nothing should lead me where sin tears apart
The tenderest feelings that dwell in the heart.
Nay, let us climb higher, till brute appetite
Shall tempt us no longer, but vanish from sight.
To thoughts that are pure let our spirits aspire,
That we trail not our wings in the slime and the mire.
Ah, the sin-stained are stumbling, the weak fall around.
Who, who will help raise them to holier ground?
God keep us and help us, as only he can
To stretch out clean hands for the lifting of man.

Elgin, Ill.

BUYING EXPERIENCE.

THERE are two ways to buy experience: one is to pay for it with observation and time, and the other with miserable failure.

I knew a high-school boy of seventeen who had four months ahead of him with nothing to do. He decided to buy experience with that time. He had always been interested in timber and its products. He went to the local lumber company and asked to be allowed to work for them without wages that he might learn.

They took him gladly—and gave him plenty of work. He came every day at the same time the regular employes did, and worked the same hours. He measured lumber, helped load wagons and unload cars; he learned how to find the different grades and sizes, how to figure a bill, and how to enter an account on the books. He helped everywhere, doing whatever was ready to be done.

So useful did he become in four months that at the beginning of his next vacation the company offered him wages—not full wages, but much better than nothing.

Now at twenty-one he is manager of one of that company's yards in a neighboring town and gets a good salary. But even had he decided to enter some other trade or profession these summers of experience would have been very valuable to him; and he would have always had the satisfaction of feeling that if the time came when he must ask the world for a job, there would be something he knew how to do.

Everyone who has ever sought employment, either high or low, knows the universal question is, "What experience have you had?" If one has bought the required experience with spare time and careful observation, then he may begin at once to earn a living salary—and that means a chance to grow and go higher.

But if one has been an idler and waited until necessity drove him to earn his daily bread, he is likely to pay for his experience with heart-breaking failure. He cannot now afford to trade time for experience, for knowledge of his work—he must exchange every hour of that time for low wages that he may eat bread and have a roof to shelter him. He enters the class of unlearned, unskilled labor where necessity, ten to one, will keep him.

In the market of experience there are two kinds. When one trades time and effort he should be sure to get the right brand. One sort is to "know about things" and the other to "know things."

There are hundreds of men who "know about" mining, engineering, masonry, architecture, bookkeeping, business methods and scores of other things, and yet can never get or hold a job at any of them. They have merely watched other people do it, or dabbled a day now and then, or have watched but indifferently while they actually worked. They know about the work, but do not know the work itself—do not know the theory and practice of it, the short cuts, the saving devices, the safety plans.

A man may know in a general way how to run a sawmill, and yet be worth only a dollar a day. He may know a little more—how to run it to get the greatest possible output from a given amount of timber, and he is worth ten dollars a day.

Those who succeed materially, mentally or spiritually are those who learn to see where others are blind, and who trade the spare time which others kill for valuable experience.—*Glenwood Boy.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.
Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Buyers for some good well improved farms near the following (Brethren's) churchhouse, Rockingham, Wacanda and Bethany, in Ray Co., Mo. Write me. —J. H. Shirky, Norborne, Mo., R. 4.

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in a land of sunshine, and pure air with unlimited possibilities.

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¶ Possibly you would prefer to raise from 30 to 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. ¶ You can take your choice. ¶ Or you can raise Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Potatoes or do a general diversified farming business. ¶ You certainly would like an apple orchard that will bring you in an income of from $200 to $1,000 net per acre per year. ¶ These are conservative figures and can be sustained.

¶ You need not worry about dry weather. ¶ Lots of water ready and you turn it on when your crop needs it ¶ No uncertainties about it. ¶ One thousand dollars already subscribed for a Brethren Church. ¶ A large number have arranged to locate on these lands in the spring.

¶ This golden egg is being hatched in Sweet Grass County, Montana.

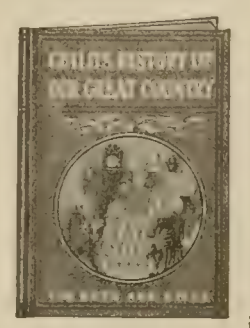
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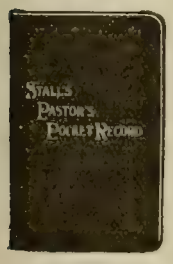
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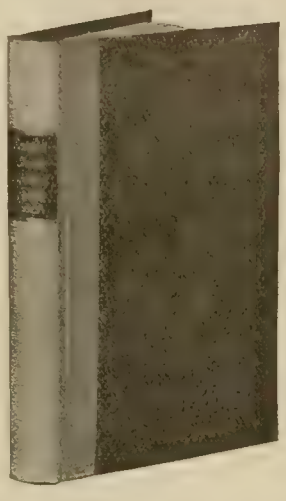
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The book is a fitting souvenir of the Bicentennial year and should be found in every Brethren Home.

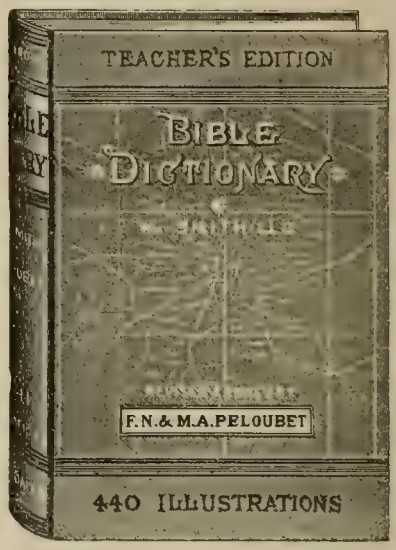
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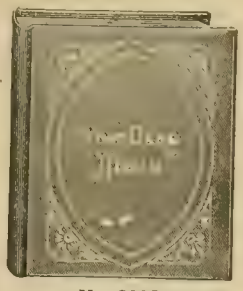


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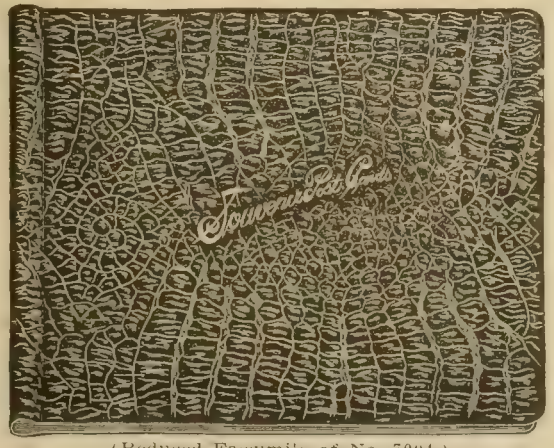
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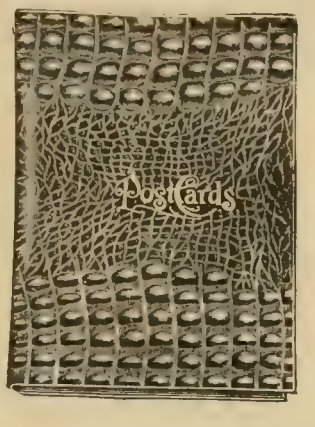
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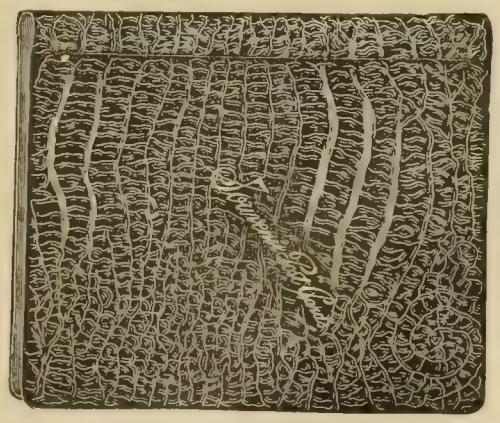
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COLONY NUMBER ONE.

in the famous San Joaquin valley, in "Sunny Stanislaus" county, at the new town of Empire, on the Santa Fe Railroad, near the center of the state, 30 miles south of Stockton and 75 from Sacramento.

This section has a mild climate, free from snows and thunder storms. The mercury seldom falls below the freezing point in winter, and the summers, except a few days, are pleasant and salubrious.

The rich soil and fine irrigation system enable a great variety of crops to be grown, which can be readily shipped to the nearby markets at low cost.



This picture shows a 20 acre Alfafa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

"The Alfalfa shown above was cut five times this season, as follows, May 20, yield 8 tons, July 1, 21 tons, August 15, 36 tons, Sept. 24, 35 tons and expect to cut it again Nov. 1, making five cuttings, with a total of about 130 tons, or six and a half tons per acre the first season.

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"In 1903 this county ranked 16th, in dairy products, now it stands first, because of our good irrigations system and the fine growth of alfalfa. J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

"I have seven acres in orchard and vineyard, which I planted in corn, between the trees and vines, which made 60 bushels per acre. I also have 20 acres on which I made over 68 tons of Oat hay in June, which sold for $15.00 per ton. I then planted the same ground to blackeyed peas which yielded one ton per acre, for which I have been offered $61.00. C. A. Gilstrap, Ceres, Cal."

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in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

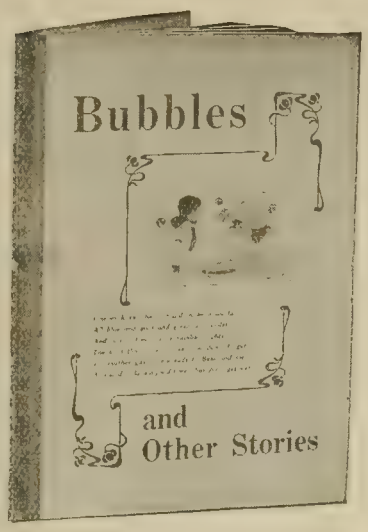
You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

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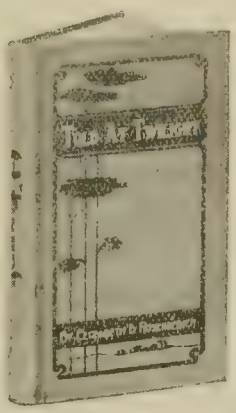
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This book is written for boys and girls in such an attractive and interesting manner that they will ask you to read and reread it again to them. The author, Sister Elizabeth D. Rosenberger, has represented Aunt Dorothy as gathering the little children around her in the evenings and telling these old stories in such a way that it is bound to create a desire for more Bible knowledge.

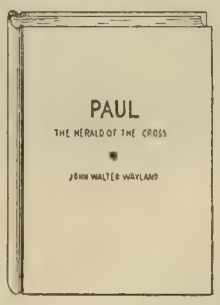
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¶ Write us for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

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Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. January 11, 1910. No. 2.

CHARACTER STUDIES WITH HAWTHORNE

PROF. OTHO WINGER, MANCHESTER COLLEGE

II. Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.

DOCTOR HEIDEGGER was a very singular old man of more than threescore years and ten. He had spent his long life in study, experiment and meditation. He was a practicing physician but, if stories were true, he had, unwittingly of course, sent as many of his patients to a premature grave as he had restored to health. He had never married because the sweetheart of his youth, Sylvia Ward, had died on their bridal evening as a result of taking one of her lover's prescriptions for some slight disorder.

Dr. Heidegger spent most of his time in his study. "This was a dim old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-lettered quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of Sylvia Ward. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book, but it was well known to be a book of magic."

On a summer afternoon four of the Doctor's venerable friends called upon him in his study. They were Mr. Medbourne, once a prosperous merchant but now a very poor man—the result of wild speculation; Colonel Killegrew, who had spent his youth in sinful pleasures but was now broken down in body and spirit; Mr. Gascoigne, a ruined and long unnoticed politician; and Widow Wicherly, a beauty one day, but for many years had lived in seclusion because of scandalous stories concerning her early life. At one time all three of these gentlemen had been in love with the widow and had been at the point of dueling for her sake. But they had long ago lost all desire for the withered old woman who was now as uncomely as themselves. "They all looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the Doctor's table."

On this table was a beautiful cut-glass vase that was partly filled with what appeared to be clear water. The Doctor asked his friends whether they would assist him in performing a very curious experiment. Without waiting for a reply he hobbled across the room and returned with the large folio volume from which he took a withered rose. "This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

His friends scouted the idea, whereupon the Doctor uncovered the vase and threw the faded flower into the water. Within a remarkably short time this rose of half a century was revived and looked as fresh as the day it was plucked. The Doctor then explained to his friends that the Fountain of Youth which Ponce de Leon had sought for in vain had been found at last, and that this water in the vase had come from that rejuvenescent spring. Colonel Killegrew asked what the effect would be upon the human body. The

Doctor at once gave them permission to test it but declined to drink any himself, saying, "For my own part, having had so much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

He advised them, however, to consider a few general rules of conduct to guide them safely through a second youth, should the magic liquid prove effective; but they ridiculed the mere suggestion that it would be possible for them, with all of their sad experience, ever to go astray again. He then filled four champagne-glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. His skeptical friends quaffed it off and awaited results. Most assuredly it was no deception. Each one felt and appeared several years younger. "Give us more of this wondrous water," they cried. The Doctor would have hesitated but because of their importunity he at once complied with their request.

They swallowed the second glass at a single gulp. The effect was even greater than that of the first glass. Instead of being old they were now in the strength and health of middle age. What, indeed, could be their thoughts? Widow Wicherly stood before the mirror simpering to her recently-changed counterpart. Colonel Killegrew stood near with wanton eyes fixed upon the buxom lady. Mr. Gascoigne was repeating some old, obsolete political speech, while Mr. Medbourne was engaged in another of his wonted speculative projects "for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs."

Another glass around completed this strange metamorphosis. They were now a group of merry youngsters. They mocked their old-fashioned attire and one of them was even so rude as to make sport of the infirm manners of their venerable host. "Doctor, you dear old soul," cried Widow Wicherly, "get up and dance with me!" The Doctor declined but each of the three young gentlemen was eager for the sport. Each one caught a hold of the "blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing" young widow. Their jealous anger was aroused and in their fierce struggle for the prize they overturned the table and broke the vase in many pieces.

This ended the riot. "They all stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray time was calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years." Dr. Heidegger picked up the rose from the floor and beheld it speedily wither. "My poor Sylvia's rose!" said he, "it appears to be fading again. I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness." His friends again shivered. They saw their youthful charms fast fading away. "Are we grown old again, so soon?" they cried.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it; no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

How often do men and women say, "If only I had my life to live over again, I would do quite differently!" Would they? We pass this way but once; could some decree of our Maker grant us the permission to relive our days, we would, in all probability, live them just as before. If we sow "wild oats" we shall reap a corresponding harvest; and though repentance may come in later years, the scars of sin upon our lives are there to stay.

A young man once owned a very beautiful field. A stranger wanted to buy it but the young man refused. He did, however, rent it to the stranger with the agreement that the latter was to have possession until one crop was raised. The rascal then sowed the field in acorns and the young man saw his mistake too late. Don't give the devil a mortgage upon your character. He will never release it until he must, and even then you cannot regain possession without serious loss.

THE CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.

H. A. BRANDT.

One of the first things that the average man thinks of at the mention of Chicago is the Chicago Union Stock Yards. The packing house industry is unconsciously associated with the mention of the name of this great metropolis of the Middle West. The enormity of the industry may be guessed from the fact that one packing firm capitalized at $50,000,000 does a business of over $250,000,000 per year, and a visit to the yards only helps to make somewhat more vivid the real greatness of the packing industry.

On entering the stock-yards district one is at once struck with the peculiar atmosphere of the place, both as to odor and otherwise. You will see men on horseback, and western style in dress is thoroughly up-to-date in this part of Chicago, so that the soft hat, big overcoats, boots, etc., are much in evidence.

Farther on acres of cattle yards and pens for sheep and hogs are passed by. On ahead the large signs of "Swift & Co.," and "Morris & Co.," loom up as guides but shortly another comes in view that reads something like this: "Swift & Co., visitors' entrance one hundred feet west," and then it is only a matter of a few steps until the waiting room is reached.

Once in the waiting room a polite employe hands to each visitor a little pamphlet describing the glory and magnitude of the company's plant. When a dozen or more visitors have gathered in the room the crowd is started on a tour of inspection. First up a short distance in the elevator, then the route leads out over the roof in the open to the door of the hog killing

department. You are apprised of this department by rank odors but before having recovered from this little novelty a door is open and you are ushered into the killing room. This room is hot, vile smelling and reverberating with noise. Why the visitors' route through the packing house is mapped out so that the worst scene comes first I do not exactly know, but perhaps the shock nerves one for what may follow.

Now for the career of a hog at the packing house: From the "rest pens" Mr. Hog is driven toward the killing room and with a bunch of frightened mates fetches up in a narrow pen beside a large and slowly revolving wheel. His next sensation is something about a hind leg, and then the next minute he is caught in the whirl of packing house life, and his career as a live hog is about ended, for the great wheel keeps on revolving and soon Mr. Hog is dangling in midair. Then with the grace and ease of habit the hog sticker puts in his finishing touch and our Mr. Hog is just plain hog or pork. At Swift's when the hogs were next sighted they were scalded and scraped and almost ready for the knife. From now on the hog goes to pieces pretty fast and when what is left winds up at the cooler it is only a headless and footless carcass, stripped for the cutters. After some hours' rest the part of the hog that got to the refrigerator is again seized on and sold out as good cold pork or perhaps if it was a real genteel hog, in due process of time is made up into nice cuts of bacon, ham, etc., to be used at home or maybe in a far-away State or even in countries beyond the seas.

During all the stay at the packing house the hog has received the best of attention. He was washed and scrubbed and cleaned and inspected most carefully. As to packing house meat being clean, there is little to say, for the packing house equipment is so far ahead of the improved methods on the farm that I cannot help but think that it is just as clean and perhaps cleaner than home-killed meat.

In the killing of cattle and sheep, the same care is exercised as in the killing of the hogs. Of course killing is not a nice business but people should remember that scientific slaughter is a part of the packing process. The strange part of the hue and cry of people against the killing business is the fact that these rather sentimental people can enjoy a good roast as big as anybody.

In the packing house the division of labor is down to a fine point and each man does his particular part and does it well. The workman seems to be only a part of the great machine that transforms dirty squealing hogs into nice, savory meats that delight the appetities of even kings and queens. Each man in the course of time has reduced his part to a few swift deft motions and with an ease born of habit the men work with almost the precision of automatic machinery.

The stock-yards district is a community to itself with wants and needs so peculiar that it has grown in a sense exclusive and self-sufficient. For example newspapers, banks, railroads, etc., and all the necessities and conveniences of modern colossal industries are close by to answer to the needs of the packing district. Indeed, to see these great industries that have been built up by men of no ordinary courage and caliber is but to convince one that men who could dream out and consummate such mighty enterprises are in a vital sense entitled to have somewhat more than the ordinary man. It is simply the reward of genius.

FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN 1810.

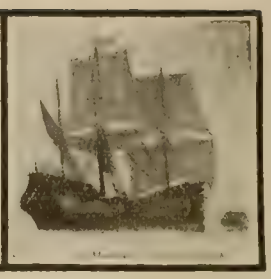
DALLAS B. KIRK.

Abbadie, Antoine T., French traveler, died, ——
Aldridge, Ira, the "African Roscius," died, 1867.
Alford, Henry, English poet, died, 1871.
Armstrong, Wm. G., English inventor, died 1900.
Black, Jeremiah S., American lawyer, died 1883.
Brougham, John, actor and dramatist, died 1880.
Brown, John, physician and essayist, died, 1882.
Bull, Ole B., famous violinist, died, 1880.
Burritt, Elihu, "the learned blacksmith," died 1879.
Channing, Wm. H., Unitarian preacher, died, 1884.
Costa, Michael, musical composer, died, 1884.
Cumming, John, British minister, died, 1881.
Eadie, John, Scottish preacher, died 1876.
Faiely, Pierre L. C., French general, died, 1892.
Freiligrath, Ferdinand, German poet, died, 1876.
Gosse, Philip H., English naturalist, died, 1888.
Gray, Asa, American botanist, died, 1888.
Herbert, Sidney, English statesman, died, 1861.
Lepsius, Karl R., German Egyptologist, died 1884.
McCloskey, John, American R. C. Cardinal, died, 1885.
May, Samuel, American writer, died, 1899.
Montalambert, Charles, French publicist, died, 1870.
Muir, John, Scottish Sanskirt scholar, died 1882.
Napier, Robert C., Field marshal, died 1890.
Parker, Theodore, American divine, died 1860.
Quatrefages de Breau, Jean, French naturalist, died, 1892.
Rawlinson, Henry C., English statesman, died 1895.
Regnault, Henri V., French chemist, died, 1878.
Robertson, Joseph, Scottish Antiquarian, died, 1866.
Reuter, Fritz, German humorist, died, 1874.
Schumann, Robert, German musical composer, died, 1856.
Seymour, Horatio, American statesman, died 1886.
Shields, James S., United States senator, died, 1879.
Spalding, Martin J., American R. C. archbishop, died, 1872.
Spedding, James, English writer, died, 1881.
Staunton, Howard, English writer, died, 1874.
Winslow, Forbes B., physician, died, 1874.



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter IX.

In colonial times nothing could be more embarrassing to an adult than not to be married. What could a man do and how could he live in that new country without a wife? There were no housekeepers, and if there were he would not be allowed to have one. Then what could an unmarried woman do in the new settlements among unbroken forests without a husband? The colonists married at a young age, and they never remained widowed for any length of time. Widows and widowers hastened to unite their sorrows and fortunes. There were cases where they remained widowed only six or seven weeks. The governor of New Hampshire married in ten days after the lady became a widow. They were seldom allowed to live alone or to close their residences, but were compelled to find a domicile wherever or with whomsoever the Court assigned. Lone-men in Hartford were compelled to pay twenty shillings a week to the town for the selfish luxury of a solitary life. The town of Eastham, Mass., passed the following order in 1695: "Every unmarried man in the township shall kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single; as a penalty for not doing so, shall not be married until he obeys this order."

The constable, the watchman, and the tithing-man had special spying and tattling supervision of the bachelors. In those days a man, instead of losing his freedom, gained it, by marrying. Medfield had its "Bachelor's Row," and Salem its "Maide Lotts."

In 1663 an English traveler wrote: "On the South there is a small but pleasant common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalet —Madams—till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations."

This simple picture of youthful love in the soft summer twilight at that beautiful trysting-place gives an unwonted touch of sentiment to the austere daily life of Colonial New England. A Boston gallant must very cautiously choose his lady love, and proceed as cautiously with his love-making "in the gloaming." Before he begins his courtship he must get the consent of parents or guardians. Should he not first obtain this consent before making love, he was fined, imprisoned, or brought to the whipping-post as "inveigling the affections of a maide or maide servant."

When an engagement of marriage was once made, it could not be broken by the father. Breach of promise suits were brought against women by disappointed men who had been "shabbed" (as jilting was then called), as well as by deserted women against the men.

On May day in 1660 at New Haven, Conn., Sarah Tuttle went to the house of Dame Murline for some thread. She and her friends, Maria and Susan Murline, joked loudly about her engagement to their brother Jacob. The joking was so loud that Dame Murline testified in court that it "much distressed her and put her in a sore strait." During all this jesting Jacob came in and seizing Sarah's glove demanded the old forfeit of a kiss. "Whereupon," writes a Puritan chronicle, "they sat down together, his arm being about her; and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck; and he kissed her, and she kissed him, or they kissed one-another, continuing in this position about half an hour, as Maria and Sarah testified." Goodman Tuttle brought suit against Jacob for "inveigling his daughter's affections," "but Sarah being asked in court if Jacob inveigled her said No." Of course this prevented the rendering of a verdict against the unauthorized kissing by Jacob, who escaped severe punishment. Sarah was fined by the court, and she received a severe lecture, and was called a "Bould Virgin." Her reply was that "she hoped God would help her to carry it better for time to come." This bold virgin's fine not being paid at the end of two years, one-half was remitted.

Let us once more quote from the diary of Judge Sewall for the etiquet and pleasure of "High life Courtships."

"Mrs. Hannah Hull saw me when I took my Degree and set her affections on me though I knew nothing of it till after our marriage."

She lived with him for forty-three years and bore him fourteen children, and died in 1717. He was now sixty-six years old, and like all Puritans despised the unmarried life. He had called upon several widows and dined with some. We also find in his diary that, "Deacon Marion comes to me, sits with me a great while in the evening; after a great deal of discourse about his courtship he told me the Olivers said they wished I would court their Aunt. I said little but said

'twas but five months since I buried my dear wife. Had said before 'twas hard to know whether to marry again or no or whom to marry."

This aunt was the widow of Major General Winthrop. In these days everybody meddled in love affairs—I guess they do now—or it would have seemed like taking undue liberties for nephews and nieces to suggest courtship while there were grown Winthrops who might object. The judge decided to go courting, and made many unsuccessful attempts. Later he sent a love-letter to Mrs. Mary Gibbs, at Newton, and here he was accepted. The letters and extracts from his diary are very interesting, but space will not allow of many of them. He sent the widow Gibbs a present of "A Quire of Paper, a good Leathern Ink Horn, a stick of Sealing-wax and two hundred wafers in a little box."

Widow Gibbs had no property to leave him but he stipulated that her children sign a contract to pay him one hundred pounds should she die first. This was thought to be hard, by both her and her children, and it was severe. He would agree to give her only fifty pounds a year in case of his death.

In these early days wives were well protected by law. A man could not keep his wife on an "outlaying or danger-filled plantation," but must "bring her in," or the town would "pull his house down." He could not leave her for any length of time, nor "marrie too wives which were both alive for anything that can appear otherwise at one time," nor beat his wife, or even use "harde words" to her. Nor could she raise her hand against him or use "a curst or shrewish tongue" to him without fear of public punishment in the stocks or pillory.

At important or genteel marriages a sermon was preached at the church at the time of the announcement of the engagement. One minister took his text from Ephesians 6: 10, 11. It was also customary to allow the bride to select the text for the sermon to be preached on the Sunday when she was to "come out bride." Let us look at a few of the texts selected: 2 Chron. 14: 2; Prov. 24: 23; Eccles. 4: 9, 10.

The "coming out" or "walking out," as it was called, of the bride, was an important event. We find in Sewall's diary the account of his newly-married daughter leading a bridal procession of six other couples on their way to church. In some communities the bride and groom were given a seat of honor in the gallery and several times during the service would rise in their places and turn around to show to all their bridal finery.

In colonial days in New England, except New Hampshire, it was the custom for nearly two centuries to publish all intentions of marriage three times in the meetinghouse, town meeting, lecture, or Sunday service. All marriage intentions were read by the town clerk, the deacon or the minister at any of these gatherings, and a notice of the same placed on the door of the meetinghouse. The minister could not marry a couple, but a magistrate, a sea-captain or any man of dignity could perform the ceremony. It was not until the eighteenth century that ministers were allowed to perform the marriage ceremonies. A pious magistrate having met a couple upon the street who were not legally married, he reproved them thus:

"John Rogers, do you persist in calling this woman, a servant, so much younger than yourself, your wife?"

"Yes, I do," answered John.

"And do you, Mary, wish such an old man as this to be your husband?"

"Indeed I do," she answered.

"Then," said the magistrate, "by the laws of God and this commonwealth, I as a magistrate pronounce you man and wife."

It was the custom for ministers' sons to marry ministers' daughters. The new pastor often married his predecessor's daughter.

Sack-posset was drunk at weddings for a great many years, but yet there was no noisy revelry. A psalm preceded and prayer followed the Puritan posset-pot. Bride cake and bride gloves were sent as presents to the friends and relatives of the contracting parties.

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in New Hampshire celebrated a marriage with much noisy firing of guns, as was the custom of their Irish ancestors. After the banns were published the guests were invited. The wedding day was ushered in at daybreak by a salute of musketry, at the homes of both the bride and the groom. At a certain hour the groom, accompanied by his friends, started for the home of the bride, and as the party passed along salutes were fired at every house along the route. When about half way the party was met by the friends of the bride, then came another salute. Each party then named one as a champion to "run for the bottle." These champions would run or ride at full speed over dangerous roads until they came to the home of the bride, the one winning seizing the beribboned bottle of rum, and returning to the party, drank to the health of the bride, and passed the bottle to the others. The whole party would then proceed to the home of the bride, where upon arriving an extra salute was fired, and the bridegroom and his party would enter a room set aside for them. It was strict etiquet that none of the bride's friends should enter the room until the bride, led by the best man, came forward and stood with her bridesmaids before the minister, while the best man stood behind the groom. The time for the ceremony having arrived each of the contracting parties put the right hand behind the back, and the bridesmaid and

best man pulled off the wedding gloves, taking great care to finish this duty at the same moment. Everybody kissed the bride after the ceremony was performed. Then followed more salutes, and drinking of New England rum. Thus the wedding day ended.

Stealing the bride was sport that lingered for many years along the Connecticut valley. A company of young men who were not invited to the wedding would rush into the house after the ceremony, seize the bride and carry her to the country tavern, and she was redeemed only by the groom giving a supper to the kidnappers.

HOW PEARL BUTTONS ARE MADE

G. WILFORD ROBINSON

THIRTY miles below Davenport, Iowa, on the big bend of the Mississippi, is the city of Muscatine. It is commonly called the "Pearl City" because of its pearl button industry. The smoke of its thirty-five button factories ascends day and night. To think of American-made pearl buttons is to think of Muscatine. The city is the cradle of the pearl button industry, the producer of the greater part of the total output of American-made buttons, and the home of the largest pearl button factory in the world.

This is the button age. The day of pins and hooks is past. We must have buttons galore, not only for usefulness but for adornment as well. A button is a small and simple thing to look at but the process of its manufacture is not so simple. Comparatively much more time and labor are spent in making a button than in making the garment on which it is worn.

Go with me through one of these factories and watch the process of a button in its making. We will first go to the basement where tons and tons of clam shells are stored. These shells are gathered from all large rivers, the Mississippi and Illinois rivers being the principal ones. But these large rivers cannot supply the demand, so many are shipped in from the southern rivers. Owing to the scarcity of these shells Congress has already secured the site and appropriated money for the construction of a fresh-water laboratory for the propagation of these bivalves.

During the summer months the muscle fishers are very numerous and very busy. The fishing outfit consists of two long rods to which are attached numerous lines with three-pronged hooks. These hooks are dragged along the bottom of the river. They come in contact with the muscle and the shell closes on them. They are then drawn up and the muscle taken off and the same process repeated. The muscles are then taken out and the shells shipped to the factories.

There are two incentives for the fishing of these shells. One is the price which they bring and the other is for the pearls which may be found in them. The price of shells ranges from twenty to forty dollars per ton, and pearls are occasionally found worth upward to a hundred dollars. In rare cases they sometimes exceed this.

We are now ready to proceed through the factory. In the basement these shells are sorted as to their kind and size and put into tanks of warm water to soak. Two of the principal kinds of shells are known as "nigger-toe" and "washboards."

After having been soaked for a few days the shells are then ready for the cutting department. The operator holds the shell with a pair of specially-shaped tongs and while a stream of water plays upon it it is pushed against a circular saw which cuts out the blank buttons. The average button is four lignes thick and from four to twelve may be cut from a shell, the number varying according to the size and the thickness of various parts of the shell. Small buttons are cut from small shells and large ones from the larger shells.

Operators are paid for cutting 168 buttons which is termed a gross; an allowance of twenty-four being made for culls. Wages average from 2 to $3 per day. Here also a chance is had for finding pearls which are imbedded in the shell. The cause of these pearls is the introduction of a grain of sand, or some other foreign substance, into the shell of the muscle which causes an irritation of the tissues and the muscle deposits the pearly matter for protection. Pearls are found both in the body and the shell of the muscle.

These blank buttons are then put into large rotary churns with a mixture of fine sand and water and are churned for four hours. This process smoothes their edges. They are then taken out, dried and classified according to their thickness. This is done by the buttons being fed into a classifying machine which drops the buttons of a uniform thickness out together. They are then ready to be ground, centered and eyed.

These three processes are done by large automatic machines very expensive and very complex. These machines are operated by girls who place the buttons onto them continually, one by one. They are first ground down to the desired thickness by passing under an emery wheel. They then continue their journey, dropping into a rotary line of vices which holds them

tightly while the centers are hollowed out. They then pass on, coming in contact with tiny bits which bore their eyes. They are now buttons in the rough.

Next they are again put into churns with a mixture of fuller's-earth and pumice-stone and are churned six hours to smoothe their dull, rough surfaces. After this they are given the acid bath which consists of being boiled in muriatic and acetic acids for one hour. This is to polish and give them a glazed appearance. They are then mixed with sawdust and a polishing powder and put into shakers for one hour to give them the final polish.

There is also a bleaching process for certain kinds of buttons. This is done by peroxide of hydrogen and other chemicals. When the manufacturer desires a colored button the white ones are smoked to the desired shade.



The buttons are now finished, but they must be assorted according to sizes. This is done with much dexterity by girls who get to be adepts in the business. Those that are to be sewed on cards are let out into homes and the sewer is paid by the gross. These are sold to large wholesale firms. But a great many of the buttons are sold in the bulk to manufacturers of garments.

When one thinks of the millions and millions of buttons made by one factory alone, and knows that there are three stages in the process of making where the button must be handled singly, one can imagine what a vast amount of work is expended on them. One can also get some idea of the expense of making them when, in a large factory, it takes $75,000 worth of machinery to bore the tiny eyes. In view of the great expense of making, ten cents per dozen doesn't seem so high for buttons after all.

There is one more thing we wish to notice about the shells and that is their unlimited usefulness. After the buttons are cut out they are crushed into chicken feed and the dust made from grinding down the button is put on the market as a scouring powder. Many of them are made into novelties such as souvenir shells, heads for hat pins, stick pins, watch charms, etc. Muscatine's pearl novelties have found their way as far as Paris.

However, there are so many shells that not all of them can thus be utilized.

* * *

THE BOY.

I HAVE a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, towsled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with many possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between States, writes books that will mold characters, or invent a machine that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

Wouldn't you like to turn Time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, and he had never worn a pair of boots? The lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out, crouched before the glare of the burning logs!

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old; who was thin and pale and perverse, and had tantrums, and had to be sent supperless to bed, or locked in a dark closet "because he wouldn't mind." Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six; and, when told that the exchequer of France was in dire confusion would say, "The finances, I will arrange them!"

Very distinctly and vividly I remember a slim, freckled-faced boy, who was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court, and that boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition. Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top

of his hat, his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held his trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and brier-scarred. He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and sent a God bless you down the furrow after him. Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unhastened, bare of arm, in white apron ready to do his duty while the cone is placed over my face, and night and death, come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul stuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

In School

NOTES FROM ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE.

RALPH W. SCHLOSSER.

Elizabethtown College entered upon her tenth year this fall term with a considerably increased enrollment and strengthened faculty. The work of the fall term was filled with inspiration. Each student, we believe, has higher aspirations and nobler aims than he had before entering our school.

Miss Mary E. Markley, of Zanesville, Ohio, has been added to our faculty this year as professor of Latin and French. Her work has been a decided success and zeal for languages has been increased. The language departments of this institution are especially strong this year.

The following courses of study are offered at present: General Preparatory, Commercial, Musical, Agricultural, Bible, Pedagogical, College Preparatory, and Classical. Thus far the majority of the graduates have completed the Commercial and Pedagogical courses. But at present writing most of our students have enrolled for Pedagogical or Preparatory work. The Classical course has four students, two of them in the Junior year, pursuing the work as outlined and there are nine students in the College Preparatory course.

The music department is growing rapidly from year to year. Five pianos and four instructors are kept busy with the work of this department. The senior chorus class rendered some excellent selections at our Anniversary exercises held on November 13. A special Christmas program, consisting of sacred anthems and instrumental selections, was rendered in an excellent manner on Tuesday evening, December 21.

The Bible department is under the supervision of two efficient instructors. Several members of this department are preparing for foreign missionary work. The library is well equipped with reference works for this department.

The class in college Latin is studying Latin comedy. After several lectures on old, middle, and new comedy, as related to Latin comedy, were given, the class read "Phormio." This comedy was very much appreciated by the class. At present the class is reading the "Captivi" by Plautus. Much interest is aroused by reading these plays, since they depict early Roman customs and dealings so vividly.

The class in college German has read "Hermann and Dorothea" and Goethe's "Faust." Character sketches of the leading characters were required in German prose. At present the class is reading Schiller's "Der Dreissigjährige Krieg" and taking up the History of German Literature.

The class in calculus has finisher Maxima and Minima and is about to enter Differentials as outlined by Granville. This is the first class in calculus at this institution.

The museum of the college has secured suitable cases to exhibit geological and zoölogical specimens which have been donated to the school. A fine collection was secured from the Smithsonian Institution through A. Burd Cassel, our ex-representative in Congress. These specimens make the study of science very interesting to the student.

During the fall term the faculty decided that the game of football should be prohibited at this institution, believing it not to be in accordance with true education, and to be too dangerous. The whole student body also unanimously decided to refrain from the game. This institution is not in favor of intercollegiate athletics and is entirely opposed to football, but the door to athletics is not closed to its students to the extent that many imagine. Baseball, basket ball, tennis, and track work are encouraged during their respective seasons and enthusiasm runs high at times among the students of our institution. We favor athletics and plenty of exercise, but we are entirely opposed to football for the reason mentioned above, and to intercollegiate athletics.

The library committee has selected an excellent course of lectures and musicales for this school year. Prof. Geo. P. Bible of Philadelphia, the first lecturer of the course, gave an excellent lecture in November. The next number was a piano lecture-recital by Edward Baxter Perry, a world-famous, blind pianist. Colonel Bain of Kentucky is scheduled for the next lecture.

Prospects for our Bible term are promising. This session of two weeks will begin the third week in January. This term is invaluable to young and old ministers alike, and many grasp these splendid opportunities of acquainting themselves better with their Bibles. Prominent ministers in the Brethren church will be present to instruct on various subjects.

Thus the work is progressing at Elizabethtown College, helping young men and women to find the place where they can render the best service to mankind. The earnestness of the teachers and the zeal of the students is at exceptionally high tide this year and we have good reasons to believe that the standard of the school and the ideals of the pupils have been raised to a higher mark. Long live the cause of Christian education!

Elizabethtown, Pa., December 16, 1909.

SCHOOL OR PRISON.

Victor Hugo said, "When you open a school you close a prison."

This seems to require a little explanation. Victor Hugo did not have in mind a theological school, nor yet a young ladies' seminary, nor an English boarding school, nor a military academy, and least of all a parochial institute. What he was thinking of was a school where people—young and old—were taught to be self-respecting, self-reliant, and efficient—to care for themselves, to help bear the burdens of the world, to assist themselves by adding to the happiness of others.

Victor Hugo fully realized that the only education that serves is the one that increases human efficiency. An education for honors, ease, medals, degrees, titles, position, immunity, may tend to exalt the individual ego, but it weakens the race, and its gain for the world is nil.

Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great service gets great returns. Action and reaction are equal, and the radiatory power of the planets balances their attraction. The love you keep is the love you give away.

A bumptious colored person wearing a derby tipped over one eye, and a cigar in his mouth pointing to the northwest, walked into a hardware store and remarked, "Lemme see your razors."

The clerk smiled pleasantly and asked, "Do you want a razor to shave with?"

"Naw," said the customer, "for social purposes."

An education for social purposes isn't of any more service than a razor purchased for a like use. An education which merely fits one to prey on society is a predatory preparation for a life of uselessness, and closes no prison nor relieves pressure on a poorhouse.

Teach children to work, play, laugh, study, think, and work, and we shall raze the walls of every prison.

There is only one prison, and its name is Inefficiency. Amid the bastions of this bastile of the brain the guards are Pride, Pretense, Greed, Gluttony, Selfishness.

Increase human efficiency, and you set the captives free.—*Cosmopolitan.*

TWO YEARS' PROGRESS IN PUBLIC EDUCATION IN PORTO RICO.

The number of common schools increased from 1139 to 1912; increase, 67.8%. (By "common school" is meant a teacher and group of pupils.)

Total enrollment in common schools increased from 71,669 to 114,367; increase 60.5%.

Average daily attendance in common schools increased from 44,218 to 72,776; increase 64.6%.

Municipalities in which secondary instruction is given, increased from three to eight.

Enrollment in secondary schools increased from 182 to 321; increase 84%.

Night schools increased from 98 to 118; increase 20.4%.

Schools taught wholy in English increased from 202 to 429; increase 114%.

Cost of maintenance of public schools for school year 1906-07, $832,588.00. For the year 1908-09, $1,146,619.00; increase in expense 37.7%.

Number of school buildings erected during the first nine years of American occupation, 101, at a cost of $519,025.00. Number constructed during the past two years, 89, at a cost of $241,814.00.—*Educational Bulletin.*

WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR PLACE.

You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.

The days will be all too short for you. Dinner time and closing time will come before you realize it.

All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature.

You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker; because, whatever your occupation or profession, you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

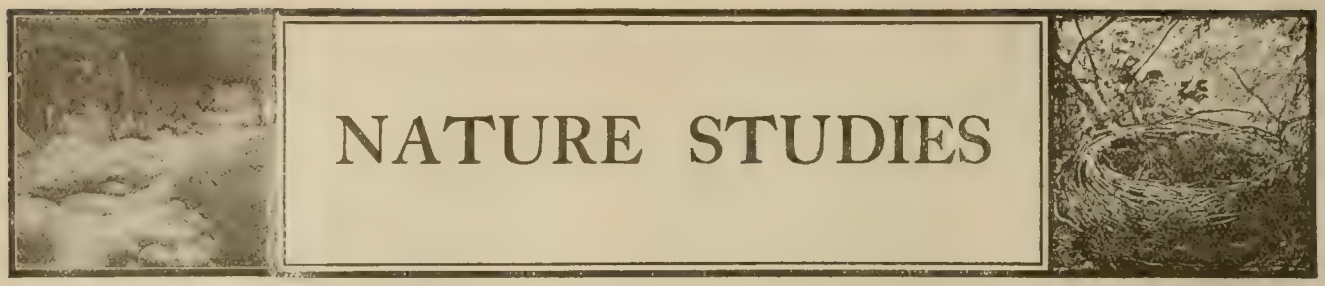
You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be satisfied.

You will feel yourself growing in your work, and your life broadening and deepening.

Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

You will go to your task with delight and leave it with regret.

Life will be a glory, not a grind.—*Great Thoughts.*



DODDER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

MANY of the weed seeds found in this country are scattered by means of the seeds of forage crops, especially clovers and grasses. The seeds both of the grasses and the weeds are so small that detection is very difficult, and after detection their separation is even more difficult if not impossible.

Those who live in the country are well acquainted with dodder or as it is often called "love tangle" or "love vine."

The principal means of the spread of dodder is through the sale of clover and alfalfa seed in the open market. Being of practically the same size and weight as the seed of clover and alfalfa if allowed to mature in the same field they are sure to be mixed and a perfect separation is almost impossible.

In Europe dodder has long been noticed in the reports of seed tests, the presence or absence of the seeds being an item of special mention. To dispose of such seeds there is a difficult matter and as we have no national law regarding the import of weed-infested seed much of it is shipped to United States.

It is a parasite, deriving its food not from the soil, but from the plant to which it is attached. The seeds sprout in the ground the same as other seeds, the small thread-like plant reaching in all directions for some means of support. Failing to find a host it exhausts the nourishment stored in the seed and soon dies.

In case it finds a suitable host it attaches itself to the stem, leaf, or in fact any part of the plant, twines around it, and from its leafless, thread-like stem sends out suckers which penetrate the tissues of the plant and appropriate the nourishment for its own use.

Soon after finding a host the lower part of the plant dies and it is dependent upon its host for both food and mechanical support.

At first it spreads slowly, but after becoming firmly established it spreads rapidly and soon covers a large space. More suckers are developed and other plants are drawn upon to supply it with food.

As it depends upon prepared food it has neither leaves nor roots, all its energy being used to develop stems and in due time seeds for reproduction. Green is usually absent which indicates that it has not the power of making starch.

Stems maintain their vitality for several days after being severed from the parent plant and this is often a means of spreading the plants from one part of the farm to another. Falling on new hosts they rapidly develop new suckers and thus form new colonies.

The stems are generally lemon yellow, sometimes orange or pink.

The small white flowers are usually borne in clusters, ripen their seeds from the middle of July till late in September, and as most crops are harvested between those dates and they are profuse seeders all crops have a chance for contamination.

Many kinds live in a wild state and are of no injury to cultivated crops. They are a common sight in uncultivated fields and along roadsides where they twine around many kinds of plants. They do not seem to be particular in their selection of a host, being found clinging indiscriminately to the rank-smelling, low-growing camphor weed or the tall resin weeds.

Of the kinds injurious to cultivated crops the following are the most common:

1. Flax dodder, which is found on some other plants, but not on clover or alfalfa.

2. Clover dodder, infesting both clover and alfalfa.

3. Small-seeded alfalfa dodder, which confines its damage to alfalfa, not being found on clover.

4. Field dodder, being found on clovers, alfalfa, and many wild plants. It is also a serious pest in the sugar fields of Utah.

5. Large-seeded alfalfa dodder, a parasite on alfalfa, many wild herbs, but not the true clovers.

6. Chilean dodder, imported from South America in alfalfa and red clover. It was once known in California but has disappeared. It is now being brought in again in recent importations.

The dodders seem to have a preference for certain hosts, selecting them in preference to all others. Though it may grow on others as a rule it fails to flower, and when it does it fails to develop seed. This fact has been so long known that in many cases the Latin names have been selected with reference to the fact. Thus, that attacking flax is known in several languages as flax dodder, its habit being told by its Latin name, *cuscuta epilinum*. Epi means upon and flax belongs to the botanical genus Linum.

From a practical standpoint this is of interest from the fact that certain crops are subject to attack while others are not.

Thus, of the forage crops the leguminous crops are affected, while the grasses are not to any material extent.

The size of the seeds and time of ripening further restrict the list of plants. Crimson clover ripens so early that it is free and some others are so large that the cleaning coincident with threshing removes the impurities.

To detect dodder, or in fact to make a good examination of seed a magnifying glass is necessary. Having occasion recently to have a sample of clover examined it was found that about ten per cent consisted of impurities, in this case most of them being of a harmless kind; and the sample was what would be classed as "good."

To distinguish them remember that the dodder seed is somewhat round and the surface is finely roughened and rather dull; on the other hand clover seeds are smooth with often a slight luster, and are triangular, oval, or kidney-shaped.

As a court of final appeal examine the seed to find a slender threadlike embryo coiled within the endosperm, which becomes gelatinous when wet. If the seeds are boiled for awhile the embryo emerges from the ruptured seed coat and may be seen as a slender coiled object.

"Prevention is better than cure" and in this case it is still true. One of the best methods of treating an infested field is to cut and burn all the infested plants. In other cases where the field is badly infested the best method is to plow the field before the dodder ripens, thus preventing it seeding, otherwise the field will be reseeded.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE PONDS AND WINTER ANIMALS.

At first thought it might be farfetched to draw a parallel between the life of a man and that of a lake, but a little reflection will show some striking analogies between the life of Thoreau and the waters he describes so minutely. As they were calm and in no hurry to reform the world and turn it upside down, so he learned to control his impulses and let the affairs of politics, business and religion, about which his neighbors were so much concerned, fret him not. As the lakes asked little of the world about them and drew their resources from the depths of earth, so he found that by simplicity of living a few weeks of labor with his hands sufficed for all his bodily needs, and he drove his roots deep down into the eternal resources of life, that are not fretted by the ticking of a clock or the petty cares of making a living. As the lakes purified themselves daily and hourly from the effects of impure materials washed in from the slopes about, so Thoreau neutralized the small talk and evil influences that came from the superficial life about him. As they reflected in their bosom the blue of heaven, the sun and stars, he took courage that perhaps, in a dim way, his nature might reflect the glories of the universe. He would have man's life as beautiful as these lakes, his character as transparent.

Aided by some choice friends, among whom was Emerson, he built a hut by the shores of Walden Pond, and there he lived alone, for more than two years. He took daily observations of it; measured its outline, sounded its depths, paddled his boat over its glassy surface, fished in it, swam in it, drank its waters, scaled the hills about for new points of observation. But any one could have done these things. What he did that most others could not do or did not take time to do, was to purify his higher nature in its transparent depths. He read and wrote into it the philosophy of pure living and thinking. Daily he refreshed his spiritual strength in its crystalline purity. To him it was the "earth's eye." In it he saw the depth of his own being. As he was a better man for his daily intercourse with it, he doubted not that the trainmen who saw it daily from the nearby railroad were better for the sight.

There may be more beautiful lakes than Walden Pond, but no other lake has had a reporter of such sympathy and penetration to record its beauties, to watch and describe its moods, to measure its depths, to make it in fact the most talked about lake in the world. What Luke was to St. Paul, what Boswell was to Johnson, Thoreau was to Walden Pond.

Thoreau took a quiet joy in all the life about him. He observed with keen eyes the doings of plant and animal life, and he made a minute record of it all. But he had no more thought of aiding science or enhancing his fame in so doing, than the flower has in giving off its perfume. Emerson says he kept a little book in which he recorded the time when every little wood flower was due to bloom, and that, if he had been awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep in the midst of the woods, he could have told the time of year within a day by the condition of the flora.

He made friends with all the wild animals. When the snow was on and it was hard for them to find food, he provided stores of nuts and corn for them, and received their gratitude in their lack of fear of him. Squirrels capered about him, quails came to his door, hares had a home under his house, jays screamed overhead, and one day a phoebe bird lit on an armful of wood he was carrying into the house. They recognized in him a friend and companion and he was prouder of their confidence than he would have been of any honor society might have conferred upon him.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

THE INGLENOOK

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MAKING THE FUTURE.

Whether the year opens up with bright hopes and alluring promises, or whether it offers nothing attractive—nothing but the "daily grind," depends more on ourselves than it does on the circumstances surrounding us. The daily grind itself remains such only because we make it so; it may be an interesting exercise—old yet ever new in the attractive opportunities it offers for widening out.

Sometimes the future appears dark, because we have not looked at it with a clear vision; we need to clean our glasses, so to speak. Sometimes the future appears dark because we have not rightly taken hold of seemingly untoward circumstances. Sometimes it appears dark because our liver is bad and our digestion poor. Whatever the conditions, we need to know them—to rate them at their real value. When this is done, nine times out of ten the clouds will disappear,—we will have turned them inside out and the silver lining will cast brightness over all the way, beckoning us on into the glad days of the future.

Yes, we are architects of our fortunes. And this means that we must first be architects of our futures, building them exactly after the plan of our ideal and then day by day turning the various parts into the stone and mortar of present actuality.

We read with admiration of the deeds of the great,—how they forged ahead, over, under and around obstructions, with their eye ever on the future that never failed to supply the needed courage and enthusiasm. But even as we read and admire we sit down before a formidable wall of opposition, allowing it to shut off all view of the road ahead, and lament because *our* lot is so different from that of others. Stand up and look forward. Get a vision of your life as it appears there in full, rounded out symmetry and then, even if you must make bricks without straw, go to work and build impregnable walls that time cannot crumble, with sunny rooms that will warm and cheer as well as radiate light, as they did when they beckoned from the future. Anyone can have whatever he wants in these castles, these visions of the future and what can hinder anyone from making of these castles permanent dwelling-places that shall last through time and eternity?

THE MANTLE OF CHARITY.

Man's frailty,—his inhumanity to man—sometimes shows itself most clearly when he is making the greatest effort to appear compassionate and charitable. Perhaps the contrast is responsible for the bold presence of the inhuman trait.

A case that is known to all our readers well illustrates this contradictory element in man's make-up. When a short time ago the scientists of the University of Copenhagen reported that the material submitted to them by Dr. Cook did not prove that he had been to the North Pole, numerous I-told-you-so's went up from the wise people all over the country. Among those who "had known all along that Cook had never reached the pole" is the well-known newspaper correspondent, who himself has failed in more than one spectacular endeavor to climb to lasting fame by way of this same North Pole. He comes with the mantle of charity in one hand—blanket-like it would seem in size—but does he use it? No, indeed, at least not in the way intended; he waves it about with the one hand while with the other he writes his lengthy I-told-you-so, largely made up of bare supposition—branding his victim as an impostor from beginning to end. The mantle of charity was originally intended to cover sins, but this newspaper correspondent as he benignantly (?) waves it on this occasion is careful to see that it leaves even suspicion and supposition stand out in their bare ugliness. Perhaps the mantle of charity served the purpose for which it was used in this case, but it never served the purpose of covering up.

In a smaller way, but none the less contemptible, many more of us are making this strange use of the mantle of charity. We say, Let us spread the mantle of charity over him or her, as the case may be, and then, before letting it fall in its compassionate, soothing folds, we give it a flirt, cruelly exposing the defections and making them appear many times worse than they had appeared before.

Let us be honest with ourselves and with others. By all means let us make constant use of the mantle of charity, but let us not pretend to use it when we have hate in our hearts and a knife in our belts.

RETROGRESSION IN MORALS.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the well-known Jewish rabbi of Chicago, recently made the statement that morality has been lowered in 1909 as never before. Dr. Hirsch's sermon in which he made this statement was devoted to a review of the year just closed, with lessons drawn from its achievements. He acknowledged that the year was rich in material advancement—that its scientific and mechanical triumphs were unequaled—but he said it was to be signalized not because of its progress in the material field, but by "the enthronement of the scarlet woman, sceptered and crowned, to rule over us."

While it is true that many noble men and women are working earnestly for the destruction of the disgraceful white slave traffic, their efforts have done little more than reveal the giant nature of the traffic, its entrenchment behind almost impregnable walls and its close relation with the government—the powers that we have been accustomed to honor and support, and it is because of this fact that Dr. Hirsch draws a black mark across the year 1909 as he does. The more the matter is looked into, the more people are coming to see that the white slave traffic, as it is called, is not an independent business carried on by a few depraved beings, but that it is a monster of giant size which has been born of and lives and grows upon the social and economic conditions of the twentieth century.

After reviewing some of the achievements of the past year, Dr. Hirsch said: "At best, however, these growing triumphs, if not supplemented by something else, but sink us into slavery. Things have come to be the sum all and the be all of our ambition. A material worship is our curse. Our generation is wearing a chain of slavery more galling than that worn by our fathers and our grandfathers. Amid plenty we are starving. Our souls are starving. Soulless things are our idols, and at their shrine we worship."

Then Dr. Hirsch drew a picture of the methods of the procurer for the white slave trade and continued: "But the logic of the dealers in flesh is irrefutable in an age where man has made money his god, where financial success however attained, is the credential of happiness. The logic of the victims of the trade is also irrefutable," he added. "What can you say to her who sells herself for money, if you have made gold and the gaining of it the standard of success? This may seem an extreme view, but the logic of the pander is irrefutable if you place gold and its getting upon a pedestal, if you take away from its acquiring any restriction as to how it shall be obtained."

Then the learned rabbi traced the white slave traffic a step farther and approached the respectable portion of society with plain accusations: "This creed, this rush after things material, has brought even among us Jews this shame of the worship of Astarte. We need homes that our home virtue may be protected. These girls who sell their bodies, caught by the glitter of the life of the scarlet woman, why have they no homes? Whose fault is it? Do you do your part, you who employ? Pay them living wages, pay them a wage which will allow them to have those pleasures and home influences which will lessen the influence of the pander with his alluring picture. Then the attraction of the life of the scarlet woman will fade. I do not ask you to do this as a matter of charity; do it as an investment. Even in finance the human element is a factor.

"It is time for this nation, for us, to wake up. Our charities are doing wonderful work, God bless them, but we need something more than charity now. Pay this living wage, or Astarte will draw these girls with an ever-widening net.

"Perhaps ten years from now these panders will be received as your social equals. Do you think of that? Have I not been told not to speak up because this man was an 'honorable' man, that man an 'honest business man.' These men that we ministers have been exposing are known as 'good' because they pay their debts, because they keep a good bank balance, because they do good 'business.' And what do they pay with? Money made by selling their rotten whiskey and beer and out of the price paid for the shame of somebody's daughter! Such money should be thrown back into the gutter from which it came and such men branded as beneath contempt.

"But if the standard of achievement, the measure of success, is money, then it matters not whether you deal in buttons or flesh. If this standard is the right standard, then are these panders upright and honest men. But pay this living wage and you have protection, a hope of changing the standard. It is not the mechanical philosophy of life that we need, but moral sanity."

It would be well for all of us to examine our lives well and see how fairly these accusations fall upon us. It is to be feared that all of us are more or less guilty of the crime of making a god of gold—of having a respect for money and for those who accumulate it that does not belong to them, and that is bound to drag us down and make us the means of dragging others down also. Would it not be well to add to our resolutions this, that we will endeavor hereafter to use only the highest standards, those that never change and are universally applicable, in our valuation of men and things? Money will then take a very humble place and we will not bestow inordinate love upon it.

* * *

It is easy to miss a good you might have attained in contemplating an evil from which you have abstained. —*Home Herald.*



THE HOME WORLD



SOME DUTIES, OPPORTUNITIES AND PRIVILEGES THAT STAND FOR ADVANTAGE AND POWER IN A MOTHER'S LIFE.

CATHARINE BEERY VAN DYKE.

THIS life is a swiftly-progressing, ever-changing, driving, whirling panorama. We no sooner are able to open our eyes and stretch our limbs than the never-ceasing course begins. Infancy is like a dream in blissful slumber. Childhood is the awakening hour of this slumber to engage in joyous activities. Youth is like a tale that is told and, before we have time to comment upon it, we find ourselves in full maturity. Then it means something—something definite and personal. We enter upon homes and here are nurtured the families of earth, ever repeating the processes of being, growing and doing. How wonderful, how interesting, how absorbing are these processes! Especially is it so since dull routine is kept out by the capabilities of each new generation to excel the last.

How many fathers and mothers have said: "If I could only live my life over again in the light and power of my present knowledge and experience, I would raise my family better." I myself have already thought: "If I could take a second chance on rearing my children, I think I should make a better job of it." But for some wise reason we have but *one chance* on life here, so it behooves us to qualify ourselves well for the business. It does *seem* to me sometimes as though I *have* a second chance on my own self as it is—the chance that comes to a mother and a father in reviewing and reliving their own life in the lives of their children.

What a wonderful thing is memory in this connection and what a mellowing influence it should and does have over us in dealing with our children! We dare not be too much disappointed at their shortcomings and defects, for when we were their age we remember we were not perfect in conduct nor character. We dare not be too severe nor exacting nor selfish nor unjust, for we recall when our own young hearts bled and our eyes steamed with tears when all alone we thought of such treatment we had received from our elders. Search your heart just now, O mother, O father, and find out for yourself whether or not you are on a fair-dealing basis with your little child, your growing up son or daughter, or, in fact your men and women children. If you are not, stop and consider. Just *one* human lifetime to live. Just one earthly race to run. Do not let stubbornness, selfishness nor ignorance keep you longer aloof from that child, old or young, but live *with* him and *for* him and *through* him for the good of the world.

"Come, let us live with our children,
Lives that are noble and true;
Letting the love of the Father
Shine forth in all that we do.
Sent in his infinite wisdom
That we may teach them aright—
Ours for today,—we must guide them
Unto the heavenly light."

A mother's duties? Who can enumerate them? But here are a few of them. First it is her duty to be a Christian and to live a religious life.

Think of a woman—a *woman* entering upon marriage, becoming a mother with no higher hope than what this world offers; with no ambitions but those of the world—aye, perhaps with no hope or ambition, or aim even for the best that this life has.

Think of a woman—a *wife* when her husband comes home heartsick, oppressed, discouraged—for men do come home in that mood sometimes—soul hungry, yearning for God, even though he may not know his real lack, seeking through her a way out of his difficulties, seeking through her an avenue to a Supreme Being, who can not, at such a time rise to his need and be the complement of him she is expected to be!

Think of a woman—a *mother* engifted with children whose temporal and eternal interests are, for a time, invested in her, who cannot instruct them in the ways of holiness and peace, in the ways of the Master, who cannot respond to their questionings about life, death and immortality, who cannot teach, who cannot act like one who knows God as a personal friend!

If the name "Christian Nation" means *anything* it must mean a nation pillared by Christian homes and these upbuilt and upheld by Christian mothers and Christian fathers. It is, therefore, the mother's duty to live a life of prayer and patience, of hope and happiness, of fortitude and faith, of labor and love, of sacrifice and service, of Christ and the cross.

Second, it is her duty to be refined, dignified and, as far as possible, cultured.

What is it to be refined? Briefly, to think higher thoughts, to do nobler, to exalt your office. This can be done by transforming the ordinary duties of home life into pleasurable activity by brightening the atmosphere with a willing, cheerful spirit (don't say "submissive," that is too servile), by maintaining before your children, your husband, yourself and your God a worthy personal bearing, free from complaining, fault-finding, whining and fretfulness. Refinement is shown in the countenance, in speech, in physical and spiritual attitude and, therefore, character. It is not like a costume to be donned for special occasions but it is a part of the *character* which coexists with the individual.

For a mother to be dignified is for her to maintain a brave bearing in the face of trifles that annoy, to withstand real difficulties with even poise and a philosophic mind; to fail to drop into an "easy-go-lucky" way either in personal appearance and habits or in her management of the household. We place our own value upon ourselves, we may make ourselves cheap or coveted.

How can culture enter into a mother's life, a woman cumbered with care, children and clothes? It is her right to be given a chance to improve herself as woman, wife and mother, and no sensible, considerate husband will deny her the exercise of that right. She must not neglect the reading of good books, magazines and the Bible. She should attend Sunday school and church, occasionally a good lecture and a social gathering and some of the best concerts each year.

Third, it is her duty to keep a clean body, mind and soul.

Weary mothers, did you ever think it was a duty to bathe your bodies frequently? You, no doubt, have often glowed with the pleasure of the bath, but have you ever reduced the indulgence to a positive duty? The skin is an *organ* of the body. It has several functions, "secretion, absorption, respiration, elimination and sensation." To keep these functions active the organ must be kept clean. Did you ever notice how much easier the machinery of the household runs when your own body is comfortable and your mind is easy? It is worth the cost. Try it.

Now, you ask, what do you mean by keeping the mind clean and the soul clean?

The worry that interrupts the growth of Christian character today is one of the contaminating elements that enters the mind and soul. Think for a moment and tell yourself what it is that causes you perplexity —and annoyance. Nine times out of ten selfishness is at the root of it. You have your mind upon yourself in manifold, perhaps, unconscious ways, upon your likes and dislikes, your own hopes and ambitions, your clothes and your table, your children and their clothes and perhaps upon your shortcomings or your health and instead of scoring them off you have become delinquent. Then the mind needs a bath to restore its normal activities.

A clean soul? Let me give you a hint or two. Can your soul be clean when you cherish and indulge one single secret sin? When you are not at one with God? Can it be clean when you live a selfish, deceptive life in marriage—when you keep from your husband one secret or treasure that which would make him better for sharing? Bathe your soul daily in prayer and consecration.

Now we are ready to look at some opportunities which lie in reach of a mother.

First, it is hers to share in the world's greatest interests. The personal equipment she made for herself in order to be a rational, intelligent mother has already given her a breadth of intellect which has sharpened her own interest in the world's advancement as well as in individual projects and schemes. She has also learned that the powers that move the world have been cultivated in *homes,* and she has a common interest in homes. Now, whatever comes near to her children will not only arouse in her a sympathetic response but will also, and in consequence of this, still develop new power and achievement in herself. She has the opportunity of making herself the beloved queen of the kingdom of home. I say *beloved* queen for some queens are not so. As beloved queen of her home all hearts will pay her homage and happiness is hers, but attendant upon this opportunity are a myriad of self-denials and sacrifices. Yet, strengthened by the grace of God and the precious love of her dear ones, she will be able and willing to pay the price of her crown. Here she develops under the influence and discipline of the members of her own family. Here, clothed with her children's faith and her husband's "safe trust" in her she lives her life of greatest, best and most enduring influence.

As to her privileges. Some think that a woman's privileges are greatly curtailed when she becomes a mother. I think they are augmented. I think they are greater—even if they come to her through greater pain, struggle, toil and sacrifice—than those of the childless woman, and her privileges increase with the number of children in her flock, for each one brings his particular gift to her. It is her privilege, too, to keep young with her children, passing with one after another through the different grades of school and through the different incidents and steps of their education for their different avocations in life, to grow as they grow in the affairs of the age and day. It is hers to shape the destinies of her children and to guide that of her husband. Hers to have and to hold the confidence, respect, admiration and love of husband and children for her

good and theirs. Her task is not one of wages in dollars and cents but her recompense is hid in the lives of those who shall come after her and she stamps the coming years with her trade-mark.

"'Come, let us live with our children,'
Tenderly, watchful and near
To these young lives now unfolding,
Ready with counsel and cheer,
To give the strength for their life's battles,
Helping if evil betides;
Building so well that they shall be
Temples where he abides."

FOR HOME-MAKERS.

"Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never give up nor fret;
You'll stand a better chance, lad,
The farther along you get."

An old song, a wise one, and good for women, even if written for boys. Change the "lad" to "lass" and sing it over tub and broom, stove and pastry-board, ironing-table and sewing-basket. There is magic in the last line, "farther along." Every hand's turn you do in the right spirit is giving you a better chance of being the sort of good woman you want to be, and of reaching the goal of God's "Well done."

Very well to sit comfortably at a desk and talk! The hard matter is to think these things, and sing when the rain pours down on washing-day, the fire will not burn, the children are tiresome or sick, the husband wants a dozen affairs attended to at once, the oven will not bake, the irons are smudgy, the pastry is heavy, and there is no time for the sewing that must be done. So it is, so it is. But you have no leisure to sit at a desk and write to yourself; and what are we, who advise you, if we cannot hearten you up and show you how we appreciate the labor and thought that makes the house clean, the good will, and home happy?

Why do you get discouraged and feel the duties of wife and mother a load of monotony you cannot always bear? Is it not because you have a dismal idea that home work is small and lightly valued by the world? "Any fool can scrub a floor or make a pie." Indeed she cannot. Try turning a few of the wise and learned women on to these duties, and see if there are not more stupidities in Wisdom's portals than you dreamed.

Get "further along" in the direction of having a "good conceit o'yersel' mother dear." The world in general and this country in particular could not move far without you. Get "further along" in the truth that your work is as great as any in the realms of science, art, and literature. To find a new law of nature, paint a fine picture, write a clever book, are excellent achievements in their way; but what are they to yours? If you are a God-fearing, Christ-serving wife and mother, you are painting and writing the record of your life and opinions in the flesh and blood of husband and children, to descend to all future generations. Honors? Yours is the highest honor woman can know. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." That is a true saying. A man may build whatever kind of character he likes for himself, but the foundation is always what his mother gave and taught him.

Do not believe you are behind in the march of progress. Your place is in the front rank. Get "further along," Home-makers!—*The Christian Register.*

NOT THE LEAST EXPENSIVE.

"Nathan," said Mrs. Dobson, "I am going to take the children upon a little outing tomorrow, and I want you to slip down the street and buy a few things which I shall need."

"Ye-s?" answered her husband in a questioning tone.

"It is to be a free excursion," she went on, "and will not cost you a cent, as the school is giving it, so there will be no cause for you to grumble."

"Well?"

"You will have to buy Tommy a hat, but Kitty can wear her old one. She must have shoes, though. A pair of pumps with strap and button. And, let me see—oh, yes—get two yards of white ribbon for Maude's hair. It'll only cost about fifty cents. And be sure to buy an umbrella—we only have one, and it almost always rains when one goes to a picnic.

"It will be as well while you are down the street to buy us a few things to carry along for lunch. You had better get two dozen large rolls and a can of potted ham; and—oh, dear, I almost forgot—you must get me a couple of good, fat chickens to fry before I start. Everybody carries chicken to such affairs. You can bring some oranges and bananas, the children are so fond of fruit, and some paper lunch boxes and napkins. We can just throw them away, you know, after we are done eating.

"You must get some pickles, too, and a box of potato chips and—oh, yes,—a few pounds of good cake. Be sure to tell the baker to send it in a stout box as it might get broken, and some wafers—cream wafers, Nathan, don't you take any other kind, and see that they are fresh.

"I would not go on this outing if it were at all expensive, but as you see we have the tickets free of charge, and it will not cost you a cent, Nathan."—*Farm Journal.*

TANNING HIDES FOR RUGS AND ROBES.

There are so many ways of doing this work that one may take his choice. Sheep or calf skins, properly prepared make most comfortable winter rugs. If you had a favorite dog, with beautiful fur, it could be kept

by tanning and making into a rug. Here is a method for the sheep or calf skin: When the pelt is removed from the carcass, sprinkle the flesh side plentifully with equal parts of powdered alum and salt, roll tightly and lay away for a few days. When ready to tan it, unroll and remove the surplus salt by shaking well; then wash the pelt in a strong soap suds (the old-fashioned soft soap is said to be best for this), and make it as pliable as possible, after which all bits of flesh and fat must be scraped from the hide with a blunt edged piece of wood, or old, dull kitchen knife; nothing but the skin and wool must remain. When washing, it must be worked by hand, or rubbed on a wash board, and when the water is as much squeezed out of it as possible, the flesh side should be sprinkled with equal parts of pulverized alum and borax, and this well rubbed in. The alum acts as a stayer to hold the wool, and the borax helps in the tanning process. These substances will be more effective if well moistened (not dissolved in liquid form) and applied to the flesh side as plentifully as possible, rubbing it well in. The skin must be dried slowly, rubbing, stretching and manipulating as it dries, to make the leather pliable and soft. To make the rubbing easier, the pelt may be tacked, wool-side out, on a board, or wall.

Here is one way of tanning the dog skin: The skin must be freshly removed from the carcass; take two ounces each of salt, saltpetre and alum, and dissolve with soft water enough to make just enough liquid to cover the skin; fold the flesh side, one half over the other, and leave two days in the brine; then turn the skin over and leave another two days; then take from the brine and remove any flesh or fat that adheres to the skin side. Nail where the sun will reach it, and be sure it is stretched tight. When nearly dry, rub plenty of neat's foot oil on it, rubbing it in, and leave a day or two, then take down and rub out all the oil you can with a wedge-shaped stick, and manipulate until soft.—*The Commoner.*

FRONT DOOR COURTESY.

Do you know how to properly greet friends, relatives, acquaintances and strangers who come to your door? A cold greeting, anywhere, is like a slap from a wet towel. It is the easiest and most gracious thing in the world to meet persons courteously. A woman went to the door and met a little old woman, who asked a simple question, and to her query said, "I do not know," and the door was slammed in her face. At another place a woman was rudely told to go to the back door. Why be so ungracious? We never know who it is that comes to our door as a stranger, and very likely a kind word, or pleasant smile, will send that stranger away with just a little more love for mankind in general. The haughty stare, supposedly given because of superiority, never gives that impression; rather is it indicative of ignorance. Front door gallantry is something which should be taught every child, boy or girl, for often the greeting indicates the home atmosphere.—*Woman's National Daily.*

"HEN feathers answer well for pillows, cushions, or even for beds, if the sharp quill ends are removed. The easiest way to do this is, after the chicken is killed, before picking it, clip off with a pair of sharp scissors all the desirable portion of the feathers. This is quickly done and gives a pan of fluffy, dry ends. The fowl may then be scalded and picked, as usual."

The Children's Corner

THE STARS.

A DEAR little child lay in its crib and sobbed because it was afraid of the dark. And its father, in the room below, heard the sobs, and came up and said: "What ails you, my dearie, and why do you cry?"

And the little child said, "O, father! I am afraid of the dark. Nurse says I am too big to have a taper; but all of the corners are full of dreadful blackness, and I think there are things in them with eyes that would look at me if I looked at them; and if they looked at me, I should die. O, father! why is there such a terrible thing as darkness? Why cannot it always be day?"

The father took the child in his arms and carried it downstairs and out into the summer night.

"Look up, dearie," he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights."

The little one looked up and saw the stars spangling the blue veil of the sky; bright as candles they burned, and yellow as gold.

"O, father!" cried the child, "what are those lovely things?"

"Those are stars," said the father. "Those are God's little lights."

"But why have I never seen them before?"

"Because you are a very little child, and have never been out in the night before."

"Can I see the stars only at night, father?"

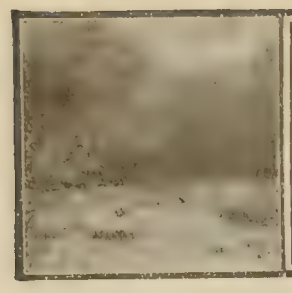
"Only at night, my child."

"Do they only come then, father?"

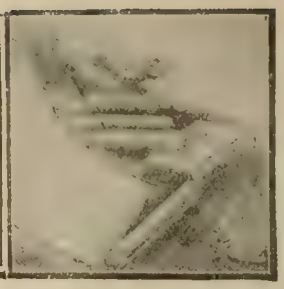
"No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining."

"But, father, the darkness is not terrible here; it is beautiful."

"Yes, dearie, the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars, instead of into the corners."—*Golden Windows.*



THE QUIET HOUR



"THE SECRET OF FELLOWSHIP AND RESULTS THEREFROM." 1 John 2: 6-20.

(A Sonnet.)

JOSEPH D. REISH.

If we would have a fellowship with Christ,
We must abide in him and he in us.
E'en though our enemies be numerous,
We must not yield to them, nor be enticed
By them, but we must ever them resist.
In his steps we must walk. 'Tis dangerous
To walk where he leads not. Yea, ruinous.
(To tread sin's paths we never are sufficed.)
God's Word, the two-edged sword that ne'er will fail,
Must in us e'er abide, and vict'ry's sure.
We must not love the world, tho' we are frail,
Nor e'en things in the world that are not pure;
They do not come from God. To whom prevail
O'er all, eternal joys God does assure.

Denbigh, N. Dak.

YOU WORKED FOR IT.

IRA P. DEAN.

"I WORKED for it and I worked hard for it, too, and I want it and all of it, too," said a working man to the cashier who was paying the men.

"It was only a slight mistake in the timekeeper's report that made you short that quarter but here it is, it's yours; we want you to have all you work for.

"Well, I don't like to be short in receiving what I worked for, and when I work for a thing and get it I know how to keep it. I worked for everything I have and I appreciate it."

"Then you wouldn't accept a gift, would you?"

"Certainly."

"Do you have any gifts in your possession?"

"Yes, I have."

"How did you get them, by working for them?"

"No, some one who thought a good deal of me gave them to me."

"Which would you rather have, a gift or wages?"

"I like both."

"Which would you rather do, work to be paid, or work because you have been paid? Do you thi you would work if you didn't want to? So then you work because you want to and you want all you work for?

"Are you a Christian? What! not a Christian? Are you working for the devil because you want to? And I suppose you will want all you work for? Well keep on and you'll get it.

"What! you don't look at it in that way? Why, you are working for the devil aren't you, and you say you want all you work for? Death won't change your disposition any; Jesus Christ does that. Don't you see the Bible says, 'The *wages* of sin is death,' and you are working in sin for pay, and you want all you work for; the devil won't cheat you, you'll get all you work for.

"You see you are working to be paid; the Christian works because he is paid, to a certain extent. Don't you see 'the gift of God is eternal life? Well, you don't work to get a gift, you work because you got it.

"Oh! you don't want to go to destruction? Then quit working for wages; get a share of stock in Christ's co-operative kingdom; you see then you don't work for wages, you're a shareholder, you are interested in the business. Isn't that better than working hard for wages that you don't want after you get them? You see it looks as though you wanted the wages paid by the devil when you work for him. You don't think a man would do something he determines he don't want to do; do you? Well then, if a man don't do what he don't want to do he must want to go to destruction since he works that way.

"You don't think any man wants to go to perdition? Well, they want to sin rather than live righteous, because they think it is easier, while they know sin only leads to hell, and knowing that, they yet continue in sin,—which proves they want to go to hell.

"Now wouldn't you rather receive a gift, than wages? A gift costs you nothing; wages do. A gift costs some one else something though, but as long as that one *gives* it to you free you need not care. What a great cost it was to God to give us FREE Jesus Christ to save us. What would you think if you offered a valuable gift to some friend of yours and he would simply refuse to accept it, telling you he was satisfied with what he had? How long would you offer that gift? Not very long; neither would I. And yet you, by your life of sin, refuse to accept Jesus Christ as your Savior and tell God you are satisfied with what you have. At the same time you want God to hold his offer good until you get ready to accept. Heartless isn't it? But you would not be guilty, would you? Isn't it a horrible thought to imagine a

soul in hell, and there because he worked for it? You won't be there, will you?"

Harrisburg, Pa.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Now ere I slept, my prayer had been that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ our Lord and Master, day by day;
And with this prayer upon my lips, I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a pandemonium seemed.
From forest and from slaughter house, from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain, a loud, appealing call;
As man—the dumb beast's next of kin—with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth, bloodbent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo, and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ appeared to me, and spoke:
"I called you, but ye answered not"—and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a hard, ascending track;
And just behind me labored one whose patient face was black.
I pitied him; but hour by hour he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright—and then I turned in wrath.
"Go back!" I cried. "What right have you to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white." I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo! the black man was not there, but Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.

The next I heard the roar of mills; and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows were pale, their eyes were sad and old;
But by the labor of their hands greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice: "Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have ye done to me."

Now when I woke, the air was rife with that sweet, rhythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church and temple passed a throng,
To worship him with bended knee, with sermon, and with song.
But over all I heard the cry of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God, though they have hoofs and wings.

I saw in mill, in mine, and shop, the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race, all sprung from one God-seed.
And then I bowed my head in shame, and in contrition cried—
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years, Christ still is Crucified."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Christmas Everybody's Magazine.

PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT SOUL WINNERS.

People who never make any sacrifices for God. People who never get religion in their hands and feet. People who feel good on Sundays and behave very bad on week days. People who dishonor the name of Christ by professing to be his followers. The mothers who tell white lies before their children, and think nothing of it. The people who never feel very religious except when there is sickness in the house. People who read the Sunday paper before the sermon and criticise the preacher afterward. The man who thinks the preacher ought to do all the preaching and praying because he is paid for doing it. The sounding brass and tinkling cymbal who is always professing that he wants to see the whole world saved, and yet never gives a dollar to missions. The two old saints who have been "at the outs" with each other for ten years, both so puffed with pride they can't behave as Christians should and be reconciled.—*Selected.*

THE PERFECTION OF FAITHFULNESS.

Sometimes even the brute creations shame us by their faithfulness. Henry Ward Beecher once, when about to take a ride, said to the man who brought the horse: "That is a fine looking animal; is he as good as he looks?"

The man replied: "Mr. Beecher, that is the best horse in our stable. He will work in any place you put him and he can do anything any horse can."

The great preacher eyed him for a moment with increased admiration, and then humorously remarked: "I wish to goodness he was a member of our church."

—*Exchange.*

You close your doors and brood over your own miseries, and the wrongs people have done you; whereas, if you would but open those doors, you might come into the light of God's truth, and see that his heart is as clear as sunlight toward you. You won't believe this, and therefore naturally you can't quite believe that there is a God at all; for indeed, a being that was not all light would be no God at all. If you would but let him teach you, you would find your perplexities melt away like snow in spring, till you could hardly believe you had ever felt them. No arguing will convince you of a God; but let him once come in, and all argument will be ten-fold useless to convince you that there is no God.—*George MacDonald.*

"To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed plat of all other virtues."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



To settle Dr. Cook's claim that he climbed Mount McKinley, Col. H. P. Shirley of Nashville, Tenn., proposes to ascend to the top of the mountain by using a 4,000-cubic foot balloon. Col. Shirley is an enthusiastic aeronaut and a great traveler.

Seaweed is now being used very extensively, it having been found that the plant's nonconducting properties make it very valuable in the building of refrigerators and refrigerating plants. It is also being used between walls and floors to prevent the transmission of sound.

President Taft, in conference with experts, is planning to recommend to Congress legislation to put a stop to dealing in "futures" on the grain and provision markets. This form of stock gambling has a bad influence on prices and it is believed that the time has come when it must be brought under regulation.

There is enough money on deposit in the banks and trust companies of Missouri to give every inhabitant of the State $140. The deposits on November 16 last, according to figures submitted to Bank Commissioner Swanger, amounted to $429,962,000, which is an increase over the same period of 1908 of $37,082,000.

The War Museum, at Danville, Ill., which for many years was the office of President Lincoln when he was riding the Illinois circuit, was recently destroyed by fire. The museum contained many valuable war relics which were destroyed, among them a number of cannon balls which exploded when attacked by the flames.

The adoption of fire-drills in the schools has been such an unqualified success in the way of preventing loss of life that the plan is now being proposed of requiring similar drills in factories, etc., so that in case of fire the workers will keep cool and not get into a panic. In such cases usually more loss of life is chargeable to fright than to fire.

The report of the great Krupp works at Essen, Germany, shows profits of almost $4,000,000, or 8 per cent for the last year. The Krupp Co. paid during the year nearly $1,000,000 into the compulsory government fund for insuring workmen, besides $150,000 to the fund for pensioning its own employes, $1,300,000 to charities, and $900,000 in regular taxes.

At Westminster, at Hawarden, where he died, May 19, 1898, and at other points throughout Great Britain, the centenary of the birth of William Ewart Gladstone, Dec. 29, was observed by memorial services. Many foreign delegates, representative of Finland, Russia, Holland, Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, Armenia and other States, joined in the services. Bulgaria sent a solid silver wreath to be placed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Fred S. Caldwell and John Hayes, State enforcement attorneys for Oklahoma, have filed two suits against railroads for $344,000 damages for alleged violation of the State law which forbids owners to permit their buildings to be used as places for the storage or sale of intoxicating liquors. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas road was sued at Bartlesville for $173,000, and the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southwestern was sued at Nowata for $171,000.

The Oklahoma Woman's Suffrage Association has obtained a sufficient number of signers to its petitions to demand the submission of an amendment to the State constitution under which women may be allowed to exercise all privileges of the ballot enjoyed by men. The suffragists merely ask that the word "male" be stricken from that provision of the constitution defining who are qualified voters. The petitions bear a total of nearly 38,000 names.

Bulletins issued by the New Jersey Public Service corporation of New Jersey announce an increase in the pay of 45,000 motormen and conductors 1 cent an hour. At present the motormen receive 20 cents an hour in their year of service, and up to 23 cents for men in the service 10 years or more. The salaries of all are to be increased in the ratio of 1 cent, beginning on Saturday next, and similar increases are to be allowed at the beginning of each year thereafter.

Citizens of San Francisco are rejoicing over the victory at the polls of a municipal ownership project which has been under consideration for seven years and which will give to San Francisco the distinction of having the first municipality owned and operated street railway in the United States. By a vote of 31,185 to 11,694 bond issues to construct the new railway were approved. The new line will be a modern conduit railway about eight miles in length and running through the heart of the city.

Under direction of Secretary James Wilson of the agricultural department an investigation is being made into the retail prices of food products, and the retailers' profit on butter, milk, eggs, apples, potatoes, fruits and vegetables. Taking prices in 50 large cities of the United States, the secretary, in his annual report, showed that the average gross profit to the retailer upon sales of beef was 38 per cent. This was so astounding and caused so much comment that further investigations were determined upon and are now in progress.

An authoritative but unofficial announcement declares that King Albert has accepted the resignations of the entire civil and military staffs of the late King Leopold, including that of Baron Wahis, governor general of the Bengian Congo. This action by the new King is accepted as the preliminary step to the out-stamping of the old regime in the Congo and putting an end to the Con-

go abuses that have for so long shocked the civilized world. Albert is said to consider that all of the late King's advisers were implicated in these abuses.

At a special meeting of the board of directors of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, held Dec. 31, it was decided to give $500 free insurance to all employes in the service of the company. It was also decided to give pensions of $20 a month to all employes who have been twenty-five years in the employ of the company and have attained the age of 65 years. A new scale of wages, to become effective on July 1, 1910, was also adopted. On that date the wages of motormen and conductors, which have been 22 cents an hour, will be increased to 23 cents.

It is estimated that at least $60,000,000 went out of the United States during the holidays in the form of Christmas presents sent by immigrants in this country to their friends at home. The New York postoffice reports that it sent out in money orders more than $7,500,000. One of the big ships in New York harbor sailed one day ahead of time in order to be able to deliver her load of Christmas gifts in London and Paris by Christmas day. The business of private forwarding agencies in the United States is reported to have been from 40 to 80 per cent better than it was last year.

The Michelin cup for duration and distance covered in the air during 1909 goes to Henry Farman, the English aeronaut, who on Nov. 3 established a since unbeaten record of 144 miles in 4 hours 17 minutes and 35 seconds. A keen struggle for the prize was carried on at Paris up to the end of the year. Dec. 30 M. Delagrange made 124 miles in 2 hours and 36 minutes at Chalons sur Marne. Latham also tried to beat Farman's record. Farman was present, prepared to make another flight if his record was broken, but the flight of 124 miles made by M. Delagrange was the nearest approach to his record. This distance was negotiated in 2 hours and 32 minutes.

The investigation of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy will be conducted by a joint committee of the Senate and House. This decision has been reached by the administration after a series of conferences between the President and Republican leaders. Senator Nelson of Minnesota will probably head the committee. Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania was criticised by the President regarding the House end of the matter. He, with the President, Secretary Ballinger and practically all of the Republican leaders, favored a joint investigation, which they believe will prevent any cry of "whitewash" that would surely follow a probe by either House of Congress separately.

Justice James W. Gerard of the New York Supreme Court declares that the State of New York should impose a tax on foreign marriages and on all fortunes that are inherited by aliens within the State. In an article in Collier's for January he explains that only in this way can the State collect a "percentage of the nobleman's winnings," and he declares he will try to have a bill, to carry out his plan, introduced at the coming session of the State Legislature. His plan is as follows: Where an alien inherits property, by will or descent from a resident of any State, there shall be imposed a State transfer tax as follows: "Where the amount inherited is over $100,000 and less than $500,000, 10 per cent; over $500,000 and less than $1,000,000, 15 per cent; over $1,000,000 and less than $2,000,000, 20 per cent; where the amount is over 2,000,000, 25 per cent. The same tax will also apply to transfers of property made to aliens by living residents of the State under pain of fine and imprisonment to the resident if the tax be not paid."

Following a prolonged session of the grand jury, another former employe of the American Sugar Refining Company is said to have made a confession. With this strengthening of the government's case, the maximum penalty will be asked for those already convicted. This is four years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine. It is said this latest confession is complete and cleans up all the frauds.

The heads of thousands of Chicago manufactories and incorporated establishments are planning to band together in an organization to fight the corporation excise tax, the publicity clause of which they declare will cost them much trade and give their business rivals information on their customers and their methods of doing business. Lawyers have been retained by some of the larger enterprises to draw up amendments and to prepare to attack the constitutionality of the law. Aside from the claim that the tax law gives their competitors insight into their business, the business men making the protest declare the act is class legislation and discriminates between corporations and co-partnerships; that the law is not an excise law because it imposes indirect taxation and that the federal government is infringing upon states' rights by taxing corporations that receive their life from a State and do no interstate business.

Several thousand gallons of Taft whisky, that is, liquor that comes under President Taft's definition of whisky, all shipped into Texas from Cincinnati, has been seized by the State. State Food Commissioner Abbott says the whisky is not four years old and therefore does not come up to the pure food law's requirements. Mr. Abbott made some of the Taft whisky in 15 minutes. It was concocted from ethyl alcohol or neutral spirits, diluted to potable strength with water, and colored and flavored artificially. It was colored with caramel or burnt sugar and flavored with a dash of genuine whisky. Mr. Abbott, in his report, quotes President Taft as saying that neutral spirits reduced to potable proof artificially colored and flavored is whisky and neutral spirits made from molasses reduced to potable proof, artificially colored and flavored is rum. Therefore, Mr. Abbott says, according to the President's own statement, whisky is rum and rum is whisky. Gov. Campbell sustains the action taken by the commissioner.

Leon Delagrange, the French aviator who was killed at Bordeaux, France, while making a flight Jan. 4, was one of the first of successful aeronauts and made a noted flight of something over ten miles at Milan, June 23, 1908. In the following September he made 15.5 miles at Issy, surpassing in both flights all previous records except those of the Wright brothers. In October, 1909, he broke the world's speed record at Doncaster, England, traveling, in a Bleriot monoplane, a mile and 860 yards in 1:47 1-5, or at the rate of nearly fifty-four miles an hour. Dec. 30 last he established a new distance record for monoplanes and a new world's speed record, covering 124 miles in 2:32:00. Last summer Delagrange was decorated with the Legion of Honor of France and in 1907 was given the gold medal of the Aviation Club of France. He once refused an offer of $10,000 to come on an exhibition tour to the United states.



Among the Magazines



COLLEGE REFORM—AND FOOTBALL.

The habits formed in the college period will usually dominate the young man's future life. In the main, let us admit with candor, college life is not so far from what it should be that it is to be shunned rather than accepted with all its risks. But why not eliminate some of the risks? It is the duty of the college to admit only the young men who ought to be in the institution for proper reasons. Entrance examinations at present are ridiculously conducted, and are a matter of grave abuse. Students should not be admitted to college on the strength of their answers to scholastic questions on sheets of paper. Every student admitted to college should be looked over personally and talked with by some of the leading authorities of the institution. This test should count for at least as much as the written examination. Once admitted he should be carefully helped to find a well-proportioned scheme of study and,—what is just as important,—a well-proportioned use of his entire time.

In other words, the college is for the students, and not the students for the college. Parents have a right to demand that the supervision of the life and work of their boy at college should be a complete and well-rounded supervision, that is never relaxed. When the college authorities neglect such supervision they are not doing their work properly, and should be treated as we treat negligent officials in other institutions. Anything in school or college life that subordinates the real welfare of the individual student to the supposed glory of the institution itself is vicious. And anything on the other hand which looks like yielding to the tendency of student bodies to dominate their colleges and to run riot through false enthusiasm and misguided instincts is also vicious.

The college should be a place where life is regulated and controlled. It should not be a place where, in many aspects, life is at times more barbarous than that which the police try to break up among the "gangs" of the hoodlum element in our cities.

The authorities of our colleges have permitted the growth of a furor for exciting public contests that make the muscular athlete the worshiped idol of college life, and obscure the leader in brains and scholarly work. At one period the colleges fell far short of their duty in taking care of the physical health of the students, and nothing was more common than cases of so-called "breaking down from overstudy." Nowadays, the student who knows the elementary principles of hygiene and sensible living can do all the study that could possibly be asked of him without the slightest injury to his health. A recognition of the fact that colleges had cared for intellectual and moral advancement, and had forgotten the health of the student, led to a movement for supplying each college with a gymnasium and a physical instructor and to the encouragement of so-called athletics.

Athletics naturally led into the field of recognized sports; and such sports as rowing, baseball, and at length football led not merely to competitions within the college itself but finally to intercollegiate games. For a good while there was great skepticism about the desirability of intercollegiate contests. It was evident that they led to many abuses. There was a tendency to commercialize and professionalize sport, so that the interest which should have been felt in seeing that every student indulged in his full share of exercise and of joyous play at out-of-door games, began to concentrate itself upon the fortunes of the baseball or football team.

The passion for warfare is natural enough and needs no explanation. The spirit of contest, of belligerency, of hard fight, of determination to be the winner and to put the other person in the position of loser, is a natural inheritance among the young men of our European races. Everybody must agree that such a spirit exists. There will be marked disagreement on the question how far such a spirit ought to be encouraged. Some people will decide a question of that kind on theoretical grounds, but others will try to decide in the light of experience.

It is fast growing to be the opinion of thoughtful people outside of academic circles that the mania for sports and contests of physical prowess in our colleges and schools has gone so far that it constitutes an evil of great magnitude. One of the reasons for the intensity of the devotion to football, for example, as a type of the intercollegiate competition, is to be found in the great size of the undergraduate body and the great prominence of the leading institutions in the social sense. College loyalty has to express itself in some form or other, and ardent devotion to the success of the college team in its contests with other colleges comes to be the easiest form of common expression among a great mass of students who can find no other rallying point.

A natural consequence of the intensity of this feeling is the undue responsibility placed upon the members of the representative teams. The football players are made to feel that upon them chiefly depends the glory or the disgrace of their college. So overwhelming is this feeling that it becomes a veritable obsession. Members of the faculty and of the board of trustees and all the old graduates become infected with the craze.

Women are especially susceptible to epidemic hysteria of this sort. Their influence is even worse than that of men in driving the players to that attitude of false heroism which would make any of them willing and glad, not merely to break his nose or his collarbone, but to lay down his life on the football field. They are doing it all for the glory of the college and the admiring applause of the score of thousands of well-dressed girls on the bleachers who, all unawares to themselves, have become tainted with the wretched passion for dangerous gladiatorial combat that takes the fair women of Spain to the bull-fight every Sunday afternoon.

The time has now come when the opinion of the typical academic person on the subject of football is with-

out value, because he is more or less affected by the prevailing mania. The average parent, as we have said, has been far too silent. He has had his misgivings about the way our colleges are run, but he has felt that he ought to defer to the professional educator's opinions.

The consequence is that parents who have brought up their big, strong boy to the college age, and would like to have him become both a gentleman and a scholar, find that the exigencies of the college to which he is sent require that he and all their plans for his life be sacrificed upon the altar of the institution's glory on the field of athletics. Sometimes, though rarely, the big football player who has been turned into a professional athlete, and victimized through his college course, escapes the permanent impairment of his health and gets out into the world with as good a chance as the men who have not played football,—that is to say, with as good a chance for reasonable immunity from physical ills.

The college presidents are wont to tell us that very few football players are injured, and that the game upon the whole makes for the physical well-being of those who play it. But the old football coaches, who really know the facts far better than the college presidents, will tell you in confidence a very different tale. From the standpoint of the college president, who looks at the students in the mass and statistically, it is easy by a sophistical kind of reasoning to show that more boys are drowned by reckless canoeing than are killed in football.

But the comparison has no relevancy whatsoever. The parent is not bothering about the law of averages, but is wanting to know whether it is really his duty to allow his son to be diverted from study and from many other innocent and agreeable pursuits, in order to shed luster upon the college and have his picture printed on the sporting pages of all the metropolitan newspapers alongside of the pictures of Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist heavy-weight, and the favorites of the world of professional baseball.

From the standpoint of the young fellow who struggles in the mass plays in the presence of 40,000 bellowing and screaming spectators, the great climax of human life has been reached. Here is the moment of supreme effort. All training, from the kindergarten up, has led to the brutal scramble in which men's lungs are crushed and spines are broken; and all future life must be lived in gray lights and obscurity when compared with the brilliancy and grandeur of this supreme moment.

It is a pathetic thing to take anybody's fine, strong boy and make a fool of him in this way. Parents should rise up with wrath and with sarcasm, and call for an end of unseemly gladiatorial contests in the pretended name of a friendly competition. The days of the great games in the vicinity of New York, as all policemen know, mean days and nights of disgraceful orgies. Again and again, in this very year's play, men have been killed outright; and hundreds, if not thousands, have been injured.

It is a disgrace that the school life of boys in their teens should not be led in quiet, and in academic obscurity. It is an abomination that the sports of our American college boys should be turned into a tumultuous public spectacle of the character of Derby Day in England, the Grand Prix at Paris, or a contest between world champions in pugilism where police can be evaded and crowds can assemble.

This blare of vulgar publicity is, in all its reflex influences, demoralizing the college life. It puts the emphasis upon wrong things and cheapens the right things. It involves all kinds of college athletics in a network of commercialism that thoroughly Tammanyizes what ought to be decorus and fine, like contests in the English universities.

It is not merely that football as now played is a hazardous game, in which the chance of physical injury is too great to be tolerated by wise parents, but the game as played is also a demoralizing game because it is often unsportsmanlike. In a game of tennis no one thinks of taking the advantage of an opponent by any sort of cheating. But in the great contests at football the one object is to win by all possible means, and there is always an endeavor to beat the rules. If there is a star player on the opposing team, there is apt to be a definite intention to "put him out of the game" by one means or another.

Still another objection to football as a game, that should be brought to the attention of the average boy, is its lack of any permanent usefulness as a means of recreation. It is not so much a sport as it is a form of physical combat. The boy who learns to play tennis well may hope to enjoy it until he is sixty years old. He may play golf until he is ninety. He may enjoy pedestrianism until he is a hundred. The pleasures that come from experience in the woods or on the water have great variety and endure throughout life. Even baseball is a game that men of forty or fifty can at any time take up in amateur fashion with their own grown-up boys. But football, which can only be played by those of extreme muscular development and hard training, is more likely to unfit a boy than to fit him for the exercises and pleasures that will last through his life. The game of cricket is played with skill and pleasure by gentlemen in England till they reach the age of threescore and ten; but nobody with any sense at all thinks of playing football after he gets out of college.

Let us repeat, then, that it is quite time for the parents and the general public to have their innings. The interscholastic games are carried to great excess, they interfere with school work, they injure health and morals, and they should at least be closely restricted. There is a great deal of housecleaning needed in many of our educational institutions at the very moment when the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Kennedys, the Sages, and others are pouring out their private millions to support the cause of learning, and when far more importantly, the taxpayers are being called upon for increasing sums to support education all the way from the university down to the kindergarten.—From Review of Reviews, by the Editor, Albert Shaw.

THE GARB CASE.

At length the case of Commonwealth vs. Herr, ordinarily known as the Garb case, has been decided by the Superior Court, and the question now arises as to what will be the next step in the controversy. We are prone to forget the details of even familiar stories, so we, therefore, think no apology need be offered if we briefly recite the proceedings leading up to the present situation. It will be recalled that the Legislature, by an Act of Assembly approved June 29, 1895, declared that no teacher in any public school or whilst engaged in the performance of his or her duty should wear any dress, mark, emblem or insignia indicating the fact that such teacher was a member or adherent of any religious order, sect or denomination,

and for a violation of any of these provisions the School Board should suspend such teacher from her employment. It also provided that in case the directors should fail to carry out this direction they should be guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by fine, etc.

The law lay dormant upon the statute book, and no attempt was made to invoke its penalties until last year, when a notice was duly served upon the School Directors of Mt. Joy township, that one of their teachers was wearing a Mennonite dress in her public school, and a demand was, therefore, made for her dismissal. The School Board, however, refused or neglected to comply, and a complaint in accordance with the Act above mentioned was then brought against them, and upon a return being made to the Court of Quarter Sessions, a bill of indictment was preferred, and a "true bill" was found by the Grand Jury. The defendants, however, desired to test the lawfulness of the prosecution, and they, therefore, filed what is in law called a demurrer and the case thereupon as a legal proposition came before the court sitting in banc for determination. After a thorough discussion of the points involved, the question was decided last summer in an opinion delivered by Judge Landis, in which he held that the act of 1895 was in violation of Section 5, Article 1, of the Constitution of this State, and was, therefore, nugatory and void. The section referred to provides that "no person who acknowledges the being of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments shall, on account of his religious sentiments, be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this Commonwealth," and Judge Landis held that the common schools being under the direct supervision of the State, a school teacher ought not to be deprived of his or her employment because of religious sentiments, indicated by a common dress.

The case was appealed to the Superior Court, and, after eight months' consideration, Judge Rice has handed down an opinion reversing this finding of the court below. As an appeal in such a case is a matter of right, the case will likely be taken to the Supreme Court, and there the issue may be perhaps finally determined.

We do not propose at this time to criticise the decision rendered by Judge Rice in the Superior Court. The matter is yet pending, and should, therefore, receive only passing comment. Naturally, we sympathize with the contrary view, not only because many of the people of this country are affected by this result but also because we believe in the broadest principles of religious toleration. The Province of Penn was so established, and it would almost seem to be the irony of fate if the Quaker who originally created this government should be held to be barred from teaching in its public schools, because forsooth he saw fit to wear his accustomed garb. But we will not further digress. The law as it is interpreted must be obeyed. While we hope the Superior Court has misconceived the true position, yet we should all conform to the law as it is finally interpreted, and if the remedy is not to be found in the courts, it should be sought at the hands of the Legislature, which has the power to rescind a statute, which in our judgment should have never graced the statute book. The question is so important that its solution will be awaited with interest.—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

Between Whiles

A little girl from the city was on her first visit to the country, and saw a lot of cat-tails near the road. "O auntie," she exclaimed, "I never knew before that sausages grew on sticks!"

After the Storm.—Wife—"In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own."

Husband—"M'yes, p'r'aps she can; but she never does."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Lomas: "I don't see what she wanted to marry him for. He has a cork leg, a glass eye, as well as a wig and false teeth."

Mrs. Smith: "Well, my dear, you know that woman always did have a hankering after remnants."

Experts.—Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father."—The Delineator.

From English Schoolboys.—The following schoolboy "howlers" are given by a correspondent: "To kill a butterfly you pinch its borax." "The blood-vessels are the veins, arteries, and artilleries." "A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs." "Algebra was the wife of Euclid." "The masculine of vixen is vicar."—University Correspondent.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column. Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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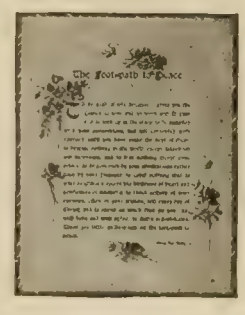
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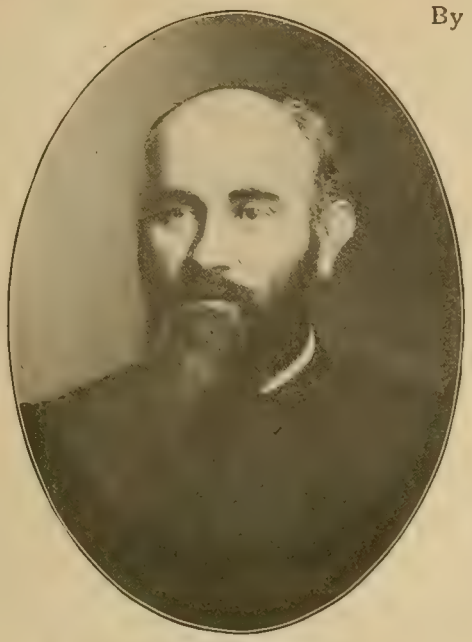
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COLONY NUMBER ONE.

in the famous San Joaquin valley, in "Sunny Stanislaus" county, at the new town of Empire, on the Santa Fe Railroad, near the center of the state, 30 miles south of Stockton and 75 from Sacramento.

This section has a mild climate, free from snows and thunder storms. The mercury seldom falls below the freezing point in winter, and the summers, except a few days, are pleasant and salubrious.

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This picture shows a 20 acre Alfafa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

"The Alfalfa shown above was cut five times this season, as follows, May 20, yield 8 tons, July 1, 21 tons, August 15, 36 tons, Sept. 24, 35 tons and expect to cut it again Nov. 1, making five cuttings, with a total of about 130 tons, or six and a half tons per acre the first season.

"I now have 260 acres in alfalfa, all that was one year old and over from seeding, made an average of 9 tons per acre last year, in five cuttings. Some of the best acres produced from 10 to 12 tons each, the hay was sold for $11.00 per ton at local market.

"In 1903 this county ranked 16th, in dairy products, now it stands first, because of our good irrigations system and the fine growth of alfalfa. J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

"I have seven acres in orchard and vineyard, which I planted in corn, between the trees and vines, which made 60 bushels per acre. I also have 20 acres on which I made over 68 tons of Oat hay in June, which sold for $15.00 per ton. I then planted the same ground to blackeyed peas which yielded one ton per acre, for which I have been offered $61.00. C. A. Gilstrap, Ceres, Cal."

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"Church Extension by Colonization" is our motto. Write us for fuller information about the Colony lands, prices, rates for homeseekers.

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North Manchester, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. No. 3——One Dollar Per Year——January 18, 1910



Illinois State Penitentiary, Joliet.

Brethren Publishing House —— —— Elgin, Illinois

Land Seekers Excursion

TO

California

JANUARY 4th and 18th, 1910

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Write Today for Particulars to

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HOMESEEKERS

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An appropriate remembrance from a Sunday-school superintendent to his teachers and coworkers.

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"Others," .....A Peep into the Secret of a Happy Life
"If I Were You," .....A Recitation for Rally Day
"A Diamond in the Rough," .....The Boy Question
"The Sheep of the Flock," .....The Man Question
"The Twenty-third Psalm and the Parable of The Lost Sheep."

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This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth.

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Our price is very low, considering the size of the book, contents, and binding, but if you will dispose of five copies among your friends, and have same sent to one address, we will mail you one extra copy for your own use.

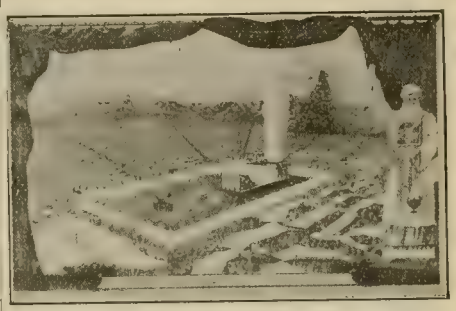
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linen hangings of the Court, suspended from silver tipped pillars, set in copper sockets. Within the court are found the Brazen Altar, the Laver and the Tabernacle. On either side may be seen the tents of Israel, the location of each tribe being designated by a banner. Size of illustration is 6 x 9 inches. Printed on heavy calendered paper.

Price, single picture, ...15 cents

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Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future for Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

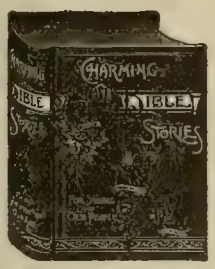
You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

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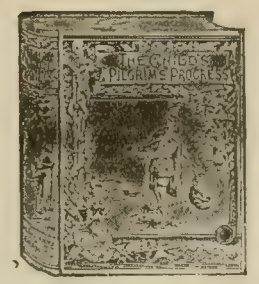
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or

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¶ The Twin Falls Country has the largest irrigation ditch in the United States, with practically an unlimited supply of water. ¶ The soil has proven to be of remarkable fertility and produces fruits, grains, alfalfa and garden truck with extraordinary success. ¶ The lands adjacent to Twin Falls are under the Carey Act, which of itself is of immense advantage to the homeseeker.

¶ The various projects in the Twin Falls Country contain over two million acres, as follows: The Twin Falls South Side project, 240,000 acres, The Twin Falls North Side project, 225,000 acres, the Salmon River project, 80,000 acres, the Kings Hill project, 20,000 acres; the Wood River project, 150,000 acres; the Goose Creek project, 50,000 acres; the West End project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls Shoshone project, 10,000 acres; the Dietrich project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls-Bruneau project, 1,000,000 acres; the Bruneau project, 80,000 acres; and the Minidoka Government project, 160,000 acres; all of which will be irrigated and which will be tributary to the City of Twin Falls.



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Colonization Agent
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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. January 18, 1910. No. 3.

A WALLED CITY

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

MARY E. CANODE

Chapter I.

At the mention of the words, "A walled city," the minds of old and young become alert with curious interest. Perhaps that is because of the stories we once learned about walled cities in our early Sunday-school lessons and primary geographies. Or may be it is natural Yankee curiosity to know what is going on all over the world and within the hidden places. At any rate a knowledge and personal experience of this same curiosity has led the writer to undertake the task of telling the readers something about one of the best conducted penal institutions of our country and how enough men to make a small city and men who found it a too difficult task to properly conduct themselves in freedom are cared for and kept in good conduct within the confines of fifteen acres of ground, surrounded by the massive walls which do much toward attaching peculiar interest to the place. No need of telling you what various crimes took those people there. Readers of the daily papers are only too well informed on these lines. Better were it to discuss the evils of the social conditions that induce to such crimes. But we leave those discussions for the platform lecturer and the sociological worker and in these papers aim only to answer as far as possible such questions as the reader would naturally ask. "What is the place like? How are the people managed and what do they do?"

Joliet is located about thirty-five miles southwest of Chicago. If one intended a visit to the prison he would likely run down from the metropolis on the Chicago and Alton Railroad and ask to be left off at the prison station. As the train approached the northern boundaries of Joliet, all unaccustomed eyes would be turned to the windows and necks would be craned to get the first glimpse of its walls. Should you leave the train at the prison depot, the other passengers would wonder what might be your errand there. Even if you chanced to run down from the city of Joliet on the Joliet and Lockport interurban line and arose to leave the car with your telltale suitcase, as the conductor called out "Prison" where the car usually stops for local passengers, eyes of questioning interest would be turned upon you as you hurried away in any other direction but toward the prison yard to make believe that you were not intending to go to that place.

The main prison was erected in 1857-1858 and was located something over a mile north of Joliet. But that city like other towns has so extended its boundaries that at present some of its resident properties corner on the block opposite the prison yard. In more recent years the Illinois Steel Works, once located midway between the prison and the town, have since then assumed such immense proportions as to push their way almost to the very door of the Warden House. And the company, still clamoring for more room is now offering to buy the prison grounds if the State but consents to dispose of them. It seems that this must needs be the future outcome from the fact that for a number of years the endangering of health and the discomfort entailed upon the officers and inmates of the institution as a result of the dense clouds of sooty smoke and poisonous gases from the smokestacks, at times precipitating themselves over the grounds and permeating the buildings, has long since given strength to the plea for the removal of the prison to a more sanitary place. These conditions added to the fact that the cell-houses were built at such a comparatively ancient date when present methods of sanitation were unknown, doubles the necessity for a better place and better conditions such as present progress would demand.

The geological condition of the locality was the main cause of the prison's location having been changed from Alton, where stand the ruins of the old prison, to the present site. The horizontal strata of the limestone rock insured solid foundaton for the heavy walls and buildings and the abundance of rock furnished building material right at hand for their construction.

In mentioning the prison, unless otherwise designated, we refer to the main prison occupied by the men. The women's prison which was more recently built is

located across the street to the east of the main grounds and will receive attention in a later paper.

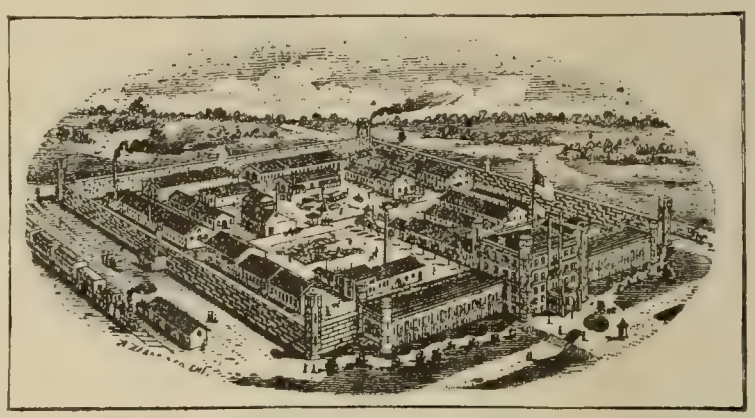
The men's prison grounds comprise an area of about twenty acres, fifteen of which are enclosed within the fifteen-feet walls and largely occupied by the various buildings of the institution, used for the carrying on of the industries necessary to keep the men employed.

The prison faces toward the south and from that side one looks upon the fine, four-story building occupying the central position in the wall. It is the Warden House, the basement floor of which is taken up by the kitchen and dining rooms of the under officers. The first floor contains the large entrance hall, the visitors' waiting room, the Warden's waiting room, office, commissioners' room and, to the rear, the guards' hall, clerk's office and armory. The second floor is the home of the Warden and his family. Before the erection of the women's prison the fourth floor of the Warden House furnished apartments for the female prisoners, but since its erection the third and fourth floors are used as dormitory accommodations for the guards and officers who do not have homes in the vicinity.

Extending from the east and west sides of the Warden House and forming part of the south walls are the two wings or cell-houses. The west wing being the larger of the two contains five hundred cells, the east, four hundred.

Aside from the Warden House entrance the only other entrances into the grounds are through the East and West gates. The West gate is used largely for the admission of heavy freights. Through the East gate most of the daily business traffic is entered. Two sets of gates enclosing a crib insure safety against escapes when a man or team is entering. Four trusty prisoners open and close the gates. They are guarded at their work by the armed guard at the turret above and by the keeper of the gate, doubly armed, intently watching all that may transpire in the vicinity, from his small office across the street. It is the business of the gate-keeper to have on file or demand a pass from every man who desires to enter the gate. He must know what is contained in the load hauled by every team that is entered and must weigh every pound of provision taken in and keep a record of the same for future report. After a pass has been accepted, the keeper signals his gate-boys to unlock and swing back the first set of gates. The man and his team are then entered within the crib and can go no further till the outer gates are locked after which performance the boys of the inner gates admit the man and his team into the yard. Each set of gate-men have small, warmed rooms for occasional retreat in cold weather, but the gates are kept well on the swing most of the time.

The thick walls are of ample width on top for the patrol of the wall guards, stationed at each corner tower, above each gate and midway between the towers. The guards have their warmed offices in the turrets of their stations but are kept constantly watching both inside and outside the walls. Heavily armed with Winchesters, at their advantageous stations of elevation, theirs are the only weapons of defense against concentrated action or revolt on the part of the prisoners who may be working in the yard. Such troubles have been of very rare occurrence at this institution for many years past and practically unknown in recent years but vigilant watch is kept nevertheless, for it is better to keep men in good behavior while they are at it than to force them back into good behavior again after they have once turned themselves loose and made trouble.



Birdseye View of Illinois State Prison, Joliet, Ill. From an Old Picture When No Attention Was Paid to Beautifying the Grounds.

No one within the walls carries a weapon other than the "loaded cane" carried by each officer and keeper. It is a large, heavy cane with rounded handle and heavy metal lower end. When a keeper and guard together escort a squad of workmen outside the walls, they stop at the office of the gate-keeper and from him receive a weapon for the occasion, surrendering it upon their return.

* * *

WHY.

1. Some say alcohol gives strength. If so, why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests requiring strength?

2. Some say alcohol gives endurance. If so, why do great employers cut off the supply of drink when work of an especially arduous or lengthened nature is required?

3. Some say alcohol gives heat. If so, why do travelers in the arctic regions who take drink succumb to the cold, while total abstainers remain unharmed?

4. Some say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so, why did Stanley refuse it to his men during his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?

5. Some say alcohol steadies the nerves. If so, why do surgeons abstain before performing a delicate operation?

6. Some say alcohol sustains the health. If so, why do insurance companies take total abstainers at a lower premium than others?—*Way of Faith.*

SAFFRON ROSE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

In a faded velvet caselet
Flecked with saffron touch of Time,
Once a bright and shining jewel,
Wound in silken tress sublime;
Yet it now hath lost its luster;
Sadness now it doth invite.

Saffron rose, a cherished treasure!
Saffron rose, a sacred gem!
Once so bright, so pure, so fragrant,
Fain to be a saffron rose;
Saffron rose, O vanished dreamland!
Saffron rose, O long-lost hope!
Once a lover's badge of loving,
Thou art now my saffron rose.

Bowing o'er the case of velvet
Whence a tear doth silent stray;
Cheek which stealthy hand of saffron
Changed from blushing rose for aye;
To her bosom clasped a pale rose,
While she softly breathes the lay:

Saffron rose, a cherished treasure!
Saffron rose, a sacred gem!
Once so bright, so pure, so fragrant,
Fain to be a saffron rose;
Saffron rose, O vanished dreamland!
Saffron rose, O long-lost hope!
Once a lover's badge of loving,
Thou art now my saffron rose.

MY FIRST TERM AS TEACHER.

J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

I COMMENCED my first school before I was eighteen, in the northern part of Adams County, Pa., among the foothills of the South Mountain, before the advent of a County Superintendent. The examination was conducted by a teacher of some experience. Arithmetic was considered the most important branch. I was examined orally, with a teacher who had taught seven consecutive terms in a village school. We got along well until the examiner said: "One more, and if you solve this, you pass: How far apart must the half bushel piles be, to put fifty bushels of lime to an acre?" We both failed to solve the problem but both succeeded in passing. I have thought the example would catch a good many teachers who hold certificates from the County Superintendent now.

The board of directors sounded a warning note by saying, "You will have to keep a pretty stiff upper lip, for you will find some pretty crooked sticks along the mountains up there." When it was known that I was to teach the school, some of the big boys said, "We will carry him out on a chip." The first morning after calling the house to order, I read a few verses from the New Testament, then we all bowed (kneeling) in a short prayer for teacher, pupils, parents and officers. This was continued through the entire term.

After enrolling the pupils present I said: "Though I am only a boy I have as much authority here as teacher as though I was an old, gray-headed man. We must have good order, and if you govern yourselves I can put my whole attention to teaching, but if you *don't* I *must* and *will* keep order." I dealt firmly and kindly with the first offenders, and soon it was said, "*He is too strict.*" There was no attempt to "carry him out on a chip." Most of the pupils seemed to think all they went to school for, was, to "say lessons, do sums and have a good time." When I insisted that lessons must be studied and understood they thought it strange, but soon most of them fell in with the better way.

Just before Christmas, while I was chopping wood at noon (that was part of the teacher's duty then), the pupils quietly got in and securely fastened the door so I could not get in. Then they asked for a treat. I told them, "I will go to town this evening to get a treat for you, so open the door and we will go to our work." They replied, "We want a one-half holiday anyway, so you go to town this afternoon, and we will go home when we get our play out." I told them, "I hold you large pupils responsible for the care of the smaller ones." They said, "All right." I overheard some of them say, "*Why, he is not mad.*" The one-half holiday and treat both proved satisfactory.

Soon after closing my first school in the spring of 1854 I left that part of the country and never returned, so I never saw but one of my pupils again. Looking back more than half a century, after making due allowance for the youth and inexperience of the teacher, the material at hand, the environments, as well as the facilities of that time, I cannot look on my first term as a failure, though I realized the need of more training and went to school again before attempting to teach any more.

My next term was taught in Illinois, where I had to have a certificate of an examination by the County Superintendent. When I came to Iowa, being again ahead of the days of the County Superintendent, my Illinois certificate saved me the examination. Soon after I taught under the first County Superintendent in this county. By diligent study and close application I managed to keep abreast with the times and always obtained a first-class certificate. When I quit teaching over thirty-five years ago, by the advice of a friend my last and best certificate was framed and hung on the wall in our home, "for the children to look at when father teaches no more."



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter X.

As land could be had for the asking, fuel for the cutting, corn for the planting and harvesting, and fish and game for a very little labor, a servant service system could not be carried on. The colonists were obliged to work in order to live, no matter whether they came here for that purpose or not. Women were compelled to be excellent housekeepers, and men were expected to attend to every detail of masculine labor, thus acquiring and developing a "handiness" at all trades which has become a Yankee trait.

The colonists of Massachusetts had attempted to meet and simplify the servant question by excluding all corrupt persons. Boys who were unruly on shipboard during the voyage were sent back to England soon after landing in the colony. The number of penalties imposed on servants are lasting records of the affliction caused by young servants. Indians were hired to work in the field at only sixteen-pence a day, and captives in war would be divided into gangs and assigned to housekeepers. Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Milton, Mass., in 1674, bought an Indian for five pounds down and five pounds more at the end of the year—a high price to pay for a servant at that time. There are on record many accounts of servants being so cruelly treated they ran away.

These early New England planters came here to obtain and maintain *freedom*, yet we find they made *slaves* of the Negro, and the Indian. In 1687 a French refugee wrote:

"You may also here own Negroes and Negresses. There is not a house in Boston, however small may be its means, but that has one or two. * * * Negroes cost from twenty to forty Pistoles."

Man-stealing was punishable by death in Connecticut, and in 1646 Massachusetts by General Court sent back to "Gynny" Negroes who had been kidnapped by a slaver and brought to New England, also sending with them a letter of apology. But Massachusetts did not hesitate to sell Indians as slaves to the West Indies. In 1703 it became legal to sell and transport all male Indians under ten years old, and all women, to the Barbadoes. From 1707 to 1732 Rhode Island placed a tax of three guineas a head on each Negro imported. In the transport ship only three feet and three inches were allowed between decks for each poor Negro, who was thus obliged to crouch and sit through the passage. Negro children were advertised to be given away in Boston, and were sold by the pound the same as all other merchandise.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island slaves were very plentiful—more than in Massachusetts. Madam Knight wrote in 1704 of slave life in Connecticut, that the Negroes were too familiar, and were even permitted to sit at the table with the master, and she says, "into the dish goes the black hoof as freely as the white hand."

As a general rule, the Negro slaves of New England were well used, and the race has the gift of merry-making under the worst of circumstances.

There were very often on the poor list Arcadians—neighbors to Evangeline—feeble people, who being void of romance, gave up in despair to exile and homesickness, a new language, and a new mode of living, becoming servants when they had not the courage to maintain homes. Danvers, Mass., in 1767 had twenty-one poor at an average age of eighty-four years. In Salem there were some of its members on the poor list from 1721 to 1848, and undoubtedly they found better homes "living around" than in trying to support themselves.

It is quite easy to get a definite idea of the furnishings of the colonial homes, for it was then customary to state very minutely the various articles of furniture in each room.

The first room upon entering the colonial house of the better class, was the "Entry." This contained no furniture, but there was a stairway to the apartments above, with only room to swing a door. The "Hall" in the Puritan house was the living-room, where the family sat, and ate their meals. Gov. Eaton's living-room contained the following furniture: "A drawing table, a round table, a cubberd and two long formes, a cubberd cloth and cushions, four set worke cushions, six greene cushions, a greate chair with needleworke, two high chairs set-worke, four high stools set-worke, four low chairs set-worke, two low stools set-worke, two Turkey carpette, six high stools, a pewter cistern and candlestick, a pair of great brass andirons, a pair small andirons, a pair of doggs, a pair of tonges, fire-pan and bellows." There were seats enough for diners and loungers, two long forms and a dozen stools

with green or embroidered cushions, seven chairs gay with needlework cushions, various sizes of andirons, tongs and bellows. The low heavy-raftered room, these plentiful seats, tables with Turkish covers, and cupboards with rich cloths and display of silverware all aglow with the light from the great wood fire, made a beautiful picture of the comfortable simplicity of colonial days, and was a fit setting for the figure of the Governor and his dearest, greatest, and best of temporal enjoyments, his "Vartuous, prudent and prayful wife." The planter's home was also furnished similar to the one above described, all having a table for serving meals. There were also generally a cupboard, a few pictures or a looking-glass, but very rarely a couch. Some had "lanthorns" as well as candlesticks, others a spinning wheel for the good wife. In early days in New England chairs were seldom seen, stools and forms being the usual seats. The three kinds of chairs used in the seventeenth century were, turned, wainscot, and covered. Turned chairs were what are now called Carver or Brewster chairs and are to be seen at Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. The seats of many of the chairs were made of flags and rushes. The bark of elm and bass trees was also used for the bottoms of chairs. Wainscot chairs were all of wood—seats and backs—usually oak. Carved chairs were owned only by people of wealth. Cane chairs came in use about the last of the century, and leather-bottom chairs were also used. About the same date the easy chair appeared and was used in the bed-room. The styles of cupboards were numerous.

The hall or living-room was on one side of the entry—this in the home of the well-to-do planter—and opposite was the parlor—in large houses, which was sometimes used as a dining-room and sometimes as a state bed-room. This room frequently contained in addition to what was generally found in the hall, a chest of drawers for the family linen, and also the best bed. The exact shape and height of these bedsteads cannot be given. We find the bedding to consist of "ffether beds," "flacke beds," "downe beds," "wool beds," and even "charf beds." "Very genteel red and white copper-plate Cotton bed with Squab and Window Curtains Fringed and made in the Newest Taste," "Sacken' and Corded Beds and a Pallat Bed." In 1628 a pair of sheets were furnished to each of the Massachusetts Bay colonists. These were made of flax instead of cotton. There were also other kinds in use.

The wealthy men in 1669 had in their parlors a "Scrutoire," or large cabinet with places for pen, ink, and paper—in reality a writing desk or secretary.

The floors of the colonial houses were generally sanded, but never carpeted, for carpets in those days were for table covers and not for floors. The good wife always prided herself upon her well-kept sanded floor. The walls were wainscoted and painted. In 1734 a very heavy, close-grained, firm and durable wall paper was used. Few decorations were seen overhead.

Oiled paper was used in the windows of the first log cabins, but glass windows soon came into use. These came from London, Bristol and Liverpool, all framed in lead, ready to set into the walls of the houses, and at an early date sheets of glass came to Winthrop.

The sundial was used to mark the time of day out-of doors; indoors the noon-marks, hourglass and water clocks were used. We find clocks first mentioned in 1628 when Joseph Straton got a watch and clock of his brother. In 1640 Henry Parks at Hartford willed a clock to the church. Boston had a town clock and hired a man to care for it in 1657. According to the *Boston News Letter* clocks were quite plentiful in 1707.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER.

JOHN WOODARD.

A good many farmers contemptuously call the graduate of an agricultural college a book farmer. They think the college man will not make a success as a farmer. He has too much theory and not enough practice, they say. The idea of going off to school to learn how to farm seems ridiculous to these people. If a boy wants to become a farmer they think he should stay on the farm and learn something practical. Well, there are some things about farming that can only be learned on the farm, but the college man learns them before he goes to college, in the summer vacations, or after he completes his college course. We may also say that even the boy who is so unfortunate as to be born and raised in a town can learn these things quite rapidly.

There was a time in this country when anyone could make a living at farming. Land was cheap and there was plenty of it. The land was rich and yielded good crops with slight attention. If the crops did happen to turn out bad, there were always fish in the streams and game in the surrounding prairies or forests. But that is all changed now. Land is high and its virgin fertility has been worn out by the careless cropping of our fathers and grandfathers. We not only have to restore it to its virgin fertility but at the same time we must make a living, pay high taxes, and perhaps pay interest on the money we borrowed to buy the farm with. To do this we must get heavier yields than our parents got and our children will have to get still heavier yields. We cannot do this unless we know more than we can gain by experience in a lifetime. We must have the combined experience of the farmers from all countries and from both past and present. Where will we get it? In the agricultural college. In

his college course the student gets the best experience of all the farmers in a few years and then goes out to put it in practice.

But most farmers want to see results. They want to see some of these "book farmers" that have made a success of farming. Prof. Sanborn is a good example,—a man past middle life, who had spent the best part of his life in teaching and experimenting. Prof. Sanborn left a good position as college president and returned to a worn-out farm among the granite hills of New England. This farm was four and one-half miles from a railroad and fifteen miles from any market. Neighboring farms were selling for a mere fraction of the cost of the improvements. None of the farm was under the plow and it was highly overgrown with bushes. It didn't even yield a good hay crop, no field produced a ton to the acre and many not over a fourth and some only a tenth. Would any of our "practical" farmers want to tackle a proposition like that? Not much. They are not such fools. Nobody but a "book farmer" would think of tackling it. Prof. Sanborn not only tackled it but he made a success of the venture. In fifteen years he has increased the fertility of his land and raised it to a good paying basis. He has not become rich, as some men count riches, but he has made a good living and built up a good, comfortable home place where he can enjoy himself in his declining years and which he can turn over to his children when his life's race is run. He is not rich in material goods but rich in the consciousness that he has pointed out the way to raise New England agriculture to the place it should occupy among the industries of that section.

But there are other college graduates who are making a success at farming. Some finish their courses and go to farming at once. Others find that they need money to begin and so they teach or do experimental work for a few years before going into business for themselves. The writer knows of three men who left good positions in agricultural colleges to take up farming. A large number of the graduates from the agricultural colleges every year go back to the farm. They enjoy farm life and think it the most profitable occupation they can engage in. These men have learned how to keep up the fertility of the soil by crop rotation and carefully saving all manure and straw. Many farmers burn their straw, but the scientific farmer saves it and puts it back on the land. The agricultural college student learns how to pick out a good ear of corn, a good horse, a good cow or a good hog. That is why the college boys always win at the judging contests. By selecting good seed, the scientific farmer will increase his yield of corn and wheat. By selecting good dairy cows he will get more butter and milk per can. By selection, he will get better hogs, better beef cattle, and better draft horses. He will raise larger crops than the average farmer, and get more out of them when he feeds them to his stock. The average farmer makes a living,—if he didn't he would quit farming,—so the man who farms better than the average farmer, will get more than a living. But the material things are not the only things that invite the college man to the farm. There is an opportunity to raise his less fortunate neighbors to a higher plane. His example leads them to farm better. England raises an average of about thirty bushels of wheat to the acre; the United States, twelve and a half bushels. Some one is raising very poor wheat. In the North Central States, the average yield of corn is thirty-four bushels an acre. Some farmers raise much more than this, others must raise much less. The same is true of other crops. These averages ought to be raised and they will be when we get more scientific farmers.

The Country Life Commission found that one great trouble in the country was the lack of social life. There is nothing for the young people to go to, so they leave the farm and go to the city. The country people must improve conditions. They must provide harmless amusement for the young or they will go to the city where they are likely to engage in harmful amusement. The college graduates should take the lead in this movement. They must arrange entertainments that are both pleasant and profitable. They must help teach the young that pleasure is not an end but a means to an end. The college graduates are to be the leaders and they must be leaders in all that makes for a higher type of manhood and womanhood. If the college graduate fails in this, he fails to do his whole duty.

THE POET'S CONSOLATION.

You'd almost think, to hear the beggars tell it,
That poets were a people very poor;
But this sad Muse of mine—I wouldn't sell it
For all the wealth of Mrs. Pompadour.
I will admit the springtime market's heavy;
I don't gain much in summer or the fall;
But oh, when Christmas comes around, I levy
A toll on poesy that beats 'em all!

A quatrain to sweet Agnes saves $8,
And roses couldn't half so warm her "soul."
I'm sure a sonnet on "Pragmatic Scholars"
To Anne is dearer than a ton of coal.
Diamonds for Alice, my betrothed, my glowing
Star of delight? Not on your life! I'll send
My photo, hand on brow, sad eyes, tie flowing—
Thus shall her trust declare a dividend.

Oh, yes, they all will marry other fellows,—
Dull, short-haired chaps who work for sordid gold!
But when sure fame my happy memory mellows,
When foes are dead and critics cease to scold,
From dim old attics, where these maidens throw 'em,
My discards, which no editor would buy,
Will rise, each hailed as "an unpublished poem"!—
A word of glory—after poets die.

—Chester Firkins in Lippincott's.

SOME AMERICANS OF ACHIEVEMENT

O. H. KIMMEL

III. Stephen Collins Foster.

WHAT wonders the great heart-stirring hymns are to us all. They reach the responsive chord in our inner natures whenever and wherever they are sung. We expect great things at the musical concert where a great performer may play and sing, but we are never entirely satisfied until some of the old hymns have been given expression. We hear the best of classical music, and exquisite classic English words set to complicated harmony, and we appreciate it, and it is worth our appreciation and our approbation, but the moment the strains of some old familiar hymn begin to fall soothingly upon our ears, radiating out its shining silvery peals, then,—and not until then,—is the heart satisfied, and the soul responds spontaneously, and the individuals of the audience are democratically turned into one mind and one being in musical approbation.



Stephen C. Foster

We have all heard some of Foster's songs. How they thrill us, how they fill us with that subjective joy or sadness or pathos! What a wonderful power they have over us! It would seem to us that the whole world must stop and listen when a talented singer begins to express the gentle melody of his songs. They are dearer to the heart than Scottish ballads and classics, they are closer to the human sympathy, and they meet with a response that will last as long as the human traditions and sympathies linger upon earth. Let the singer, after singing the best of the classics, start the strains of "Way Down Upon the S'wanee River," or "Old Folks at Home," or "Old Kentucky Home," or "Old Black Joe," or "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," or many others of Foster's songs and it seems as if we are gradually entering into a sweeter and more sympathetic existence, because of the wonderful influence of these sweet strains. When such words as,—

"Way down upon the S'wanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay,"—

with its beautiful chorus of,—

"All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home,"—

are sung, the heart and soul responds because the wonderful words and melody go directly to the inner nature of us all.

Or, whether we are Kentucky born, or whether we have never seen or heard of Kentucky, let us hear the beautiful strains of,

"O! the sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
In my old Kentucky home so far away,"—

with the remainder of this beautiful song, and all hearts are touched, and tears will fall, as we respond to this wonderful melody. These hymns are simple, yet they have some of the wonders of nature interwoven in their composition which causes a natural and involuntary response. What a power one possesses who is able to unite melody and language and nature all into one little simple composition called a hymn, that will capture the heart of man throughout the ages of his existence! Such was the power of Stephen Collins Foster.

On the fourth of July, in the year 1826, while the cannons at the arsenal were booming the noon salute at Pittsburg, and the band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner," in his father's yard, near by, the boy Stephen Collins Foster was born, on the fiftieth birthday of our nation's independence. At the early age of two he was able to lie on the floor and pick simple tunes on his sister's guitar, and he called the instrument his "little pizzani." When schooldays came, he cared more for the songs of birds, and the call of the musical world than for the commonplace school, and though he was supposed to be in school, often he was not there, but was out interviewing the beauties and harmonies of nature, roaming into the

woods, wading the brook, sequestering himself in the haunts of the wild while his mind sought out the harmony and beauty that could be gotten from the seclusions of the wood and the haunts of birds.

By the time he was nine he could play the flute, and this remained his favorite musical instrument through life. The people of Louisville did not forget this fact when it erected a monument to him a few years ago.

After his academic life, he gave his attention to song and music. He studied under local teachers, and was a composer at the age of sixteen, and at nineteen had composed "Old Uncle Ned" and other songs. During his life he wrote one hundred fifty songs and in most instances the music to them. His musical education came to him easily, and he became a close student of music. He studied the works of the great masters in music composition, and at the same time kept himself close to nature and the human sympathy. He did writing in a room at his home where no one but his mother could intrude. In this quiet he shut out the world and invited the muse, who took him to his favorite haunts in life, and gave him the power of song construction. His wonderful affection for his mother is shown in his songs, "Mother, Thou'rt Dear to Me," "Farewell, Mother Dear" and some of his other songs,

Among his songs which are almost universally loved are: "Old Dog Tray," "Nellie was a Lady," "Nelly Bly," "Old Black Joe," "Gentle Annie," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home."

"Old Dog Tray" was written in memory of a beautiful setter that belonged to the family, and was greatly loved by the author; "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" was written soon after the death of his father, and gives expression to some of the finest tones in music, and perhaps has not been equalled for the beauty of melody and pathos. "My Old Kentucky Home" was written after the author had visited a relative down in the "Blue Grass," and he was so impressed with the natural beauty and the hospitality of the place that he wrote this beautiful song, this song which made him famous, and which gives Kentucky the undisputed right to claim the most beautiful State song in existence.

This "cradle song of Kentucky" is sung by all English speaking people and is destined to live on and on to the limits of time. The schoolchildren of Kentucky took a most beautiful way to immortalize this song and the name of the author when they erected a statue of him at Louisville. On the day of unveiling the statue of this "famous composer of sweetest song," a chorus of one thousand schoolchildren and twenty bands of music rendered the sweet and tender strains of the "cradle song of Kentucky," "My Old Kentucky Home." The statue represents Foster sitting in the chair in which he sat when he composed the song, while lying in his lap is the flute, his favorite musical instrument.

This was a fitting tribute to pay to the man who had written for them such a beautiful State song. It would be a fitting tribute for all the English speaking world to thus show its appreciation of him, but a more fitting tribute is the singing of his songs that are dear to the heart, thus perpetuating them in memory. To repay such as Foster for what they have contributed to the world is impossible, for that which he has produced is destined to endure as a blessing of the race as long as time shall last. His finer nature shall live in his sentimental songs, his dialect songs and his religious anthems through the ages.

In School

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS AT M. C. I.

Dec. 6 our winter term's work began. A number of young people from the neighborhood were persuaded to see the value of higher education and have enrolled among our large corps of enthusiastic students. All seem to be progressing nicely with their respective studies.

The greater part of the time in the several branches of science is expended in verifying the natural laws from the students' own observation, instead of accepting on faith the principles worked out by another. Students in physics have given the subject of heat an exhaustive study. Several of the conditions under which heat may be transmitted from one body to another have been found:—(1) Radiant heat may be transmitted in a vacuum. (2) When two bodies of different temperature are brought in contact, the temperature of the one lowest will rise; that of the other will fall. This transmission of heat continues until they are alike heated. The bodies are then said to be in a state of thermal equilibrium. The effect of heat upon all substances is to change their state or volume or both. The volumes of all solids, liquids, and gases expand with heat and contract on being cooled except water which reaches its maximum density at 4 degrees C.

The biology class has finished the study of the various species of the type Vermes. Of the class *platyhelminthes,* the human tapeworm was studied from a preserved specimen. Of the class *nematelminthes* the trichina spiralis was used. This class comes from rare or measly pork. Their host is the rat or pig. Later they enter the human body. The tapeworm, if permitted to enter the body, inhabits the alimentary canal

and uses up bodily nutrition. The trichina spiralis inhabits the lumbar muscles and, if in great numbers, produces the disease trichmosis.

Experimental physiology was introduced at the beginning of the winter term. In this course comparative anatomy is studied. No human specimen is available; so, as a substitute, we are using some of the lower animals, as the cat, the frog, and the rabbit. The structures of these are compared. We note wherein they agree and disagree with the human. The method employed is purely inductive. By this means a good knowledge of the anatomy of "*homo*" is acquired.

The class in psychology began its study with "The Subject of the Mental Life." It is clear that all mental states must have a subject. In other words, we cannot have experiences of feeling, thinking, and willing without having a subject which feels, thinks, and wills. Further, this subject must be abiding and separate and apart from matter. By this all arguments, favoring the doctrine of materialism, are strongly refuted. To this abiding subject we apply the name "soul" or "spirit." The subject of sensation has also been carefully considered. A sensation is "a mental reaction against nervous action." In other words, it is the mental change which takes place after the last brain change. The stimulus of the outer world in some unknown manner passes along the nerves and through various cells of the brain until it reaches a final cell where it is, by another unknown method, interpreted by the mind and becomes a sensation.

Our historical investigation has observed the ancient civilization gradually moving westward, halting at various stations along the way. We noticed it pass from the orient to the renowned city of Athens in Greece. By the Greek colonization movement this same civilization, considerably improved, is transmitted to Rome. The best historians place the founding of Rome about 753 B. C. They also accredit Romulus as being its founder. This city began with a small settlement on the Palatine Mount. That city formed a nucleus around which the great city of Rome grew. At first the city controlled a very small territory. But by wars and conquests we see her gradually adding colonies until she has extended her dominion throughout the entire discovered world. At first all privileges and rights were given the patrician class. The plebeians (poor people) were cast down. The latter class begins almost immediately to struggle for rights. The first three or four centuries of the history of Rome is almost wholly composed of the struggle between these two classes. The plebe receives full citizenship at the end of this period of contention.

Vergil's Æneid is frequently regarded as a collection of myths. The class, reading this work, discovers some grains of fact in it. History says Troy fell about 1055 B. C. and that Rome was founded 753 B. C. Vergil says three centuries elapsed between these two events.

In our Bible department there is a large class studying the Sunday-school Normal course. In this work an outline of almost the entire Bible is covered. Students find this work intensely interesting and practical. The class in New Testament has completed Matthew, Mark, and is now studying Luke. Surely no intellectual pursuit could be more interesting and profitable than the study of the life of our own dear Savior.

The greatest literary treat we have thus far enjoyed was the lecture of Dec. 16, given by the famous Dr. Driver. His theme was "The Destiny of the Anglo-Saxon Race." The three greatest Teutonic nations of the world, United States, England, and Germany, manufacture practically all the articles made. The Teuton possesses by far the greater part of the world's wealth; he controls her railroads and commerce. He is gaining territory rapidly. Dr. Driver's conclusion is, that the Teuton is destined in the future to rule the entire world.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

Union Bridge, Md.

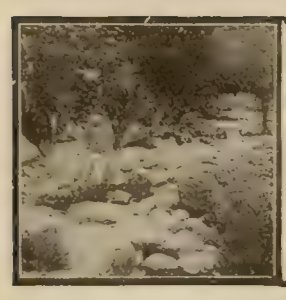
HOW PEPPER IS PREPARED.

THERE are several so-called pepper plants, but that under consideration is the black pepper (Piper nigrum) of commerce. From the same berry comes white pepper. This has long been a staple product of Borneo. Not many years ago there were 30,000 Chinese in the province of Brunei alone, most of whom were engaged in the production of pepper, which was then selling at 25 cents gold per pound. It is now selling at about 7 cents per pound; consequently many of the pepper gardens have been abandoned and the production greatly lessened, though still in the hands of the Chinese, the only people, perhaps, who have the laborious patience needed to succeed in the cultivation of this plant, which requires great care, being subject to many enemies.

Black pepper is the entire fruit, white pepper is the seed only. To prepare white pepper: Pick off the spikes of berries just as they are turning red, loosen the berries from the stalk, collect and tie them in bags and soak them in water 8 or 10 days; running water in the open sunshine is to be preferred, because the decomposition of the hull on the pepper corn is sooner accomplished; when the hulls are loosened the bags are emptied into a tub and the pepper is tramped by the feet until it is thoroughly washed and divested of the skins, when it is spread out on mats and dried in the sun, boxed or bagged, and sent to market.

For black pepper, picking is made easier than for the white. It is spread in the sun to dry; as it dries the skin turns black; it is then rubbed by hand to separate the seed from the stalk. Sometimes the berries are

(Continued on Page 59.)



NATURE STUDIES



A NOVEMBER STROLL IN WASTE PLACES.

With a gray sky overhead, forecasting the beginning of the rainy season in California, I sauntered off across the meadows bordering the sloughs. There was a crisp, breezy note in the air, and the presence of a little sunshine would have been extremely grateful. It was Thanksgiving Day. The pale, colorless grass over which I trod had not yet felt the magic touch of the winter rains, and the young spears of green were still invisible. Indeed, the meadows were very silent, save for the occasional song of a meadow lark or a blackbird.

My stroll today was for the purpose of making an intimate acquaintance with the weeds common in these low-lying marshy places, where the outcasts of the plant world flourish "despised and rejected of men."

It takes some little time to appreciate the low-toned subtle coloring of a November landscape, on a gray leaden day, to find opaque tints in the colorless leaves, and to scent the aromatic odors of some of the mints and other pungent weeds of the waste places. When once our appreciative senses are attuned to the low-keyed color scheme, every weed and seed pack glows with a warmth of coloring exactly like the kaleidoscopic tones in a Turkish rug.

Through the rank grasses and red-brown seed spikes of the narrow-leaved dock, I waded until I reached a row of patriarchal oaks. Hundreds of their leaves had blown away; hundreds of others formed a thick brown mat at their bases. There is only one species of oak indigenous to this vicinity—the valley white oak—so there was no difficulty in identifying these trees. No better opportunity for studying their individual structure was ever before offered me. Earlier in the season the branches had been fully clothed. Now, "stripped like an athlete for the contest," they stood out boldly against the leaden sky. Gall flies are very fond of these oaks, as their branches bore testimony. Many were fairly beset with the round applelike excrescences which the gall flies construct in which to deposit their larvæ.

But I digress. Weeds were the subject for investigation today. A weed is described by an authority as "a plant whose virtues have not been discovered." Many so-called weeds, however, can scarcely be classified under this head, as the commonest and greatest pests to the farmer are sometimes good for something. Even the despised nettle and pokeweed of the Eastern States are said to be very appetizing as spring greens for the table, when obtained at the right moment—while the young, tender shoots are only a few inches high.

Sometimes a most aggravating weed appeals so strongly to the esthetic sense of the nature-lover that he can easily overlook its bad qualities solely on that one condition. Take, for example, the various members of the thistle family. To the artistic eye, ever mindful of decorative motives, the thistles fulfill every requirement; even the wicked thorns that cause us so much pain and discomfort in trying to destroy the plants, only accentuate the beauty of the leaves and flowerheads. But the botanist or designer sees the beauty of the thistle from his own standpoint, and reckons not with the farmer. The Canada thistle, the bane of the farmer, is a smooth perennial, one to three feet high, branched above creeping root-stocks. The leaves are lance-shaped and deeply cut, and their margins are provided with spiny teeth. A great many people are not able to distinguish between the bull thistle and the Canada thistle. The heads of the latter are small—three-fourths to an inch high. In many portions of the West the Canada thistle does not seed. The seed is small but characteristic.

To the city-bred individual a hayfield, white with ox-eye daisies, is productive of a keen sense of enjoyment. Not so to the owner of the hayfield, who is likely to be of a practical turn of mind, entirely lacking the esthetic sense. The presence of the daisies there, from his point of view, is a most unfortunate circumstance.

The European ox-eye daisy has long been known as a troublesome weed in the Eastern States, and is slow-working its way westward. It is a perennial herb, with an erect stem with petioled root leaves, the stem leaves cut or divided. The stem bears a large, many-flowered head, with numerous white rays.

The ox-eye daisy is not common in California as yet, but its cousin, the milkweed, or dog-fennel, is a good substitute. During May and June this ill-smelling but pretty daisy pest is in its prime, and whitens the meadows with a cheerful bloom just when the dry season is tanning the lush, green grasses. The morning-glory

too, is in its pride just about that time. We have two troublesome morning-glories. One is the European bindweed, in the Northern States. This plant gives more trouble in the East-central States than in the Western States. Bindweed always produces a deep root, runs along on the ground, propagates freely by its underground "roots." The leaves are arrow-shaped, and the flowers are pure white, with a yellowish throat. Although a great nuisance in California, it is useful to feed to cattle during the dry season, when greens are particularly palatable, as well as healthy.

The red-brown seeds of the dock plant are the strongest note in the November meadow color scheme. They are among the most troublesome of the perennial weeds found in our meadows and pastures, particularly upon low grounds, and the seeds are largely scattered by water. The most common of the docks is the curled dock of Europe, which is easily recognized by the leaves, which have wavy margins and are long. The flowers occur in whorls on elongated stems. The dock fruit is peculiar, and is common to every one familiar with the plant. The seed is three-angled and covered with wings. The common native dock is somewhat like the preceding variety; it also occurs in low grounds, but has smoother and longer leaves. The flowers are produced in a similar fashion.

Both of the species mentioned here are perennial. One of the most efficient means of destroying this weed is to root it out by hand, and this is done very readily in the spring when the soil is wet. The plant is grasped just at the surface of the ground, the root is given a slight twist and at the same time an upward pull, and it readily comes from the soil.

Although a great pest, the dock is nevertheless very attractive when in seed, and has none of the disagreeable features about it that are common to the cocklebur, the nettle, the thistle, the foxtail grass or the bur clover.

The common milkweed is a perennial, with stout stalk from two to five feet high, the leaves covered with soft hairs. The flowers are borne in umbels, like the carrot. The fruit is a pod containing a large number of seeds. This weed is common everywhere in the Middle and Atlantic States and the Mississippi Valley. In California there are several interesting species. They are the common milkweeds and the woolly milkweeds, with large seed pods and leaves with a texture like flannel.

The mild artichoke, a species of thistle, is the aristocratic dweller of the low places bordering the slough, where it evidently escaped from somebody's garden years ago and degenerated, linking its family ties with those of the common bull thistle, and acquiring the latter's bad habit of wearing a suit of spiked armor, and therefore making itself a disgrace to its well-behaved relatives in cultivation.

In the marshes the cattail's sienna-brown seed tops show warmly against the pale, faded leaves of last summer's luxuriance. Sometimes the seed packs hold together throughout the winter, and then go to pieces the following spring. It is an interesting sight to see the wind ruffle them up and loosen their millions of tiny parachutes. Once they get a start the moss pops up like clouds of smoke, and in their airy quality one can easily understand how they are enabled to spread over and colonize such vast areas here in the delta lands of the San Joaquin River.

Autumn is the season which shows us the fulfillment of growth in our common annual and perennial weeds; seedtime and harvest now await the cold winds and chilling tule-fogs of the inland valleys of central California. The winter rains and storms will assist in the dissemination of the myriads of aeroplanes that are looking forward with eager expectancy to flight.

Many and ingenious are the means by which Mother Nature assists them in the colonizing of waste places. The cockleburs have tiny barbs that stick to cows, sheep, and dogs that go jogging through the brush. Likewise, the burdock steals a ride to new pastures. The thistles, cattails, milkweeds, wild lettuces, and goldenrods, have their seeds attached to a feathery body that resembles a tiny parachute, and they are carried away on the wings of the wind until they find a suitable anchoring-place.

All over the tule meadows, as I turned homeward, was the golden glow of the autumn sunset. Far off to the distant horizon the twin peaks of Mount Diablo were silhouetted against a golden bar of sunset sky. Some tall poplars stood as gaunt sentinels, and a lonely crow made a black fleck against the gold as he sailed past seeking his Thanksgiving dinner in some belated vineyard, and sending his melancholy "caw, caw" across the brown meadows, a fitting finale to the gray November day spent among the weeds in the lowland waste places.—*William S. Rice, in Young People.*

HOW PEPPER IS PREPARED.

(Continued from Page 57.)

boiled for a short time and then dried. By boiling the skins are tightened and the color made more uniform. As an insecticide the Chinese gardener mixes extract of tuba with tobacco in equal parts, making a strong solution. Nothing more effective has been found. The vines are sprayed once a week for three weeks while the fruit is forming. As is obvious, the expense and labor of spraying is no small item. A good gardener and two coolies can take care of 1,000 vines. Coolies in this business, as in all other in Borneo, are indentured at $18 to $36 gold per year, with board and clothing.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Have you renewed your subscription to the Inglenook?

Be just as careful what kind of books and papers you put before your children as you are of the food they eat.

We have on hand a four-chapter article on lumbering and logging which we expect to publish soon. The article is written by one of our contributors in the Northwest who has had actual experience in the lumber camps of that section.

Contentment to be genuine must be joined to a wide-awake, energetic spirit. A negative condition of contentment,—that which arises from a feeling of indifference—can lay claim to none of the blessings that accompany real contentment.

The series of articles on prison life now appearing in these pages will be productive of good in several ways. They will refresh the minds of many readers on a subject to which they have given little attention and may therefore win considerable influence for the present move for reform in prison methods, and they will doubtless impress all anew with the inestimable worth of the honest and upright life which needs no correction and is therefore above law.

We may ask forgiveness for a wrong we have inflicted on another and though that may be freely granted, the evil results still remain and work out their measure of disaster. This is one thing we should ever keep in mind for it may often check us in the headlong course that frequently brings woe to ourselves and to others. Repentance of and forgiveness for wrong should always insure safety for the future in that direction, but the deed once done cannot be fully righted, it must take its course.

A couple months ago the "oldest inhabitant" was pretty well wound up and was already congratulating himself on the large audience that would hang upon his words while he told about the terrible cold weather years ago. Later, however, he found himself sitting alone by the fire while his grandson brought him reports of how Old Winter was making up for lost time. For some reason, hard to account for, we are never quite satisfied with the winter season unless it comes very near the record-breaking line. It may be just an expression of the American spirit that cannot abide being outdone in any field or it may be due to an impression many have that there is a certain amount of cold weather in store and if we have a good dose of it now there will not be so much left for another time. After all, it is well that some can get so much satisfaction out of this vigorous season, whatever the cause, for there are still many left who know and feel only the hard, cruel side of winter.

SAVING FAITH.

All of us agree on the large part faith has in the salvation of the soul, but we wonder whether all recognize or think much about the important part this same element has in the success of men and women as it pertains to this life. In the former it is faith in God, in his Son, and in his revealed will that insures salvation, and in the latter we refer to man's faith in man,—that which inspires him with courage and hope as he engages in the tasks of every day.

It is of this latter faith that we wish to drop a word, —of warning to those who are indifferent as to its wonderful power and of encouragement to those who have in some degree felt its uplifting influence.

There are numerous ways in which faith in mankind has a direct influence in making one's life useful and successful. One of these ways contributes largely to one's financial success. Few people realize to what extent their business interests are dependent upon confidence in men. Every undertaking that is entered upon rests upon the integrity of some one and we must believe in the integrity of that person or we cannot go on in the work; or if we do go on we are prey to miserable doubts that more than outweigh any material success we may win.

Of more value, however, than financial gain is that unfolding, that blossoming out of one's nature that is due to a childlike trust in one's fellow-men. Even though this trust is sometimes betrayed, it more than compensates for any loss in material things. Peace with its attendant blessings, good will with its broadening and sympathetic power and generosity with its

compassionate and energizing influence,—these are some of the fruits of faith in mankind.

Just as one's nature unfolds and grows large and beautiful as the result of faith in others, so it becomes dwarfed and narrow when one harbors suspicion and distrust. And just as the former attitude blesses others and is a blessing to the one who holds to it, so the latter sheds a baneful influence abroad and is a curse to the one who maintains it.

What we all need is faith in men and men who will have faith in us. By this course we shall go on our way unhampered and with peace and love to inspire us to our greatest usefulness.

REFLECTIONS.

A FAITHFUL, earnest teacher in looking over the work of the past and contemplating that of the future would direct his course hereafter by the most noble endeavors, as expressed in the paragraphs quoted below. We number many schoolteachers among our readers and it is for their benefit particularly that we quote what this teacher gives as the result of his reflections on his work. But what is given may have a wider application than this; it will do us all good to read it carefully, adapting it to our particular case.

"Whether I am in the work for a year or for a lifetime, let me do it with all my might. Thus it becomes for me not a job but an opportunity for a career.

"In all my work and relations let me be simple and direct and natural. The assumed, the artificial ever hinders rather than helps.

"Let me take my work neither too seriously nor too lightly. The one destroys my nerves, my sleep, my joy in the work and profits me nothing; the other, though it may delight for a season, in the end loses me the respect of my pupils and my people.

"Whatever of energy, of enthusiasm, of sympathy, of patience I have, belongs in large measure to my children. Therefore, I must allow no personal or social activities to rob me of what belongs to them.

"I must live my own life, think my own thoughts and be my own self. I must do more for my own sake in order that I may do more for others. I will, therefore, deny myself no opportunity for enlargement or growth or wholesome pleasure but I will not allow any passing whim or needless pleasure to cost me the good will and confidence of my people.

"Let me be worthy to have and to hold the respect of all my pupils. This I crave and must have, though their love I cannot claim and may not receive. Love may increase but its absence must not destroy my sympathy and respect for every boy and girl.

"I can hardly hope to deal justly and wisely with every issue. Therefore, let me have the grace and the courage to acknowledge my mistake and to right it.

"Let me respect and be loyal to my official superiors without servility or loss of self respect. Let me criticize and be criticized without being embittered. Let me work with and for my associates rejoicing in their strength and their victories.

"I shall not work for a mere wage but I cannot work without it. I will not subtract from my life in order to add to my bank account but I will ever increase my savings in order to increase my peace and comfort of mind.

"And now having thought my thought and set it down, no further good can come from it, so let me lay it away lest others reading may take note that I have either protested too much or performed too little."

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

IT is a good many years since I was a boy on the farm. Oh, what a drudgery much of it seemed, then! How anxious I was to get away! What arguments parents and grandparents used to try to induce me to remain on the farm, to aim to be a farmer. But no, not for me, I said.

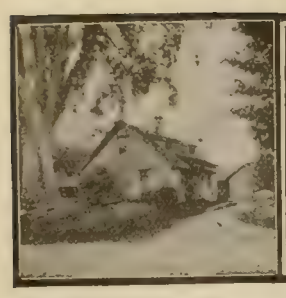
Today, after a number of years in business, after passing the birthday at which it is said we get wise (the fortieth, I mean), after studying life closely, after a good many years in the Christian ministry in which I have been at least ordinarily successful,—I find that next to preaching the blessed Gospel, there is nothing I should like to do so much as to travel all over this great country of ours and preach the Gospel of contentment to the country boys and girls and to a good many fathers and mothers who get an idea that life in town is so much nicer.

If I did not believe that God definitely called me into the Christian ministry, my life would be one lifelong regret that I left the farm. With this conviction I am content; and I enjoy farming on a few square feet of back yard, photographing nature scenes, and occasionally visiting a farmer friend. To this I should have added: Looking over the farmers' produce at market and figuring out how much my limited salary will purchase.

Sometimes I get an opportunity to put in a word to the country boy; but recently it occurred to me that a word in the *Farm Journal,* if the Editor would publish it, would reach a lot of boys and girls and others.

One reason I like this paper is because it says so many things so briefly. A newspaper man recently told me that we preachers always spun things out too long, and he said that I made him a lot of work boiling down the copy I handed him.

Now I will cut my little sermon short by repeating the text several times: Boys, stick to the farm. Girls, stick to the farm. Farmers, stick to the farm. "The better you stay on the job the better it becomes," is a motto that goes in many places.—*Farm Journal.*



THE HOME WORLD



WHAT ALL SHOULD LEARN.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

'Tis well that every girl should learn
To cook good wholesome food,
For whether she, a poor man weds
Or some rich city dude,
The time may come, we know not when,
That she may need to learn
To keep her house and cook the meals;
For any tide may turn,

And take you up or down a stream
You had not planned to go;
So how to do all household work,
Is well for all to know.
It saves the wreck of happy homes,
And endless misery,
When wives will learn to do their best,
And practical, will be.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

IRA P. DEAN.

"Why, Clara! What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing, I couldn't help it."

"Why, just look at those snits, all over the stove and on the floor. What did you do?"

"Nothing but what you told me; you said I should put apple snits on and put water on them and let them boil, and I did and the hateful thing just kept boiling over."

"How many snits did you put into the pot?"

"Oh! only about a quart."

"And how much water?"

"I guess nearly as much water."

"Well, my dear, didn't you know that they would swell up, and in that three-quart pot they wouldn't stay long? I heard the hissing upstairs but I thought you spilled water on the stove."

"Well I took some out when they boiled over the first time, and they just boiled over again and I kept taking out and they kept boiling over, this is the sixth time; but you see I never cooked snits before, in fact Mable does the cooking at home; I worked in the factory."

"Why; you poor girl, why Nellie does the cooking as well as I do."

"Yes, but she don't work in a factory. All she does is stay at home; she ought to be able to cook. I'll be able to cook next year too. I know everything about shoes, but cook,—there I'm lost. I just told Mother last week, when I quit that I was going to come to spend a few weeks with Nellie on the farm and then I would come home and work in the kitchen. You see you have it easy in the factory, you are through at six in the evening and then you have your evenings to visit. But you must be always dressed up-to-date or the other girls ridicule you, and three dollars a week soon goes if you want to be well thought of among the girls. But I learned my lesson when we girls visited Mary Wilson.

"You know she got married and a few of us went around to take dinner with her. She had chicken for dinner and it was chicken too, none of us ate any; she only cut off the head, the feet and cleaned the feathers off, left it bleed awhile, washed it and put the whole business on to stew. Well laugh, we never laughed more in our lives. Mary, poor girl she hated it, too, but she always worked in a factory and of course knew nothing about cooking. So I just made up my mind to quit and go into the kitchen business. I always said, when I get married I want an ideal husband, and I suppose he will want an ideal wife. Mary's husband hated it so about that chicken; he never said a word, but I imagine how he felt, so I'm going to save my husband from that when I get married.

"It looks nice to be dressed up and be your own boss and go away when you choose, but let me tell you factory life is not what it seems to be."

"Well, what would you say if Nellie wanted to work in a factory?"

"What would I say? Why I'd say, Keep her on the farm. I'd rather be here on the farm any time than in the factory. In the factory you work at one thing all day long and you soon get tired of it. I like a change. Nellie should have heard the lecture I heard on 'Feminine Labor.' The lecturer said most factory girls were only 'divorce blossoms.' He said he knew factory girls who could not sweep a carpet half right, and who can be happy if his wife can't cook? I tell you it was fine; it taught me something. Some of the girls got mad but I didn't; it was true. He said girls work in factories for less than half the cost of male labor and thus keep the men out of work and then when they get married and their husbands are out

of work they want to get a divorce, and others who are loyal have to take in washing, etc., and then make their husbands look cheap.

"I admire Nellie, really I envy her; she can do anything around the house; she will make a good wife for some man, but me—no particular man would want me and it's just the result of working in a factory instead of at home. I look at it this way: When you want a horse to be a good driver you break him in for it and then put him at it; you train him for the purpose you intend to use him and use him for the purpose you trained him. And if you want a girl to be a good wife, a good cook, break her in to it, but you can't very well do it in a factory. Really I don't think a girl should work in a factory unless she must, and that is why I quit. I'm going to learn housekeeping and make a happy home for myself some day. What shall I do with these snits?"

GIVING HAPPINESS.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

A SUNBEAM is a small thing, but how it brightens a room, scattering cheer and driving gloom away. The invalid watches eagerly for the sunshine.

So it is with little acts of kindness. They bring happiness. It takes but little to make a child happy. And people are but children of a larger growth.

A small maiden brought a pansy to her teacher, giving it with a sweet smile. Another child brought a white rose to the same teacher. Neither child knew how much she helped the weary woman to whom she handed it. The tender thoughtfulness of the act lightened the dreary load of care, "the burden laid upon her," that had seemed "greater than she could bear."

Might it not be that this was our heavenly Father's way of helping us, by sending some one to cheer us as did these children with the sweet flowers?

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

May it be said of us when we "have gone the way of all men," that we "have done what we could."

As the writer has said, a very small thing will give a child happiness,—a piece of gaily-striped candy, a word of endearment or of commendation, with a smile, or a ride as you are going on your way. These are a few of the ways in which we can bring sunshine to the dear children—the lambs of the flock.

"Each raindrop makes some floweret bloom."

Then,

"Give thy heart's best treasures.
From fair Nature learn.
Give thy love and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more."

If "our lives are songs," let us make them happy ones, remembering always that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Let us each learn "in our own way, one of the three lessons all are the better for knowing:—That cheerfulness changes misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright, one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely."

"Scatter seeds of kindness
All along the way,
Cheer and bless and brighten
Every passing day."

"TEACH THEM TO THY SONS."

THE home is the foremost and the best school, and the father and mother are the best teachers. "Thou shalt teach them to thy sons, and to thy sons' sons." This precept was originally addressed to mothers and fathers alike. There was never a time when the obligation of fathers to give personal attention to the moral and religious instruction of their children needed to be urged more earnestly than now. We have fallen on times when fathers are inclined to shirk this duty. They persuade themselves that it is not a duty, that they are too busy, that the mothers can do this work better, or that the work will be done by the public schools and the Sunday schools.

Perhaps the machinery of the church and the State for training the children is very good, but if it should have the effect of relieving the minds of fathers from all sense of responsibility in the matter of training their own children in the good and right way, it will be a curse instead of a blessing. Better have no Sunday school and have the right kind of religious instruction in the home than to have the best Sunday schools in the world and neglect home training.

And all our modern institutions for the training of the young can never be a substitute for personal training by fathers and mothers.

Teachers in the Sunday schools and public schools are mostly women. We do not say that women are not equal to men as teachers. They may be superior for aught we know, but even so it is a great misfortune if the children of the land, and especially the boys, should be committed altogether to teachers, four-fifths of whom are women. The boy needs the firmness, the rigor, the justice, the masculine personality of the male teacher as much as he needs the gentleness, the kindness, the sympathy, and the feminine personality of the woman. The Creator has established the proportion he thinks best in the home. There are one man and one woman, constituting the head of the family, and these two are one. The father may be disposed to exalt justice above mercy, and the mother may be inclined to let mercy triumph over justice, but both to-

gether furnish that beautiful balance of righteousness and gentleness which every child needs in order that he may be brought up to lead a good life.

We have always made a deal out of that beautiful story in the New Testament which represents the children brought to Jesus, and we have always thought that the mothers brought them. But where did anyone ever read it in the Bible? A striking picture entitled, "Christ Blessing Little Children," which we have all seen, so represents it, and it is from this picture that most men and women have taken their idea of the scene. The artist has taught us what was never taught in the Bible. Campbell Morgan referred to this story in an address at Northfield this summer, and said that while we sing about the mothers of Salem bringing their children to Jesus, the mothers of Salem did not bring them at all. "Matthew says, 'They were brought to Jesus' while Mark and Luke say, 'They brought young children to Jesus that he should touch them,' but the custom of the time, and the habits of the people, as well as the pronoun used, prove that it was the fathers that brought them." It is to be feared that this little mistake in interpretation has given to many a delinquent father an easy conscience when he should feel a deep sense of condemnation.

If fathers are too busy to teach their children the good ways of the Lord they will make a great gain by dropping some of the burdens of business and care that hinder. Nothing can be a duty which prevents a father from giving personal attention to the religious instruction and training of his own children. There may be a few exceptions to this rule, but they are very few. It is written, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—*New York Advocate.*

NAMING A CHILD.

Complete disgrace sat with me, on a little old-fashioned sofa at a country wedding one time as I laughed when in response to the parson's question, the girl at the altar said her name was Adoplane. When I remarked that the name was unusual, the mother looked up with a pride and said: "Yes, I named Addie after a steamboat!" It was then that disgrace tickled me in the ribs and I suddenly recalled that I got there by accident—a breakdown on the road—and was just in time to witness a country wedding in a little old log house, almost hidden in a nest of blooming apple trees. And when I hear odd names, peculiar names, names so unsuited to winsome baby, dear little child, grown woman, mother or grandmother, I think of the steamboat's namesake. A name should signify something for a baby is:

The next member in the household.
The golden link between husband and wife.
The great duty of their lives.
And in the child are all possibilities.
Health, mentality, spirituality.
The progress of a new race.
The quest of divinity.

So do not name her after a steamboat, a flower, a certain bright star or some fairy. Give the child a dignified name, for that may be all you will be able to give it.—*Selected.*

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

SELECTED BY GRACE E. MOATS.

We know not what it is,
Dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still;
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and dead,
If they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
Not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us,
This life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—
And blessed is the thought!
"So death is sweet to us, beloved!
We may not tell it to the quick—
This mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would,
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not
With knowledge or intent:
So those who enter death must go
As little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe
That God is overhead:
And as life is to the living,
So death is to the dead.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE APPLE.

"If you eat a ripe apple before going to bed, the doctor will surely be begging his bread," is an old, old rhyme, and means, not that the doctor deserves to lose his occupation, but that, if people would eat proper foods and live hygienically, there would be no need of such occupation, or instead of trying to undo the effects of the foolish things people do, he might be teaching the ignorant how to remain in

good health by proper living. Although many people can not eat a raw apple without paying a penalty for the indulgence because of having abused the stomach, an apple, cooked without sugar, is often a real comfort to even a delicate stomach, since it is much more digestible, and the heat of the cooking does not lessen the good effects of the malic acid it contains. This acid, when free from sugar, will diminish the unpleasant acids which generate in the stomach from a combination of rich, fatty foods, and this is why unsweetened stewed apples are served with roast goose, ducks or pork. Chemists assure us that the apple contains a great deal of phosphorus, and phosphorus counteracts nerve waste in the human system; sluggish livers are stirred and bilious disorders are overcome by the natural use of malic acid in its natural state, and it is claimed that the acid is unchanged when the fruit is boiled or baked. It is a fact that many of the most wholesome fruits are the cheapest, and that people who live largely on these substances are invariably stronger and more healthy than those who subsist on the rarer, more expensive foods. Cooked apples, in some form, should be served with every meal.—*Selected.*

THOUGHTS THAT FIT THE FARMER.

WAGON wheels are the wheels that carry the farmer's fortune.

Do not buy from every man who has to sell, nor sell to every man who wants to buy.

The work we do cheerfully is a pleasure. Thus we may give ourselves wholly over to pleasure.

Be worthy of credit, but don't use it very often. Cash in hand is worth two credits on the books when it comes to purchasing power.

Never slight a man because of his poverty, for tomorrow he may be rich and slight you for the same reason.

Child life is the best life; it is what we begin with and what we end with. When a man gets tired being a man which he will if he lives long enough, he is content to be a child again. He is a man but once; he may be a child twice.

Reliable statistics go to show that nearly seven hundred million pounds of sugar are now made in the United States yearly, which is an allowance of eight and one-half pounds for every man, woman, and child.

Wichita, Kansas, now has six alfalfa mills, in which about five hundred tons of hay can be ground into meal daily.

There are many poultry raisers who believe in milk for fowls. There are many others who have never heard of the benefits that might be derived from the practice. Milk is both meat and drink. Try it, and you will find that the hens will do much better laying. —*Unidentified.*

STEAK EN CASSEROLE.

SIFT together one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Into this dip one and one-half pounds of round steak cut into pieces for serving. Lay the pieces in an earthen baking dish or casserole and sprinkle remaining flour lightly between the layers. Peel two large onions and stick four or five cloves in them. Lay on the meat. Cover with warm water and bake two hours. Keep tightly covered and the meat will be tender and form its own gravy.—*Adapted from Good Housekeeping.*

"WHEN nuts have become stale, let them stand over night in equal parts of milk and water, and you will be surprised how it helps."

The Children's Corner

EATING HIS WAY.

FREDDIE despised the multiplication table. It made you ache all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny colored candies. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the table cloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it."

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your tables. Freddie went to work with a will, and when the teacher (that is, mamma) said, "School's out," he had learned five tables. He didn't eat them till after school.

One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I presume you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

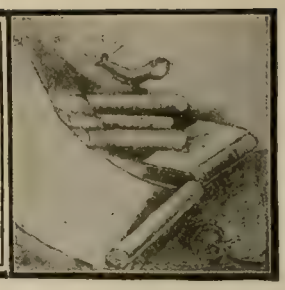
"Oh, no'm!" eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine!"

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie. And he went home, wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide. —*Youth's Companion.*



THE QUIET HOUR



HINDERED CHRISTIANS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" Gal. 5: 7.

A good many Christians are like a boat we saw not long ago. A storm had pushed it high on the shore. It could not proceed. It was not wrecked, but it was stranded. And there are not wrecked but *stranded Christians.* They did run well but something has hindered them.

Some are young Christians who ran well for a time, but have stopped. Some are old Christians who keep up the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. Like soldiers "marking time," they are moving, but they are not marching. They are going through motions, but they are not going ahead. Are you a hindered one?

I. *What are some common hindrances?*

(*a*) Worldliness. The attractions of the world sidetrack us. Atalanta delayed Hippomenes by the attraction of three golden apples. So in life's race have golden apples hindered many a Christian.

(*b*) The cares of the world are often a great hindrance. It is our privilege to lay aside every weight, to cast our care on God, to trust him with ourselves and our cares too, and run with patience the race set before us.

(*c*) Then many are hindered by secret sins. We are not only to lay aside our weights, but "the sin that doth so easily beset us."

(*d*) Laxness of creed is another stumbling block. Like with these Galatians many have been hindered by first *perverting* and then not *obeying* the truth. The very purpose of good doctrine is to lead to good living. Laxness of creed always leads to laxness of life.

(*e*) And Satan takes positive measures to hinder us. Like an army, cutting down forests in the path of invaders on purpose to hinder them, so does Satan lay plans to delay and defeat us.

II. *What are some of the signs or indications of our thus being hindered Christians?*

The condition comes upon us quite unconsciously sometimes. It takes a little attention to know just where we are. How, then, are we to know when we are in this hindered state?

Some signs:

(*a*) Loss of relish for private devotions. Not that we have given up the practice of prayer, but we do not enjoy it as we once did.

(*b*) Loss of interest in God's Word. Not that we have given up reading it, but we do not love to read it as we once did.

(*c*) Thinking lightly of sin. We may know sin as before, but find ourselves inclined to palliate and excuse it.

(*d*) Loss of zeal in spiritual work.

Do you find any such indications of being a hindered Christian?

III. *How, then, are we to get a new start?*

The electric car with the trolley off must get back into touch with the source of power. So must the hindered Christian get back into touch with God. The church at Ephesus was told what to do in such a case. We must do the same.

1. "Remember."
2. "Repent."
3. "Do the first works."

Back into communion with God, back to our Bibles, back to the *Christian's native air.* Back to a life of prayer, to first principles and first love and first works. A new devotion to these, so, and only so, can a Christian get into the way again, and go on unhindered.

THE MASTER IS COMING.

They said: "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if he should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain;
And honor the guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore,
And I said: "I cannot listen,

Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale, and gray—
And said: "O let me stop and rest
Awhile in your house, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today!
I look for a great and noble guest."
And the cripple went away
And the day wore on swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him
And serve him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of teardrops,
And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you!
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept over his blue-veined brow.
"Some one will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dark alone;
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home!"
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept,
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, in spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And his face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care:
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled"

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And he said, "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of mine,
You have failed to comfort me."

—Author Unknown.

THE DIVINE GRACE.

The nearest approach we have on earth to the divine grace is the relation of the mother to the child. It was not the wealth of Pharaoh's daughter that prompted the faithful care of the nurse for the infant Moses, found by the river's brink. It was the motive power of mother love.

In a testimony service, a man once stated that it took him forty years to learn three things about the grace of God. The first was that it could not be bought; the second that it could be had free; and the third that if it could be bought, no one would be able to pay what it was worth. Let us note how true these facts are. Salvation cannot be bought because we have nothing wherewith to purchase it. All we have and are belongs to God. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light. A Christian must be willing to acknowledge himself indebted to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for everything. If we would attempt to compensate him for his favor, it would be endeavoring simply to pay him with something that already belonged to him. We are needy pensioners on his bounty. And if we could pay for salvation, who could begin to offer a reasonable compensation? It is not of works, lest any man should boast. If by our own efforts or merit we could gain eternal blessings, it would make the soul even more proud and disobedient than it already is. Gratitude is essential for godliness. Since we have nothing by which we could purchase salvation, and if we had it would be a detriment, rather than a benefit, God deals with us upon the only plane that is left: to make his salvation a free gift.

And is not this his plan in all his dealings with men? Whoever could pay God for any of the benefits of life, for this earth, rich with its treasures of silver and gold, its mountains and hills, its broad prairies and billowy seas? Whoever could pay him for the balmy breezes which fan the fevered cheek, for the warm sunshine, for the flowers smiling by the pathway? And further still whoever could have compensated our Lord Jesus Christ for coming down to this world to teach and toil and sacrifice and suffer and die for our sins? Such gifts are beyond price.—*From "For the Life that Now Is."*

An imitation diamond, no matter how perfect, will not shine in the dark. A real one will. So it is with an imitation Christian. A genuine follower of Jesus shines anywhere.—*Peninsula Methodist.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



"Sake," pronounced "sak-i," is a Japanese fermented liquor made from rice. For years it has been a problem how to classify this liquor under our tariff laws. The supreme court recently held it to be a "still wine," and as such dutiable at 50 cents a gallon.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, on coming into office Jan. 1, entirely ignored the old Tammany ring in his appointments. The men he chose to conduct the business of the metropolis are all regular Democrats, but the Tammany "tiger," which has so long fattened off the spoils of the city government, will go hungry for once.

Postoffice officials are considering the employment of automobiles instead of the pneumatic tubes for the handling of mails in New York and other cities. It is claimed that autos can carry any kind of mail while tubes can only handle first class mail. Besides the tube costs $17,000 a mile to install.

Representative A. Pat Murphy of Missouri, has introduced a bill in the House to prohibit the publication by newspapers of divorce news or scandalous matter. He would make any such publication punishable by two years in the penitentiary. Mr. Murphy proposes to have the postoffice officials act as censors of the press.

Although the passenger men of the western railroads have agreed not to give special rates to conventions that will be held prior to June of this year, they have been unable to agree with respect to homeseekers' rates in 1910, and have passed the problem up to the executive officials of the roads.

On account of having received advices that plague is raging in Guayaquil, Ecuador, the war department has asked the Secretary of State to consider the advisability of enforcing a quarantine against that city. There is a heavy traffic between Guayaquil and the Canal Zone. The Ecuador city is notoriously unsanitary.

Not being impressed with the hookworm theory Gov. Hadley declines to name delegates to the hookworm convention to be held in Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 18. He will also decline to join in the request of Thomas D. Cannon of the St. Louis convention bureau in extending an official invitation to the hookwormers to hold their next convention in St. Louis.

Alleging violation of the anti-trust laws and illegal combination in restraint of trade, the federal grand jury at New York City has returned an indictment against the Paper Board association. The association comprises 140 paper manufacturers, who were indicted as individuals and firms. Ninety defendants represented by counsel pleaded not guilty. Bench warrants were ordered issued for the remaining defendants.

Because of the increase in the cost of living the war department announces a deficit of $1,595,635 for the subsistence department during the present year. The army has appealed to Congress to relieve the situation by appropriating more money. Senators Elkins of West Virginia and Crawford of North Dakota have introducted resolutions calling for a rigid investigation into the causes of raising prices of living.

Toward the close of last year, the four-mile tunnel through the Andes on the line of the new transandine railway between Chili and Argentine was broken through. The tunnel lies on the Chilian side of the boundary line between the two countries, and forms the summit of a new single-track road. It is expected that the tunnel will be completed and the whole line opened in the spring of the present year.

The British Congo section of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, 134 miles in length, was formally opened on December 12th. It extends from the Chartered Company's terminus at Broken Hill to the southern frontier of the Congo Independent State. This completes a continuous British line of 2,147 miles north from Cape Town. Work is in progress on an additional 160 miles, which will probably be completed in the autumn of 1910.

Gov. Harmon of Ohio, in his message to the Legislature at the opening of the session, took an advanced stand on tax reform. He demanded that all public service corporations should pay taxes on the basis of the market value of their stocks, and not on any nominal value assigned to their visible property. He also recommended drastic legislation against the loan-sharks and the ratification by the Legislature of the income-tax amendment to the federal constitution now awaiting the action of the States.

Uncle Sam is now experimenting with oil as fuel, the intention being to utilize it instead of coal on warships. The oil would not occupy much space, and the bunker room now used for coal could be utilized for other supplies, or the present amount of space could be used for fuel and the vessel could travel twice as far as at present without stopping. Naval authorities hesitate to adopt oil as fuel, fearing that such action would cause an increase in the price of that product.

It is a well-known fact that with the ordinary steam engine four-fifths, or even nine-tenths of the power in the coal is wasted, in the form of the heat that goes up the chimney. A new system is now being introduced whereby the exhaust steam from an ordinary high-pressure engine is used to run a low-pressure steam turbine, thus doubling the efficiency. In this way about 40 per cent of the potential heat of the coal can be utilized. One of the new subway power stations in New York has adopted this scheme.

At Mourmelon, France, Jan. 7, Hubert Latham established a new record for height when he sent his monoplane to an altitude of 3,300 feet, beating by more than 1,000 feet the previous height records. Louis Paulhan is credited with a height of 2,000 feet over the same course that Latham followed. Latham used an officially controlled barometer, and there is no question of the height he attained.

Chairman Berry of the Illinois State railroad and warehouse commission, who has been investigating the coal and wheat car shortage, has addressed a letter to the railroads of the State advising them that many cars and locomotives which were sent to round houses in 1907 to be repaired have never been repaired, but are now lying idle. He demands that this condition be remedied. Coal men who have just appeared before the commission say that it is almost impossible to get cars in southern Illinois.

Plans by which they will be more successful in rounding up the criminal element, the installation of the whipping post for wife-beaters and other reforms to uphold the peace and dignity of the commonwealth will be discussed by officers and members of the Washington State Sheriff's association at the annual meeting at North Yakima on January 18. The primary purpose of the convention is to bring the county peace officers closer together, with a view to concerted action in ridding the State of criminal element and discouraging invasions by others.

Sultan Mulai Hafid of Morocco paid the Mont de Pietre national pawnshop of France $400,000 and recovered the jewels of twice this value that were pawned by Abdul Aziz, his predecessor. Owing to the insistence of Mulai, the pawnshop yielded a point and surrendered the jewels despite the fact that the pawn ticket was missing. El Mokri first intervened on behalf of Mulai two months ago, but was unsuccessful, as he could not produce the ticket. In the collection of jewels were many of the State jewels of Morocco. Dealers from all over the world had gathered in Paris in expectation of the auction sale of the collection of jewels.

Under direction of Hugh L. Cooper of New York a force of men is at work completing investigations preliminary to final action on the construction of a dam across the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa. The dam is to produce 200,000 electric horsepower and will cost $15,000,000. The franchise under which the right to dam the river at that place was granted expires February 9. The plans are complete and have been approved by the war department. Congress allows five years to complete the work, but Mr. Cooper says it can be done in two. A large part of the power will go to St. Louis.

On request of the State live stock commissioners, Governor Deneen has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation into Illinois of cattle from 14 States. The States from which cattle will not be received, under the wording of the proclamation, are California, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. The bar against the Southern cattle runs from February 1 to November 1, 1910, except where the cattle are accompanied by certificates from the inspector of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry that they are free from fever.

By a decision of the Canada railroad commission all highways throughout the Dominion must pass in future either below or above railways.

Chemist Wiley of the department of agriculture declares very little bleached flour is now going into interstate commerce. He says flour is bleached just to please the eye. Dr. Wiley doesn't want bread white as a corpse, but with a nice amber tint. Several cases are pending against millers for bleaching flour and a fund of $100,000 has been raised to fight the enforcement of the law.

Former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii and party recently passed through Chicago, en route to Washington. Former Prince Kalanianaole, son of the former queen, is one of the party. He said the object of their trip is to secure more liberal laws regarding the holding of land in the Sandwich Islands. The prince says conditions are better than before annexation, but that Japan would sooner or later cause trouble.

According to the New York State department of labor there is a continued decline in idleness. At the end of September the percentage of idleness among trades union men was 10.3, against 22.5 in 1908 and 10.5 in 1907. The average earnings of the union workingmen in the State who had some employment during July, August and September of 1909 were $233. During the same quarter in 1908 it was $207, and in 1907 it was $227, or up to this time the highest on record.

While France is at a standstill in the matter of population, her great rival Germany is rapidly growing. The imperial yearbook just issued at Berlin puts the population of Germany on June 30, 1909, at 63,886,000. This shows an increase of about a million a year at the present time. Germany is a much younger country than France, and has not yet "got her growth." The French have tried in many ways to encourage an increase of their population, but without success, for it stands practically still at about 39,000,000. And as a country can only raise an army in proportion to its population, this matter has an important bearing on the question of war. France has never forgotten the great victory Germany won over her in the war of 1871, and has always been wishing a time might come when she could "get even" with her neighbor over the Rhine—but Germany is now leaving her so far behind in population that it looks as if they were no longer in the same class as nations.

Francesco Satolli, one of the five cardinal bishops of the Catholic church, died recently at Rome after a three weeks' illness of nephritis. He was professor of congregational studies at the time of his death. Cardinal Francesco Satolli was born of noble family in Marsciano, arch-diocese of Perugia, July 21, 1839. In the course of his distinguished career he made three memorable visits to the United States. He came first as papal representative to the Catholic congress and celebration of the centenary of the Catholic hierarchy in November, 1889. His next visit was in October, 1893, when he represented the Pope at the Chicago world's fair under appointment as first apostolic delegate to the United States. It was during this visit that he was appointed cardinal. His third visit after he attained the rank of cardinal bishop in June, 1904, was notable for the reason that it was the first time a cardinal was permitted to leave Rome on other than official business.



Among the Magazines



THE PRICE OF BETTERMENT.

The terrible Cherry mine disaster has again aroused public sentiment to at least a momentary sense of the wickedness of exposing miners and others in hazardous industries to unnecessary risk of life and limb. An immense amount of maudlin sentiment is being indulged in on the subject; on all sides is heard the demand that more should be done to safeguard poor miners, etc.—but the stern fact remains that greater precautions mean greater cost of running, and this in turn means higher prices for coal.

Strange to say, many of the people who are loudest in their demands for the elevation and protection of workingmen are the first to rebel against the extra expense improved methods involve. For our part, we would be glad to pay double the present price of coal in order that everything human ingenuity could suggest might be done to make the mining of it safe—but we judge that is not the prevailing sentiment. The general run of people want the very utmost for their money; they care nothing for the conditions under which work is done and they are only in favor of those reforms which can be secured without any sacrifice of their own, and at the expense of some one else.

We beg to repeat what we have so frequently pointed out; that every step in the uplift of humanity is bound to cost and that improvements which cost nothing are worth only what they cost. Shorter hours for workmen means smaller output and higher prices; pure food means higher prices; safe railroading for employees means higher passenger and freight rates; prohibition of child labor means bigger prices to pay for cotton goods, etc., and so on throughout the whole field of progress. Everything good costs, and it is well that it is so; fairy gifts are never appreciated; we have to earn what we receive if we are to be really bettered by it.

In other words, you and I must be willing and ready to enjoy less of this world's benefits in order that standards may be raised; we cannot expect that the cost of elevating society can be saddled onto others; we must carry our share of the burden, and if we balk under the load we are failures. When you hear some one advocating some reform, test his sincerity by seeing if he is prepared to do something himself, in the way of individual sacrifice, to bring that reform about. Those who make it their object in life to get all they can and keep all they get, who insist on the maximum of luxury for themselves and are unwilling to suffer any personal privation are not at heart interested in their fellow-men, no matter how loud their protestations may be.

A little less tight grip on the dollars and cents, a little less strict accounting of debits and credits, a little less deference to money, a little less coveting of what others have, and a little relaxation of the idea that "business is business"—this is what we ought to aim for as a foundation for social betterment. Jesus has shown the way, and it is easy to follow him, but you must be willing to leave your nets behind; that is the hard condition, and this is why real moral advancement is so slow. The money question pervades and dominates everything, and it will just as long as we indulge our covetousness of things worldly. And our reformation must come from within ourselves, not from without. When we have mastered ourselves all the rest will come easy.—The Pathfinder.

* * *

THE COST OF LIVING AND THE REMEDIES.

If the discussion of the "cost of living" problem has yielded no "immediate" or sovereign remedies for the evil of rising prices it has, at any rate, brought home to the average reader the complexity of the subject and the futility of expecting any single, all-sufficient plan of action. The more the problem is considered the clearer it becomes that not one but many measures will need to be adopted by legislatures and citizens in order to check the upward tendency in prices of necessaries and comforts of life, and that these measures will be of a permanent and slow-but-sure character.

However, there is one word which perhaps sums up the effects to be aimed at by all the measures that are deemed imperative, and that word is "abundance." A great French economist urged "abundance" as the be-all and end-all of economic and political policy, but this led him to attack protection and trade unionism and restrictive legislation in the interest of public health and racial vigor. It is not at all necessary to go as far as he went in applying his remedy of "abundance." It is certain, however, that the mounting cost of living is due to scarcity in a comparative sense.

Thus James J. Hill and Secretary Wilson say that the increase of population has not been accompanied by a proportionate increase in the farming section of it, and also that our agricultural methods are insufficient. Political economists point out that excessive protection breeds monopoly and scarcity. Transportation and other monopolies are charged by many with responsibility for high prices, and the utilization of our water ways is advocated not only on the ground that it will lower freight rates but also on the more important ground that it will stimulate production and the development of resources that are either neglected or merely scratched now, owing to the difficulty of marketing products under present conditions.

What these and other thinkers are proposing, therefore, is increase of goods and of the facilities of handling and selling them—abundance, in short. Solid prosperity, it has been said repeatedly, comes out of the soil. The country needs more farmers, more producers, more and better instruments of distribution, healthier trade conditions, wise regulation of monopoly, prevention of waste, scientific and efficient agricultural and industrial processes. These are the "long run" remedies for scarcity and dearness. Conserve, develop, fight extortion masquerading

as legitimate protection, improve river transportation, utilize water power—and one of the results of these beneficent policies will be reasonable prices.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE RECENT INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE SOUTH.

Fifty years ago practically no water powers of any size were utilized in the South, but the growth of the textile industries in the Southern States, and the advance in the knowledge of transmitting electric power have given a wonderful impetus to their development. This growth has been especially marked during the last five or ten years, the increase during that time being many fold. Today many of the cotton mills and other factories of the South are operated by electric power from the neighboring rivers, and electric-light companies and railroads have come into life without the construction of steam plants to provide power. Water powers which for generations have remained idle are now being utilized, with splendid returns upon the money required for their development.

The wonderful industrial growth of the Southern States has been partially due to the development of the water powers. South Carolina, which formerly had practically no mills, now stands second only to Massachusetts in the number of its spindles, while North Carolina and Georgia stand, respectively, fourth and fifth in rank as cotton-goods manufacturers. During the last fifteen years, for which figures are available, while Massachusetts increased her output of cotton goods 490 per cent and Rhode Island 19 per cent, South Carolina has increased 730 per cent, North Carolina 580 per cent, and Georgia 233 per cent. In 1880 there were 667,000 spindles in operation in the South. In 1890 the number was 1,712,000, and in 1905 it had increased to 9,205,000. In 1880 the capital invested in cotton mills in the South was $21,000,000, in 1890 $60,000,000, and in 1905 $225,000,000, while the value of the cotton crop has increased over $350,000,000. During the same period the capital invested in manufacturing has grown from $257,000,000 to $1,500,000,000.

Water powers have been developed on nearly every river of any size from the Potomac to the Gulf, and nearly all the larger Southern cities now have either electric energy delivered to them from water powers, or have in contemplation plans for the utilization of such power, the cheapness and convenience of which will enable them to compete with their neighbors. Great plants are now in operation on the James, Cape Fear, Yadkin, Catawba, Broad, Savannah, and other streams, and the cities of Charlotte, Augusta, Atlanta, Richmond, Raleigh, Greenville, and many others, are building electric energy developed by water power to a very large and rapidly increasing degree. Already water powers aggregating more than 500,000 horsepower have been developed and are being utilized.

Today there are hundreds of miles of copper and aluminum wire stretched upon steel towers and wooden poles, carrying energy a distance of from 50 to 100 miles from the source of power, and making possible the construction of mills and factories at points favorable to transportation and to health, instead of requiring the mill to be built on low ground close to the river, where ill health, and consequent poor work, are bound to follow, thus greatly reducing the output of the cotton mills.—From "Water Powers of the South," by Henry A. Pressey, in the American Review of Reviews for January.

THE THREE R'S IN THE MODERN SCHOOL.

Fundamentally, the trouble with our system of public education is that children learn a little about a great many things, without gaining much really definite knowledge of anything which is likely to stand them in good stead in later life; and, what is equally bad, they do not acquire methods of accurate thinking. This criticism applies to education in every branch, and has been true from the beginning because our theories have been wrong. But just now it is peculiarly true that our public school system has defects which are so palpable, and for which remedies are so easily found, that we should no longer permit things to remain as they are.

Our public school system is decidedly behind those of several of the enlightened nations of Europe, notably Germany and Scandinavia, and we ought to realize it. This is a blow to our national pride, but unless we frankly admit our faults, there is little prospect either of repentance or of bringing forth works meet for repentance.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the American people that the so-called "three R's" are not grounded in the youthful minds of this generation as they should be. Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic are the tools of the human mind. Without them, almost nothing of an intellectual sort can be accomplished. We ought to put the very best tools in the hands of our children, and they should be kept in the best possible condition. Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, recently told in a lecture how one of his brightest students did not know the letters of the alphabet in their order, and in consequence was much hampered in the use of a dictionary. When it comes to writing, we have retrograded. At various times much stress has been laid on various systems of penmanship which have been in turn adopted and discarded, with the result that few children write so well as they should, or so well as did their forebears at the same age. As to composition, most children are befogged at the simplest test.

Forty years ago oral spelling was one of the principal features of school work. It was an intellectual discipline of the highest order, and had many more virtues than that of teaching to spell correctly. Is there a gray-haired man or woman who reads this and who does not remember the intellectual, moral, and spiritual uplift that came from "spelling down" twice a day? To fail in public was a grievous misfortune, and there was no greater mental and moral stimulus afforded than this exercise. But nowadays children write their spelling almost exclusively, and get their marked papers back long after they have forgotten them. Written spelling has its advantages, but it is by no means a proper substitute for the older fashion. Also, we used to study etymology, so that with a knowledge of roots, suffixes, and prefixes the dictionary was less needed than now—when it isn't used at all. Why was this useful study abandoned?—From "What is Wrong with Our Public Schools?" in January Lippincott's.

THE SPORTSMAN AND THE HUMANE CAUSE.

HUNTING, the hard work of our savage ancestors, has become the play of some men of the present civilization. It did involve bravery and a certain amount of physical courage for a naked savage to face a bear with no other weapons but a bow and a knife; but today conditions are entirely different.

There is absolutely nothing heroic in hunting with

a modern high-power rifle. These guns kill at any distance at which the hunter can see the game and sight the gun. In many instances the game is killed before it is aware that any danger threatened it. In the United States and Canada there are now practically no wild animals that will not gladly run from man if they are allowed to do so. In the days of Lewis and Clark the grizzly bears showed little respect for man, but a century in contact with gun-carrying frontiersmen, has taught them better. Probably there is no place in the United States where, as far as danger from wild animals is concerned, a man may not roll up in his blanket and go to sleep in perfect safety.

Too many boys are stirred by stories of hunting and trapping, as something brave and heroic. The fact is that trapping is a hard, cruel, and bloody business, and that hunting big game nowadays is principally a matter of time and money. The man that has the time and money can travel to almost any place in fair comfort, he can make himself very comfortable in the woods, and paid guides will generally find the game for him. It may be interesting, even fascinating, to the hunter, his trip may invigorate for further strenuous affairs of business in the city, but there is no heroism in it, nothing which a boy should especially strive to emulate. Even in Africa and Asia hunting with a high-power rifle involves little danger and no heroism, with the exception of hunting a few man-eating lions and tigers.

All killing of wild animals where the carcass is not used, but simply left to rot or feed the wolves, must be classed as unnecessary and therefore barbarous butchery.

No small boys should be allowed to go around with an air gun shooting at every small bird they get sight of. If any English sparrows have to be killed it should not be left to the boys. When the boy grows older he should not be turned loose with a twenty-two rifle with which he will shoot at everything that flies, walks, or creeps, and endanger his own life and that of other people. A far better way is to buy the boy a camera instead of a gun, and teach him to use his eyes and keep a notebook.

To get a good picture of a moose, a deer, or an eagle is generally much more difficult, takes more endurance, more patience and determination than killing with a gun. I have hunted with a camera for a week at a time, climbing tall, limbless trees, carrying a heavy, pack over bad trails, crouching in a canoe all day long, wading beaver ponds and getting up at all hours of the night, and have come home with possibly a dozen first-class pictures. Had I hunted with a gun in the same district it would have been easy to kill a carload of game.

If every boy and man that wants to kill a deer or a squirrel would have to look the innocent creatures in the eyes at close distance before he killed them, there would be very few deer hunters and squirrel hunters.—*Prof. Diedrich Lange, from paper read at Convention of Humane Association, St. Paul, Minn.*

SLATE THAT IS PLASTIC.

A MOLDABLE slate is a mixture formed by combining about one part of coal tar and four parts of slate dust and is recommended for covering large wounds in trees. This mass must be about the consistency of not too thick glaziers' putty, so that it can be balled and rolled out in the hand. Slate dust can easily be made by crushing small pieces of slate. The mass sticks to wood, to metal, to stone, and in fact to everything that is not greasy, and closes every opening airtight. Even if applied in a very thin layer it hardens only on the surface, remains elastic, does not chip off in winter or run in summer. It is excellent as a tightening agent for water pipes, whether of wood, metal, or stone, for casks and many kinds of vessels. If the ordinary putty cracks away from the window parts of greenhouses and hotbed frames the damage can be repaired without delay with the aid of this preparation. If extensive wounds on trees are covered with this mixture, which can best be applied by means of a knife or a flat stick, they will remain for years absolutely protected from air and moisture. The edges of the wounds heal over rapidly. If the black color is objectionable, sand, ashes, etc., can be scattered over it and pressed in.—*Scientific American.*

Between Whiles

Little three-year-old Mabel went out for a walk with her father one morning, and as they started to return her father asked, "Shall we walk back, Mabel, or take a street car?"

"I'd razzer walk," she replied, "if 'ou will carry me."—Our Young Folks.

Freshy: "Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Professor: "There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column. Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Buyers for some good well improved farms near the following (Brethren's) churchhouse, Rockingham, Wacanda and Bethany, in Ray Co., Mo. Write me. —J. H. Shirky, Norborne, Mo., R. 4.

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Form Q. First Birthday—Girls.—Photograph of girl baby with border of snowdrops and colored leaves. One candle burns at top of card.

Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

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NEFF'S CORNER

Some of you have learned through the Messenger of my intention to leave Mexico, and it is proper that something be said here as to the business side of that change. I already had enough money placed in my hands by clients to be used in the purchase of lands in Mexico to have yielded me several hundred dollars of profit. It was understood by these buyers that I was buying land myself and would be there to personally superintend the improvement and cultivation of it. I held this money in my own possession until I was sure as to what was the proper thing to do, and when I became convinced that it was not wise for me to remain, I notified my people that I was expecting to leave Mexico and that their money was held subject to their order. I might have invested this money and induced others to invest and thus have made a nice sum in commissions. On the other hand I made these personal investigations at a cost of hundreds of dollars to myself, but at a cost of not one cent to those who placed confidence in me. It rather seems to me that the man who cannot apply the Golden Rule in business ought to either stay out of business or out of the church, or out of both. If you want to know more about some of these California propositions you read about, write me and I will tell you what I think.

JAMES M. NEFF, **Long Beach, Cal.**

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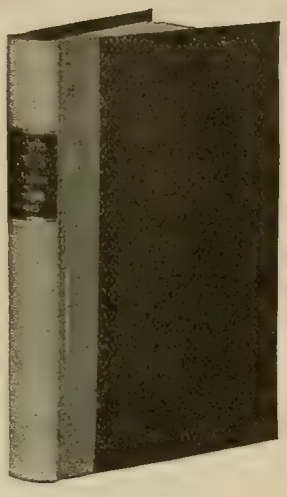
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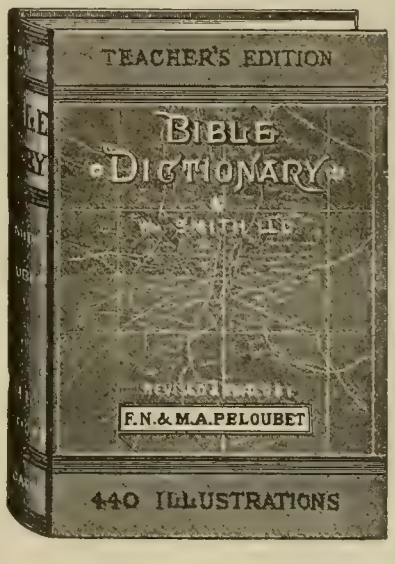
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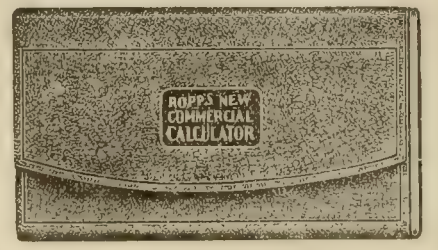
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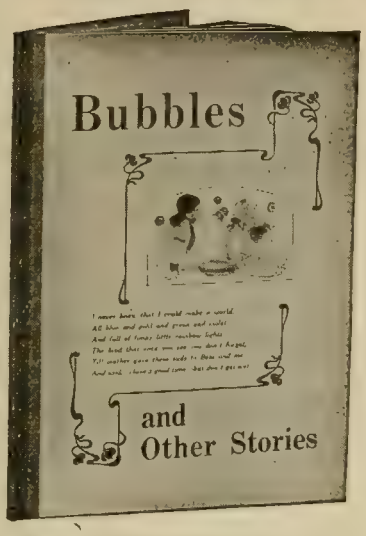
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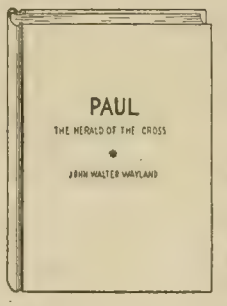
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

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52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





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THE INGLENOOK

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Character Studies With Hawthorne

Prof. Otho Winger, Manchester College, Indiana

III. The Birthmark.

AYLMER was a man of science, unreservedly devoted to study and experiment. He had, however, taken enough time from his laboratory to woo and wed a very beautiful young woman, Georgiana. Her only apparent defect was a birthmark in the center of her left cheek. It was said that a fairy had laid its tiny hand upon Georgiana's cheek at her birth and left there a token of many magic endowments with which she wielded great influence over her friends. When her cheek bore its usual color, the mark was plainly to be seen; if she blushed, it almost faded away; if she turned pale, it seemed to be a crimson-like stain upon her snow-white cheek. Some jealous ones of her own sex said that her beauty was completely marred by this mark. Others thought that it made her even more charming; while her masculine friends felt that it was the only bar to her claim of being the most lovely person in the world.

Aylmer at first thought little of it but as he realized that this was her only defect, it became more and more intolerable. "It was the fatal flaw of humanity which Nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffacedly on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary or finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain. The crimson hand expressed the ineludible gripe in which mortality clutches the highest and purest of earthly mould, degrading them into kindred with the lowest, and even with the very brutes, like whom their visible frames return to dust. In this manner, selecting it as the symbol of his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death, Aylmer's somber imagination was not long in rendering the birthmark a frightful object, causing him more trouble and horror than ever Georgiana's beauty, whether of soul or sense, had given him delight."

Her first intimation of his feelings was when he asked her whether she had ever thought it could be removed. He told her that it might be a charm on some other face but since it was on her otherwise perfect form it shocked him. Her realization of this fact brought a pang to her heart. The more conscious she became of it, the more it worried Aylmer. He even dreamed of it and betrayed his real feelings by talking in his sleep. At last she could stand it no longer. She begged him to remove the mark if it was in any way possible, saying, "Let the attempt be made at any risk. Danger is nothing to me; for life, while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror and disgust, life is a burden which I would fling down with joy."

Aylmer assured her that he was confident it could be removed. The next day he conducted her to his laboratory where his servant, Aminadab, worked at his bidding. On the way Georgiana's pale face caused the tiny hand to appear more crimson than ever before. Aylmer noticed it and a strong convulsive shudder shook his frame. She could not endure his terrible gaze and fainted in his arms. When she was restored to consciousness by one of his magic charms, she begged him never to crush her with such a look again.

He and Aminadab then exhibited many marvelous experiments, each succeeding one revealing to her the great power and wisdom of her husband. He even professed the ability to concoct a liquid that would prolong life interminably. In the meantime they were quietly administering to her powerful agents that would, in Aylmer's opinion, remove the only bar to their happiness and his triumphant victory.

Georgiana spent these tedious hours in reading many of the books in the room, one of which contained a full record of Aylmer's many experiments. In this she saw that most of his high ideals and attempts had ended in absolute failure. But she loved him more than ever. Then feeling an unrestrained curiosity, she ventured to follow him to his secret laboratory where she beheld him earnestly watching a liquid that Aminadab was preparing. When Aylmer was aware of her presence he hastily led her back to

the boudoir, where he confessed to her that he had already used agents powerful enough to change her whole physical system and that there was great danger of fatal results. She bade him not to hesitate, saying, "There is but one danger,—that this horrible stigma shall be left upon my cheek!" Even in the shadow of death she honored his lofty ideals of human perfection and "prayed that for a single moment she might satisfy his deepest and highest conception."

Her husband soon returned, bringing a crystal goblet containing the prepared liquid—the last resort. He was perfectly sure it would bring success and she was perfectly willing to try it at any cost. She joyfully drank the contents and almost immediately fell asleep. Aylmer watched at her side with the greatest anxiety. He observed every minute movement and change of her body. For a time he was most fearful. Then his hopes arose, for surely be beheld the birthmark fading away. Success, indeed, had crowned his efforts. His peerless bride was absolutely perfect. But she was so very pale.

Then she awoke and smiled faintly at him. "My poor Aylmer," she said, "you have aimed loftily; you have done nobly. Do not repent that, with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best the earth could offer. Aylmer, dearest Aylmer, I am dying!"

"Alas! it was too true! The fatal hand had grappled with the mystery of life, and was the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal frame. As the last crimson tint of the birthmark —that sole token of human imperfection—faded from her cheek, the parting breath of the now perfect woman passed into the atmosphere, and her soul, lingering a moment near her husband, took its flight heavenward."

Aylmer's sad experience should be a lesson to all who are looking for perfect men and women: They don't live in this world. If anyone should attain perfection he would be promoted to a realm more congenial to his high attainments. Sometimes we get disgusted with faults in our friends, forgetting that we, like they, are human; and humanity is a synonym for imperfection. Much family infelicity exists because husband and wife are not willing to bear with the imperfections of each other. The great Spurgeon one time said of his wife, "If the dear little woman can put up with me, I surely will put up with her." He who is always annoyed by imperfections makes himself and his friends most miserable.

"Don't look for flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them."

What Is A Postal Savings Bank

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

In the message of the President to Congress when the session opened in December one of the subjects to receive special emphasis and recommendation was a postal savings bank. Yet were the average citizen asked to explain the object and nature of such a bank, he would be at a loss to do so. A strong sentiment for a postal savings bank exists in Congress. It was thought that an effort would be made to throttle it in the present session; on account of this, President Taft called special attention to the matter, and the probability of its establishment by law is very likely. It is well that every citizen and student of public questions become fully acquainted with a postal savings bank.

There are 61,814 postoffices in the United States, located in every section of the country where people are located. It is proposed that each of these offices be authorized to receive deposits from the people and pay interest on the same. This is a brief explanation of a postal savings bank.

Before entering into a fuller discussion, suffice it to say that there are no valid objections to such a bank on the ground of principles. The only question to be considered is how best carry out the purposes of a postal savings bank.

The last report of the comptroller of the currency, who has direct charge of the national banks, shows a total of over 21,000 private, State, savings, trust and national banks (of which number 6,865 belong to the last named). We would not want to detract in the least from the praise that rightly belongs to our American banks, especially the national banks. They are a necessary part and parcel of our financial activity. They are doing splendid work and are absolutely necessary for the carrying on of enterprise and development. Yet there is a need in the banking world that, adequate and efficient as is the present system, they can not supply.

"I believe postal savings banks to be necessary in order to offer a proper inducement to thrift and saving to a great many people of small means who do not now have banking facilities and to whom such a system would offer an opportunity for the accumulation of capital" (President's message). There are two classes of people whom the postal savings bank will reach that the present system can not: First, the class mentioned in the President's message, those who do not have banking facilities; second, that large class of people who hide their money in tin cans or bury it in the ground because they do not trust the banks.

The first class is anxious to start a bank ac-

COUNT, BUT LIVING IN A SPARSELY-SETTLED COUNTRY OR FAR AWAY FROM BANKS, FIND IT VERY INCONVENIENT TO DO SO. "In thirty-two States, with their vast territory, there is but 1.6 per cent of the total savings bank deposits of the United States" (von Meyer). To every deposit bank of any kind, there are three postoffices. Reaching every nook and corner of the land, extending to every farmer's house by means of the rural delivery, the postoffice can meet this need of more convenient banking facilities most thoroughly and extensively. It brings a savings bank to every man's door.

THE SECOND CLASS WHOM A POSTAL SAVINGS BANK WOULD BENEFIT IS TOO DISTRUSTFUL OF OUR BANKS AND HAS FAITH ONLY IN GOVERNMENT INSTITUTIONS. The safest organization is the government. It alone can secure the confidence of this class of people, whose number is only too large. Even though our entire financial fabric is based on confidence and trust, there is no small class of persons who "are afraid, and go and hide their talents in the earth." Only the offer of the government unconditionally guaranteeing the deposits can bring forth from the many hiding places the millions of dollars thus kept out of circulation and practically lost for the time being.

One naturally makes the inquiry, "Will not such a plan harm the existing banks?" While most of the opposition comes from the bankers, we believe that it is an unwarranted fear. The government does not propose to go into the banking business; it wishes to make the postal savings bank an auxiliary to the present system. There is no doubt that a satisfactory scheme of operation can be devised so that the banks will not be harmed.

Several bills (introduced by Senators Borah, Burkett, and Carter) are now before Congress. Whatever plan be accepted it will follow some such course as the following: The government will not offer more than two per cent interest in order not to compete with the banks. The money received in the postoffice will be transferred to the banks in the same community, they paying a rate of interest slightly greater than two per cent, say two and one-fourth per cent, in order to defray expenses, thus making the system self-supporting. Furthermore, some limitation, say $1,000, to the deposits will be made; also the amount that can be deposited in a given time. There are many details but the above will give a sufficient idea of the plan.

Many a tin can, buried box, sewed-up stocking, or cellar bottom will give up its hidden treasure. Over $500,000,000, it is estimated, will thus find its way into the natural channels of trade. Foreigners, instead of sending $72,000,000 across the sea, as in 1908, will keep the greater portion of it in the country where it belongs and is needed. All sections of the nation would have every facility and inducement to save. Contrary to the claims of its enemies, a postal savings bank would not take the money out of the community but deposit it in local banks.

Another strong argument in favor of the postal savings bank must not be overlooked. In times of panic or threatened panic, should people be stricken with that panicky feeling and withdraw their money from the banks to deposit in the postal savings bank, the postoffice would redeposit the money in the bank, thus preventing a run on the bank. In this way the banks would be bolstered up by the postoffices.

As already stated, the government has no desire to go in the banking business in competition with present banks. It does not propose to offer banking facilities in the way of checking accounts, drafts, etc. The object is merely to hold money on time deposit. As to the cry of federal usurpation of private business, or the danger of centralization at Washington, such fears are unfounded. There is no valid objection to the postal savings bank on the ground of principle; and satisfactory methods of putting it into operation can easily be found.

The postoffice is common ground for all, practically always open. The workingman coming home with his week's wages finds the banks closed, but the saloons wide open, and it is hard for him to resist the temptation. The American people are a nation of spendthrifts and prodigals. They earn much; they spend much. It is to give an opportunity to that great number of people who have not yet learned to save, that the postal savings bank should be established. Nothing can be more desirable than a nation of savers and thrifty. ABSOLUTE SAFETY COUPLED WITH WIDESPREAD OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE—THAT IS THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK. AND IF IT BE THAT, IT CAN NOT COME TOO SOON.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.



JOHN PHINNEY, of Morrison, Ill., now eighty-five years old, has a remarkable record as a teacher. He began teaching in the State of Vermont in 1844, received ten dollars per month of twenty-six days to the month and boarded around. He obtained his first certificate to teach from John G. Saxe, the poet who was at that time State superintendent of Vermont. Mr. Phinney came to Illinois in 1854 and began teaching. He has known every State superintendent of Illinois. Sometimes we feel that progress in education is very slow, but when we learn that one man has seen the public schools grow from a mere permissive system to what they are now we may indeed take courage.—*Educational Bulletin.*



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XI.

We find lamps and candles mentioned in 1630 by Mr. Higginson who wrote: "Though New England has no tallow to make candles of yet by abundance of fish thereof it can afford oil for lamps." Though lamps and wicks were found in many homes they were not generally used. The pine-knot was the earliest, most natural and most plentiful method of lighting the home. Betty lamps were the earliest form used, and were a shallow receptacle generally made of pewter, iron, or brass, circular, or oval in shape, about two or three inches in diameter, with a projecting nose an inch or two long. When in use they were filled with tallow or grease, and a wick or piece of twisted rag placed so the lighted end could hang on the nose. They often had a hook and chain by which to hang them up. The Phœbe lamp resembled the Betty lamp but had a shallow cup underneath to catch the dropping grease. Candles were soon made by running grease or wax into moulds, or by the tedious process of dipping. The bayberry furnished a pale green wax for this purpose. In 1686 spermaceti candles were made from whale oil. Candlesticks and snuffers were also found in every home. There was also an article called a "save-all" or "candle-wedge," a little frame of rings or cups with pins, by which the last dying bit of the burning candle was held up.

Charles Francis Adams has ably set forth the discomfort of colonial houses in winter time. Down the great chimneys blew the icy blast so fiercely that Cotton Mather noted on a January Sabbath in 1697, as he shivered before "a great fire, that the juices forced out at the end of short billets of wood by the heat of the flame on which they were laid, yet froze into ice on their coming out." This seems very ridiculous to us. Judge Sewall wrote later that during an extraordinary cold storm of wind and snow, bread froze on the Lord's table. That at 6 o'clock his ink froze so that he could hardly use it, by a good fire in his wife's chamber. If sitting-rooms were such cold places we do not wonder that our ancestors wished to sleep in beds closely curtained with heavy woolen stuffs, or in "slaw-bank" beds by the kitchen fire.

The colonists built as well as they knew for warmth and while the vast amount of wood lasted, their huge fireplaces could be supplied. They sadly needed warmer houses, for in olden times the cold was more piercing, began to nip and pinch earlier in the winter and lasted longer into the spring than it does now; winter came upon the colonists with heavier blasts and fiercer storms than we have to endure.

Stoves are mentioned as early as 1695 and 1700. Dutch stoves and China stoves were the first advertised and used in New England; then the "Philadelphia Fire Stoves," what we now call Franklin grates, came into use. These were all for wood.

All the homeliness and comfort that could be found in a colonial New England home was centered around the great glowing fireplace of the old New England kitchen. In those days the great lug-pole was stretched from ledge to ledge or lug to lug, high up the yawning chimney, and held a great collection of pot-hooks and trammels, of gib-crocks, twicrokes, and hakes, which in turn suspended at various heights over the fire, pots and kettles and other cooking utensils. The skillet and other articles were found in the hearth-corner, and chimney seats and settles were on either side. Above, on the clavel-piece, apples and pumpkin were hung to dry. The andirons added a charm to the fireplace. Fire-dogs made of copper, steel, iron, or brass, appeared at an early date. For the different sizes of logs there were various sizes of andirons.

There are traditions of starvation among the early settlers of New England, which are no doubt to a certain extent, true. Beef and pork which they brought with them from England became tainted, "butter and cheese corrupted and fish rotten." For about three years there was a scarcity of food, and but little variety of fare, yet these people were cheerful. Gov. Winthrop at one time gave his last loaf to a poor neighbor. When the *Lion* arrived loaded with provisions the Fast Day was changed to a Thanksgiving Day.

They always had plenty of fish, and Squanto—an Indian Chief—taught the colonists various methods of catching these treasures of the sea. There were also lobsters and oysters, and every one could "catch and eat all they wished of them." Some of these lobsters, we are told, would weigh twenty-five pounds, and other fish abounded beyond belief. Josselyn tells of two hundred and three different varieties of fish on the coast. Eels were considered a dainty dish.

Next to fish Indian corn was the chief food. In 1675 our first native poet wrote:

"The dainty Indian maize,
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays."

The abundance of Indian corn did much to change the nature of the food of the colonists and to keep them from starvation. The Indians taught the colonists how to plant, care for, harvest, grind, and to cook it in many different ways, and each way was found to be very palatable. Indian pudding was made in the way taught them by the Indians and was cooked in bags. They had, as we do today, hominy, suppaw, pone, and succotash. Hoe-cake and ash-cake were made by the squaws long before the Pilgrims landed. Roasting ears of corn were the foundation of solemn Indian feasts, and all the planters' frolics. Wood says: "Indian corn parched in the hot ashes, the ashes being sifted from it, it is afterwards beaten to powder and put into a long leatherne bag trussed at their back like a knapsacke, out of which they take thrice three spoonfuls a day." By this we see it was carried in bags, on long journeys, and was mixed, before eating with snow in winter and water in summer to be eaten while on the way. Jonne-cake was also made.



For years corn was pounded in wooden mortars with a wooden pestle. Then came the rude hand mill, with upright shafts which were made stationary at the upper end, and fastened at the lower end to the outer edge of a flat, circular stone which revolved in a large mortar. By turning the shaft with one hand the corn could be supplied to the mill with the other. In these days there was very little wheat used for food. New Hampshire at an early date had a kind of oatmeal porridge. The pumpkin was an article of jest until it saved the people from starvation. An early poet wrote:

"We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon—
If it were not for pumpkins we should be undone."

In the list of seeds, fruits and vegetables, furnished the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1628, we find potatoes mentioned. Their cultivation was rare even as late as 1683. Tradition states that the first systematic planting of the potato was in Londonderry, New Hampshire, by Irish settlers. In 1763 a farmer in Hadley raised eight bushels, which was a large crop, as since "if a man ate them every day he could not live beyond seven years." They were regarded as forbidden fruit, and so wholly abandoned as not to have been spoken of in the Bible. When Parson Jonathan Hubbard, of Sheffield, raised twenty bushels in one year he came near being dealt with by the church for his wicked hardihood.

Green peas, turnips, parsnips, carrots, and cucumbers, and many kinds of fruit and berries were raised in abundance. There were also beans, and pot herbs. Waterfowl and game of all kinds were in abundance. Apples, pears and quince were prepared in many ways as we prepare them at the present time. Salmon was so plenty at one time that it brought only five and six cents a pound, but later reached seventeen cents, and a law was made in Maine prohibiting a person from "giving his help to eat of salmon more than three times a week."

At a colonial dinner the pudding was the first served. At a Sunday dinner at the home of John Adams, in 1817, the first course was a pudding of Indian corn, molasses and butter; second, veal, bacon, neck of mutton and vegetables. All dinners in towns were served at precisely noon, and on farms half an hour earlier. Fish was always served for dinner on Sundays. If invited guests were unable to attend a dinner, or if a neighbor was ill, a "taste" of all the food was sent to them "to console them for their deprivation."

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter II.

THE area of ground upon which the Warden House and Cell Houses front is parked and in summer season is decorated by flowers blooming in various-shaped beds. The greenhouse is situated on part of this area, to the front of the West Wing. The plants and flowers are not cultivated alone for outside decoration but beds of blossoms may be seen within the prison yard wherever suitable places present themselves. Within and without, the grounds are kept as scrupulously clean as possible. All debris, and in winter even all the snow that falls on the yard is hauled out to the dump and it is a part of the gate-keeper's work to examine and probe the loads with a long, sharp iron poker. An attempt at escape was once made by a prisoner who crawled in among some old bent pieces of tin roof that had been removed and sent to the dump on a wagon. The load could not be probed and examination showed nothing suspicious. The man had evidently crawled in without the knowledge of the prisoner who did the hauling and at a time when an unsuspicious keeper was not as vigilant as necessary, for the prisoner had reached the dump in safety and was crawling out from the load when he was discovered by the teamster, a trusty negro, and a little later the astonished gate-keeper was greeted by the startling but comical sight of a very crestfallen prisoner marching gloomily along toward the gate, followed by "Sambo" with a stone in his threatening hand, giving orders to the would-be escape to go ahead. Sambo, of course must then receive some reward for his services. He had at some previous time lost his own "Good Time" which he very much wished to regain. Needless to say it was willingly returned to him.

The subject of "Good Time" is one about which few persons have any knowledge and it is a surprise to them to learn that a man seldom serves the full time of his judicial sentence. It must be conceded that a man in prison who shows a willingness to redeem his past by being a well-behaved prisoner should have his sentence lightened through some law which will enable him to earn an earlier restoration to liberty. To this end, the people of the State of Illinois, through the General Assembly, enacted the following law which went into effect July 1, 1872: "That every convict who is now or who may hereafter be confined in the Illinois Penitentiary, and who shall have no infraction of the rules or regulations of the Penitentiary, or laws of the State recorded against him, in an orderly and peaceable manner, shall be entitled to the diminution of time from his sentence as appears in the following table, for the respective years of his sentence and pro rata for any part of the year where the sentence is for more or less than a year."

Good Time Table.

No. of Years of Sentence.	Good Time Granted.	Total Good Time Made.	Time to be Served if Full Time is Made.
1st year	1 month	1 month	11 months
2nd "	2 months	3 months	1 yr., 9 mo.
3rd "	3 "	6 "	2 " 6 "
4th "	4 "	10 "	3 " 2 "
5th "	5 "	1 yr., 3 mo.	3 " 9 "
6th "	6 "	1 " 9 "	4 " 3 "
7th "	6 "	2 " 3 "	4 " 9 "
10th "	6 "	3 " 9 "	6 " 3 "
25th "	6 "	11 " 3 "	13 " 9 "

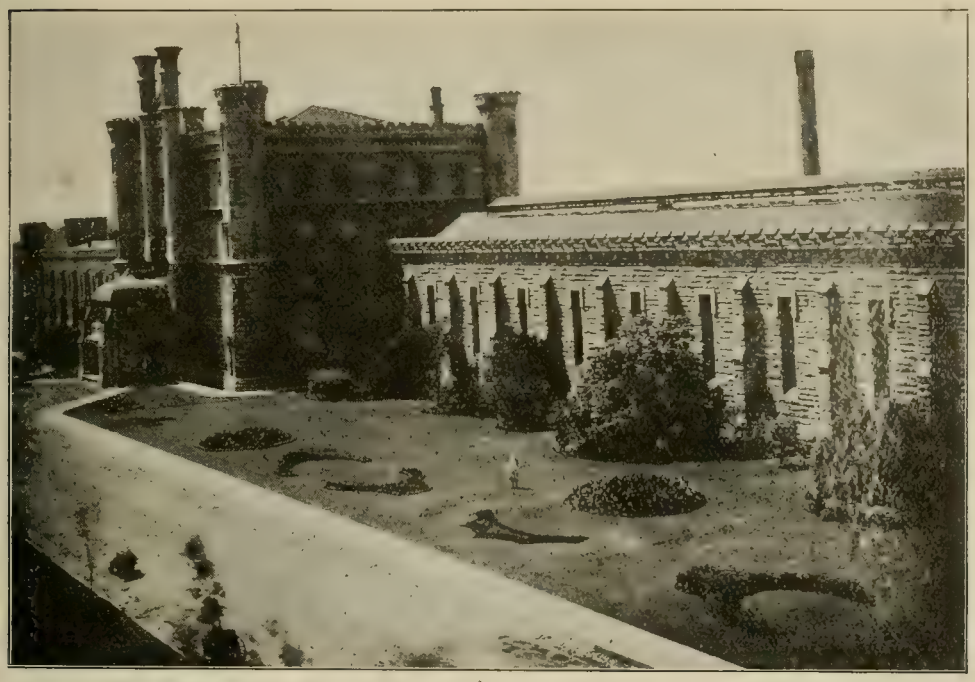
From the table here given in part from the Penitentiary Law, it will be noticed that including and following the sixth year, for each year, six months are deducted but never any greater number. The good time of each year, added to that of the previous year means much to the man who is anxious to get out and makes him careful of his conduct in order that he may not lose even the minimum amount of one month. The good-time laws were among the earliest humane methods adopted to induce good behavior and were forerunners of much later laws of humanitarian nature that have time and again proved that men like children can better be induced to good conduct by kind treatment and reward than by ill treatment for past wrongs. Brutality never teaches or induces anything but brutality in return and all nations have been only too tardy in learning and profiting from a knowledge of this fact.

In addition to the grounds of the prison site there is a farm which is cultivated by some of the inmates under the direction of an efficient farmer. There is also a stone-quarry where squads of men are engaged in doing work for the State by taking out stone and reducing it for road construction. The reduction is not done by hand but in a stone crusher run by electric power. The crushed stone is then shipped to our township road commissioners for hard road building.

On the farm are raised all the vegetables consumed in the institution excepting potatoes and turnips. The soil is found to be unadapted to their successful growth. The farm buildings accommodate cattle, horses and mules used in the furnishing and work of the place. The chief farmer, of course, is not a prisoner but his helpers in general are trusty, first-class prisoners who regularly do their assigned work. The

men to whom fall the care of the cows or horses vie with each other in keeping them in the finest order.

The word "trusty" doubtless brings a question to the mind of the reader, so we here take space to explain who are the trusty men. They are those who have never been desperate characters, who try to obey the rules from the time of their entrance; also men whose time has almost expired and who will not run the risk of losing their good time by attempting to escape; men who have families anxiously awaiting their return home, and who would be hunted fugitives if they escaped and would in all probability be caught and returned as bad prisoners if they did escape for a time. In many cases life-convicts are among the most trusty of them all. For a number of years (and it may still be the case) the Warden's trusted coachman was a life-convict who wore citizens' clothing and drove anywhere alone as the occasion permitted in and around Joliet.



Warden House and East and West Wings of Cell Houses, Facing South.

It should be kept in mind that a successful escape is a rare occurrence, and attempted or partially successful escapes are so fraught with danger to life and almost certain embarrassment of capture and return that few men care to risk an attempt, especially when it requires so much ingenious manœuvering to escape the vigilance of the officers.

When an escape is discovered, armed guards are stationed as pickets at the various avenues leading from the town, others are sent on search trips, the report is sent out along railroad lines and to the large cities, detectives are started on the trail, the escape's picture is shown in rogues' galleries and every possible plan is adopted that may lead to his capture. Perhaps two days, perhaps even two or more years may pass before he is caught but he is usually caught. During a previous administration, an escaped convict, a desperate character, was caught in California. His arrest, however, came about through his being suspicioned of having committed a burglary. To prove his innocence of that crime he confessed himself as being the convict who had escaped from Joliet some two years earlier. This confession proved that he was also an escape from one or two prisons in California, which meant that he had two terms to finish in that State after which he would be returned to Joliet to finish his spoiled sentence. This would use up the greater part, perhaps all, of his life.

Each guard, keeper and officer has a trusty man as his "runner," meaning a handy man who runs his errands, brushes his clothes, blacks his shoes, and in short does everything which the officer on duty cannot do for himself. The life of the trusty man then is not so monotonous as is that of the shop man who must work steadily, hour after hour, nor look to the right or the left. But this strict attention to duty is what after awhile renders him a trusty. So this is true here as elsewhere, "Boys, it always pays to do right." Many of our readers, who since their student days have entered upon the activities of life and have proved to their own satisfaction the truth of those words, will at once recall the voice and the face of that esteemed old College President who did so much toward directing the lives of hundreds of young people toward the path of rectitude, not one of whom we hope has ever found it necessary to prove himself a "trusty" or try to make "good time."

HOW TO SUCCEED ON A FIVE OR TEN-ACRE FARM.

J. I. MILLER.

I HAVE been asked by some of the NOOK readers for an article on the above subject. What is given here of course applies more directly to our part of

Louisiana. The subject is a large one and one that I can not do justice; however, I can give some information which I have acquired by personal experience and observation.

More depends on the man than on the money; a man may get money but money will never get a man. A man must first know what he wants to engage in. If he wants to raise truck he must find a suitable location, if he wants to raise cane or cotton he must find a suitable soil for that purpose.

Then where "everybody works but father" or "where nobody works but father," you can't make it go, it won't do. It is a hard matter to impress on the minds of people in general that so much depends on the tiller of the soil.

For truck farming the ground should be prepared in January and February as weather will permit, since planting commences in March and continues for about six months.

When weather conditions are favorable in from thirty to sixty days after planting some kinds of vegetables are ready for use and will help defray expenses in the provision line. And by rotating his crops the trucker can get something from his garden good and fresh every day in the year. February usually is our coldest month and it is not wise to plant small seeds before March unless they can be well protected in case of necessity. Potatoes can be planted in January and February on high or well drained land if well mulched with straw, and usually do well. The straw can be had for the hauling.

August and September are not good months for people from the north to come this far south, though some come and get along all right. But at that season, not being acclimated and used to the water, they take malaria more readily than at other times of the year.

Plots of ground of from five to ten acres rent for from $1.50 to $3.00 per acre cash rent. It is always best to buy a few acres and make a home and have some fruit, and when you have a nice little home and get tired of it you will have no trouble to get rid of it at a fair price.

Pears, peaches, mulberries, pomegranates, guavas, grapes, and the delicious figs do well here; the two last named do exceptionally well.

Corn, Irish and sweet potatoes, melons of all kinds, pumpkins, squashes, peanuts, can be grown with profit but small grains do not do well.

* * *

"INASMUCH."

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

We, whose lives have richness and variety, of thought, at least, may scarcely realize the simple meagreness of other lives in touching distance. We are so used to the gracious gift of book, of flower, or picture, that it is difficult to imagine people whose existences only the things that may be eaten and worn, the things possessing marketable value, enter.

When young Cabell went sketching down in Virginia, he used often to stop at Miss Molly's farmhouse for milk, or apples, or grapes, and by the end of the summer he and Miss Molly were great friends. Her pathetic, colorless little life attracted him by its very antithesis to the thing he called living. He caught himself wondering if her soft, deprecatory brown eyes and soft, wavy brown hair had not made her pretty twenty years before; and he wondered if, twenty years before, any man had ever told her so. To Cabell, it was of the nature of a tragedy—the number of gentle, precise old maids gathered together in that one neighborhood. And Miss Molly, like nothing so much as the lonely, pinkish, spice flower that she nursed in a broken pitcher on her front steps, typified them, and epitomized the whole thing as it was to his imaginative vision.

Before he returned home the kindly thought came to him to give her a sketch of the farmhouse. It was not beautiful, or even picturesque, being but a long, bare, frame structure, with shutterless windows and no porches; and the small, square yard, with its three ragged, gloomy pine trees, and its borders of box, offered no redeeming features; but Cabell knew that Miss Molly's heart was bound up in the place, and what with the best view of it, and his best work on it, the picture was satisfactory, and "as like as life."

He mounted it artistically on grey cardboard, and carried it over to her on the morning of his departure, which was also the day before Christmas. He had pleased himself with picturing her child-like pleasure in the little gift, but there she sat opposite him, in the *best room* with its scoured white floor, and old-fashioned big settee, and futile efforts at modern adornment, and though she had thanked him profusely her heart *was not* in it, and her brow was troubled.

"What *can* it be?" Cabell was thinking in a bewildered fashion, when she stopped fingering the picture, and looked up at him in that mild, deprecatory way she had.

"And what—what will you charge for it?" asked Miss Molly timidly

"And *what* did you say?" laughed some one when Cabell related the story up to this point.

"I don't know," said Cabell, "on my honor, I don't. It was so incredible, so unexpected. Just think of its never entering the poor little soul's mind that anyone could *give* her anything.

"Was she pleased then?" said some one, with tears in her pretty eyes.

"The most delightful thing! Goodness only knows what vast sum she thought politeness would require

out of her small butter money. But when that dread had departed it was delicious to see her. She said," ended Cabell softly, "that no one had ever made her a present before."

And as he sat musing, gazing into the glowing logs at his feet, a strange thing happened. His mind went back to his childhood, and that little church wherein he used to worship. And he recalled the text of a sermon, preached by his old pastor, now long gone to his last reward, a sermon that he had remembered many years, but now almost forgotten, based on that passage in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, the fortieth verse: "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me."

PRACTICAL COURSES IN AGRICULTURE.

JOHN WOODARD.

SOME people object to the requiremtn of high school diploma or its equivalent for admission to the agricultural colleges. They say that all the farm boys cannot take a highschool course and also the college course. They need some instruction in agriculture as quickly as possible so they can begin to farm. So these people say the course should be made so all can enter.

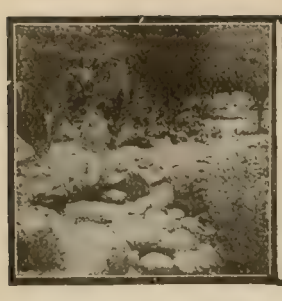
It is true that only a small per cent of the farm boys do go through the high school and then the college course, but these demand a course that cannot be pursued profitably by those with less preparation. So the colleges retain the high school entrance requirement for the regular course, but they have provided another course with lower entrance requirements for the many who cannot first take a high school course. This course includes only things of practical importance to the man on the farm. It is for men who want to know how they should do but haven't time to learn why they should do that way. The regular, or technical, course takes more time and the why is taught as well as the way.

This course is known in different institutions as short course, winter course, or practical course. All these names are appropriate. It is short, containing the most instruction possible in the least possible time. It is held in the winter when farm boys have the most time for schooling. Some institutions have only a two weeks' course, others, four weeks,' some eight weeks'; and still others, four or five months'. Some have no definitely arranged course but give a large number of subjects and let each person take what he desires, while others arrange the various subjects in combinations which differ with the line of work the student intends to follow; viz., one course for dairymen; another, for poultrymen; still another for horticulturists; and also one for those intending to engage in general farming. There is also at least one college that gives a course in horseshoeing. This arrangement of the courses to suit the needs of each student is one which all colleges are sure to come to as soon as the students demand it.

The subjects treated vary a little at different colleges. They are made to fit the local conditions. In the West irrigation takes a prominent place. In States with large dairy interests, dairying is an important subject. In some places poultry receives a great deal of attention. But there are some subjects found in practically all of the short courses. In agronomy the different field crops are studied and their management. Also their cultivation and a study of the soil and its management to keep up the fertility. In animal husbandry the different breeds of animals are studied and the principles of breeding, the adaptation of different breeds to different purposes, and the care of animals. The feeding of animals is also considered, the kinds of feed and the relative proportions of different feeds necessary for the best results. Horticulture considers the propagation of plants by cuttings, spuds, and budding or grafting; raising of vegetables and management of hotbeds; and the raising of orchard fruits. Dairying considers both the raising of dairy cattle and the production of milk and the manufacture of butter and cheese. It includes the study of the Babcock test for butter fat. There is usually some study of how plants feed, the diseases of plants, and the control of harmful insects. Some attention is given to the diseases of animals, their prevention and cure, and to the chemical actions taking place in milk when it sours and in plant growth.

Many agricultural colleges have agricultural high schools connected with them. These like the short courses have the college instructors as their teachers and are consequently much different from the other high schools. Minnesota has a good feature in the school. The first three years is mainly agriculture and fits the student for farming. Then those who want to enter the college put in another year on mathematics, English, and history. This makes it easy for a student to go on with his education if he finds it possible after he finishes the elementary course.

These courses have not reached their final development. They are still in the process of construction. Agriculture as a subject of scientific study is so new that the teachers have not found the best arrangement of studies yet. But they are working for better arrangement. They are finding out what the students need and giving it to them. The short courses are rapidly increasing in popularity. Agricultural high schools will draw those who can begin their education early in life but those of age and experience who were denied early opportunities will find their needs best supplied in the short winter courses.



NATURE STUDIES



Our Grasses

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THESE modest and useful little plants are everywhere at hand in this part of the country, mantling the hills, meadows, and valleys with their soft, uniform green, beginning to open their colorless flowers in June or before.

Persons who have lived in regions where grass does not grow naturally are ready to declare that there is nothing that can take the place of these humble plants in the landscape. No splendor of tropic or semi-tropic sunshine, no blue of ocean or sky, no grace of palmetto or palm can compensate for the loss of a carpet of grass. Yet how constantly these small plants are trodden under foot, and their value scarcely thought of except as food for animals and man.

Grasses form the basis for a large proportion of the higher life of the world. They give us corn, oats, wheat, barley, rye, rice and sugar besides the smaller forms that afford pasture and hay.

To the botanist the grasses are peculiarly interesting. Their parts are simple and few, but Nature can so vary their forms that botanists recognize over four thousand species, of which over two hundred and sixty grow east of the Rocky Mountains.

No other family of plants bear such short-lived blossoms as the grasses. The flowers of the wheat only open partially, and remain open for but a quarter of an hour. The flower appears from the glumes, the name applied to the protective scales of grass flowers, suddenly, scattering some—not all—of its pollen. As the glumes close over the pistil so soon, the wind has little time to bring it pollen from other wheat blossoms, and it is often obliged to use what was left on the stamens. But wheat blossoms can use their own pollen to very good advantage in producing a fine crop of seed.

While "a grass" is readily recognized by any one, the trained botanist is sometimes at a loss in his efforts to identify a particular grass and to distinguish it from near relatives.

As grass flowers send their pollen abroad only by the wind, they have no need to lure insect messengers and hence have no striking colors, and, in most cases, no perfume. They are generally very small, and are massed together in compact groups. But their adaptation to wind fertilization is something wonderful, and the mind of the student turns to contemplate the greatness of the Author of this adaptation, and who saw the end from the beginning.

Their long exserted stamens and stigmas are lifted to the breeze like waving banners. The anthers opening their whole length, swing nicely balanced and tremulous while the stigmas wave back and forth to catch the flying grains.

In the anatomy of grasses we find hints that they once bore flowers with petals and welcomed insect messengers for the distribution of their pollen. For the flowers still have vestiges of petals, and hence we surmise that, ages ago, they lured insects, and were fertilized by them.

When the wind became pollen-bearer for the grass blossoms, their petals were no longer needed as insect lures; so they grew smaller and smaller, as all unused organs do.

As grass-pollen is carried about among the blossoms by the wind much of it is liable to be dropped and wasted. But in most species Nature makes good this loss beforehand by furnishing a double supply of the life-giving grains.

The common oat is a typical grass, and from a study of its parts one can gain a general knowledge of the structure of grasses as a class. To a casual glance there is little difference between the oat-blossom and the grain ready for the harvest. The flower-cluster is green. The ripe oat-cluster or "fruit" is yellow. The non-botanist would find no other distinction between flower and fruit. Indeed, he probably would not recognize the "flower" as a flower nor the "fruit" as a fruit.

What looks like one grain in the oat-cluster is—little as one might think so—two flowers, and between them there is generally a little white affair which is a vestige of a third. The whole trio constitutes a "spikelet." Most grass flowers grow thus in spikelets, which are little floral households.

The number of flowers in each spikelet varies greatly in different species. Sometimes there are a dozen or more—sometimes there is but one, with traces of others above it. The spikelets may be ranged down one side of a main axis in compact, straight rows;

they may surround the axis, as they do in "timothy" grass, forming a cylinder of bloom, or they may dangle as the oat spikelets do at the tips of slender branchlets which form part of larger sprays. Thus the whole mass of bloom may be loose and spreading, or it may be narrow and compressed.

The orchard grass is one of our common grasses, growing in orchards and groves. It is tall, stout and rough to the touch. The spikelets are collected in dense, one-sided clusters, and in color are sea-green.

One would naturally suppose that the name, sweet vernal grass, referred to the odor of the flowers, but its flowers possess no perfume. The blade when cut imparts to the drying hay much of its delicious fragrance.

But there are so many of the small grasses that, in an article like this, one can not even mention them all by name.

Indian corn is our largest native grass and was unknown to Europeans until the discovery of the New World. The vast extent to which it is now cultivated and its many uses indicate its value. Sugar cane and the various species of sorghum are also important members of the family.

The giants of the tribe are the bamboos, which, in their tropical homes attain a height of fifty or sixty feet, while even those that grow in Florida gardens reach up to the houses' eaves.

SEA BIRDS.

THERE a host of sea birds, with which we are not familiar, which are fully as interesting as the land birds. Their habits are quite different, as a matter of course. Many sea birds pass their lives on the ocean, sleeping at night with their heads tucked in their wings, and floating peacefully on the water. They feed on fishes and small animals that they snatch on the surface of the water. They go on shore to raise their young, choosing the most desolate places—lonely islands and steep cliffs. Thousands of families are raised on the bare rocks, and mingle their shrill screams with the roar of the ocean.

The gulls are abundant the world over. With their strong wings they fly gracefully over the sea. Often on seeing a tempting morsel under the water they suddenly dive for it. They meet to raise their young on the rocks or sand at the mouths of rivers or bays. These beautiful, graceful birds do not venture far out from shore.

Another bird is the stormy petrel, which lives far out on the ocean. A very small bird it is, the smallest of all web-footed birds. It is no larger than a swallow, but quite brave, flying with ease over the rough waters, rising and sinking with the waves, as if in sympathy with them. They are sometimes called "Mother Carey's chickens," and are one of the pleasures of a sea voyage, as they hover over the vessel from day to day.

The largest bird that swims is the powerful albatross. It has a snowy-white body and black wings. It seems to delight in fierce gales, and has been known to follow a ship in midocean for many weeks. It flits over the sea, free as the air, once in awhile swimming on the water.

There is an eider duck which is a real sea bird, living in winter in large flocks on the Arctic seas. In spring these birds mate and swim off the shore. The female builds a nest of dry grass and straw, and lines it with the soft down from her breast. Her eggs are pale green and are usually from six to ten in number. When she leaves her nest in search of food, she carefully covers her eggs with down.

Every one has heard of eider-down and knows of its soft, light qualities. It is a distressing manner in which our eider-down is obtained. The natives rob the nests and take the eider-down. The eggs are valuable, as well as the down. The mother bird, in great distress, builds another nest, the male stripping the down from his breast. This second nest is not taken, as the natives fear the birds would leave the shore entirely.—*Boys and Girls.*

THE BIGGEST BUG.

THE giant among insects is the Hercules beetle, found in parts of Central and South America. It is easily the biggest bug in the world, and as ugly and terrifying in appearance as it is huge.

But it is a perfectly harmless insect, feeding upon the gum of trees. It is sometimes attracted by the lights, and comes flying into the native huts by night, its wings buzzing and putting out the candles. The natives think that these beetles are evil spirits that have invaded their dwellings in the weird hours of the night.—*Young Pilgrim.*

HARD-WORKING BIRDS.

A NATURALIST has made the following observations as to the amount of work performed by a pair of sparrows in a single day during the nesting season. The mother bird left the nest at 3:50 A. M. to find worms, and the search was continued by both parents throughout the day, one hundred and eighty journeys to and from the nest having been made up to 7:15 P. M.—*Animal World.*

WHILE the ground is covered with snow, be sure to have several places about the house and farm buildings where the birds may obtain food; supply food also for the quail and other timid things in some sheltered place near their haunts.

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The last one of the quotations on the opposite page is not taken from any article in this issue. It was the closing sentence in this writer's article which appeared last week and was cut out in order to make the matter fit the page. It is a thought worthy to be preserved.

"The Schoolroom Side of a Busy Man's Life" is the subject of a very interesting article we have received lately. The writer, Eld. Daniel Hays, of Broadway, Va., is one of our veteran schoolteachers and the glimpse he gives us into the life of one who has spent many years in the schoolroom is full of inspiration as well as interest.

Those who are following the articles on "Historic New England" are getting much interesting information not found in the histories familiar to most of us. One is made acquainted with the customs and the manner of life of the people whom we revere as the founders of our government. Through this acquaintance it is not so difficult to understand how it was that they were able to build so wisely and so well.

Parents and teachers should not fail to read the clipping entitled "A Monologue" on page 95. All will find it more or less amusing, but at the same time it contains a thought for meditation. Are there any parents with such mistaken notions of child-training? Yes, we are sure there are, else our jails and reformatories would not now be crowded as they are, but we trust there are comparatively few and that they are decreasing in number.

An unanswerable argument in favor of the driving out of the saloons from our towns and cities is found in the action of a justice of the peace in a Michigan town. The town voted out the saloons under the local option law and as a result there is little business comes to the officer who looks after the disturbers of the peace. Here is part of this officer's letter of resignation: "To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of Hillsdale. Gentlemen: I hereby most respectfully tender the resignation of my commission as a justice of the peace of the city of Hillsdale, to take effect March 1, 1910. Causation: County prohibition (local option), no drunks, no vagrants, no disorderlies, no business to further make the office desirable or in any way profitable. Really, there is no use for more than one justice of the peace in the City of Hillsdale under present conditions." This is simply an example of what is taking place in many of the towns that have put the saloons out of business. The laborer's family gets the benefit of the money that would otherwise go for drink, fines, etc., and the community gets the service of the officer of the law in productive labor. But these are not all the beneficial results of "present conditions." We cannot take the space to enumerate all of them, but the reader can figure for himself how many more might be added.

Judge O'Sullivan of the New York General Sessions Court declares that the existing laws are sufficient to deal with the white slave traffic and he is therefore beginning an investigation that threatens the safety of those engaged in the traffic. At the opening of the first session of the court in the new year a grand jury was sworn in which was instructed to devote every effort at its command to get at the facts of the white slave traffic. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was appointed foreman of this grand jury and "will have ample opportunity during the next few weeks to put into active practice some of the theories he has expounded to his Sunday-school class." Mr. Rockefeller was very reluctant to accept the appointment, saying that because of his health and business he feared the task would prove too onerous. But Judge O'Sullivan would not accept the excuses offered. "We need a man of your standing in the community to conduct this inquiry," he said. "You owe it as a duty to the City of New York to do your part in crushing out the vile practices that are said to exist." And we believe the Judge is right. If Mr. Rockefeller's other business interferes with this work, let him hand the other business over to some one else. This is an opportunity for him to do a service the benefits of which may extend to every part of the country—even to the villages and country districts—and he should make the most of it.

Better food inspection, with particular reference to dairy products, and measures to prevent the spread of tuberculosis among food animals are two matters demanding consideration according to the annual report

of Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry of the Department of Agriculture. The following figures give ample proof of the need of a war on tuberculosis and other diseases to which food animals are subject: "During the past fiscal year there were inspected by the Department of Agriculture at the time of slaughter 35,672,075 animals and of these there were condemned because of disease or other conditions 141,057 entire carcasses and 899,628 parts of carcasses." Of the carcasses of cattle condemned nearly three-fourths were condemned because of tuberculosis and of the swine over one-half. At least half of the meat consumed in this country is uninspected, and it is easy to see from this how many diseased animals are used. The war on tuberculosis will have to be waged mainly by the individual farmer. With a proper understanding of the nature of the disease he can do much to eradicate it. In the matter of pure dairy products, Dr. Melvin "recommends that Congress provide for an adequate and efficient system of inspection at all plants where butter is manufactured for interstate shipment and that it provide for federal control of interstate shipments of milk and cream and for the federal inspection of animals and dairy establishments producing milk for interstate commerce."

WHILE it is unlikely that any radical measures will be taken by the government to restore the cost of living to normal figures, continued agitation of the question is calling the attention of our lawmakers to the subject and an investigation of conditions is being made. This, of course, is necessary before any remedy can be considered since even well-informed men are not agreed as to the causes through which the cost of living has increased out of all proportion to the increase on the credit side of the account. The investigation is being made by the Department of Agriculture, but the lower house of Congress has also had the subject up, a resolution having been introduced calling for a congressional investigation. One reason for the increase in the cost of living, and perhaps the main one, is that the production of crops and raising of food animals have not increased in proportion to the increase in the population. There may be several reasons for this but one of them which ought to remove any hint of a mystery in the matter and let in much light is the fact that last year only two per cent of our revenues was appropriated to the Department of Agriculture—for experiment stations, government farms, education along strictly agricultural lines looking to increase of productivity of the soil, etc.,—while more than sixty-seven per cent has been appropriated to the army and navy—for preparations for war and for wars past. With these facts before one, the way to improvement seems plain. But only a start has been made when the way is discovered; the important thing is to have the way used. It is to be feared that dire necessity alone will accomplish this. In the meantime the government should give some attention to the other causes that have a hand in the making of high prices—perhaps the existing tariff rates and particularly the conscienceless dealers who for want of a real reason have taken advantage of our boasted prosperous times to raise the price of their goods.

IT is an interesting diversion to watch the game of politics as it is being played during this session of Congress at the Nation's capital. Almost every day there is some startling development with the announcement that even more exciting things are on the way. We had thought for awhile that with Teddy away affairs governmental would become so monotonous that we would cease to take any interest in them. But we were mistaken. What with Uncle Joe and his fights for life, the President's pledges to his party and Aldrich and others standing in the way of their fulfillment, the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, and the powers that be threatening to "withdraw fellowship" from the insurgents, the "fun" promises to continue to the end of the session.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

COURTESY means self-denial for others; and that is what Christian love must mean.—*Paul Mohler.*

HE who is always annoyed by imperfections makes himself and his friends most miserable.—*Otho Winger.*

PERVERSE and wilful children, disobedient and disrespectful, are largely the creation of the parents themselves, and are to be pitied more than blamed.—*Selected.*

BRUTALITY never teaches anything but brutality in return, and all nations have been only too tardy in learning and profiting from a knowledge of this fact.—*Mary E. Canode.*

No splendor of tropic or semitropic sunshine, no blue of ocean or sky, no grace of palmetto or palm can compensate for the loss of a carpet of grass.—*Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.*

ONLY the offer of the government unconditionally guaranteeing the deposits can bring forth from the many hiding places the millions of dollars thus kept out of circulation and practically lost for the time being.—*William L. Judy.*

THE making of money, the creation of wealth, is valuable only because it gives an opportunity to make better men and women.—*John Woodard.*



THE HOME WORLD



THE SWEETEST SOUND.

One morn as I lay dreaming,
A bird on my window-sill,
Its tiny head uplifting,
Was carolling forth at will;
And as I woke and listened
To the joy of the little bird,
I thought the sound of his music
Was the sweetest I ever heard.

We sat in the dusk that evening
Together—she and I,
And talked, as the firelight flickered,
Of the days so long gone by;
And then she sang of loving,
With tones so soft and low
That I said, "A woman's singing
Is the sweetest sound I know."

But when one day I happened
To pass a play-room door,
I saw two little children
Cuddled upon the floor;
And I knew, as I heard their voices
Ring out in their baby glee,
That the sound of that merry laughter
Was the sweetest sound to me.

—Dorothy King, in Boston Evening Transcript

Uncle Ezra's Home Treatment

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"I'M going to be sick, as sure as guns," said Uncle Ezra. He cowered down in his big chair, drooping forlornly over the fire, after his chilly drive from town. "I haven't had such dreadful cold streaks since I had the typhoid, fifteen years back. Hope I ain't in for another siege of it!"

Aunt Sarah set the teakettle on the front of the range, and reached for a cup and the ginger-jar on the cabinet shelf.

"How long have you been shaking?" she asked. "Why didn't you say this morning that you weren't well, and Rollie could have driven over. There wasn't any hurry about those oats, was there?"

"I don't know as there was; but I thought it would wear off," the farmer answered, spreading his blue shriveled hands in a vain effort to get warm. "Guess I'll be all right, soon's I have a little drop of something hot and maybe lie down a spell and cover up good. Ain't that water 'most ready?"

Aunt Sarah had measured a teaspoon of the ginger, and Uncle Ezra's favorite allowance of sugar in the cup. She poured it full of the steaming hot water, and gave it into his shaking hands.

"I've got a dreadful pain in my side," he informed her, as he took the pungent beverage, making a wry face in spite of himself,—for it was simply a case of Christian fortitude, when Uncle Ezra brought himself to drink ginger tea." "No, not there," as she indicated his chest; "'tain't pneumony. Down low, close under my right ribs, and cutting like a knife. Somehow, it kind-of jumps and thumps, too."

He drank the tea, with grimaces and disgusted exclamations, and with much virtuous relief set the cup on the table, while Aunt Sarah put the flatirons to heat. She followed him to the door, as he rose, interposing decidedly when he headed for the big couch in the sitting-room.

"You'll do a lot better, Ezra, to undress and get right into bed. You might get sweating real hard, and that makes your underclothes so clammy to go around in. It's quieter in there, too, and if you could have a good sound nap I don't doubt you'd gain the time. There isn't anything pressing but what Rollie can tend to, is there?"

The farmer hesitated, coughing and wincing at the stitch in his side. "Mebbe I might better," he acquiesced, weakly.

So Aunt Sarah tucked him up in the blankets, and brought the hot irons from the range, distributing them judiciously about him. His lamb-like readiness to be fussed over struck a chill of concern to her experienced soul. It boded something serious, at least, for Uncle Ezra had always joked at pills and plasters.

"Now you just lie still, and we'll have you sweating in no time," she assured him, presenting a brave front in spite of her perturbation. "I'm going to wring a cloth out of hot water, and lay it on that aching spot, and keep the hot iron close to it. Then I won't have to uncover you so often to change it, and it'll steam it good.—You're sure you wouldn't rather I telephoned for the doctor?"

It was hard work, then, to keep the anxiety out of her voice. After a groan or two, he answered:

"Talbot has gone to Barrington, and I don't like a strange doctor. I guess I'll be all right."

Fever was coming on, and he was growing drowsily disinclined to talk. Aunt Sarah went out into the other room and sat down.

"It's grip; that's what it is," she told herself, decidedly. "Mrs. Mason and Cousin Mary French were taken exactly like that. The Masons had a trained nurse, and Rose said she said the things that help a cold, like turpentine and roasted onions, aren't any use in grip. Seems I've just got to 'cipher out' this treatment by myself, as Eben Holden would say. I'm not going to be frightened, either, because that New Thought lecturer said fear was the fountain-head of disease, and if she could trust our heavenly Father in the dark, I guess I can! . . . My! but we've been lucky to escape having the grip, for so long! But then, we are pretty well 'most always! . . . Now, in all common sense, that must be just like every other kind of sickness, a lot of germs trying to get fat on the old worn-out stuff that hasn't been thrown out of our bodies. First, to get rid of them, is sweating. The lungs and the kidneys are all going to help, and his bowels must have a good clearing out. I noticed that his tongue was coated.—There! I've an idea!"

Uncle Ezra called from the bed-room, but it was only for her to remove a hot iron that had become too friendly. To her intense relief, there was already a line of moisture showing across his forehead, and he announced himself as "hot enough to be basted," and asked for a drink of water. When she brought it, he drank eagerly.

"My mouth tastes like a bushel of rotten peaches," he groaned, settling back heavily in bed. The cough gripped him again, but he declared it was not quite so bad, since the sweating began.

After she had covered him, Aunt Sarah went down to the basement, selected a quart jar of unfermented grape juice, and brought it upstairs.

"Try a spoonful of this, Ezra," she suggested. "I was just thinking maybe it would set good in your mouth, for the disagreeable taste."

The remedy proved so efficacious that he recurred to it frequently as a boy to a jam-pot, and with the cool water, which Aunt Sarah would not let him drink too freely on account of the nausea that troubled him, soon brought him into a fine perspiration. It was not so bothersome as a "pack," and under the bed-clothes Aunt Sarah rubbed and sponged him with a damp towel, till at last he fell into a fairly quiet sleep.

All that afternoon and evening Aunt Sarah kept up her treatment, giving him nothing but the grape juice and occasionally a drink of cool water. Gradually the high temperature went down, and the racking pains left his body, though that in the lower part of the thorax proved most stubborn of all. Next morning found him decidedly better, but weak as a baby. Aunt Sarah brought him an orange, big and luscious, and the juice furnished his breakfast. By nighttime, as he had kept warm and quiet,—for a man—he felt the pain in his side only slightly and at long intervals, and the yellow coating was entirely gone from his tongue, that index of the whole digestive system. He began to be ravenously hungry, but Aunt Sarah prevailed on him to stick to the diet of acid fruit juices for the next twenty-four hours.

He had his reward. Coming in from the barn the following evening, very little the worse for his experience except a slight shakiness in the knees, he was accosted by a neighbor.

"Jim Keppler's down with the grip mighty bad!" was the latter's announcement. "Had three doctors last night and they all say there ain't a rag o' hope. Run into pneumony, you know. How's all the folks? Seems to me you're looking a little bit peaked, Ezra! Ain't feeling well? Better do something!"

Uncle Ezra smiled the smile of wisdom experience-born. "I've been 'doing,'" he answered, cheerfully. "Had a little touch of grip myself, but it's about passed off." He watched the neighbor drive away, with a quizzical look in his eyes, and then turned a gaze of concern up the hill toward Keppler's. "Home treatment is good enough for *my* grip," he assured himself, as he went in hungrily to Aunt Sarah's appetizing supper of hot soup and baked apples.

THE BABY.

"My baby," murmurs the fond mother, as she looks with tender smiles into the face of her firstborn. "My son," ejaculates the proud father, as he extends his arms awkwardly to receive the little helpless bundle of humanity. "Our child," repeat the two, as above the infant their eyes meet glowing with pride and love. In one sense, they are right, and it is their baby; and in another sense, the child does not belong to them. It is not theirs to amuse themselves with, to toss and tickle, to indulge or arbitrarily command. It is not theirs as a pet animal might be, nor theirs to do with as they please; but theirs as a sacred trust; theirs to train wisely, to develop judiciously, to educate rightly.

The obligation is all on their side. They have called the child into existence; and they are in duty bound to help him to make the most of that existence. They have in large measure created his capabilities and tendencies and are under obligations to be patient with his echoing of their follies, his repetition of their failings.

Thus he owes his life to them; but unless that life develop into something worthy, it will be little to be thankful for. Parents talk much of the gratitude which their children should feel for those who gave

them life; and if the parents have done all in their power to make that life worth living, they may ask for gratitude; otherwise not.

The farmer is anxious that fields should be plowed, sowed and harvested; but no field is of as great importance as the mind and heart of the child. And you who are sowing seed every day and hour may well ask yourselves what the harvest will be.

The farmer knows the value of good stock upon his farm, and studies the laws of stock breeding. He knows that the brood mare must be cared for, properly fed, not overworked, nor unkindly treated. He does not leave the foal to the unwise training of inexperienced persons; but feeds, trains, breaks to harness or saddle, with his own hands; and woe be unto the man who provokes, injures, or teaches some vicious tricks to the colt he is training!

Have you thought as carefully of the stock of manhood and womanhood that may be in process of development? Have you studied stirpiculture, that is, family culture, as you have stock breeding? It is even more worthy of your attention. Animals are little worth compared to men; for animals have no moral value. Men may become heroes or criminals; and on your farm the process of making these may be going on at the present time. The horse or cow has a pecuniary value to you, the boy or girl has a moral value to the nation, yes even to the race; and that value is not something tacked on after maturity is reached. It is latent in the possibilities wrapped up in the baby; and is developed through all the circumstances of life through infancy and childhood up to mature life, the years of the parents' life.

And whence came the possibilities of the child? From the lives of its ancestors, most especially of its parents. Their individual influence on their posterity began with their own lives. What they did and thought as children not only made their own characters, but influenced the characters of their offspring. Prenatal influence is not limited to the three-quarters of a year preceding birth; but goes back through all the years of the parents' life.

The importance of these special months is not to be underrated. This is the time when the mother is not only the special influence of the child; but its protector also. Her own thoughts, temper, moods, aspirations and depression make a direct impulse on its nature; and no one else can touch the child except through her mentality. She stands between it and all the rest of the world. How important that she should know this, and hold herself serene and hopeful, self-reliant and full of courage! And how important also that those around her should realize how needful it is that she have all possible aid to be all this!

The worried and overworked expectant mother cannot give to this coming "denizen of life's great city" an inheritance of vigor and serenity. Depressed and full of tears, she cannot dower him with courage and hope.

Perverse and wilful children, disobedient and disrespectful, are largely the creation of the parents themselves, and are to be pitied more than blamed, though they must be trained even by severe discipline, if needful, to release them from the fetters forged for them and placed upon them by the parents themselves.

These thoughts lead us to realize that even babyhood is a serious time of life, and that the education of the child in infancy is the parents' most important duty.—*Farm and Home.*

WOMEN AND CIGARS.

Mrs. Russell Sage has withdrawn from the New York Society of Mayflower Descendants because, despite earnest protests, men persisted in smoking at the annual dinner. During the recent banquet at Delmonico's, cigars were so freely used all over the room that several women became ill and were forced to leave. "I am hurt all the way through," said Mrs. Sage. "It seems strange that a woman as old as I am, who has tried to live up to the highest requirements of her position, should not be respected in the decencies of life—should, in fact, be smoked at."

Quite apart from the question of any physical bad effects of tobacco is its undeniably deteriorating effect on good manners, in the case of most of those who indulge in it. Tolstoi says men would not think of making their neighbors uncomfortable by turning on currents of hot and cold air, or in any other way, as they unscrupulously do with their tobacco smoke. Indeed, it is to be feared that many of them finally reach the point of the "dude" who calmly declared, "The nuisance is not the cigar, but the woman who objects to it."—*American Motherhood.*

APPEARANCES THAT TELL TALES.

A shabby, neglected home indicates neglectful occupants, which means a shabby, run-down farm; and as is the home and the farm, so are the tastes of those who occupy them. And since the tastes determine their characters, you have only to look upon the farm and the home of the family to determine the manner of the folks living there.

Thus it is that your home and your farm give you away. And no matter how grandly you dress, nor how grandly you talk, your rating will be determined by the state and condition of your home, your farm and the products from each.

Every farmer, and every farmer's boy and girl, will feel a helpful, elevating, worthy pride in having a well-kept home and farm, and will be greatly profited by the superior products of both.

Comfort and real happiness in life are the products

of labor expended for the betterment of farms, homes and their occupants, and not alone in getting rich.—*Selected.*

SELECTED HELPS.

TWISTED into a wad, old newspapers make the best of kindlings, I have found, says Susan A. Woolson in an exchange. Make the wad as tight as possible and lay the pieces at the bottom the same as if you were using wood, then moisten a little at the front with kerosene oil and touch the match. Sometimes when I want a quick, hot fire, I fill the stove with these wads having a good supply to replenish with. Of course this will not heat the oven for baking, but you can boil dishes smartly in this way. I often heat food for my fireless cooker with old newspapers alone.

For stoves that are rusty, dirty, grease spotted or grimy looking, take some lard on a flannel rag and apply vigorously to stove (can be used while stove is cold or hot, but is better when only lukewarm). In case the rust is deep leave the lard on for awhile, otherwise rub off immediately and the stove will look as fine as if polished, with a great deal less work. This is better than stove polish because the grease removes the rust while the polish covers it up, and it does not come off on dishes as does the polish.

If your baked beans burn, put them in a pan of cold water and leave them for a while. The burned flavor will entirely disappear.

If a lemon be allowed to stand in boiling water for a few minutes before squeezing, nearly double the usual quantity of juice will be obtained.

To tighten the band of the sewing machine, put a few drops of castor oil on the band, turn the wheel rapidly for a few minutes. No cutting will be necessary.

After blacking the stove, to remove the stain from the hands, dip them in warm water, then rub hard with a teaspoonful of baking soda, wash in warm water, and the blacking should be removed.

A woman has learned how to put her summer baking oven to good use in the winter. It is a small sheet iron affair and placed over the register in the dining room, keeps meals warm for belated members of the family. It also saves gas in the kitchen.

"CHEESE toast makes an appetizing supper dish. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, drop into it butter the size of a walnut; stir in a cupful of grated cheese and a cupful of cream. Dry and then brown lightly six slices of toast, and when the sauce is as thick as rich cream, and very hot, pour it over the toast and serve at once."

"ONE pine chip in the fuel for smoking meat will taint the entire pile. Be careful. Corn-cobs are best; green hickory comes next. One man whom I know uses damp, decaying or decayed oak wood. It doesn't sound nice, but his smoked meat is the best I ever ate."

The Children's Corner

GRANDMOTHER'S TALES.

They're not the least like story book tales
Because they're quite true, you know;
For grandmother knew all about it herself,
When she was a child, long ago.

She makes you feel as though you'd been there,
And forget that you're living just now;
You never once think of the grey in her hair,
Or the wrinkles across her brow.

When she begins, "Well—now let me think,"
And crosses her hands in her lap,
We children sit so quiet and still,
Just like she's taking a nap.

Because, she says, if we interrupt,
Perhaps she might lose the thread,
And before she'd be able to find it again,
Mother might put us to bed.

And so we wait till she shuts her eyes,
And makes her rocking chair go;
Then we know in a minute that she will say,
"When I was a child, long ago."

Then she tells of the boys and girls,
Not the least little bit like us;
And how they would do the dreadfullest things
And never get into a fuss.

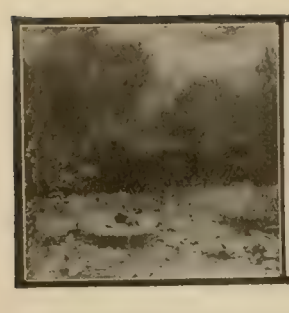
But grandmother says they were not really bad,
Only light-hearted, you know;
I wonder what their mother would say
When she was a child, long ago.

Sometimes when we ask about different things,
She gives such a queer little laugh,
And says, "I will tell you some other time, dear.
Children now are too clever by half."

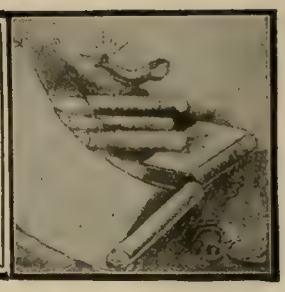
I wish we'd been born when grandmother was,
And had played with the children she knew,
And then we'd have been in the stories she tells,
And perhaps could be telling them, too.

But grandmother gathers us close in her arms,
And says things are better just so;
For the children she knew grew tired of play,
And went to their rest long ago."

—Mary Elliott, in Rural Magazine.



THE QUIET HOUR



Christian Courtesy

PAUL MOHLER.

A FEW days ago, a beautiful snow fell. What a marvelous change a fall of snow does make. The black earth, the weather-beaten weeds, the ugliness of a thousand things, all are hid from view. Even old Chicago put on a clean face; asphalt and cobblestones, dust and soot all retired from sight. How clean the world would be if the apparent purity were real. But the beauty is fading away. Already the ugliness is peeping through; soon it will drag itself forth again to stare us in the face. You can't clean up the earth that way.

Every family, that aspires to respectability, cultivates good manners. If you wish to be "somebody" you must know the current expressions of politeness. Some folks send their children to schools that teach all that, expecting them to come out polished ladies and gentlemen. What an excellent thing it is to be able to say the courteous word on every occasion.

And if every courteous word and deed were true; if each one expressed a real kind regard, what a lovely place this world would be! Oh if the snow would only STAY CLEAN! But when the sun comes out it melts the snow and the ugly forms appear; when the heat of passion bursts forth, cold respectability, surface politeness, formal courtesy melts away, and the human nature in its most hideous forms appears. You can't clean the life up with good manners.

When I was a little fellow, I had much time for play. Back of the old barn is a very little stream. When rains were plentiful, there were many little "wet weather" springs along its margin. I used to spend hours playing with their waters. A favorite pastime was to muddy the little fountain just to see it clear itself. Stir it as much as I pleased, it was but a moment until the heart began to clear and the sweet bright water thrust back in waves, the filth. I like the way a spring cleanses itself, don't you?

Take the little fountain for your teacher. Have within you the "living water" of eternal life. It will be a heart of purity, sweetness and love, and springing forth, it will drive away foul passions, cold selfishness, rude discourtesy, and make your life a joy and an inspiration to all your companions.

Should not the Christian be a courteous man? Peter says, "Be courteous." But he did not mean simply "have good manners." The word he used means kindly disposed, friendly, affable. Forms of courtesy could never satisfy Peter; but the reality could. Let your words and deeds be dictated by a real spirit of loving kindness, and they will pass current almost everywhere. The most courteous men I know are my Christian brethren.

It is surprising to see how far a courteous spirit will carry you. But that it no excuse for neglecting the forms of courtesy. As a rule, the polite phrases current in good society, are the best forms by which true courtesy can express itself. Sometimes your own words express your feeling better, then use your own. But don't despise the current form because so seldom is it true; use it and make it true! The most perfect gentleman it is my privilege to know learned his manners in the school of Christ. He always knows what is "the thing" to say, and when he says it, you know it's true.

It costs something to be really courteous. Often you have to give up your "rights," your privileges, your ease and comfort. Courtesy means self-denial for others; and that is what Christian love must mean. Can it be indeed that courtesy is but brotherly love at work? And self-denial: that is the very flower of Christian love. Without it, love itself would die.

And finally, it pays to be courteous. How many a zealous Christian has failed in his work for Christ, just because he couldn't "get along" with his people. On the other hand, how many a selfish schemer has worked the people for his own profit by knowing how to please them. You are not fit to tell a man his fault unless you love him; you can't do it even if you love him unless you know how to show your love. To be courteous is to love and to show your love. If you can't do both. you'll have a hard time working for Christ. Swallow your pride, deny yourself, control your temper, go any distance out of your way to win the worst of men—for Christ, and no one will complain much about your manners.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

REWARDS.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration which stands as a type of God's rewards to his faithful children is contained in a recent news item found in one of our leading dailies.

A young man from the country secured a place in one of the leading hotels of San Francisco. Among other things, his task was to attend to the wants of a wealthy but eccentric lady who was then stopping at the hotel, and with whom few people could get along. This young man manifested great patience, making it as pleasant as possible for the lady for whose comfort he was to provide. About six months after she had departed, word came back from the east that she had died and left this young man a bequest of $2500. He invested the same in real estate, feeling well paid for his patience. About two weeks after that another message was received, stating that since he had invested the money judiciously the executors of the will were now ready to carry out the further provision that if he invested the first $2500 wisely he should have a further donation of $47,500, making $50,000 in all.

In this simple story we have a picture of God's dealing with man. The $2500 is a type of what God gives us in this present world. If we invest this gift wisely, we are promised a greater gift in the world to come. But alas! how many, instead of investing wisely, squander their opportunities of life and inherit nothing but eternal bankruptcy and misery in the world to come. But they who are wise in that they use their stewardship to the glory of God can look forward with joy to the time when they will share this glory in the world beyond. Life presents to us one grand opportunity for securing the more abundant life, tasted here and enjoyed in its fulness and perfection hereafter. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."—*Gospel Herald.*

WHERE HE WOULD SPEND ETERNITY.

IT was a horrible disaster which descended on Cherry, Illinois, to take away its men. The good people who went down to carry whatever comfort and help they could, have said that never in the world had they seen such agony of suffering. Women were dumb, crazed by their grief. For days they forgot to eat or dress their babes or keep fire in their homes. Yet their grief was of the stolid, unemotional kind that the world finds it hard to understand. For the world does not appreciate that every mining town is always half prepared for such a thing as this. Women who bid their men good-bye every morning with a haunting dread that it may be for the last time, are not to be broken by any blow, even as iron much heated and tried becomes steel and will not shatter. There are women in the coal country who put their fingers in their ears whenever the rumble of a wagon is heard on the road, for any wagon may be the ambulance, and its burden may be for their home.

Not long ago the ambulance did stop in a home not far from Cherry, and Jim—never mind his last name; he was just one of the boys from the mine—Jim was carried out. The coal had fallen and broken his back, and half paralyzed, they laid him on the bed to await the end. After a little the church missionary came to sit beside him, for Jim had been converted in the little white church not many months before.

She took the big, blackened hand in her small white one, and smoothed back the tangled hair with the other.

"You're very badly hurt, Jim," she said, gently.

"Yes."

"You haven't got long to live, Jim, not long."

"I know it," he answered.

"Where do you want to spend eternity, Jim?"

It was a long moment before he replied, and while it passed he gazed full into the face of the little missionary, the only angel he had ever known, and thought of that little white church, whose Sunday services had brought the one ray of sunlight into his dark, sooty life. All the rest of the week had been underground, in darkness. Only on Sunday the sun had shone for him, as he sat and worshipped in the sweet cleanliness of the little church. All this he thought, and then he answered:

"I think—I think I'd like to spend eternity in the little white church."

Jim is gone, but the little missionary still labors there among the dingy homes of the miners, for this is a true story. And once in a while in the bundle of magazines that good people send her is one with a flaming article on "The Shortcomings of the Church," or some subject similar. She doesn't have time to read them usually, for she is a busy little missionary. But she wonders if it is quite fair to revile the church because it fails to fill its pews with the selfish, pleasure-mad people of the cities, when in Cherry and ten thousand other villages the land over, the little white church which Christian men and women have helped to build stands as the single bright and blessed influence in the people's lives. So bright and so blessed that they would like to spend eternity there.—*Home Herald.*

"IF there be nothing celestial without us, it is only because all is earthly within; if no divine colors upon our life, it is because the holy light is faded from the soul; if our Father seems distant, it is because we have taken our portion of goods, and traveled into a far country to set up for ourselves, that we may foolishly enjoy rather than reverently serve."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



A census bulletin says that New York city has the greatest extent of asphalt pavements of any city in this country; next come Chicago and Philadelphia, and then Washington. Baltimore has very little asphalt, but she holds the record for rough cobblestones.

President Taft has appointed Henry S. Graves, director of the Yale Forest school and for two years assistant chief of the old division of forestry, chief of the forestry service, to succeed Gifford Pinchot, removed. Mr. Graves will assume his new duties February 1. Albert F. Potter of Arizona, will be named assistant forester.

Favorable report has been made by the House committee on the resolution of Representative Henry of Texas to change the date of inauguration day from March 4 to the last Thursday in April. The change being a constitutional amendment must be ratified by three-fourths of the Legislatures of the several States and a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress.

A decree has been issued by Pope Pius granting important civil and religious powers to all the bishops of the Catholic church throughout the entire world. The new decree gives the bishops the right to settle all questions regarding the marriage of Catholics without reference to the authorities at the Vatican. This is regarded as one of the most sweeping orders issued by the Pope.

According to report of the department of agriculture the prairie dogs in the panhandle of Texas eat enough grass in a year to support 800,000 head of cattle and 4,000,000 sheep. Much trouble is being had in exterminating the dogs, as about the time one poison seems to be getting in its work, the season changes and with it the habits of the dogs, and then new means have to be devised.

At the recent corn show at Omaha, Fred C. Palin of Newton, Ind., won the $1,000 trophy. The winning ear was grown on a 90-acre field and was nearly all corn, very little cob. The kernels are ¾ of an inch deep and in absolutely perfect rows. Corn authorities say it is the most perfect ear of corn ever produced in the world. For this one ear of corn $1,200 has been offered and refused.

Before adjourning the National Live Stock Association in convention at Denver overwhelmingly declared in favor of federal control of the open range. Gifford Pinchot's administration was indorsed over the protests of the Colorado delegates. The Payne tariff law was condemned and increase of power for the interstate commerce commission was advocated. A resolution fixing a minimum speed limit for stock trains was adopted.

The growing of cotton is being taken up in Palestine. During our Civil War considerable cotton was raised there, and now the increase in prices has prompted a number of companies to be formed for producing the crop on a larger scale.

With the help of several wealthy American Hebrews, Dr. Aaron Aaronson, a well-known expert in agricultural matters, is going to carry on an experiment farm in Palestine, in order to develop a peculiar kind of wheat that grows wild there on the slopes of Mt. Hebron, and which he says is able to stand hard drouths without being killed. This wheat, it is believed, would be a great thing for the arid regions of our own West.

Despite the fact that a 300-per cent dividend has just been paid by one of the railroad express companies, and still larger special dividend payments by some of the other companies, representatives of those concerns have asked the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Illinois to abandon the inquiry into the allegation that excessive rates are charged. Minnesota and Iowa representatives attended the hearing. Similar inquiries are being conducted in both those States.

Mrs. Emma B. Kennedy, widow of John S. Kennedy, pays the largest personal property tax in New York. She is assessed on personal property at $6,000,000. Mr. Carnegie, who topped the list last year, tied this year for second place with Mrs. Russell Sage at $5,000,000. John D. Rockefeller comes third, with personal property assessed at $2,500,000, and in fourth place is Florence Amsick, Bessie McLeod Leggett and W. K. Vanderbilt, who each are assessed at $1,000,000.

The people of Porto Rico are not American citizens. Porto Rico is "territory of the United States," but not "a territory" in the sense that Arizona, for instance, is. Gen. C. R. Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs, in his annual report just made makes an urgent appeal to have the Porto Ricans recognized as citizens of the United States. President Roosevelt and President Taft have made the same recommendation, but Congress is slow getting at matters of this kind.

Emphatic testimony to the ability of reinforced concrete to resist earthquake shock is given by the experts who were sent by the Japanese to Messina. The buildings that had been constructed of armored concrete, according to Prof. Amore, proved to be highly resistant; and much significance was attached to the case of two reservoirs of considerable size, one of brick and the other of reinforced concrete. The concrete structure received no injury, whereas the brick reservoir was completely destroyed.

Announcement is made at the offices of J P. Morgan & Co. that the net earnings of the International Harvester Company for 1909, after allowing for the setting aside of the various reserves, is $14,000,000 on a capital stock of $60,000,000. New stock for $20,000,000 is to be distributed ratably as a stock dividend to the holders of the original capital. This represents the surplus accruing in the last seven years. The directors recommended that the entire capital stock of $80,000,000 be placed on a 4 per cent dividend basis.

Delegates from the American Bar Association are urging favorable action by the Senate judiciary committee on Senator Nelson's bills providing for the reduction of expense to litigants in the appeal of cases to the Supreme Court of the United States and various circuit courts, the employment of official stenographers by the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as the Circuit and District Courts, and the expedition of hearings whereby cases remanded for rehearing will not be tried de novo, but only as to errors assigned.

Trade between Canada and the United States made its highest record in the calendar year just ended, and has more than doubled in the last ten years. In no earlier year have either imports from or exports to that country equalled the record of 1909. Imports from Canada have increased from $35,500,000 in 1899 to approximately $88,000,000 in 1909, and exports thereto from $86,000,000 to about $190,000,000, the estimate for 1909 being based upon official figures of 11 months, recently presented by the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

In an effort to secure support for his plan for international limitation of armaments, it is semiofficially announced that King Victor of Italy has negotiations pending for conferences with all important European rulers during next spring and summer. Italy probably is the heaviest sufferer of any country in the world from the race of greater navies. Unlike the very small countries which have absolutely no hope of competing successfully with their greater rivals, it is compelled to strain every resource toward equality with the latter.

During the fiscal year ended June 30 last, the amount of mail handled on rural delivery routes increased 96 per cent over the amount handled in 1905. Commenting on this P. V. De Graw, fourth assistant postmaster general, says: "This remarkable increase is conclusive evidence that the institution of rural delivery has enlarged the amount of the mails handled, and, therefore, increased the revenue. This is true, although 45 per cent of the bulk of mail on rural routes is second-class matter, as the increase applies to all classes of matter, especially to letters and postal cards, the latter due to the enormous use of souvenir or picture postal cards."

The Social Democratic or revolutionary party of Russia has repudiated Maxim Gorky the well-known socialist, because of "his preference for good living and love of comfort." Gorky, having made money by writing books about the poor, is now living a life of literary ease and luxury on the beautiful island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. His old friends consider that the one-time cobbler's apprentice, butcher boy, scullion and tramp is hurting the social cause by thus yielding to his appetite for the fleshpots and placing his own individual comfort above the betterment of collective society.

At a meeting of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor Jan. 13 President Samuel Gompers was instructed to investigate the recent statement of the census bureau. This declares that while each wage earner in the United States produces annually $2,500, the average earning per year of the wage earner is less than $500. Laboring men think the ratio of five to one is unfair to them. The council adopted a resolution urging the utmost economy of expenditure consistent with the proper administration of the affairs of the nation, thus lessening the wage earner's tax bills.

Statistics published by the Interstate Commerce Commission show that during two years, out of 152 preventable collisions and derailments, twenty-one of the accidents were due to the failure of the locomotive engineers to observe the signals. Evidently the human element enters largely into the question of the efficiency of block signaling. In view of this fact, it is encouraging to note the steady growth of automatic stop devices which, in case of failure of the engineer to obey a signal, will open the train pipe and set the brakes.

Canada authorities are preparing to take action under the alien labor act against the Canadian Pacific Telegraph company for bringing in telegraphers from the Twin cities and Chicago. In the past three months, it is said, 30 men or more have been hired south of the line to work in Winnipeg and their transportation paid to that city. In addition, when they want to return they can do so at the expense of the company. The fine is $1,000 for each offense. The object of the company in bringing up men from the south, it is claimed, is to keep the wages down as low as possible, despite the scale.

Urged by T. S. Toler, head of the bureau of game preservation of the department of agriculture, James A. Tolerton, Missouri State game and fish commissioner, announces that he will enforce the law prohibiting the killing of song birds in that State or the sale of their plumage in the State, whether killed there or not. The law has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. The birds commonly killed for the milliner trade are red birds, blue birds, jay birds, gulls, perns, grebes, bobolinks and herons. Tolerton says that when the milliners have had time to adjust their business to the new law he will enforce the provision against the sale of plumage in the State as well as the killing of the birds. Ohio, Oregon, Washington, Louisiana and California have similar laws.

The ironing of linen may have a greater effect than is expected of it. As the temperature of the iron may greatly exceed 266 deg. F. it has been suggested that the process of ironing may suffice to sterilize surgical dressings and hence be of valuable service, especially in rural districts and elsewhere, in the absence of disinfecting ovens and sterilizers. Nearly all microbes can be killed by a sufficiently long application of a temperature of 158 deg. F., but a temperature of 266 deg. F. is required to kill certain spores of bacteria and to produce absolutely complete sterilization. It has been proved by experiment that it is possible to disinfect clothing very satisfactorily by ironing. Clothing which had been worn by children affected by various contagious diseases and which contained bacteria of pus, diphtheria, etc., was sprinkled and ironed. It was then rubbed on plates of gelatine prepared for the culture of bacteria, but not a single colony was developed.



Among the Magazines



MAKING COUNTRY LIFE INTERESTING.

Farm life was robbed of its old fashioned charms by steam power, which took into factories one after another of our home industries, until we had lost weaving, spinning, knitting, candle making, soap making, shoe making, cheese and butter making, and even sewing would have gone but for the little sewing machine which we could make a household affair. Of course this unloaded a large amount of work from the country home, but it left only the least interesting labor to be performed in the family. The young folk naturally drifted after the machinery, into factory towns and cities. Now we want to know what can be done to recall the youngsters, and make them happy in country life and with country work. It will be of no use to talk about "back to the land" unless we can keep the young folks with us.

The reaction has really set in already, following the change of motor power, that is, from steam to electricity. We have the telephone and the trolley, and there is no such thing now as backwoods territory, or being remote from the centers of civilization. Adding free mail delivery, we have brought the world to us, a hundred miles from the cities, and the news from London or Calcutta is ours almost as soon as it is on the desk of the New York stock dealer. We have only to use common sense in adjusting ourselves to the change in order to hold our boys and girls in the country. Added to what we have named, is the fact that all the sciences of the age, botany, entomology, geology, ornithology are all made tributary to farm life. There is really no life to compare with ours in breadth. The education of the age is centering in our Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. These send us bulletin after bulletin, giving us all the most recent scientific discoveries, besides teaching us the positive art of plant and animal culture.

Now what we have to do is to meet these changes half way. No country house should be without its telephone, and its shipments should if possible take advantage of the trolley. Every country home should have direct connection with its State Experiment Station and Agricultural College. These institutions belong to the people, and were created, not to educate a special class, but to give information to the tillers of the soil. There is not a problem that can arise on the farm, in the orchard or the garden, or in the household affairs, pertaining to sanitary or economic affairs, but what the bulletins will be found of vital health. That is not the best of it, however, for it is this exalting of our work into a science that makes it so interesting to the young.

As a direct consequence of this scientific culture, every farm ultimately will, and speedily should, become an experiment station of itself. Boys and girls should learn that the highest education is that which comes from personal investigation. Cross-breeding of plants is just as easy at home as it is at the Stations, or at Mr. Burbank's farm in California. There is not a home so small or so humble anywhere in the United States, that covers a single acre of ground or half acre, that cannot engage in creating something new. This is done either by growing seedlings, as nature gives them to us, or by more accurate crossing of pollen, and then securing the results by sowing seed.

The farm should go a little farther, and the smallest country home should have a shop and a laboratory; the former with a good equipment of mechanical tools, and the latter for studying those forms of nature which lie in the soil of the homestead. The very smallest home furnishes work in geology, botany and entomology. A room devoted to this kind of work becomes very fascinating to the young; while the shop holds the boys that are mechanically inclined.

When we say widen the outlook for the boys and girls, we do not mean therefore that they must go away from home to find the world. If you will just show them that the world is right under their feet, and over their heads, and that they have all the sciences right at hand, and all the arts for that matter, they will not wander from home. Still it is necessary to furnish them intellectual tools and stimulus in the way of books and magazines. Unfortunately most of our country houses have only those papers that give a questionable lot of passing information. A country home magazine, supplemented by historical and geographical magazines, makes far better pabulum. The young people like them better, if their minds have not already become dissipated with rambling reading.

Now that the schools are fronting toward the land, and industrialism, we must meet them with our home organism, and as quickly as possible fill the young people with enthusiasm for life as well as knowledge, and for the acquisition of knowledge at first hand. Then, instead of shunting them loose from the family, as soon as they are supposed to have finished their education, we shall find them ready for partnership in our land love and land work. Families will not separate so easily, and the already congested city will cease to swallow up our boys and girls, because in the country they do not see the beautiful nor realize the infinite presence of truth.—The Independent.

ONE OF THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS.

Among the Nobel prize-winners for this year is the name of a woman, Selma Lagerlöf, of Sweden, who carries the honor for literature. She stands with Mme. Curie and the Baroness von Suttner to represent the position of woman in this international academy of fame. Mme. Curie won her laurels in the field of science, and Baroness von Suttner was rewarded for her devotion to the literature of peace. Miss Lagerlöf is a writer of romances, better known in Europe than in this country. The best-known of her works available in English is "Gösta Berling's Saga" and "Miracles of Antichrist," though she has a considerable list of romances and travel sketches to her credit, appearing in

various other European languages as well as Swedish. The following account of her appears in The Outlook (New York):

"The Swedish people have the greatest affection for her, regarding her as their prose-poet in the sense in which Schiller is the verse-poet of the German people, and her popularity is great throughout Scandinavia. Her work expresses in a rare degree the spirit and genius of Sweden, and has exerted a positive influence upon the national character. The prize was awarded, not to any single book, but in recognition of her substantial work as a writer. A Swedish critic, in reviewing her 'Christ Legends,' . . . says, 'She came to us in an age of psychological prying, and discovered the child in us.' At the time when the literature of the Continent partakes so largely of the introspective and morbid, Miss Lagerlöf has been an apostle of optimism, discerning in the characters in her stories the spark of divinity which redeems even crudity and sordid surroundings. In 'Gösta Berling's Saga' Miss Lagerlöf made her native province, Vermland, classical; and in her 'Jerusalem' she revealed to the people of Delecarlia the inner spirit of their own province. 'The Wonderful Adventure of Nils,' the immense popularity of which The Outlook has already reported, is a book which has endeared her to all Swedish children, to whom she is a kind of fairy godmother, lightening their school hours and their tasks with her delightful insight and humor. She is described as a modest and rather shy woman, of very attractive personality, living with her mother in a pretty, old-fashioned cottage in the suburbs of the city of Falun, surrounded by a flower-garden and an orchard. She has also an estate in Vermland, her native province, where most of her writing is done. She is an ardent lover of nature, with a passion for flowers and the ability to diffuse their perfume through her books."—Literary Digest.

AVAILABILITY OF SOUTHERN WATER POWERS.

The increase in knowledge during the last decade regarding the methods of creating electric energy at high potentials, and of so insulating the conductors that from 20,000 to 100,000 volts can be generated at the power plant by water and transmitted distances of 100 miles, or even more, has had a marked effect upon the value of water power and upon the general industrial growth of nearly all regions where there are undeveloped powers.

When it is shown to a prospective manufacturer that electric power can be delivered to his factory ready for use at a price of perhaps $20 per horsepower per year, and that in building his plant it will not be necessary to install boilers, engines, heavy shafting, or belting, but that the power can be taken directly from the wires to the generator in his mill, that practically all of the attendance necessary to the maintenance of a steam plant is done away with, and that all difficulties due to delay in the transportation of coal or to coal shortages are avoided, it is likely to have a decided effect in determining the question where his factory shall be located. There are many cities in the South which are being developed in this way. The first use of electric power has been in the old factories, principally cotton mills, but diversified industries are now springing up, creating manufacturing centers similar to those found in the New England States, which owe their location entirely to a fall in a river which could be utilized for power. Lowell, Lawrence, Holyoke, Lewiston, and many other cities in New England would never have existed in their present locations had it not been for the fall in the river at those particular points.

Many large mills recently constructed in the South have installed individual electric motors operated from a large steam plant, the power being transmitted through the mill entirely by electricity. These mills are in a position to take advantage of the development of water powers, for the current, after being transformed to a lower voltage, can be directly connected with the motors in the mill and the mill be operated partially or wholly by water power. If during the low-water period there is scarcity of power, the steam plant can be used as a temporary auxiliary and the remaining current from the water power be utilized in places where steam plants are not available.

In northern climates the users of water powers are in the winter months frequently troubled with ice, usually in the form of anchor-ice, which forms in the canal and blocks the wheels. While in most parts of the Southeastern States where water powers are available there is more or less snow and ice each year, the quantities are small and there is never difficulty from anchor-ice. The milder climate is also of great advantage in the construction and maintenance of the transmission line, for the weight of the ice on the wires is the most severe test of the strength of the copper or aluminum wire itself and of its support—From "Water Powers of the South," by Henry A. Pressy, in the American Review of Reviews for January.

A MONOLOGUE.

"Well, Miss Middleton, I came up to school just as quickly as I could get here after George told me you wouldn't let him go into the hall to sing with the other scholars. The idea! Suppose he did throw spit-balls and sing out of tune on purpose. I don't believe he meant to make discords, and the other boys throw spit-balls too. I know they do, for George says so. I can always believe every word George tells me, he is so truthful. You haven't always found him so? Well the trouble must be with you, then. I always say, 'Now, George, tell mother all about it and she won't punish you at all.' And then he does, and I forgive him, and we are so happy about it. You must let him go up with the other boys; he just loves to sing; and do you know, he actually cried when he told me how he had to make out three long bills while the other boys were having such good times singing. I cried too, and I said, 'I'll go right up and tell her I can't allow any such punishment as that.' Don't you think it's rather cruel to single out one boy and treat him so badly? Why he must be picked out when all the other boys do the same things—I know they do because George says so—I can't imagine.

"Last week you kept him after school too and the poor boy had to hurry his luncheon abominably. I suppose you didn't keep him over time, but twenty minutes after school takes just that time out of his lunch hour for he has to practice a half-hour any way. I really don't want him kept after school at all. He isn't very strong and when he isn't taking his music lessons—he takes two a week—or his dancing school,

or anything else, I want him to be out of doors. It's good for boys, don't you know?

"Why of course I want him to do his work and be good and all that, but it really seems to me you might manage him a little better. Now at home we don't cross him very much. We say, 'Now, George, won't you do this to please me?' and sometimes he is real nice about it, especially if I say, 'If you do, George, I'll coax your father to let you go to see the moving pictures or the theater.' George is so fond of shows! Then if he does have a cross fit and scuff his feet and bang doors, we just let him alone and he comes around all right.

"I suppose you can't do the same with forty that I do with my one, but it does seem as if you might have more reasonable punishments. No, indeed! Of course we wouldn't allow George to be whipped! Why, he has always been ruled by love. That's why I object to your keeping George in the front seat, and talking to him so sternly, and detaining him after the others have gone, and all that sort of thing. It just breaks a boy's spirit to be constantly reprimanded.

"What do I suggest? I'm sure it isn't my place to tell a teacher how to punish a child. But there is just one thing I can't endure, and that's notes and cards of censure and that sort of thing. When George brings them home addressed to his father and we feel obliged to let him see them sometimes, it just makes me sick. His father is so harsh with George then that he sometimes takes away his pocket-money for three whole days, and George makes such a fuss when his father isn't in, and sometimes I have hysterics. Really, I said to George, 'If Miss Middleton knew how unhappy she makes me by her notes she wouldn't send them, I'm sure.' But George said, 'Why, Ma, she's just down on me; she just picks me for every little thing I do.'

"O, yes, I told him he must be good or he wouldn't get his promotion, and I should be so ashamed! You fear he won't any way? Well, I'll tell you one thing, there'll be one grand fuss, if he doesn't. The Superintendent is a particular friend of my husband's and the wife of one of the most prominent politicians is in the same whist-club with me, and that boy isn't going to stay behind his class, if I know it.

"'He has got to do better work for the rest of the year, and less play,' do you say? Why, of course he will if you will just coax him a little, instead of sending him into the hall, and keeping him from his little pleasures. George is a real good boy at heart; his mother knows that better than any one else. I know he isn't as bad as some of the other boys, for George says so. Now you will be good to George, won't you? Yes, I'll send you my ideas on how to govern children. I wrote a paper once on that subject for our Club and everybody said it was perfectly lovely. Good-by, Miss Middleton, you won't forget my suggestions, will you? Good-by."—*Interstate Schoolman.*

Between Whiles

Tommy had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners' door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.—Success Magazine.

Walter finds it especially difficult to remember to say "Please" and "Thank you." Upon being severely reprimanded by his father for his lack of manners he exclaimed indignantly: "I wish I knew who ever started that foolish fashion of saying all the time 'Please' and 'Thank you.' I guess it must have been Adam and Eve."—The Delineator.

Shades of Annie Laurie!—The new minister was inspecting a pawky Scots farmer's stock, and paused to admire a donkey. "Fine donkey that, Mackenzie," said the minister. "What dae ye ca' him?" "Maxwelton, meenister," was the reply. "Wherefore that, mon?" cried the visitor. "Because his brays are bonny," came the answer. —London Daily News.

An Infant Industry. "What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk. "That is a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed. "I guess I'll have to charge you a duty on it," rejoined the inspector. "It competes with a small and struggling industry in this country."—Chicago Tribune.

The Better Word.—Weary William.—"What did ye tell dat lady when she asked ye if ye wuz equal to de task o' sawin' wood?"

Tattered Tom.—"I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wuz superior to it."—Chicago Daily News.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column. Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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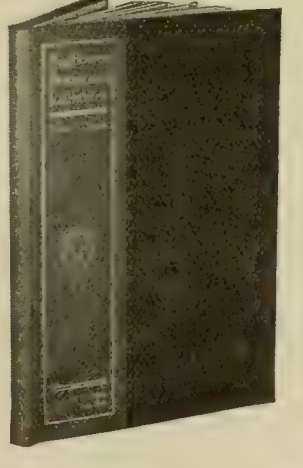
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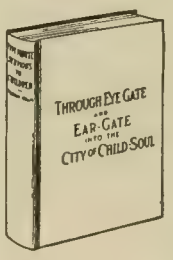
Some of you have learned through the Messenger of my intention to leave Mexico, and it is proper that something be said here as to the business side of that change. I already had enough money placed in my hands by clients to be used in the purchase of lands in Mexico to have yielded me several hundred dollars of profit. It was understood by these buyers that I was buying land myself and would be there to personally superintend the improvement and cultivation of it. I held this money in my own possession until I was sure as to what was the proper thing to do, and when I became convinced that it was not wise for me to remain, I notified my people that I was expecting to leave Mexico and that their money was held subject to their order. I might have invested this money and induced others to invest and thus have made a nice sum in commissions. On the other hand I made these personal investigations at a cost of hundreds of dollars to myself, but at a cost of not one cent to those who placed confidence in me. It rather seems to me that the man who cannot apply the Golden Rule in business ought to either stay out of business or out of the church, or out of both. If you want to know more about some of these California propositions you read about, write me and I will tell you what I think.

JAMES M. NEFF, Long Beach, Cal.

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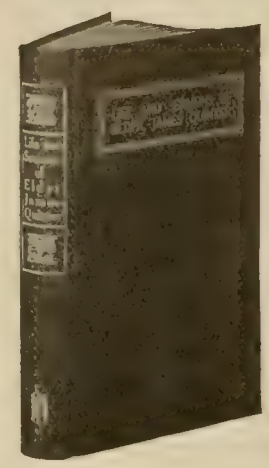
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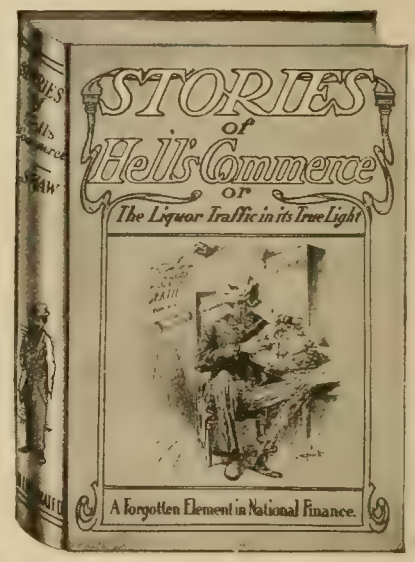
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

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At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

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¶ The various projects in the Twin Falls Country contain over two million acres, as follows: The Twin Falls South Side project, 240,000 acres, The Twin Falls North Side project, 225,000 acres, the Salmon River project, 80,000 acres, the Kings Hill project, 20,000 acres; the Wood River project, 150,000 acres; the Goose Creek project, 50,000 acres; the West End project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls Shoshone project, 10,000 acres; the Dietrich project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls-Bruneau project, 1,000,000 acres; the Bruneau project, 80,000 acres; and the Minidoka Government project, 160,000 acres; all of which will be irrigated and which will be tributary to the City of Twin Falls.



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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. February 1, 1910. No. 5.

Hugo's "Les Miserables"

Leon F. Beery

INTRICATE in plot, yet masterful in development, full of philosophical and psychological diversions, interspersed with frequent lengthy historical explanations, this book from the pen of Victor Hugo is one of those rare books which, though long and at times tedious, hold the attention and interest of the reader to the very last chapter; the intricacy is the more appreciated because the master is behind it, the philosophy and psychology only aid in making the whole more clear, and the historical accounts are alone masterpieces of literature from the standpoint of history itself.

The very first chapters, in fact the whole first book, is a character sketch, introducing us to the Bishop, and right here is the first of those outlines of character which are scattered throughout the book. When Hugo wishes to delineate a character, he does not merely say, "He was a good man," or "She was a bad woman"; he calls a halt in the advancement of the plot and devotes several chapters to it. He analyzes the mind and soul to their utmost depths, bringing out in full relief all the inner thoughts and workings of the human heart. A reason is given for every condition both of mind and body that exists with the individual in hand. If the man was rich, he made his money by introducing some new industry in a town, the secret of which he alone knew; if the man was wretched, he had failed in business and through proverty had degenerated into misery in some cold, creaking hovel which no one else would or could live in; if the woman was beautiful, it was because she had had a loving mother and after her death had been snatched from a life of wretchedness, into which she had unluckily fallen, by a man who through the benign influence of one who was the incarnation of love and blessing had learned the same lesson and had found in her a worthy object of his newly-found love, and had fostered her and been like a very father to her as long as he lived.

Likewise, when some incident in the story involves a philosophical or a psychological truth, the plot is arrested and this truth is explained in its relation to the incident. Thus, it was not enough to have mentioned the fact that there was a revolt or an insurrection, but the governmental condition of the city and nation must first be given, then the spirit which existed among the common people, then the motives which prompted them to revolt, and then a view into the revolt, as into a human being, how it collects itself and forms a barricade, how it moves, thinks, acts, goes forward, is repulsed, becomes confused, formulates plans, executes them, waxes stronger in one part by weakening in another, ever presses desperately yet systematically on, gradually yields before its opponents, and finally succumbs to the superior forces which are sent to suppress it. Nor is the author satisfied with bringing into the story a little street urchin. He goes back to the beginning and tells how the street urchin, or gamin, came into existence, and reviews in full *his* philosophy, psychology, and sociology.

Where are to be found historical accounts more voluminous, descriptions more vivid? Take, for instance, the account of the battle of Waterloo. Simply reading that from Hugo's pen, one feels himself transported to the field of battle, and experiences the terror and horror of war more than ever before. From the sight of the field after the battle one turns away as from a horrible spectre, as one sees the acres of dead and wounded mortals and hears the occasional groan and sigh of a dying soldier. Forty pages are consumed in describing the convent in which the hero of the story miraculously found himself; every page is laden with valuable and interesting facts about the convent.

The book is divided into five parts, each part being practically a complete story in itself. But the whole is so skillfully connected and interwoven that when one has finished it one cannot see how it would be complete without all five parts. The characters are truly what the title signifies—"the wretched ones." Jean Valjean, the hero of the book, is an escaped galley-slave. Like others of his class, he was rough, unfeeling, and hard of heart. After escaping he comes in contact with and under the influence of a bishop, a

"just man," and ever after that he learns more and more to love, and that is the predominating purpose of the story—to show the effect love and kindness will have on ever so hard-hearted a man. Ultimately Jean Valjean is completely regenerated, and he dies with these words on his lips:—"I am on the verge of departure, my children. Love each other well and always. There is nothing else but that in the world: love for each other. . . . . Come still nearer. I die happy. Give me your dear and well-beloved heads, so that I may lay my hands on them."

Hugo's style is indeed masterful. His vocabulary is exhaustless, his imagination fruitful, his composition is intense, his force and power are great. His large number and great difference of characters and his handling of them is almost Shakespearean. Words are never lacking for him, and always the right one in the right place is used. Somewhat bold in figures and in statements, yet one is impressed with the fact that he is not afraid to publish his thoughts and sentiments. For fear any particular part may not be clearly understood, he takes time and pains to elucidate, even more than would be considered necessary or wise by a modern novel writer. But it is this very care in explaining that gives the charm to his writing, and a feeling of satisfaction at the end. Beautiful and good things are described so that one smiles as he reads; tears come to the eyes when he tells of poverty and misery. The feeling that comes over one on having finished the book is that of joy and thankfulness that he is not obliged to live the life of wretchedness that those people lived, and to experience the hardships and trials that they experienced.

The characters are all very strong representatives of the kind of people and the class of society that they are. A man is not poor, he is poverty-stricken; he is not stern, he is rigid and immovable in his opinions; a woman is not pretty or good, she expresses all the loveliness and kindness and beauty that it is possible to express.

As for the plot in itself, it is, as before stated, intricate yet masterfully developed. It abounds in mysteries and predicaments, but there is a solution for every one. It seems to be the author's delight to complicate the plot so that all extrication seems impossible or miraculous; but after he has shown you the solution it is so simple, at least in theory, that you say, "Why, of course; why did I not think of that?" Having mentioned a fact or introduced a character once, that is thought sufficient, and the reader must not forget anything that has gone before, or he will lose the meaning of something else that follows; because the whole is so interwoven that everything depends on everything else, and the change of one single circumstance may alter the whole movement of the plot.

Summing up, "Les Misérables" is a book, worth practically five modern short novels, which contains under one title a plot worthy of any Stevenson or Fox, or better, numerous valuable reflections on philosophy and human nature, some of the most vivid accounts of historical facts and descriptions of things that existed that we have, eloquence at times equal to that of Henry or Webster, marvelous delineations of character,—in short, all that one could wish for in the way of entertainment, information, inspiration, and moral uplift.

Huntingdon, Pa.

* * *

Our Industrial War

John H. Nowlan

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

OURS is a wonderful nation. Consult the figures given out by the Washington authorities and if you have not been noticing them you will be amazed. The farmers of the land in one recent year received seven thousand millions ($7,000,000,000) for their farm produce. Other producers reaped in proportion. The wealth of the entire country is estimated at one hundred six thousand millions ($106,000,000,000). Each year it climbs into higher and higher figures.

We feel proud of our country and perhaps justly; but there is a dark side to the picture. Our peaceful victories are great—magnificent! but at what cost have they been purchased! "In the United States the casualties attendant upon the peaceful industries exceed those which happen under a great and perpetual war." (Roosevelt.) Such a statement coming from one in such a high position should be authentic, and ought to cause us to think. Can it be true? It is well known that many accidents happen that are never reported. The city papers instruct their correspondents not to report railroad accidents when the injuries are only among the minor ones because they happen so often that the public is not interested. "One brakeman was killed," is often the only notice that we have of the fact that some poor woman has been left to fight the battle of life alone and that her children are to be deprived of an opportunity to gain an education.

Let us make some comparisons. Our Civil War is considered to be one of the most bloody wars in the world's history. Historians estimate that in the four years the loss in killed and wounded was one million. This is an average of a quarter million per year. The *reported* accidents equal one half million per year. Note the following:

Civil War,	250,000	lives.
* * * * * * *		
Coal mine and quarries,	11,986	lives.
Factories, etc.,	232,000	"
Railroads,	137,000	"
Total,	380,986	"

Other occupations will easily swell the list to the half million mark. No doubt if the full number was known even the experts themselves would be startled. I am of the opinion that the figures given for coal mines is too low—in nineteen days I saw in one daily paper the account of 713 deaths.

Let us look at it from another angle. Many of the workmen carry no accident insurance, yet our industrial accidents cost us $348,000,000 insurance.

Most of these are persons in early middle life—such as the country can ill afford to spare. Why do we stand and allow this awful slaughter to continue and never lift a voice in protest?

The Martinique and San Francisco earthquakes were terrible catastrophes and the whole world stood aghast; but here at home we annually slay more. If they were all in one community a demand would be made for a remedy. But these poor men are just as truly dead and their families left as dependent as if the deaths had occurred in one place and on the same day.

Appliances for saving time are eagerly sought after by all the companies engaged in the mad race for gain, while those for saving life have to be pushed to get them considered.

Why is this reckless waste of human life? That it is unavoidable is not true. In our country the railroads in one year killed ten thousand and forty-six, besides injuring eighty-four thousand one hundred forty-five. In the same year the lives lost in the German Empire numbered seventy-four and in France but eighteen. Further, those of Germany are classed as more than fifty per cent "avoidable."

When we consider that the roads of our country kill annually one man in each two hundred seventy of their employees while Austria kills only one in one thousand and sixty-seven, we are bound to admit that there is something radically wrong with the system.

We are digging deeper and building higher year after year. Immense skyscrapers are towering toward the skies and every one of them has taken its toll of human life. Gas and falling roofs in the coal mines and molten metal in the foundries call for their share of lives to prepare the building material. Others are sacrificed in order that the caissons may be placed. As the work progresses falling bricks, beams, faulty scaffolds, insecure ladders, and the like cause their quota of deaths, the end coming only when the last slate is placed on the roof and the last coat of paint applied.

We have heard the story so often that we have become hardened to it and take it as a matter of course; but the mere frequency of the accidents makes the need of safeguards all the more imperative. Better mine ventilation, casing for gearing, shorter hours for others, all these and other precautions would safeguard many lives. The employer who does not take the necessary precautions will have to answer to the charge of criminal negligence at the bar of the Most High, and should be called to account in this life.

The treatment of labor in regard to loss of life is one of the most potent arguments of the socialists and only hastens the inevitable clash between capital and labor. That it may be bloodless is the most for which we may hope.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

H. D. MICHAEL.

Other friends will wish you many things,—
  Peace, joy, health and wealth galore.
Their wishes in my ear now ring;
  I fain would wish you more.

My wish shall be that this glad day
  Will bring you more true happiness,
In each and every way
  Than any day now past.

That with each day's recurring light
  You may forget all that has sadness brought;
That your life may e'er be bright:
  All sorrows fade to naught;

That each succeeding year shall greater blessings bring;
  Each day some joy provide:
That they may come to you like birdies on the wing,
  Or like the inflowing of the tide;

Then that you may to your knowledge, best,
  Use all these blessings that shall come to you;
That they may many others bless,
  And much for our dear Savior do.

Pasco, Wash.

TIRED GETTING READY.

WASHINGTON IRVING tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap, and ran so hard that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill, and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill.

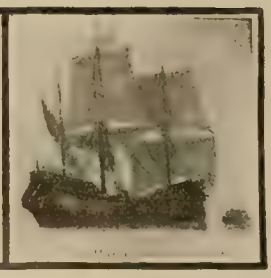
A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do.

It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing; but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old, who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college, and taken a number of postgraduate courses—but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—*O. S. Marden.*



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter XII.

THE modes of travel were at first very rude, the favorite travel between Plymouth, Boston and Cape Ann, being by water, hollowed logs about twenty feet long and two and one-half feet wide being used. Horses were few and they were too valuable on the farms to be spared for travel.

From the earliest days, when horses were used for travel, women rode upon pillions behind the men, as travel was generally upon horseback. The pillion was a cushion strapped behind the man's saddle, from which occasionally hung a small platform on which the woman rider rested her feet. At times one horse was made to carry two men astride.

Coaches were not in general use until into the seventeenth century. In 1685 John Winthrop had one, and in 1687 Sir Edmund and Lady Andros "rode in a coach in Boston"; other carriages were few in town. In 1690 we find the "sley" mentioned but do not find that it was generally used until well into the next century, though there were a few in Boston in 1700. In 1646 Capt. Cromwell made Gov. Winthrop a present of a Sedan-chair, and on Sept. 11, 1706, Sewall tells us that "five Indians carried Mr. Bromfield in a chair."

Taverns were licensed at a very early date and strict laws were passed governing them. Landlords could not sell "sack or strong water; nor permit games to be played in their precincts; nor allow dancing or singing; nor could tobacco be used within their walls; nor could they sell cakes or buns indiscriminately." But in 1651 beer and light drinks were allowed. One Boston tavern had the following for a sign:

"This is the bird that never flew,
This is the tree that never grew,
This is the ship that never sails,
This is the can that never fails."

Some of the names given to taverns were as follows: "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Dog and Pot," "Turk's Head," "Green Dragon," "The Good Woman," "The Sun Tavern." The latter was removed to Moon Street, and was kept by Mrs. Milk. The old Paleveren tavern at Medford gave a most attractive picture of "ye olden time hospitalitie." On either side of its front door grew a great tree, in the spreading branches of which was built a platform, the two trees being connected by a hanging bridge, and with the tavern by a footbridge. In these tree arbors during the days of the summer months travelers rested and drank their drams or cups of tea. Most of the taverns throughout New England were kept by the best citizens, in many cases by the magistrate, a justice of the peace, or sheriff. Town meeting notices and all public notices were posted in the tavern. Distances were given as from tavern to tavern instead of from town to town. We find the best old-fashioned inns of New England were better than the present ones.

Next in importance to the inn-keeper was the stage-driver. He was such a popular and kindly fellow that he was not allowed to carry parcels or letters for parties along the route, "else he were overburdened with tiresome and hindering business, detrimental to the postal and carriage income of the government." He was of so great importance that Jack Mendum, who drove the Salem mail-coach, hardly exaggerated his position when he said to his passengers who were trying to urge him to drive faster: "While I drive this coach I am the whole United States of America."

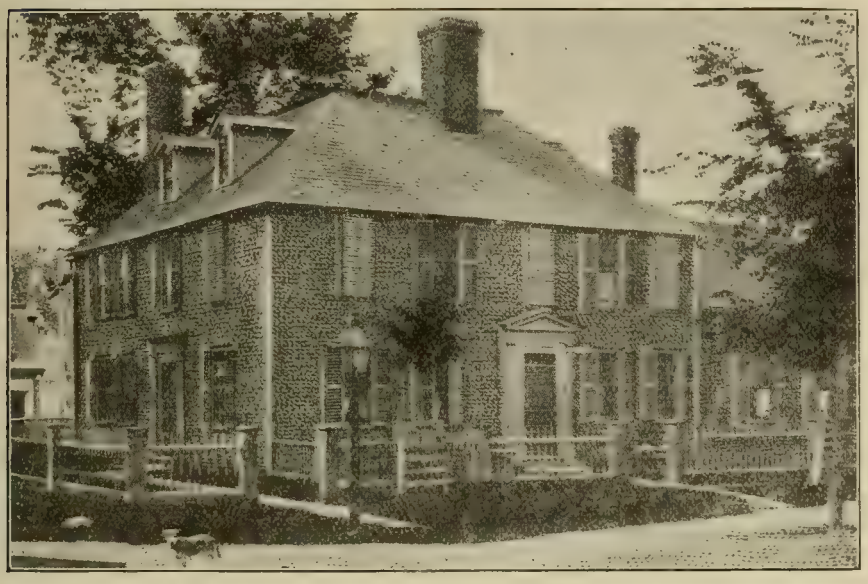
To show the importance of taverns, tavern-keepers, stage-agents, and stage-drivers, in early colonial days we will give a single instance. The staging center of New Hampshire was Haverhill; six or eight coach lines left there every day. There were lines direct to Boston, New York, and Stanstead, Canada. There were often one hundred and fifty passengers a day landed at this station alone.

The earliest roads for travel were the Indian trails or paths and were often only two or three feet wide.

The first passenger steamer to run between Providence (R. I.) and New York made its trial trip in 1822, the trip being made in twenty-three hours, which was very fast for those days. On one trip the boat lay by near Port Judith for some small repairs, and all the country folk who came to the shore expected to see a wreck, but were surprised to see her go quickly sliding away without sails, over the water and out of sight. Travel by boat became the favorite of genteel people. Between Boston and Providence—forty miles—travel was by stage-coaches, from eighteen to twenty coaches full being carried each way in a single day. The fare was $3.00, and was an annoyance to the more thrifty men. At last they formed a company and a

line of rival coaches was established with the fare only $2.50. The regular line reduced the fare to $2.00, and the rival line further made a reduction to $1.50, when the regulars advertised at $1.00, and so on until the new company announced that they would carry passengers free and give them a dinner, but the old line came out and in addition to the above gave a bottle of wine.

A Mr. Shaffer, fashionable dancing teacher in Boston, started for Providence Monday morning, had a gay ride, a good dinner and bottle of wine at the end of the journey, all at the expense of the stage company.



Wright Tavern, Built in 1747.

Tuesday he rode more gayly back to Boston, got his dinner and wine. This he kept up several days. On Friday the fame of his cheap fun was spread throughout Boston, and he gathered a crowd of gay young sparks who much enjoyed their frolicking ride and the fine Providence dinner and wine. They returned in high spirits to Boston on Saturday to find that the rival companies had compromised and both had signed a contract to carry passengers for $2.00 a trip. They had one trip to pay for and lost the dinner and wine.

A very portly man entered a Boston restaurant one day and asked the price of a dinner. Shaffer who was present, assumed the airs of a waiter and calling for a tape-measure proceeded to measure the distance around the astonished and insulted man's waist, who could hardly believe his sense of hearing when the insulting Shaffer politely replied:—"Price of a dinner, sir!—about $4.00, sir!—for that size, sir!" Such were the practical jokes of stage and tavern life in olden days in New England.

"It is that fearful sense of separation from hope, belief and faith that holds us down at times."

IS MARS INHABITED?

S. Z. SHARP.

Not long ago the general public, as well as the astronomers, had their attention called to the planet Mars. Every evening, when the sky was clear after sunset, and you looked toward the east, you could see a bright luminary, larger than a star of the first magnitude. That was Mars, our nearest neighbor outside of us in our solar system and at this time only thirty-five millions of miles away. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune is the order in which our planets are arranged in our solar system which places Mars farther away from the sun than our Earth and consequently it receives less light and heat. In size it is about half that of the earth and twice that of the moon. It makes its circuit around the sun in about 670 days, or in a little more than two of our years, its days being nearly the same as ours. Its orbit is very eccentric and in only about every seventeen years do earth and Mars come nearest together, as it happened last year and on Sept. 24, Mars was in direct opposition to the sun. We can see through the telescope that Mars is flattened at the poles.

The near approach of this planet, the observations made heretofore, and the discovery of conditions which make it possible that Mars may be inhabited, all combine to make the present investigations of this planet so interesting and constant observations are made at scores of observatories. The following features and conditions gave rise to the belief that Mars is inhabited: The disc or face of the planet presents dark and bright outlines resembling land and water. The darker spots are of a brownish color, and the lighter spots of a greenish color, like that of our seas or bays when seen at a distance through a telescope. Several centuries ago, markings were discovered on the face of Mars which have the appearance of canals running in parallel directions. Prof. Lowell of the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., has lately taken photographs, and made drawings of these lines. These lines are crossed by others, and, at their intersections, green spots appear. At both the north and the south pole, very light spots appear like caps of ice which are greatly enlarged during Mars' winters and seem to melt away in summer. What seem to be continents and islands also change their color in summer as if clothed by vegetation, and return to a somber appearance in winter again. Mr. Lowell has made drawings

of more than 450 canals and confirms the statements of earlier astronomers. It is also admitted that Mars has an atmosphere, making it inhabitable to living beings.

We happen to have in our town a mechanical genius, a regular M. D., skilled in making X-ray machines of a superior quality and taking out several patents for improvements on this machine. He constructs automobiles and other useful articles and among them has made a powerful telescope and mounted it with all its numerous and delicate adjustments. In response to his kind invitation, we took a look through his telescope at the planet Mars which appeared in size like the full moon. The so-called ice caps at the poles were brilliant and the darker spots on the disc were readily seen, and we were convinced that the descriptions of Mars are correct.

One peculiarity about Mars is that it has two moons; the smallest ever seen, neither being over seven miles in diameter and the inner one makes its circuit around its major in about eight hours.

On our own planet life exists wherever possible, on land, sea and in air, even in the rigorous polar regions living beings exist, adapted to the conditions around them. The dredgings of the deep sea also reveal the fact that living organisms are found there. The Author of creation is also the Author and upholder of life, and the Maker of worlds. Heb. 1:2. Why should not other worlds be inhabited as well as ours? That is the question which draws so much attention to Mars at this time.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter III.

How many? This is often the query of the visitor. Previous to the erection of the Chester prison in 1878, the number at Joliet reached nineteen hundred. Since that time the number has varied between fifteen, past sixteen, but not so high as seventeen hundred. On the day preceding the writer's visit to the institution the count reported by the assistant deputy was sixteen hundred twelve men and sixty women. That was during the first week of March and the courts being in session, new entries were made almost daily. Likewise expirations and paroles were occurring, making a difference in the count each day.

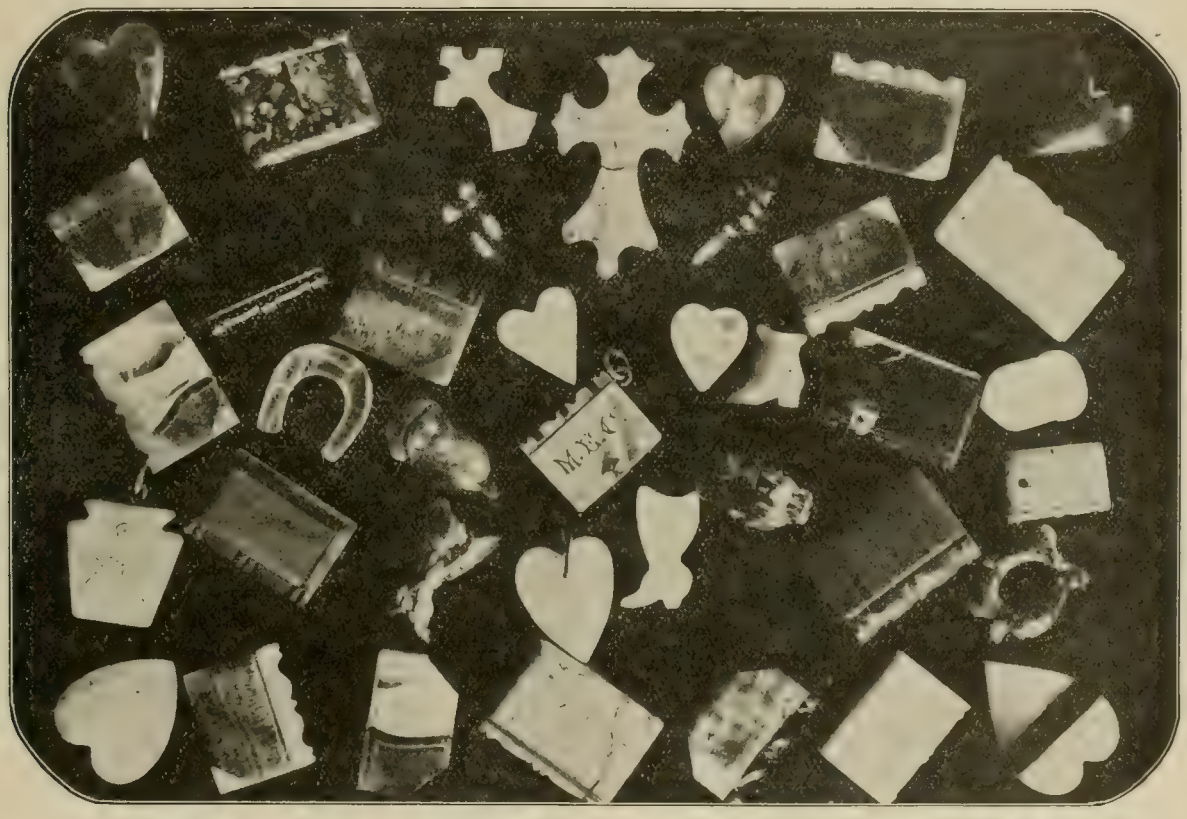
To guard and look after the proper care of this number of people requires eighty-five officers, guards and keepers. The present official list is as follows: Warden, Hon. Everett J. Murphy; Deputy Warden, Mr. Henry Simms; Assistant Deputy, Captain Michael Kane; Chaplains, Rev. Albert J. Steelman, Rev. Father Fidelis (Catholic); Physician, Dr. W. R. Fletcher; Steward, Mr. John Leland; Clerk, Mr. W. H. Ambrose; General Accountant, Mr. Charles J. Loomis; Matron in Women's Prison, Miss Georgia A. Doolittle. Besides the named officers there are two assistant matrons, seven wall guards, front guards, and keepers for the different shops and squads of men that work outside the walls. Then there is a Turnkey. Being no respecter of persons he turns the key on every one who enters through the iron barred gates of the Warden House. Next may be mentioned the gate-keepers who have the care of the gates and finally the Usher and his assistant who have the visitors to look after and show them the various places of interest.

A book of rules requiring strictest obedience to duty is placed in the care of each of these employes of the institution and one reading those requirements and noting how assiduously the men must apply themselves to their duties will come to the conclusion that the lives of the care takers, barring the few hours of freedom from duty is in most cases more monotonous and trying than that of the prisoners themselves.

The keeper of each shop watches closely his men at their work, looks after their deportment, reports any disorders or irregularities to the Deputy Warden and grants or refuses requests made by his men. He must hear all conversations concerning the work, held between a prisoner and the foreman of the shop. This rule was an important one when the contract labor system was in vogue. In more recent years the State has done away with prison contracts. The work now done is for the institution itself and for the State, only forty per cent of the output of which is allowed to be sold on the open market. With the passing of the Contract Labor System went also the once noted stone shops. Here was executed some of the finest stone work ever done in our country. Jaspers from the far North, onyx from Mexico, marbles from Italy and granites from the Holy Land were among the materials received and wrought into costly mantels and decorative furnishings for palatial homes and public buildings. For pastime many of the prisoners appropriated small pieces of these fine-grained stones and made them into highly-polished, dainty little books, crosses, hearts, shoes, horse-shoes or any small object that might be imitated in stone. Some of these were made from a number of pieces of varied colors, cemented together.

The accompanying picture of such a collection shows one book composed of eleven pieces of different kinds of stone. Ordinarily, prisoners were not allowed to do such work but they did it and how they obtained the old file, the woolen cloth and whiting which composed the only implements necessary for the work, no one knew and they were relieved of the same if discovered. At that time, however, one man was permitted to make these little objects which were placed in the office to be sold as souvenirs to visitors.

The stone shops were discontinued some years ago because of the fact that as a result of breathing the dusts from the stones in their sawing and polishing, many of the workmen contracted tuberculosis, that most prevalent of prison diseases.



Small Trinkets Made by Prisoners. The Little Book Just Below the Horseshoe Is Made Up of Eleven Different Pieces.

The Chief Usher has general charge over the visitors but his assistant usually escorts the sight-seers around. Visitors are admitted on all days excepting Sundays and holidays at the hours of 9:30 and 11 A. M., and 2 and 4 P. M. An admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged and the proceeds are used as a Library Fund. The Usher has his time mainly employed in reading letters written or received by prisoners. It is in his office and in his presence that all prisoners must receive visiting friends and conversation must be audible. There, too, the prisoner may receive and eat the dainties brought him after due examination by the Usher. Each prisoner upon entrance signs an agreement that his mail may be opened and read, otherwise the privilege of receiving mail or writing every five weeks would be denied him. Prisoners may receive friends every eight weeks.

On special rush-days when crowds of excursionists flock to the place, others of the official force, as many as can be spared, are detailed to help take care of the crowd. It is then that the day is a trying one for the officers, for on such days closest watch must be kept since there have been occasions when firearms or other weapons have been passed to prisoners despite the most vigilant care. At times it is necessary to keep squads of men from their work and lock them in their cells in order that their keepers may be put on usher duty. Visitors are always told to keep in compact mass as much as possible and are not allowed to speak to prisoners.

Prisoners must not glance at either visitors or fellow-workmen. They do so at times, sometimes speak in whispers and sometimes fight and receive reprimand from the keeper and reprimand or more severe punishment from the Deputy Warden in the evening after their cases have been reported and tried.

A full-face view of a prisoner is not often seen unless it be that of a trusty who sometimes talks and jokes with the individual visitor. Strict rules are not

for trustworthy men except so many as are necessary to insure good discipline. The rights of the prisoners are respected as far as the taking of recognizable pictures is concerned. Individual persons are not pointed out by the Usher and here the kodak fiend and his implement of tortùre are not admitted. No face is taken at a recognizable distance excepting those taken upon entrance by the prison photographer and kept on file for future reference in case of necessity for identification. It is a well-known fact that the pictures of criminals are to be found in what are called "Rogues' Galleries" in large cities. Not long since a moving picture abomination in Chicago was showing pictures supposedly from Joliet Prison in which some faces were recognized. A protest was sent to Warden Murphy but that gentleman reported "Not guilty," for the pictures were make-ups from the rogues' gallery, the originals of some of which were or had been boarders at the Warden's big house. We found it rather a difficult task trying to get pictures, as many and varied as desired to illustrate these stories. To the Warden we are indebted for seven fine photographs from which some of our illustrations are taken. For others, some of which are of a more ancient order, we sacked the post-card drums of the city drugstores. The walls and buildings, as will be noticed, make fine pictures but look no more attractive in photograph than are the places themselves.

Before proceeding further we desire to acknowledge due credit to Warden Murphy and several of his higher officials for the privilege of a visit and a thorough going over the grounds and for prison reports and catalogues, besides verbal information from which we have been enabled to collect much of the data for the construction of these stories.

"THE ART OF APPRECIATION."

EDGAR R. HARRIS.

SOME one has said that it is a fine art to be able to appreciate fully the good things of life wherever they are found. The poet Gray has written:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This expression is true, not only where human life does not exist, but also where it abounds. There are many people who do not realize the worth and beauty of brilliant gems and beautiful flowers that they see every day. For generations the savages of South Africa stumbled heedlessly over the priceless diamonds that later made such men as Cecil Rhodes millionaires.

And so many of us, as we roam over the hills and down the valleys, do not see the many lessons the rocks contain, their structure and formation, and the fossils of many of our animals and many that are extinct. While we get our history of the earth from them, some will say that geology, the history of the earth, is all stuff. This is because they have not cultivated the art to appreciate and observe nature.

Many people are very unappreciative of spiritual and intellectual riches. Gems of thought, sayings of beauty, and actions of noble worth are overlooked in a careless manner. Such people find the church service a very dull place. The Sunday school has no lessons worth their while to attend. Their own neighborhood is composed of the most common people. If they ever appreciate anything, it must come from some foreign source and at the hand of some foreign agent.

There are several reasons for this. Some are not appreciative because they have not the ability and have never been trained. Close observation is the chief way in which it is attained in natural things. In divine things it is the spirit of God that does it. Men will enjoy God's Word when they possess his Spirit.

To appreciate natural as well as spiritual truths, we must become, in many respects, like little children. We grow up too quickly. If at forty we could look out on life with the wisdom and experience of forty, but with the simplicity of childhood, the world would be far richer in meaning and beauty. The greatest men have been such as these.

There is a class of unappreciative men for whom no excuse is found. They have conceived a very high opinion of their own work, so that no one can measure up with it. It may be the minister who is interested in no preaching but that of his own. It may be the Sunday-school teacher who can get no ideas from the teachers' meeting or the training class. It may be the layman who already knows everything the minister has to say, and has nothing to do during services but to seek out something to criticise. It may be the doctor, the lawyer, the banker, the merchant, and other business men. In fact, many people are so busy finding fault that they have no ability to see good things. Buzzard-like they soar heedlessly over fields of flowers, in search only for the repulsive carrion. This is not right. It is most unfortunate for our own life and character. We should endeavor to acquire the ability to appreciate true worth wherever it is found.

Ofttimes we do not appreciate the boys and girls and other friends of our own community. We pass them without employment and do not give them even a word of encouragement. If we want a preacher, a teacher, a bookkeeper, or a person to fill any office, many times we send away for them. When we train the boys and girls to fill such places, why not retain them rather than get others? No, we employ some one else and then wonder why the boys and girls are idle. Friends, let us learn to appreciate our home talent.

Emerson said, "If you want a friend, be a friend."

How often people think they are gaining friends, but are losing them. If you have never learned to appreciate them, read Edward Everett Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten."

Don't be satisfied with one friend; not with ten times one; not with ten times ten; not with ten times one hundred; nay, with ten times one thousand friends, if it is possible to obtain more.

What a great blessing is a friend, with a breast so trusty that thou mayest safely bury all thy secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels, thy sadness by his good humor, and whose very looks give comfort to thee!

It is difficult to estimate the value of a true friend. Real friends are not secured in a day. It requires a long time, usually, for two persons to become strong in their friendship, one to the other. It is folly to sacrifice a true and tried friend for a new one that has never been tried, yet there are many persons who are foolish enough to do this. They seem not to be able to understand the value of a true friend. Our advice to young people is, treasure your friends with even more care than you do your money. They are worth more than money. Money cannot buy friends. Our friends are those who help us and do us good, and to appreciate them we should learn—

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in,
And to lend a hand.

Norwich, Kans.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND.

Pope says that the proper study of mankind is man, and there is more truth than poetry in it. One of the most important factors in the readjustment of the course of study in our public schools is the element of human interest or personal development. We are coming to think that there are some things more important in a child's education than a knowledge of languages nobody speaks and few read. We are coming to think that in order to be happy and useful one must be healthy. We are coming to think that it is more important to have a strong and healthy body without a broad knowledge of many of the subjects in the curriculum than to have this knowledge without a strong and healthy body. An efficient life depends upon more than mere knowledge. A long life ought to measure a sum total of more efficiency than a short one. Physical health is fundamentally necessary to long life. Physical efficiency can be increased by a study of the problems of life and health.

Yet we have been striving to educate and develop the child's mind without giving serious attention to the questions of longevity and physical health. The chief study of man has not been the study of himself. We study the science of animal husbandry, but not the science of raising men. The government spends millions of dollars annually to raise the standards in the breeding of horses and hogs and cattle and to discover the most scientific methods of agriculture, but practically nothing to safeguard the public health or increase the longevity of the people. We are scientific experts in matters pertaining to agriculture and industrial and economic matters, but we do not know our letters about life. We are so absorbed in the problem of earning a living that we haven't time to learn how to live. We are money mad and short on the study of human life.

Physical education, manual training rather than industrial education, and a scientific study of hygiene will do much to throw light upon this great question. These matters must have a place in the curriculum, even if we must omit some of the intricacies of mathematics and the mysteries of easily forgotten lore.—*Interstate Schoolman.*

SOUNDS THE SILENCE.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

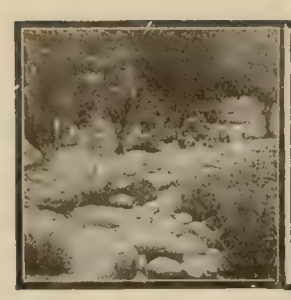
'Tis hard to take the burdens up,
When these have laid them down;
They brightened all the joys of life—
They softened every frown.
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are now no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them is not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What e'er betides, God's love abides
With them, for evermore.

—Rev. John W. Chadwick.

IMPORTANT THINGS.

Here are the important things to accomplish through education in youth, says Ex-Pres. Eliot: "The initiation of mental processes, and the establishment of good mental habits, with incidental acquisition of information." We have been putting that incidental acquisition away at the front, and have greatly neglected the great essentials.—*Moderator Topics.*



NATURE STUDIES



The "Fossil Gardens" of Los Angeles

James Zaechaeus Gilbert

Not far to the northwest of Rosemary, a station on the Sawtelle car line, lies a broad stretch of fertile plain in the midst of which is Rancho La Brea. This beautiful ranch, so well known to Los Angeles people that no description is needed, is owned by Mrs. Erskine M. Ross, whose untiring energy, generosity and keen interest in public good have made it possible to open to the scientific world a rare treasure of extinct fossil forms.

If the reader will go back in thought many thousand years he will find in nature a story of more than passing interest. How many centuries since it all happened no one can tell. At that time, during the quaternary period, there roamed over this country huge animals which no longer exist in this fair southwest, and even relatives or numbers of these have long since perished.

In this ranch, which now lies two miles beyond the city limits, is found a deposit of these animal remains remarkable for its extent and variety of forms. How came they to be here is the question invariably asked by the hundreds of visitors who frequent the place today and view with wonder and astonishment the uncovering of skeletons. The answer we can only conjecture, but the explanation given by those who have carefully studied the situation seems most plausible.

To the north of this noted ranch lies the Santa Monica range of foothills, to the south rises gradually the slope of the great anti-clinal ridge. The valley between rises gently toward the city and looks toward the sea. In a long stretch along these foothills are to be seen hundreds of oil wells, yielding a handsome profit, while over the entire area natural gas is here and there escaping from great depths. Up with the bubbles of gas are brought tar and water, which gradually impregnated the soil and in many places rendered it exceedingly soft. The bubbles burst, the tar sank again into the ground, leaving the water in varying quantities upon the surface. Around the pools thus made grew a scanty vegetation, which, with the water, formed a tempting oasis for hungry, thirsty animals.

In their search for food, this place allured them, and here came the wolf, camel, lion, elephant, American ox, saber-toothed tiger and many another creature to quench a burning thirst, and satisfy a growing hunger. So beautiful a spot it seemed to be that no being, even though of far greater intelligence than these animals possessed, would have guessed that beneath this charming surface and tempting morsel lay the way to certain death; yet it was true, for scarcely had they stepped upon this murky soil when their feet were fastened in the sticky tar, from which they could never extricate themselves. Thus, one by one, in this awful pit, the animals gave up their lives by sinking deeper and deeper into the tarry bed, or, by being thus helpless, rendered themselves an easy prey to their enemies which came to feast upon their flesh.

How many of these huge animals then roamed the plain we do not know. How many took their last drink here and then became buried in this Brea pit no one can tell. How many years rolled into centuries ere their bones became a part of nature's great museum is beyond our power to estimate, for mother Earth keeps well her secret and leaves her children with many a problem yet to solve. Ages upon ages passed, the mountains heaved and the deep blue seas sought their bounds, dividing the land into two great worlds which hitherto had shaken hands across the Atlantic, or, perchance, across the Pacific, but which parted forever, and henceforth were known only in name as the old and the new.

Following this, by the ages of rise and fall and rise again, the New World became divided into north and south. During these movements, changes of climate and food supply seriously interfered with the vegetable and animal life. The animals, such as the giant ground sloth, the camel, the horse, elephant, ox, tiger, lion, etc., wandered freely from north to south, but were, by the last sinking, cut off from each other at the Isthmus of Panama, and the subsequent rising rendered the land uninhabitable, resulting in the extinction of this great subtropical fauna. That famine and starvation was the cause of this extinction is evidenced by the almost total absence of vegetable growth in the deposit, and by the further experience of modern times, when great herds of horses and cattle were driven over the precipices into the sea to save them from the sufferings of actual starvation.

Old Father Time stayed not his hand, but onward sped the years until the earth was ripe for habitation by man. The question of human relationship to these animals is invariably asked and doubtfully answered, since in the deposit no trace of human life is found. The sudden extinction suggests a great catastrophe, and in view of the obscurity of the mound builders' origin and destiny, these two events become associated in thought and afford an interesting subject for meditation. The generations came and went, the mound builders gave place to the red man, and they in turn to the white intruders. With the onward march of civilization came the populating of this far western coast, yet nothing was revealed of the hidden fauna of the asphalt region.

Less than half a century ago this asphalt came to be of commerical value. Then it was that the opening of this great animal grave began. The band of simple-



Lion Skull. Dug Up by the Writer's Little Son.

hearted workmen knew not what they dug. Day by day they wielded the pick and shovel, little dreaming that they stood upon the skeletons of an animal race that far antedated the existence of man upon the earth. Could a good fairy have whispered in the ears of those untutored toilers that great wonders lay beneath their feet, how changed would have been their labors, but to these winners of daily bread the great gas bubbles coming up from the porous bottom, continually breaking upon the surface with loud noises, like the plashing of fish, meant nothing. To them it told no sweet story. To them it gave no thought of ancient fauna which far outvalued their many days of toil.

True, they found many bones, but to these they gave but a passing notice, except to consider them troublesome, since their presence in the asphalt hindered the progress of the work. These bones, whose fate the scientists bewail, were tossed into heaps, until finally, their great numbers becoming a burden, the digging was abandoned. For more than a score of years these forgotten bones were left to the bleaching elements, until one day, O, lucky day! a Stanford student in the employ of the Union Oil Company, found a tooth of strange shape and peculiar beauty, which was kept and showed. Dr. Merriam, of the State university was notified, and a careful search of the dumps was made, and resulted in the recognition of extinct animal forms.

Since then numerous interesting specimens have been obtained each summer, until the recent work was done in a larger way by the Los Angeles high school and the Southern California Academy of Sciences, under the supervision of the writer. The material thus obtained by the kindness of Mrs. Erskine M. Ross has caused great interest in the finds and has already added to the list of new species and new genera of extinct forms.

What a changed picture from that of the recent conditions and living fauna must these strange forms of sloth, camel, ox, elephant, lion, tiger, etc., cause in the minds of the students of geography, geology and nature study. Nothing short of a sub-tropical clime could have supported these gigantic animals, and their presence carries the mind across the water to Africa and India for the duplicate life. Here the mastodon roamed from place to place, the American ox grazed on the plains, the giant sloth reached into the trees for the tender leaves and twigs, the stalking camels wended their way to the scanty watering places, the graceful antelope sought the foothills, while the horse, with its colt, wandered peacefully among them. The hungry wolf, the giant tiger and the king of beasts, with their howl and snarl and roar made hideous the night, while the sailing condor, the soaring eagle and the swooping hawk and the birds of song made lively the air the livelong day.

What happened to disturb this peaceful scene no tongue can tell, and only the lively imagination of man can conjecture. The coast gradually rose to a higher level; mountain spurs reached down to the sea and cut off the passage to the north or south, while the deserts of the east and the sea of the west prevented escape. The drouth occasioned by the rise of the land, and consequent decrease of water supply resulted in scanty vegetation and scarcity of water. The larger animals could not survive the drouth, hence, one after another, year after year, passed away.

Many of these in their search for food and water found their grave in the tar pools and left their record there. The beasts of prey found each struggling victim a ready source for food, hence remained in this region, they themselves, now and again, falling a helpless prey to those which followed. The great feathered tribe, not slow to see an opportunity, flew down and partook of a ready meal. These, too, striving here in their eagerness for food, would lose their balance, touch a foot, dip a wing, or drop the tail into the tarry mass, until they, in their turn, became recordmakers of the world's history.

What an awful scene of extinction here! What an uneven match in the struggle for existence! What

(Continued on Page 109.)

THE INGLENOOK

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MISFORTUNES.

It is one of our weaknesses that when misfortune comes to us we are apt to think that its hand is laid upon us a little more heavily than upon others who are similarly unfortunate. It is true that our knowledge of our case,—of everything that may in the least tend to intensify the misfortune—should make us fairly good judges; and it would if we did not do our judging by comparisons. But this is the almost invariable way of rating our miseries and the moment we bring in the second party our judgment is one-sided, since we cannot know all the influences that have a hand in the making of his circumstances.

A better plan than the one of "comparing ourselves among ourselves" is to take our own case and analyze it. In the first place let us see to what class our misfortune belongs. Sometimes we work ourselves up to a point of keen suffering over conditions that have to do with food and clothing and dwelling place—not with respect to being in want of these but concerning the quality, etc.,—things that will make us drop our heads in shame when they are placed side by side with misfortunes that concern our own or others' moral and spiritual condition.

We should determine also whether our misfortune is of the temporary sort that will pass with the passing away of certain related conditions, as certain kinds of weather disappears with the passing of the season, or whether they are permanent, hanging on as persistently as a leech and sapping us of strength.

In very many instances the sorrows and misfortunes that sit hardest on us are really blessings for some reason disguised for the time. Often the suffering they bring is the schooling we need to lead us into deeper truths and higher aspirations—conditions that can be reached in no other way. Considered in this light the keenest suffering carries with it its own soothing balm. Of such Paul says: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

When we thus analyze our misfortunes and endeavor to ascertain their real place in our lives we will be surprised how many of them can be outcountenanced altogether and how few of them can still persist in making us really miserable. This is the secret of some people's courage in the face of troubles which we think great enough to overwhelm them. They are not indifferent, as we sometimes conclude, but the very opposite. They are fully acquainted with them and are therefore unafraid.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR OUR READERS.

Some people take particular delight in springing surprises. They think it is about the only way to introduce anything out of the ordinary. And not many people object seriously to having surprises sprung upon them,—that is, pleasant surprises. Nevertheless there is more or less selfishness in the course. Some of our readers will recall how years ago we earnestly debated the question: Resolved that there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession—more in anticipation than realization,—and that very often it was decided unanimously, both from the argument produced and by the sentiment of the house, that the affirmative was the right side of the question. Carrying this conclusion back to the matter of springing surprises it is plain that the one who plans the surprise gets all of this first quality enjoyment when otherwise both parties might share alike in it and neither be the poorer because it is shared.

It is with the desire to share the pleasures of anticipation with our readers that we now and then take a glimpse into the future. We leave it with each individual reader to decide for himself later on whether the much-debated question of enjoyment has always been decided rightly. It is our private opinion that in the matter of reading from which one receives inspiration and stores up information—all tending to broaden and elevate one's life and character—the argument is mostly on the side of realization.

In the first place we want to say that in looking ahead we are not giving you glimpses of the editor's dreams; if we did we would appear "flighty" to some of you, perhaps. Neither are we telling you of our plans,—plans, you know, are a little more substantial than dreams. What we have to say has to do only with real facts,—things that are down in black and white. At this writing we mention only two of the good things we have in store. Others will be an-

nounced later—when they have been disentangled from our dreams, taken the form of definite plans and afterward have been clothed with the pages of the contributed manuscript itself.

Our readers who are especially interested in the nature study pages will be pleased to learn that we have secured two new writers for this department who, with the writers who have been giving us much interesting matter for study and observation, will keep us well supplied with original papers dealing with subjects concerning nature's ways and works. Our present writers come from the middle section of our country and write largely on subjects belonging to this region. One of our new writers, Miss Margaret G. King, lives in the East and the other, Prof. J. Z. Gilbert, in the extreme West, so that in addition to having a more varied treatment of subjects we shall have a greater number of subjects discussed, covering a wider range of the field. Miss King is from Virginia and is at present one of the instructors in the State Normal and Industrial School for Women at Harrisonburg, that State. Professor Gilbert is known to many of our readers. He is now one of the science teachers in the Los Angeles, Cal., high schools. We feel that the INGLENOOK and its readers are to be congratulated on the opportunity afforded of availing themselves of the knowledge and experience of these writers.

The other "good in store" to which we wish our readers to look forward is a series of articles consisting of five parts on the subject of "True Education," by Prof. D. C. Reber, of Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. One can get a very good idea of the writer's interpretation of the general subject by a glance at the sub-heads or the subject of each paper. These sub-heads are: "The Parents' Duty," "The Child's Privilege," "Society's Demands," "The State's Function," and "The Creator's Will." From these it is easily seen that the subject is well covered and for a series of its length the discussion is exceedingly thorough. We are sure our readers will value the articles highly.

ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM."

A REQUEST has come to our desk asking that we give the reason why the United States government is called Uncle Sam, "for the benefit of an INGLENOOK reader who is old and forgetful."

Thinking that there may be others among our readers, either old and forgetful or young and with keen memories, who are not familiar with the generally accepted story concerning the origin of the term we give it here instead of sending it directly to the inquirer.

In the first place we should say there is really no good reason—no cause arising from the nature of things—for calling our government Uncle Sam any more than there is for calling it Uncle Sol or Utopian Shore. Of couse there are some people who would argue that there was some reason why the latter might be used as our country's nickname. However, these people are not of the Emma Goldman stripe, though even this lady is reluctant to part company with US.

But we are wandering. Here is the story of the origin of "Uncle Sam": "The name arose from the circumstance that the initials U. S. (United States) marked on certain casks of provisions at Troy, New York, purchased for the American army early in the war of 1812, were facetiously interpreted as standing for 'Uncle Sam,' the local nickname of Mr. Samuel Wilson, a government inspector at that place."

One authority, however, does not believe that this was the origin of the name, and claims that the term "has yet to be traced earlier than the fall of 1813" when we read of "Uncle Sam's Men," meaning United States custom house officers, and are told that "*Uncle Sam,* the now popular explication of the U. S., does not pay well." This authority agrees that the term originated in the North; perhaps in New York.

It is our opinion that the former story comes as near as we can get to the origin of the term. In the latter argument the words, "now popular explication," is a plain confession that the term had its origin some time previous to the instance given.

THE "FOSSIL GARDENS" OF LOS ANGELES.

(Continued from Page 107.)

screams of the eagles, what growls of the tigers, what roaring of the lions, what pitiable cries of the antelope, what calls of the mothers to rescue their young, what shrieks of despair, what groans of the dying, filled the air, without response! For nature's hand is a relentless hand, and her heart is inexorable. Thus passed away a fauna as remarkable as it was abundant; and, apparently, as suddenly as a catastrophe and as completely as a total extinction.—*The Graphic.*

NATURE STUDY EXCHANGE.

Some time ago a writer in the Nature Study department suggested a plan by which those making collections of any kind for nature study work might help others and be helped themselves by exchanging specimens of which one has an ample supply for others that are difficult to obtain in his locality. All that is necessary, to put one in the way of this exchange, is to send his name and address to the Inglenook, stating that he desires to join the nature study exchange. Below are the names of two who thus express their willingness to help others and their desire to receive help in the collecting of specimens:

No. 1. John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
No. 2. Benj. R. Curry, R. D. 3, Box 33, Greenville, Ill.



THE HOME WORLD



Every Woman A Cook

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

DECIDEDLY that dinner was not a success. The steak was burned, the potatoes were watery and the table looked uninviting. Harry was hungry, but he ate only a little of the meat and many slices of bread and butter. While helping himself a second time to the potatoes, he said, "I wish you would not worry so much about the cooking, you will learn in time, we'll be patient and some day you will rival Mrs. Rohrer."

Amelia looked sullen. "I don't like a kitchen and never did."

Harry was uncomfortably conscious of the fact that she had made that remark about twice a day recently. So he said nothing in reply, and a gloomy silence ensued.

The breakfast next morning was no better. "Dear, if you would only find some place for us to board," said Amelia when Harry was putting on his overcoat to go up town.

"A boarding house is not a home," answered Harry as he closed the door behind him.

Amelia sat down and cried, first thing when she was left alone. "I am too young to be bothered with housekeeping," she lamented. "Mother never thought that he would insist upon my cooking and doing the housework." Then there was a rap at the door. She hastily dried her eyes and went to open it. There she found her cousin Lena. "Where in the world did you come from?" asked Amelia.

"I am your neighbor, we have just moved into the cottage on the corner; now isn't that just what we used to plan for when we were children?"

"I can't tell you how glad I am to have you near." And then the two sat down for a good talk. "Isn't it delightful to keep house?" asked Lena after they had talked of other things.

"No, I hate it," asserted Amelia with emphasis. "I am too young to be shut up in a dirty kitchen the greater part of my time."

"I need not remind you that I am just one year younger than you," replied Lena. "What is your trouble? I know we are likely to make mistakes, and my biscuits are not what they should be, but I am learning."

"Come into my kitchen and tell me why I should enjoy working there?" and Amelia led the way into the sunny kitchen.

"How light it is," exclaimed Lena. "Let me help you with the dishes," and suiting the action to the word she commenced to scrape the plates and get them ready for the dish-pan.

While they were washing the dishes, the two women talked earnestly. When the kitchen was swept Amelia went with Lena to see her new home. Lena was happy; she enjoyed making her home attractive. "We are going to have roast beef, mashed potatoes and stewed tomatoes for dinner tonight, and I want you and Harry to come and take dinner with us."

It was the best dinner Harry had eaten for months, and Amelia felt half ashamed as she noted the skill of her cousin and thought of her own shortcomings. "Will you help me to learn?" she asked Lena after dinner. "Let me come here in the mornings and then I shall learn how you work miracles. For a dinner like yours is beyond my skill, and Harry is getting thin and irritable."

Harry knew nothing of this plan. So he was agreeably surprised to find a well-cooked dinner awaiting him the next evening. It was almost pathetic to see how he relished the soup and the vegetables and how lavish he was with words of praise. Amelia felt happier than she had been for weeks. And as she learned how to cook, she found much pleasure in preparing dainty dinners and making a pleasant home for her husband.

Common sense and experience have taught the world to place a high value on good cooking. In homes whose expenditure must come within limited or narrow means, it is the mistress who plans and superintends and achieves the operations in the kitchen. "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," say the French. The most unwholesome cooking is undoubtedly to be found among the ignorant classes. When good food is bought at market and then brought home and deliberately spoiled through bad cooking caused by ignorance or carelessness, such meals are a fruitful source of bad health and depravity. What is more distasteful to our friends than immense quantities of food badly cooked or served. The prevalent heresy that women of culture and accomplishments are gen-

erally incompetent as cooks has been disproved. It is the idle, ignorant woman who is likely to spoil the cooking; the able, competent woman realizes the importance of good wholesome meals and takes a pleasure in preparing them for her loved ones.

Amelia sighed for the pleasures and idle amusements of a boarding-house. She wanted time to dress and go up street and linger in stores to look with envious eyes at things which were beyond her means. In the summer she desired to be among the feminine boarders who were wont to sit on the veranda, rocking their chairs from the first of June to the middle of September, discussing the society column of the daily newspaper, and comparing husbands and incomes. Lena despised that homeless way of living. "Only as a last desperate resort," could she be prevailed upon to consider boarding; and the two happy homes, her own and Amelia's were ample proof of the wisdom of her choice. "We are going to own our own cottage soon," said Amelia recently, with pride. She had the self-respect which every woman feels when she has done her part and helped her husband to win his way to success.

A FEMININE APOLOGY.

"I'd like to be a suffragette,"
She said with truth sublime.
"I ought to claim my rights; and yet
I cannot find the time.

"I have no leisure to go out
With speeches brave and strong,
Because of tots who climb about
To hear the mother song.

"I'd like to be extolled and sought,
With lofty thinkers ranked;
But I have girls who must be taught
And boys who must be spanked.

"And so admiringly I let
My friends to glory climb;
I'd like to be a suffragette,
But cannot find the time!"

—Washington Star.

"JUDGE NOT."

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

The little girl had stepped on a nail and hurt her foot badly. Stanley was present but he was not to blame. In fact he was playing at a little distance from the board that caused the trouble when the accident occurred.

But the little girl's parents thought it was "his fault," as we say, and treated him accordingly. "Go home and never come back here again," shouted Mary's father, and he was sorely tempted to strike the child.

So the poor boy was reproved for a deed of which he was innocent. He went home sobbing bitterly. "I was playing in the sand near the gate," he said earnestly.

The mother soothed him as only mothers can. Stanley was not allowed to come to the house to play with Mary thereafter. He felt this deeply, for he had no brothers and sisters to play with at home. But the mother-love never failed him. She did all she could to fill the vacancy in her boy's life that was caused by the withdrawal of his little playmate from his society.

"One of the sweet things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved, how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy," says Louisa Alcott and I would say to my readers, Don't forget that.

How often we hear the remark, "If I were such a one, I wouldn't do as they are doing; I'd be more kind."

To such statements as the above, I feel like saying: "Hush! you know not what you would do, were you in another's place." Only our heavenly Father knows the strength of the temptations that assail us oftentimes, when "we hardly dare to pray." He alone knows how fierce the battle that we are fighting within ourselves.

We strive to "be good soldiers of Jesus Christ," but how often we are defeated. Then all we can do is to murmur, as did the psalmist, "Have mercy upon us, O God."

"What does it mean?
Is it aught to him,
That the days are long,
And the nights are dim?"

Ah yes! He understands, for "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

But man is not so lenient. No allowance is made, as a rule, for our failings, and often we are judged harshly. It is indeed true that "man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest."

TRAINING TO WORK.

Closely connected with training in obedience is training to work. Without this training no child develops symmetrically. All should be trained to take their share in home-work; this makes them feel themselves a part of the family, necessary to its well-being, and thus is developed a feeling of responsibility. Let the work be suited to their age and strength, but so far as possible let it be regular work, to be done each day at a specified time, and let the children feel that if they do not do it, it goes undone. Thus will be laid the foundations of steady industry, without which they will accomplish little in mature life.

It is often very difficult to find suitable work for children to do, especially in town; and at first it is always easier to do work ourselves than to train them to do it, but this is a great unkindness to them. Thoughtless parents, or those who care more to have work done than to train children by doing it, often say: "I can't bother with children's work; it is so much easier to do it than to teach them how." True it is easier, but it is both lazy and selfish to put our ease before the child's well-being. Remember that idleness is an active as well as a passive evil. God made the child to be busy, and if you do not find work for him to do and train him to do it, he will be busy with evil. The old motto is a true one, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

In every household the father or mother can find or make some regular work for their children to do. The best kinds of work are those that take them into the open air, those that occupy the thoughts as well as the hands, that allow the children to work with parents, that bring many muscles into exercise, and that develop independence and a feeling of responsibility. No one occupation will meet all these conditions, nor would we wish to confine the children to one employment; but in the variety of occupations the wise parent plans, these various conditions can be fulfilled. The happiest families are those where every member has his or her work and does it, feeling that it is for the good of all. Children soon come to feel an honest pride in what they do, and in being trusted to do it; thus is wrought into their character respect for honest work, one of the strongest safeguards for their maturity.

I remember one lovely family in which I was a guest. The children all told me with great delight what they did each day. A little four-year-old was standing by my side; she seemed so little I did not think of asking her daily work, but she did not mean to be left out, and, straightening up with an air of great importance, she said, "I pick up."

"You what?" I asked smiling, in spite of myself, at the little midget's eager earnestness.

"I pick up," she repeated, with an air that showed astonishment because I failed to understand such important work. The mother explained that Annie's work was to pick up any bits of paper or other rubbish which might be dropped upon the beautifully-kept lawn or might be blown there from the street. It was a little thing to do; none but the wise mother would have thought of dignifying it as a regular employment, but as I looked from the velvet-like sward to the eager, happy face of Annie, I thought that the training being given to the child was developing a character as beautiful as the lawn and infinitely more precious.

Training to punctuality and promptness is closely allied to training to work. Determine how much time a child ought to occupy in doing a certain amount of work; then see that he does it in that time. Do not gauge his powers by your own, make due allowance for his weakness and inexperience; but having made this allowance and set the time, have him do the work in that time, and when it is done, send him off to t play he likes best, feeling that he has your hearty approval. If you allow him to be two hours doing what he ought to do in one-fourth of that time, you are training him to shiftless, lazy ways. "Work while you work, play while you play," should be the motto of every household. By the way, there is one species of work that every child should be taught in connection with his play; that is, to put his playthings away when he is done with them. Often children are allowed to leave their playthings all scattered about, to be picked up by the tired mothers, thus teaching them carelessness and selfishness at the same time. A good motto for the wall of every playroom, be that room nursery or sitting room, is

"When you are done with play,
Put all your things away."

Teach it to the children and train them to observe it; when they forget, as they will, remind them by pointing to the motto, till the habit becomes fixed. Thus they are being trained in orderly habits, and, what is of more importance, are taught to "save mother trouble."—*Childhood, Its Care and Culture.*

A BAD PLACE FOR CHILDREN.

Lot was a great cattle raiser, and when contentions arose between his herdsmen and those of Abraham, and Abraham gave him his choice to go where he pleased, he "pitched his tent toward Sodom." Doubtless his herds, browsing amid the well-watered pastures of the plain, grew fat and sleek; and no doubt there was an abundant market for cattle in Sodom, which was given to luxury, and was noted for its "pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness."

Sodom may have been a very good place for the cattle business, but it proved to be a very bad place to bring up children. Lot may have made money on his cattle, but he lost on his children. He was a "just" and influential man, who sat at the gate of the city as a judge; but his children learned the ways of Sodom, mingled in the vices around them, and when judgment came, some of them refused to hear words of warning, and others showed by their conduct the deadly influence of the atmosphere of the cities of the plain.

Frugality, uprightness and industry naturally end in wealth, and doubtless Lot was prosperous. He probably lived on a prominent street, so prominent that the drunken hoodlums of Sodom knew just where to find him; he probably had a fine house, so fine that his

wife could hardly bear to abandon her home without looking back. But with all the advantages that Sodom afforded, it was still a very bad place to bring up a family.

There are persons who are deciding today where their homes shall be. They are taking into account opportunities for employment, business advantages, facilities for transportation, educational considerations, religious privileges, and all the various elements which go to make life worth living, and existence enjoyable in this world. They are thinking where they may take comfort, amass wealth, secure office, enjoy good health, speculate in real estate, and become rich and prosperous. One thing they will do well to consider, and that is what just Lot seemed to forget, the moral character of their surroundings, without which life itself has very little value. Sodom may have been a good place to make money; it was a very poor place to train up children. Part of the children of Lot perished in the judgment of the city; the rest of them only live in history which commemorates their shame, and in a posterity sunk in vice, idolatry and iniquity.

Good friend, do not pitch your tent towards Sodom. The cattle business is not the only business worth thinking of. A man is better than a sheep, children are worth more than beeves, and when God rains fire and brimstone from heaven, what is real estate worth in Sodom? Abraham's tent is safer than Lot's mansion, and the patriarch talking with God, and commanding his household to keep the way of the Lord, is more to be envied than Lot, surrounded by the wealth and luxury of the city, but losing everything by its overthrow.—*Common People.*

UNIVERSAL CEMENT.—4 parts alabaster plaster and 1 part of finely-pulverized gum arabic mixed with a cold-saturated borax solution into a thick paste, make an unequaled all-around cement for stone, glass, bone, horn, porcelain, and wood, which becomes hard as marble and possesses the agreeable quality of not solidifying immediately after mixing, but only after 24 to 30 hours.—*Scientific American.*

The Children's Corner

PETER.

PETER was a fisherman, very humble, and very poor. My acquaintance with him began near the seashore at the close of a poor fishing season and was in this wise:

Three years ago, while on a vacation at Kennebunkport, Me., as I was carpentering one morning in my barn, something soft caressed any ankles. On looking down, I discovered a starving cat, whose thin sides scarcely covered his appealing ribs, and whose staggering steps betrayed his famished condition. The story was plain—here was a waif left over from the previous season by some cottager, and who had picked up a precarious living through the winter by catching a few fish from the creek as he was able.

Lifting in my arms the shrunken remnant of a cat, I carried him into the house, where my wife and I prudently ministered to his needs. For the first week he could not walk the length of the veranda without lying down in panting exhaustion; but toward the close of the season he picked up, and became a healthy and appreciative animal. Of course we took him to Tilton, N. H., when we returned to our home at the end of the season. He has given up fishing as an unprofitable occupation, and depends on tried friends for all his supplies.

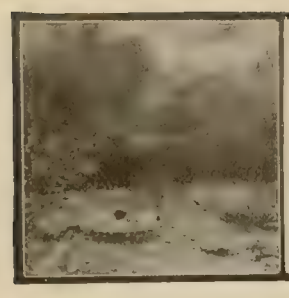
His peculiar habits are interesting. Like most felines, he studies his personal comfort. The first night he was allowed to stay in the house he found his way to the foot of my bed, and coiled himself in purring content: he has been allowed ever since to sleep at the left corner, near the footboard, on a cloth spread for his accommodation.

He is quite social with us, often following my wife and myself when we go down town in the evening, sometimes turning three corners before he leaves us—there are unfriendly dogs beyond—when he dives into a garden hedge, and waits for our return. Two hours later, perhaps, he comes out from the hedge with a little cry of gladness and pilots us to our front door.

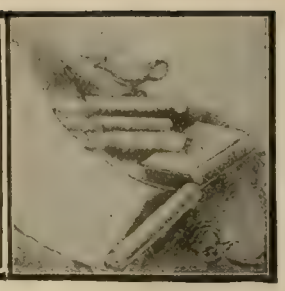
He has learned the meaning of a few words associated with his simple needs. "Are you hungry?" is a question that is generally sure to arouse him from his evening meditations, and if then asked, "Do you want some meat?" he starts for the kitchen where a corner of the floor by the sink is covered with a folded paper. His meat is usually placed on this paper, but he will take a portion from our fingers and carry it from any part of the room to his paper. He is quite particular to keep his food on his tablecloth, putting it back on the paper when it slips off in chewing. "No! No! Nothing more!" is sufficient to end his teasing for additional feeding. The question, "Peter, do you want some catnip?" will call him almost any time to my chamber where a tin box is kept containing the fragrant herb.

Gratitude, said to be left out of cats, is certainly manifested by Peter. At the time of feeding, when his meat is placed on his paper, if I continue near him, he will cease eating, rub his head in gratitude against my hand, and then return to his food.

He often coaxes us to play ball, and some other games that he has learned, but enjoys an hour's ramble with us in the woods the best of anything.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



THE QUIET HOUR



SONNET.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

"Come unto me," says Christ to you and me,
"Come, weary one; come, heavylade; and rest
I unto you will give upon my breast."
Come though you filled with guilt and sin may be,
He did atone for all on Calvary.
"Be reconciled to God," is his request,
Come, and no more strive to his works molest.
From all your guilt and sin he'll set you free.
Come, cast at Jesus' feet your heavy load.
Come, ye who're deep in sin; no longer roam
The desert wild, far from your home and God.
Come, ye that are athirst, ye that hear, come.
Come, whosoever will, and tread the road
That leads to heav'n, the saints' eternal home.

The Law Of Tribute Paying

Richard Braunstein

Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. 22: 21.

It was not the least of the sufferings of Christ that he endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, and had snares laid for him by enemies who wished to destroy his life. In the account before us we have an instance. He was attacked by the Pharisees and Herodians with a question about paying a tribute to Cæsar. "They took council to entangle him in his talk."

These enemies joined in striving to make him either obnoxious to the people or obnoxious to the civil government. Were he to say, Pay tribute, the people would hate him; were he to say, Do not pay tribute, he would then be denounced as a traitor to his country. They were crafty in their method of approach. They used the words of complimentary deceit. "Master, we know that thou art true and teachest the way of God in truth." They said also that he was fearless, and therefore anticipated an answer: "For thou regardest not the person of men." They suggested that others had differing opinions upon this matter and inquired, "What thinkest thou?"

Jesus perceived their wickedness. He exposed them instantly. "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" He asked them to show him a penny. He led them first to confess Cæsar's authority. With Cæsar's authority asknowledged, he inferred the lawfulness of rendering to Cæsar his own. It is, as if he had said: "It is too late to dispute now; you have been for many years a part of Cæsar's empire; if Cæsar fills your purses, let him command them. Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." His adversaries were reproved, and went away. His disciples were instructed. So may we be, as we study this law of tribute paying.

I. In the first place, let us apply this law to the physical realm.

Our physical nature demands tribute. Shall we pay, or shall we not? Yes, pay. You have a body. You must pay tribute to it. It must not be despised or dishonored. It must be fed and clothed and housed and carefully looked after. You must make provision for your bodily and secular needs. You need a home; you need food; you need the comforts of life. These secular things are to be sought. "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's."

But, on the other hand, render only that which is due. Do not make an idol of ease. Do not make a *God* of gold. Many of us are rendering unto Cæsar a great deal more than Cæsar's share. *Watch against this.*

II. Let us apply this law unto the social realm.

Society demands tribute. Shall we pay it, or not? Here is a man. What is this we see? What is this stamped upon his being? It is a social nature or a social instinct. It calls for tribute; is it right to pay? Some people seem to think that society is a thing essentially evil, that it is always and everywhere to be avoided. Monks who shut themselves away from the world are striving to be holy. Many people today, decry society in general. But no, society is right. Men need association. It is said that man is a *religious being.* True, but man is also a *social being.* Pay tribute to your social nature, cultivate friendship, home-love and sociability. But render carefully. Render unto Cæsar only that which is his just due. Too many, care *only* for society. They dote on invitations, and are never happy unless they are on the *go.* The *belles* and *dudes,* and *rounders* are paying Cæsar more than his due. Do not be a Pharisee, so sanctimonious that you will freeze every one who comes near you; on the other hand do not be an Herodian and become absolutely subservient to society.

III. This law of tribute-paying may be applied also in the political realm.

Politics demands tribute: shall we pay, or shall we not? The image and superscription marks us as belonging to organized society; therefore, we have political duties. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." We must enter politics. We need not all be politicians, but it is our duty to have an interest in them. If not, soon the powers of evil would be in complete control. If it is necessary for you to bear office, do not be a professional politician. Render no more unto Cæsar, than that which is his due. It was said of a man of my acquaintance: "He was a most excellent and active Christian, until he got so deep into politics." He is paying Cæsar *too much.* Many men make the same mistake.

IV. Consider this law of tribute-paying lastly, as applied in the spiritual realm.

Our spiritual nature demands tribute. Shall we pay? Christ says in effect: "My brother, the penny has settled that question." The penny bears an image. So do you. The penny is from the mint of the Emperor; you are from the mint of God. Every faculty in you, every gift, every grace, and charm and power which is most characteristic and distinctive is the stamp of the divine. You are God's. You bear his image, made in his likeness. *Then pay tribute.* Render to him your loyalty and your devotion. Yes, render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, *but forget not to render unto God the things that are God's.*

Religion, then, is the supreme thing, and should be at the climax of our interest. Let us be ever aware, that the things of this world are right and should not be shunned, but at the same time that we must insist upon the importance of putting our duty toward God as the uppermost thing.

What are some of the things we owe God?

1. Thoughtfulness of him. We must not be so busy and hurried as to forget him and to fail to render him our heartfelt affections.

2. We owe him self-culture. That means the use of all the means of grace and continued effort to be as holy as he is holy.

3. We owe him work. If we render unto God the things that are God's we will give him our best efforts in active service.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

THE true and highest happiness is not due to temperament, nor does it spring from some lucky accident of circumstance; it is an achievement, and it is absolutely necessary to true and noble Christian living. And it is not necessarily allied to good fortune or good health, or any of the many other so-called goods that men seek so earnestly; it is a thing of the soul, which is greater than its surroundings, and always has wings to rise above them if it would.

Impelled as we are to seek after happiness and to believe that it is ours of divine right, this thought suggests the only possible line of its attainment. To seek pleasure as an end in itself, no matter in what direction we may seek it, is to be altogether materialistic in our conception of the human good, and it is to fail utterly and miserably in the end. When we make the attainment of pleasure the end of our living we turn beauty into ashes of a truth.

Take any of the bodily functions, that of eating, as an illustration. That there is intended to be a certain amount of, and a certain very real, pleasure in connection with this very primary function there can be no doubt, and the normal healthy man need not fear to enjoy his meals. But let him make the pleasure of eating an end in itself, and let him devote himself to the delights of the table, and the natural function becomes a diseased abnormality, which in the end will destroy the very possibility even of enjoyment. And so the attempt to make happiness of any sort an end in itself, and something to be sought for for its own sake, avenges itself by killing happiness and making it forever impossible along that line.

The whole matter, then, resolves itself into this, the happy life is the life that brings itself into right relations with things, giving each its due and proper place, and not merely or chiefly with physical things, such as sunshine and fresh air and wholesome food and suitable clothing, but with those higher things that stand related to duty and obligation and service. The pleasure seeking that forgets duty, duty to our own highest interests, to our fellow-man and to our God, can not by any rare combination of fortunate circumstances result in happiness. True happiness is always moral, and takes into consideration the whole round of social and moral obligations. And it is useless for a man to seek it apart from those high claims that rest upon him as a citizen in God's great world.

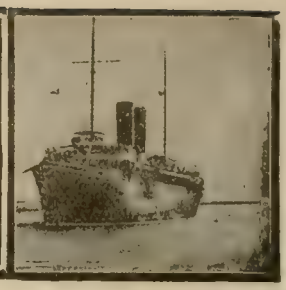
But the man who lives up to the claims of duty, lives wisely and righteously, may be, ought to be, happy. Happiness is not only a possibility, it is a very positive and definite obligation. Again Stevenson, Stevenson the invalid, with, it would seem, small resources for happiness, teaches us that man was not only made for happiness, but that his destiny is very largely in his own keeping:

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race,
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake!"

—*Christian Guardian.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The number of bars and liquor shops has been steadily reduced in Ontario, Canada, until now there are only about one-third as many as there were thirty-five years ago in spite of the growing population.

A new German scheme for preserving potatoes consists in storing them on a thick layer of coke. The gases gradually given off by the coke seem to keep the potatoes from sprouting or rotting.

The success of the Brennan gyroscope in England has interested a company in British Columbia and a railway line is to encircle Okanagan. This will be the first gyroscope railway to be built in America.

The widow of the late E. H. Harriman has given to New York State 10,000 acres of land along the upper palisades of the Hudson river to form the nucleus of a great State park. She has also given $1,000,000 to further the park plan.

According to a cablegram received by the Harvard college observatory from the observatory at Kiel, Germany, an astronomer in Johannesburg, South Africa, has discovered a new comet which is conspicuously bright and visible to the naked eye.

Brazil has established a postal savings bank, under its reorganized system which became effective with the beginning of the present year. Under the plan adopted, depositors draw 4 per cent interest, the minimum amount on which interest runs being 30 cents and the maximum $300.

At a meeting of 5,000 laymen, representing nearly every Protestant church in New York City, it was voted unanimously to increase by $325,000 the foreign missionary offerings of Greater New York during the coming year. This is more than 80 per cent increase over the $400,116 given last year.

As foreman of the grand jury John D. Rockefeller Jr. has called on Mayor Gaynor and Comptroller Prendergast and urged them to recommend an appropriation for the purpose of wiping out white slavery in New York. So far the Rockefeller grand jurors have collected a mass of evidence, returned several indictments and caused a number of arrests to be made.

The Canadian Parliament has been presented with an anti-trust bill, the underlying principle of which is to "give no shelter to monopoly." While recognizing the necessity of mergers and combinations as essential to business conditions the government proposes to give the people power to curb the trusts. At any time the trusts become too avaricious the governing council may change the tariff rates.

According to a citizens' investigating committee appointed Jan. 15 in Salt Lake City, Utah, the middlemen are responsible for the high prices. It was ascertained that farmers received 35 cents a bushel for potatoes retailed at 70 cents, and 13 cents a pound for chickens retailed at 25 cents.

It will surprise many people to learn that the university of Buenos Ayres now has 4,300 students. Its medical school especially is one of the best in the world, and there are 2,500 medical students. Courses in agriculture, mining, and other practical branches have recently been added so as to encourage the scientific development of the great resources of the country.

The New York Central has notified its employes' organizations that their requests for radical increases in pay have been considered and that it is impossible to grant the demands, as they are excessive in character. The company has asked the men to appoint a committee to confer with it and reach an agreement, if possible. It is understood similar action has been, or will be, taken by all the railroads in the East.

The big government dam to impound flood waters of the Shoshone River, eight miles above Cody, Wyoming, is completed. The dam is the highest structure of its kind in the world—328 feet. It is 85 feet long at the bottom and 200 feet long at the top. It is designed to hold back only the flood waters of the Shoshone, which will form an artificial lake 10 miles square. This is expected to furnish water for the irrigation of 159,000 acres of land.

According to the National Tuberculosis Association $8,000,000 was spent during 1908 for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. Of this amount $4,250,000 was spent from public moneys and the remainder from funds voluntarily contributed. Twice as much will be spent in 1910. For carrying on the share of the burden assumed by the State, federal and municipal governments, something over $9,000,000 has already been appropriated.

The University of Wisconsin is the first in the country to have a system of self-government in all matters of discipline, as a result of the granting by the faculty and regents of the students' request for a student court. Hereafter all violations of the rules and regulations of the university growing out of the conduct of the students will be tried by the undergraduates themselves, and the penalty fixed by them accordingly. As a result of the new system, the students have taken the responsibility for maintaining good order throughout the institution on all occasions. The student court will enforce all the rules and regulations, including the recent agreement regarding the abolition of hazing.

Of seven hundred marked ten-dollar bills paid on Saturday night by a Massachusetts manufactory to its employes, four hundred of them within two days were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers.

Jan. 19 Governor Deneen issued a proclamation designating Friday, April 22, and Friday, Oct. 21, as arbor and bird days in Illinois. The governor urges a proper celebration of these days with a view to stimulating interest in the protection of song birds and in the planting of trees and shrubbery.

Although no agreement has been reached with Japan regarding the tariffs to be collected, China has opened the treaty ports of Hun Chun and Lunchinchun in Chientao, Manchuria. The importance of the opening of Hun Chun to foreign commerce is apparent when it is understood that the town is situated 9 miles northeast of the Korean boundary, 25 miles above the mouth of the Tumon river and less than 100 miles from Vladivostok.

As a prelude to the inquest into the death of John Roherty, who died following an operation in which stovaine was used at the county hospital, Chicago, Dr. E. H. Dudley, a prominent Chicago surgeon, challenged the anaesthetic introduced in this country by Dr. Jonnesco and declared it to be fusel oil. Dr. Dudley said that stovaine, in his opinion, will produce a mortality of 2 per cent, and is more dangerous than chloroform and ether.

Representative Gainer of Texas has introduced in the House a bill appropriating $10,000,000 to the States and territories, according to mileage of traveled public roads, for highway construction. The fund, according to Mr. Gainer's ideas, should be apportioned by the secretary of agriculture after certification of the governors as to the amount needed, and the amount allowed each State is not to exceed the State's own appropriation for road maintenance.

A resolution inspired by the anti-meat movement started in Cleveland and which has spread to many other cities was recently introduced in the Ohio Legislature asking that the people of Ohio abstain from meat as a diet until the supply is so increased that the price shall be lowered. A resolution was also introduced to memoralize Congress to amend the tariff law so as to permit the President to put on the free list necessaries of life that are now bringing exorbitant prices.

Indian Commissioner Valentine says that the south half of the Colville reservation in eastern Washington, northwest of Spokane, may be opened to settlement and entry in 1912. There are more than 2,500 Indians to whom land will be allotted, each receiving 80 acres. Much of the lands, of which there are several hundred thousand acres, is timbered, others are adapted to farming, and it is known that there are extensive deposits of minerals, including gold, silver, lead and tungsten in the hills.

Amateur wireless operators, designated as "hams" because of their inefficiency, are interfering with the regular wireless companies along the coast. W. P. English, Jr., Boston manager of the United Wireless company, complains bitterly, saying there are 150 amateur wireless stations in the vicinity of Boston, some of high power. These amateurs constantly interfere, he says, with commercial business. Representative Roberts of Massachusetts has prepared a bill to give the federal government power to regulate the establishment of wireless stations.

The United States engineer corps is now at work surveying the route of the proposed canal which is to extend from Boston to Key West. The canal will go from Boston to the coast, through Long Island sound and across New York bay, across New Jersey to the Delaware River, thence to Norfolk on the Chesapeake Bay, and on to the sounds of North Carolina and Beaufort inlet. The survey is being made for a 25-foot ship canal from Boston to Beaufort, and a 12-foot canal from Beaufort to Key West. The cost of such a waterway will probably be about $100,000,000.

Little Switzerland has always grieved because she had no seaport. Now, however, she has a port, in a certain sense. A steamer has come from London by sea and up the Rhine to Basel (also called Bale and Basle—"Basel" being the German, the others the French name). This is the first trip of this sort ever made, and it is expected that in time quite a water traffic to Switzerland by this route can be built up. It is proposed to build a canal from the Rhine across the Alpine watershed to Lake Geneva, which would then give an outlet to the south by way of the Rhone. In this way there would be through water communication from the North sea to the Mediterranean.

Secretary MacVeagh will decide whether or not the returns made by the corporations under the law imposing a tax of 1 per cent on their net incomes are to be open to inspection as public records. The question has been put squarely up to the treasury department by the internal revenue bureau. The tax has been paid by a few corporations, the amount being based upon voluntary returns. Revenue inspectors ask authority to verify the returns by an inspection of the records. The tax is not collectable before June, and it is expected that a great number of the larger corporations will defer making returns until the Supreme Court passes on the constitutionality of the law.

Calling upon the federal government to extend its surveys over all unsurveyed lands in the State of Washington to which the legal right has passed from the United States to corporate or private ownership or control, the county assessors of Washington, at their annual convention in Spokane, adopted resolutions recommending that these lands, whether held by railroad companies or timber concerns, be subject to taxation. Several hundred thousand acres of such lands are now immune from taxation for State, county or municipal purposes, because they are not definitely described or sufficiently identified to be assessed, and they will not be, the State courts hold, until the surveys made by the government.

Now that aerial navigation is coming to be considered seriously new problems are arising, such as the question of navigation on starless nights or over fog-bound land, when the aeronaut will be unable to find his bearings. It has been proposed by a German inventor that a network of wireless stations be established over the land, each automatically sending out a predetermined signal at regular intervals, which would be received by the air craft, and enable the aeronaut to determine his course. The airships would not be required to carry transmitting apparatus, as a small receiving apparatus would suffice to enable them to avail themselves of this proposed system, and the weight of the receiving device could easily be kept down to a few pounds.



Among the Magazines



ELECTRIC POWER FROM SOLAR HEAT.

Efforts at "harnessing the sun's rays" have hitherto been limited to using them to generate steam in a boiler and run an engine, as in Ericsson's motor and similar devices. Such engines are now in practical use, but have never been widely popular. Now comes Mr. George S. Cove, of Somerville, Mass., who asserts that he can generate useful electric power by using the sun's heat to operate a new form of thermo-electric generator. Such generators are well known and are usually run with the aid of heat from gas flames, but they furnish a current of no great strength. The production of thermo-electricity, as is well known, depends on the fact that in a circuit of two different metals a current may be made to flow, simply by maintaining the two junction-points at different temperatures. Mr. Cove heats one of his junctions with the solar rays. René Homer describes the device as follows in Modern Electrics (New York):

"The apparatus consists of a little metallic frame which looks like an exaggerated window. The frame contains a number of panes of violet glass, behind which are set, through an asphalt-compound backing, many little metal plugs. One end of these plugs is always exposed to the sunlight, while the other end is cool and sheltered. The invisible rays of the solar spectrum and the invisible ultra-violet rays, after passing through the violet glass, set up a reaction in the peculiar metal alloy used, which produces a continual flow of electrical current into storage batteries.

"The apparatus is automatic, there being a circuit-breaker to sever connection between the separator and storage battery whenever the sun is not shining, and start automatically whenever the sun appears. The apparatus is not affected by weather conditions, and a few clear days suffice to store enough electricity to do away with any possibility of interruption in the service on cloudy days. Ten hours' exposure of the type now being experimented upon will produce enough power to light thirty large tungsten lamps for three days. It is only necessary to increase the size of the generator in order to store enough electricity in a few hours of sunshine to furnish light for a week or more.

"One form of generator shows a voltage of 500 per ten square feet, although there is but a slight flow of current. The generator which has attracted so much attention contains 1,804 plugs, which, although individually quite feeble, develop together 60 watts: 6 amperes at 10 volts.

"It is not too much to say that Mr. Cove has revolutionized our conceptions of power generation. Already we can picture the liner of the future propelled by invisible current stored in batteries by the Sun Electric Generator on a far-away desert and fed into the hold of the vessel in much the same manner as the cartridge belt is fed into a machine gun. The railroad-train of tomorrow, instead of taking on coal and water, will 'plug' into the power-house at the terminal station and pump out enough electricity to make the trip from New York to Chicago. The aeroplane of the future will dart hither and thither, her motors driven by electric energy transmitted by wireless from some far-away Sun Electric power-plant. But best of all is the part it will play in the life of the masses, bringing them cheap light, heat, and power, and freeing the multitude from the constant struggle for bread."

It will be noted from the above that the inventor, besides his thermo-electric effect, which is understandable, claims to produce an additional effect due in some way to the ultra-violet rays and not at present known to science. The technical papers have as yet given no space to Mr. Cove's device, but if his claims for it are justified, a good deal will be said and done about it in the future. However this may be, it is worth notice as the first attempt to use solar heat in a thermo-generator.—Literary Digest.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPPORTUNITY.

Hon. Richard Bartholdt, member of Congress from Missouri, and head of the American Delegation to the several meetings of the Interparliamentary Union, delivered an address at the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, at its meeting last May, which was inspired by a great idea. Not that the idea was new, but the great merit of his address was that he crystallized it into a clear cut and feasible plan.

He said: "If the President of the United States were to say to King Edward and Emperor William, 'Let us keep the peace, and in case of any trouble between any two of our three countries, let us not draw the sword until we have had an investigation by an impartial third party, be it power, commission or court,' if, I say, President Taft were to make a formal proposal of this nature and these two great monarchs were to grasp the outstretched hand, what would be the result? It would signify the end of war."

Nearly every speaker at that conference reiterated this idea. The same suggestion has been made in many declarations and resolutions adopted at the several peace congresses, international conferences and by peace societies, representing many different nationalities, to the effect that, by reason of its independent position and its freedom from entanglements, past and present, with other world powers, the United States is the one power whose invitation would be regarded as free from any ulterior motive and as wholly disinterested. Why may not the President accept this great mission: invite the rulers of the great powers to confer together to this end, and enjoy the satisfaction of soul that would surely follow the successful result? The time seems ripe for the consummation of the great project of an absolute ces-

sation of war among the nations, for two chief reasons:

1. Never before in the world's history has public opinion been so universally in favor of peace and arbitration and against the maintenance of great armaments as now.

2. Never before has the drain upon the resources of the people for maintaining armaments and waging war been so great and so exhausting as now. In view of this situation it would seem most desirable that the President extend an invitation to the rulers of all the great powers to appoint representatives, with full power to act for their governments, to meet together with representatives of our country, and negotiate a treaty which shall provide chiefly—

(1) That none of the nations shall take any hostile steps against another, under any circumstances whatever short of self-defense in face of an immediate, actual hostile attack.

(2) That any nation shall be prevented from commiting any overt act of war, by the whole force of the combined powers.

(3) That any complaint or grievance of one power against another shall be formulated and presented to the permanent Hague Court, for hearing and determination, under proper rules and regulations, to be agreed upon, conforming in a general way to the proceedings in civil courts.

(4) That the award or determination of the court, if not conformed to by the nation decided against, shall be enforced by the combined powers, by methods to be agreed upon, such as withdrawal of all diplomatic relations, non-intercourse, etc.

(5) That armaments shall be restricted to a limit that shall be sufficient simply for a police force, and to aid, in conjunction with other nations, in enforcing the regulations against overt acts of war, compelling obedience to the decrees of the Court of Arbitration, and generally maintaining the peace of the world.

It seems more than possible that the rulers of other nations, on which the burdens of war-preparedness weigh far more heavily than upon the United States, would gladly join with us in such an effort to put an end to war and to the enormous war expenditures which are a constantly increasing load upon the shoulders of the citizens of all countries. This action will, of course, be in advance of, and anticipate any action of, the Hague Conference of 1915, and be more decisive and effective than the action already taken by the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, which was advisory only, the delegates there having been invested with no power to bind their respective governments. Happily, however, many treaties have been entered into, providing for arbitration, pursuant to the recommendations of the Hague conventions. These treaties, however, are limited in scope. With but three exceptions they do not bind the powers to submit all questions of difference to arbitration, but reserve questions of vital interest, of national honor and national independence to be fought out by arms if necessary.

The proposed treaty, if not including every possible question of difference between nations, should at least provide that the question as to whether the case involves vital interests, national honor or independence, should be passed on by the court, as our civil courts pass upon questions of their own jurisdiction when raised by objection or demurrer, and not be left to the caprice of one or the other of the contending nations to assert that its vital interest, honor or independence is involved, and thus avoid arbitration and make excuse for war. In the day of the duel honor was an indefinable thing and depended much upon how a man felt at the time his honor was assailed. The honor of a nation is as capable of definition and determination by a court as a boundary line.

In his message to the present Congress the President has shown his approbation and sympathy for international arbitration, and has indicated his position regarding great armaments by recommending large retrenchment in the estimates for naval appropriations and in the building of warships.

It is to be hoped that public opinion in favor of extending an invitation to the great rulers to agree to put an end to war, may be manifested by all persons and all public agencies, such as the press, the pulpit, the rostrum, in such a way that President Taft may feel that he has the earnest support and sanction of the entire country in favor of such action on his part.—Le Roy Parker of the Buffalo Bar, in Advocate of Peace.

A CENSUS OF CHINA.

There is now a prospect of a thorough, explicit census of the population of China. To grasp what this signifies one must remember that China is vastly the most populous state of the whole world, and secondly, that hitherto such estimates of the number of its inhabitants as have been published have fluctuated between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 only. Commonly, at the present day, the number of natives in China is mentioned as 400 to 450 millions, but expert geographers brand this number as greatly inflated. In many late books, in consequence, the reader finds only 300 to 350, or indeed only 250 millions stated as the probable extent of the population. Naturally it occurs to the thinker that the importance of all suppositions in regard to a "yellow peril" and its directions must depend very largely on a sure calculation of the size of the population of China.

Of course, in the course of former centuries the Chinese government projected and made at least the semblance of various censuses, so that when they were published they were found to be mostly mere statements of the approximate number of families and were therefore quite unreliable. And the shadowy value of such censuses was not improved, by the way, by the chicanery of the governments of the individual provinces, who, when a census was ordered for the purpose of military conscription or of collection or application of a tax, promptly falsified the figures.

Now, finally, the gigantic project of a real census of the whole Chinese Empire is to be executed, and in the double form of a census of families and a census of individuals. The former is to be ready by the early part of 1910, the latter by 1912. In view of the immense extent of the Chinese Empire the vastness of this task can hardly be overestimated. The stupendous endeavor required by such a work can be sustained, however, by the present excellent organization of the Empire, though the fact cannot be ignored that certain parts of the Empire deem themselves wholly independent and will therefore resist the necessary official visitation required by the census in such districts or will try, through the stiffest mendacity possible, to make the results of the census, as far as they concern themselves, utterly ridiculous.

Despite the recognition of the inevitable effect of such uncertainties and defects, however, the definite attempt to make a careful census of the population of China would be of great value, and even if the final published result of the double form of the census were not correct by 20 to 30 million individuals.—Scientific American.

WHERE TRUCK FARMING IS A SCIENCE.

HERE in America, where it has always been possible for the farmer to have all the land at his disposal he wants if he has the money to buy, we have paid very little attention to what is known as intensive gardening, for the simple reason that it was not necessary. Within the past decade, however, the problem has been forcing itself upon us, and now and then we hear of some one who is making an unusual success of the intensive method; and as time goes on and the country becomes more and more thickly populated, more and more will the gardener and farmer be compelled to study intensive methods, big reaches of land will not lie wasting in the rains, and the owner will be incidentally filling his pocket with the results of his work.

With the single exception of the Chinese, who through long centuries of congestion have learned the intensive methods almost to perfection, perhaps the French are the most skillful gardeners of this kind in the world. There are not a few of them around Paris who have been known to get as a total income from a single acre $6,000 a year; but ordinarily the income from that much land is about $1,500, and the average annual profit of the gardener is $1,000. That is a fact which ought to make a good many teachers, ministers, and even doctors and lawyers open their eyes and stop to think; for there are many in those professions who cannot have it to say that every year they make a thousand clear from their practice. But the French gardener knows his business thoroughly; ancestry has bestowed a boon on him in that for generations before him the fathers have followed the work of gardening and the best methods of intensive horticulture have been handed down from father to son for 200 years or more. Within a radius of ten miles around Paris there are perhaps 2,000 gardens, which are paragons of the horticulturalist's art. Nor are these gardens large, either, the biggest one having not more than four acres in it, and the smallest is but a quarter of an acre; but from that quarter of an acre have come crops that would startle the American gardener who has many acres at his command.

These gardens are called "marais" gardens, because they are where once the marais or marshes of the Seine were. But some 150 years ago these marshes were drained in order that the rich soil which had been lying idle under them for untold ages might be put to practical use. They have the advantage of being well protected either by the old walls of ruined fortresses or walls built especially for the purpose, these latter running up to a height varying from eight to fifteen feet on the north and east, and in this way the garden has more advantages than many a one which is unprotected in a warmer clime. Back in Louis Philippe's time and even before his day, in many cases when the walls were built around a garden, the bricks were laid so that the whole structure was hollow, and through it the heat from furnaces could be sent, thus raising the temperature and forcing the fruit of the trees which were trained on them in espaliers. It is claimed that within a space of two feet around these walls more and finer fruit can be raised than from an average orchard of half an acre. Through the winter season roof shelters are supplied to protect the grapes and peaches, keeping the temperature even for them through the uncertain spring, and when May has arrived they can be trusted to the fine open air. The peaches thus cared for have a fine rich perfume and often weigh as much as ten ounces, and even more.

The idea of just a crop or two does not make an appeal to the average French gardener around Paris. He must have from four to seven or he is a long way from being satisfied. They must all come from the same soil, and the gardener has no other charm in his work than the facts that he has learned from his forebears and a few more which he has worked out himself. There lie the old mushroom beds of the past season, and the gardener gets at them with his gardening tools, turns over the soil and breaks it up so that it is exposed to the air pretty thoroughly and the gases of decomposition are driven off. In the course of a few days the soil assumes a powdery appearance, and then the gardener beats it up and smooths it down to a level with a rake. Over this he sifts from three to nine inches of fine soil, thus making it into an excellent bed for the planting of seeds.

He has everything ready now for his planting, and into the bed go the radish seed, turnip seed, and carrots, mostly of the kind which grow rapidly, these being sown rather thinly and pressed into the soil. Then some 25 or 30 lettuce plants are set out, and a few cauliflowers. These are still under glass, are well watered, and, as might be expected, get very busy in doing their part at growing. In the course of three weeks the radishes can be pulled; the lettuce heads within four; and the turnips and carrots can be gathered about five or six weeks after planting. The cauliflowers can then find plenty of space to spread in and cucumber or melon vines can also now run over the small bed, after the cauliflower has been transplanted to an open field nearby.

These French gardeners do not just fling their seed into the soil and leave them to grow. They plant and then do everything they can to hasten that growing along. They make a science of their work, and that they succeed may be judged from the foregoing results.—*The Pathfinder.*

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Some of you have learned through the Messenger of my intention to leave Mexico, and it is proper that something be said here as to the business side of that change. I already had enough money placed in my hands by clients to be used in the purchase of lands in Mexico to have yielded me several hundred dollars of profit. It was understood by these buyers that I was buying land myself and would be there to personally superintend the improvement and cultivation of it. I held this money in my own possession until I was sure as to what was the proper thing to do, and when I became convinced that it was not wise for me to remain, I notified my people that I was expecting to leave Mexico and that their money was held subject to their order. I might have invested this money and induced others to invest and thus have made a nice sum in commissions. On the other hand I made these personal investigations at a cost of hundreds of dollars to myself, but at a cost of not one cent to those who placed confidence in me. It rather seems to me that the man who cannot apply the Golden Rule in business ought to either stay out of business or out of the church, or out of both. If you want to know more about some of these California propositions you read about, write me and I will tell you what I think.

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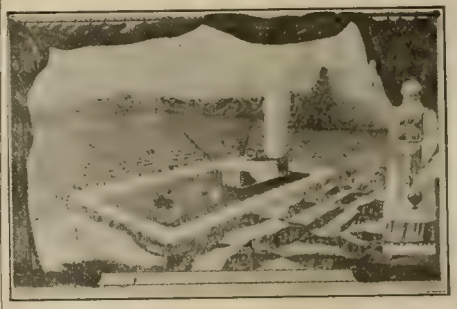
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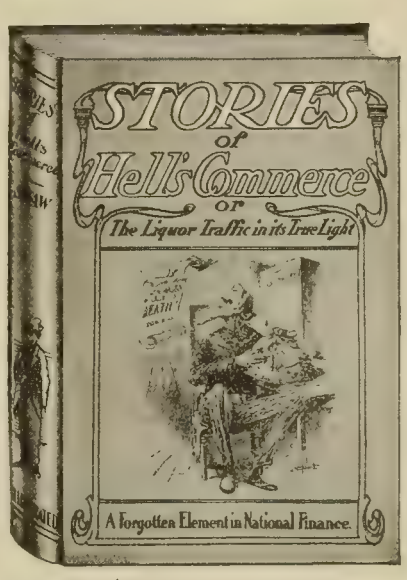
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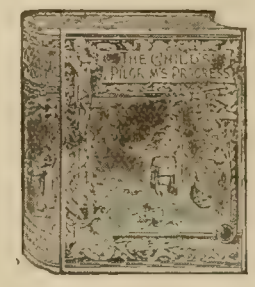
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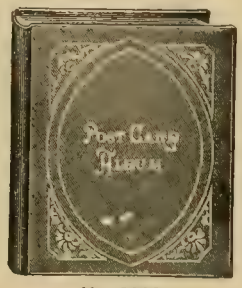


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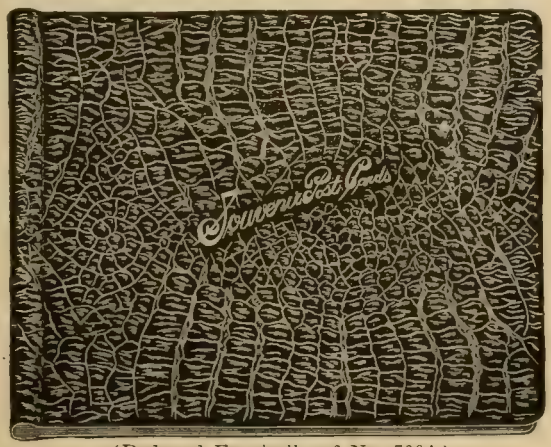
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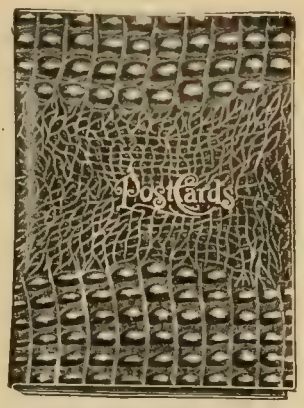
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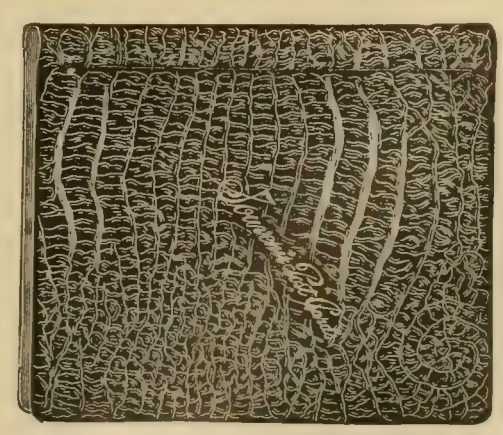
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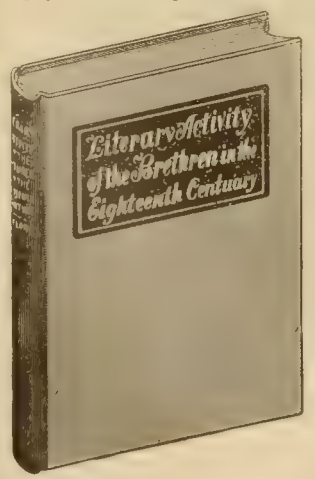
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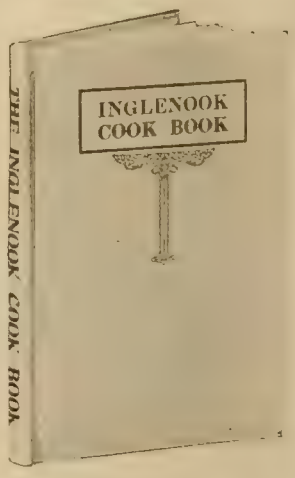


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Not for his own but for a brother's wrong.

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And man is free from slavery's cruel chains.

Enshrined thy name will be,
In loving hearts while time is given;
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We cannot count thy cost,
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No life in thy defence is ever lost,
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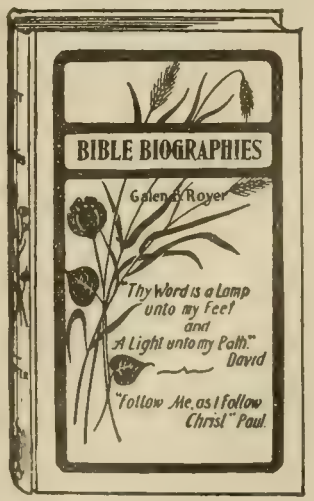
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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

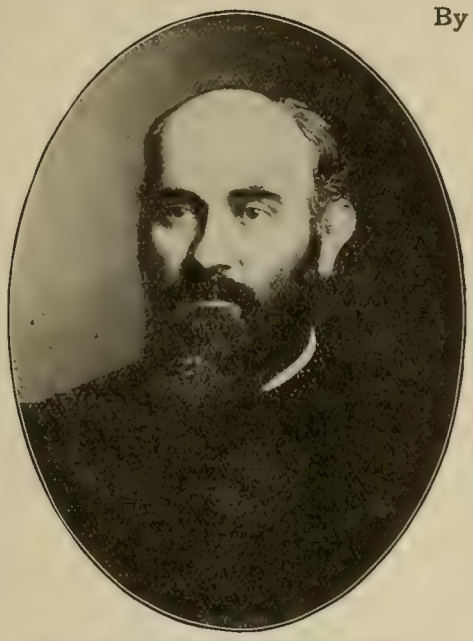
Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

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¶ The various projects in the Twin Falls Country contain over two million acres, as follows: The Twin Falls South Side project, 240,000 acres, The Twin Falls North Side project, 225,000 acres, the Salmon River project, 80,000 acres, the Kings Hill project, 20,000 acres; the Wood River project, 150,000 acres; the Goose Creek project, 50,000 acres; the West End project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls Shoshone project, 10,000 acres; the Dietrich project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls-Bruneau project, 1,000,000 acres; the Bruneau project, 80,000 acres; and the Minidoka Government project, 160,000 acres; all of which will be irrigated and which will be tributary to the City of Twin Falls.



Fruit and Sheep Ranch on the Banks of the Snake River, a Few Miles from the City of Twin Falls.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. February 8, 1910. No. 6.

Character Studies With Hawthorne

Prof. Otho Winger, Manchester College, Indiana

IV. The Great Stone Face.

ERNEST lived with his mother in a quiet New England valley. All the people of this valley were familiar with the Great Stone Face. "The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of a human countenance." Many were the superstitions and stories told of this peculiar freak of nature. The most familiar interpretation of its meaning said that it was prophetical, pointing forward to a time when a child, born in this valley, should "become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance of the Great Stone Face."

Ernest was very much fascinated by this story which his mother related to him. He earnestly desired to live to see the prophecy fulfilled. His boyhood days were passed in helping his mother and mingling with his neighbors, many of whom thought but little of the Face upon the mountain side. But to Ernest that Face became a teacher. "When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration."

About this time it was reported that the man of prophecy was to appear in the person of a multi-millionaire merchant who was a native of that valley. Great preparations were made to receive him. A mansion, the finest in the valley, was erected for his residence. When the day came for Gathergold—as the rich man was called—to appear, the whole population assembled to greet him. But when he appeared Ernest was disappointed. Instead of the sympathetic and intelligent likeness that he had hoped to see he saw only a little old man with a yellow skin, shrewd looks, puckered wrinkles, thin lips and a sordid visage. Instead of a beneficent hand held out full of alms for the poor, he saw a few pennies flung to the feet of the needy beggars. Gathergold was but Scattercopper. The people, however, accepted him as the man of prophecy, but Earnest, sadly disappointed, went home to await the appearance of the ideal man, whom the Great Stone Face assured him would come.

Ernest grew to young manhood. He continued to observe and revere the Face that had been his teacher, but he "neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit." In the meantime Gathergold had lost his wealth and the people changed their minds. Another man of prophecy was coming. A man, who had won world-wide fame as a soldier, Old Blood-and-Thunder by name, he was sure to be the one. The people thoughtlessly and enthusiastically accepted him, but Ernest could not see any likeness of gentle wisdom and tender sympathy in this war-worn and weather-beaten countenance. As he turned sadly away the Great Stone Face, with more of meaning than ever before, seemed to say, "Fear not, Ernest, the man will come."

The years fled swiftly by. Ernest was now a man of middle age. "By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as hitherto, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. Not a day passed by, that the world was not better because this man, humble as he was had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordi-

nary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it.

Again the people had seen their mistake. Old Blood-and-Thunder was not the man of prophecy. They now saw what Ernest had long before seen. For another great man was now coming. Not a Midas, nor a warrior, but a statesman who had won national fame and was now the candidate for the presidency of his country. Who would more likely be the image of the Great Stone Face? The people accepted him without question, as they had done with the others. Ernest, too, for a moment, felt a thrill of joy when he beheld the great and lofty brow of the magical orator. But a more careful view showed that the grand expression of the mountain visage was wanting. No truly great and noble purpose had animated the statesman's life.

"The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life."

In the course of time a native of the valley had become a great poet. Among his many songs he had celebrated the Great Stone Face by a splendid ode. Ernest secured a volume of these poems and as he read them, seated upon a bench by his cottage door, he earnestly beheld the Face to see if it gave any assurance that the poet was the man of prophecy. The Face smiled, but said nothing.

While he was thus meditating a stranger appeared and asked for a night's lodging. Ernest welcomed him to his home. The two spent the late afternoon hours in delightful and inspiring conversation. The stranger had never listened to a man who so fascinated him as did Ernest. Ernest listened to the stranger with a feeling of admiration and finally ventured to ask his name. The stranger announced himself as the far-famed poet. He had heard of Ernest in far away lands—for so great was Ernest's fame—and had come to listen to the modest sage. A look of sadness crossed Ernest's brow. The poet at once divined the reason. Ernest confessed that he was once more disappointed, for he had hoped that the poet would be the man of prophecy. The latter confessed that, while his thoughts had "a strain of divinity," his life had not corresponded with his thought, and that he had not lived up to his possibilities.

At sunset Ernest was to deliver an open air lecture to his neighbors. The poet accompanied him. "Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath which this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them."

The poet listened with amazement and joy. In the distance appeared the Great Stone Face "with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest." The resemblance was too great for the poet to contain his feelings longer. He threw up his arms and shouted aloud,—"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face."

In the words of Arnold Tompkins, "The theme of this selection is growth toward an ideal character by the constant worship of the ideal. Like Ethan Brand, Ernest had set before himself an ideal; but utterly unlike Ethan, Ernest had a high and unselfish ideal. He worshiped it by self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. He did not leave his native valley but labored there in the common things of life, neglecting no duty to his fellow-men. His earnest, meditative life enabled him to see far deeper than his neighbors, who were able to judge from outward appearances only. He became wise indeed, but the development of his heart kept pace with the development of his intellect. The more he worshiped his high ideal, the more his heart sympathized with humanity and the greater became his trust in God.

LINCOLN.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

(Tune "America.")

Kentucky, from thy hills,
Where sparkle crystal rills,
A hero came.
Although of humble birth
He was a man of worth,
And midst the great of earth
He rose to fame.

Kentucky's noble son—
Lincoln, the martyred one,
We honor thee.
While rolled the battle smoke
Thou with a master stroke
The bondman's fetters broke
And set him free.

A hundred fleeting years
Of mingled hopes and fears
Have come and gone.
They to the world proclaim
That deathless is thy fame
And for all time thy name
Shall still live on.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE MISSION AND INSPIRATION OF THE POET.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

It is asserted that the present age is not a poetic one. If there is a dearth of great poetry in the literary production of recent years, and there seems sufficient warrant for this assertion, it is not the fault of the people but of the poets. Has the human heart changed? Has man ceased to love harmony, song and beauty? Has he suddenly become prosy, didactical, earthly? Has his imagination had its wings clipped that it cannot soar in the midst of heaven as it used to do? No. None of these things has come to pass. All this age wants is a poet inspired to give its life a poetic expression. It wants a poet who can feel and speak its heart-throb, who can say for it what it can not say for itself. When this man comes he will be a great poet, a Shakespeare, a Homer, a Dante.

Now the mission of the poet is to make men and women love and understand. Love, in its universal sense, is the gold mine of the poet. He must have it himself, and he must communicate it to his fellow-men. Love clears the vision. It enables men to see world and mankind as they are. By it the poet is enabled to see clearly and rightly. By communicating it to his fellow-men, he enables them to see more clearly and more rightly. The poet is man's greatest missionary, because he is the missionary of love.

The poet must be inspired. Let us inquire what this inspiration of the poet is. The poet must love and see; and he must love and see differently from the ordinary man, and differently from himself in the ordinary mood. His vision must be wider and clearer, and his love broader and truer than that of other men. To attain this he must get away from those things which hinder this greater vision and truer love. He must first get away from himself. He must be a little child again ready to be led where the muse directs. He must be born again. His selfishness, bigotry, knowingness, prejudice, suspicion, knowledge, vanity, self-consciousness, pride and all that, must go to the winds, and he must sing and speak just as the spirit of the inspiration gives him power to sing and speak. Here is why this is an unpoetic age.

The conditions are unfavorable to producing a great poet. This is an imitative age. Now imitation is the death knell to the poet. This is an artificial age. Poetry is the very antipode of artificiality. This is a school-going age. Poets were never made in schools; they are born. This is a commerical age. The minute the poet begins to write for money the muse departs from him. The muse tolerates only one thing in the poet, and that is love. Would you write a poem? Begin loving something so hard that you can not contain it any longer. Then if you have the poetic gift, you may write a poem about what you are loving so greatly. Would you have the inspiration of the poet? You can only get it by loving. Love and you may be a poet—and then you may not be one. But you will never be one if you don't love. Love is the poet's sauce. It is the nectar which he sups from the cups of the gods.

THE SHOEMAKER'S COMPASS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

After reading the article on "Boxing the Compass" in the Inglenook of June 29 an old sea captain asked: "Did you ever hear a shoemaker box the compass? No? Well, he does it this way:

Nail, nail by heel, nail nail-heel, nail-heel by nail, nail-heel. Nail-heel by heel, heel nail-heel, heel by nail, heel. Heel by sole, heel sole-heel, sole-heel by heel, sole-heel. Sole-heel by sole, sole sole-heel, sole by heel, sole. Sole by welt, sole sole-welt, sole-welt by sole, sole-welt. Sole-welt by welt, welt sole-welt, welt by sole, welt. Welt by nail, welt nail-welt, nail-welt by welt, nail-welt. Nail-welt by nail, nail nail-welt, nail by welt, nail.

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

A-many lay with him in Bedford jail—
  Cutthroats and thieves and women of the street;
  Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.
What mattered it to him? Within the pale
  Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
  Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
  Let in a world in little, then, narrowing, grew
    To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull;
Shifted to shapes of vale and mead—or, filled
  With all the Visions glory, changed into
    The shining rooms of the House Beautiful.

"Then saw I in my Dream"—the fair refrain
  Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
  He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain
Travailing with his own peculiar pain,
  In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
  Feet that might stumble but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again!

What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
  Stretches ere rise the Mounts Delectable,
    And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land.
Full many a league? God's peace came late to him
    Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven and spanned
  With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

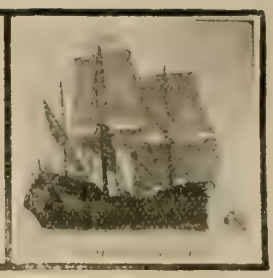
—Frank Preston Smart.

He that puts his confidence in God only is neither overjoyed in any great good things in this life, nor sorrowful for a little thing.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XIII.

During the first century of colonial New England life there were but few set holidays. The English church holidays were a stench to the nostrils of the Puritans and their celebration was strictly forbidden in New England. Holidays were not quickly inaugurated.

But little is known of the first Pilgrim Christmas. Bradford said: "Ye 25th day began to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." A new company excused themselves from work on Christmas, saying that it was against their consciences. The Governor said he would spare them until they were better informed, but when he returned at noon and found them playing pitch-the-bar and stool-ball in the street, he told them that it was against *his* conscience that they should play and others work, and he made them cease from their games.

By 1659 Christmas was hated by the Puritans. The name savored of incense, stole and monkish jargon. and any person who observed it as a holiday by not working, feasting or by any other way, was compelled to pay a fine of five shillings. On December 25, 1685, "carts came to Boston and shops were open as usual." There were a few, however, who observed the day.

It was not until the last century that we find Christmas observed as a legal holiday in New England. In some settlements, especially among the Episcopalians, such as Narragansett, two weeks were enjoyed in visiting and feasting, by planters and slaves, many years before the Revolution.

The Church of England was the first to observe the New England Thanksgiving. When the Popham colonists landed at Monhegan they gave God thanks for their safe arrival and other liberal blessings.

The first New England Thanksgiving was not a day of religious observance, but simply of recreation. We should read Edward Winslow's letter of Dec. 11, 1621, to a friend in England, if we have the impression that all the Puritans were sour, morose, and gloomy. He wrote:

"Our harvest being gotten in our governor sent four men out fowling that so we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their great King Massasoit with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain, and others."

This Pilgrim Thanksgiving feast was partaken of by but fifty-five English, but the Indian visitors were plenty, but the ninety did not come empty-handed. They joined in providing for the feast, and also took part in the games. The games consisted mostly of running, leaping, jumping, and probably stool-ball, which was played by both sexes, the ball being driven from stool to stool, or from wicket to wicket. This feast was prepared by the four women of the colony assisted by one servant and a few young girls. There were one hundred and twenty hungry men, ninety-one of whom were gluttonous Indians, to prepare food for. The picture of that Thanksgiving Day—the block house, the Pilgrim men in buff breeches, red waistcoats, and green or somber mandilions, the great company of Indians, in holiday paint and feathers, and furs, the few sad, overworked, homesick women, in worn and simple gowns, with plain coifs and handkerchiefs, and the pathetic handful of little children, form a great contrast to the prosperous, cheerful Thanksgiving of even a century later. At this week of feasting we find no record of religious services.

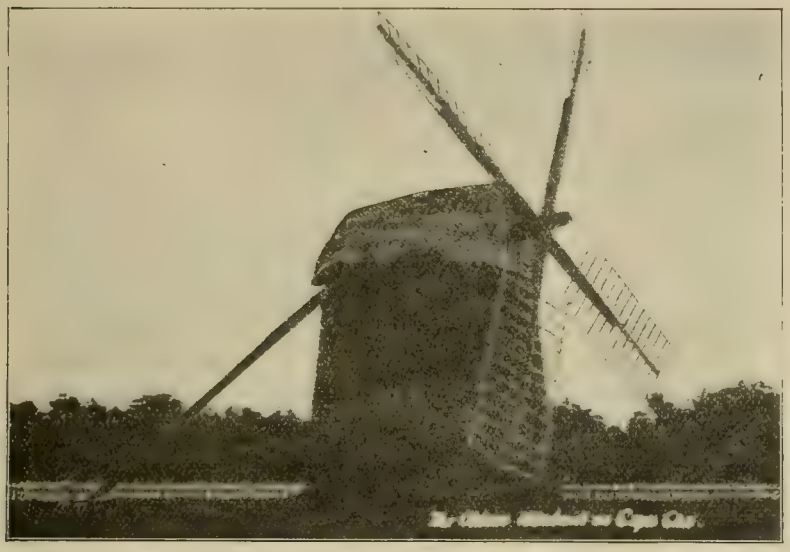
The first public Thanksgiving held in Boston, by the Bay Colony, was on February 22, 1630, in gratitude for the safe arrival of food-bearing and friend-bearing ships. Another was kept on November 4, 1631, and from that time until 1684, at least twenty-two public Thanks-days were appointed and observed in Massachusetts, about one in two years. In 1675, a time of deep gloom through the many and widely-separated attacks from the savage Indians—all were not savage enough to be troublesome—no public Thanks-day was observed either in Massachusetts or Connecticut. In 1742 there were two observed.

But little attention was paid in Rhode Island to the Thanks-days set aside by Massachusetts. Many a Rhode Island settler was prosecuted by Gov. Andros for not observing the day. William Veasie was set in the pillory in Boston for ploughing on Thanks-day, June 18, 1696. He said that his king had granted lib-

erty of conscience, and that the ruling king, William, was not his king; that King James was his royal prince, and since he did not believe in setting days aside for thanks, he should not observe them.

Though the people of Connecticut were just as pious and as prosperous as were the Bay Colonists, yet they do not appear to be as grateful, and had much trouble at times in appointing a Thanks-day, and the festival was not regularly observed until 1716.

These Thanks-days were not always on Thursday, nor always at the same time of the year, as they are now. In 1716 the day was appointed in August; in



The Oldest Windmill on Cape Cod.

1713 in January; in 1718 in December, and in 1719 in October.

The God of the Puritans was a jealous God, and his wrath was shown to them in the blasted wheat, moulded beans, wormy pears, and mildewed corn; in droughts and grasshoppers; in Indian invasions; in caterpillars and other woes, and in children dying of chin-cough, evils sent, as they supposed, for the sins of wig-wearing, sheltering of Quakers, not paying the minister, etc. There were many feasts observed to avert the wrath of God for these woes. In the Puritan calendars the feast and the fast kept close company.

To allow of the arrival of a barrel of molasses to put in their pies, the people of Colchester one year calmly ignored the Thanks-day appointed by the governor and held the festival one week later.

Thanksgiving day was not the principal holiday in New England. There were Election Day, Commencement Day, and Training Day. Commencement Day was one of the proudest days of the Puritan. After 1730 it was usually appointed for a Friday in order that there might be "less time remaining in the week for frolicking."

Training Day may be called the first real holiday in New England. Military reviews were made properly religious by opening exercises of prayer and psalm-singing. A dinner somewhat redeemed the sober opening services, and a frequent firing of salutes helped to enliven the day. In May, 1639, on Training Day one thousand men were exercised and in the autumn twelve-hundred men bore arms without a quarrel, an oath or any drunkenness. Boston Common was the training field.

Election Day was also a time of great excitement. An "'lection cake" a sort of rusk, rich with fruit and wine, was made in some localities, and sometimes "'lection beer," was brewed. Boston had two Election Days. "Nigger 'Lection" was so called to distinguish it from Artillery Election. On the former day the election of the governor was announced, and the negroes were allowed to throng the Common, buy gingerbread and drink beer like their white neighbors. On the latter, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery had a parade, chose new officers who received their commissions with much ceremony. Woe to the black face that dared to show itself on these occasions. In 1718, William Read, a negro boy who became enraged by not being allowed the privileges and pleasures of Artillery Day blew up a ship—the *Canton Packet*—in Boston harbor. For years it was the standing taunt of the white boys to the negroes in Boston:

"Who blew up the ship?
Nigger, why for?
'Cause he couldn't go to 'lection
An' shake paw-paw."

Paw-paw was a gambling game which was played on the Common with four seashells.

Lecture Day was the only diversion of early Colonial life. In 1639 these assemblies were damaging to the people, for those who could not afford the time from their work, would go to midday lectures in three or four different towns in one week. The young gladly attended these lectures as a means of enjoying communication, and attended in such large numbers that in 1633 the magistrates set the hour at one o'clock that people might eat their dinners at home before attending and no minister should give but one lecture in two weeks.

On this day criminals were punished, seditious books burned, marriage intentions posted, the religious services of the day being similar to the Sunday services.

THE TRUE MAHOGANY.

THERE is no such thing as a forest of mahogany. The mahogany tree lives by and for itself alone. It

stands solitary of its species, surrounded by the smaller trees and dense undergrowth of the tropical forest, rearing its head above its neighbors. Two trees to the acre is a liberal estimate for mahogany "finds." More frequently, perhaps, only one tree will be found over a larger stretch of territory. True mahogany is the only species of the Swietenia mahogani, the name Swietenia having been given to it in honor of the celebrated Baron von Swieten, physician to Maria Theresa. It is distinctly a native of tropical America and frequently towers to a height of 100 feet, the trunk being often twelve feet in diameter. It is of exceedingly slow growth, and the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than 200 years. Occasionally small specimens have been found in southern Florida.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

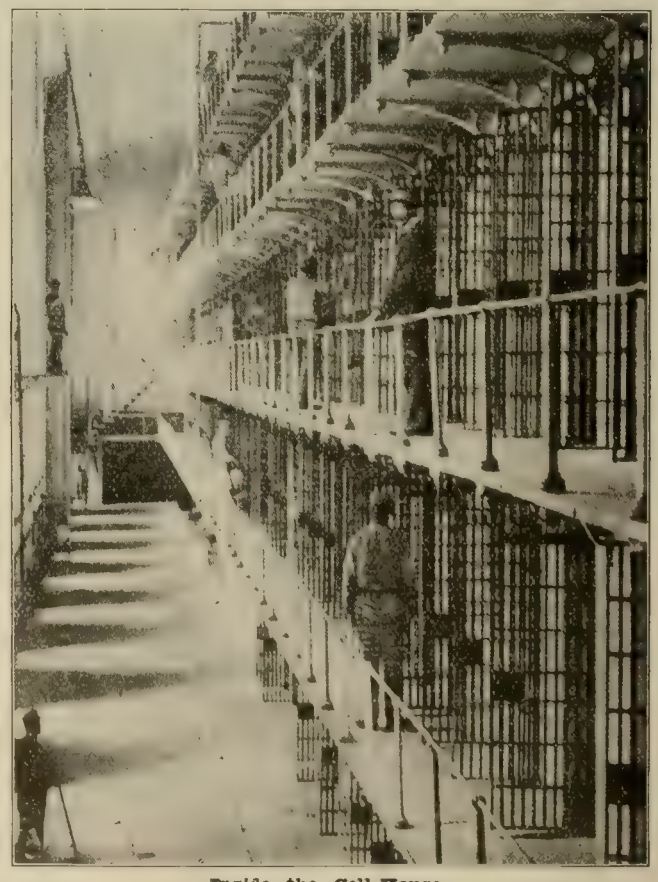
Mary E. Canode

Chapter IV.

As previously stated, the cell-houses are the East and West wings to the Warden House. They are built of stone and iron and are entirely fireproof. Each cell-house is 40 feet high, 70 feet wide and 300 feet long. Extending along the central portion of the interior of each wing is the solid masonry in which are located the cells. These one might liken to caves, creep-holes, tombs, catacombs or whatever else of a cold, cheerless nature with which he might wish to compare them. In the larger West wing there are five tiers of cells each containing fifty cells on either side, making in all five hundred cells for the accommodation of one thousand men. The East wing has four hundred cells. At the end nearest the Warden House are the narrow iron stairs up which the men must hurry to the galleries and to their ugly little cages.

Extending around the cell-masonry and to the top of the building is a passageway twenty-five feet wide. This is enclosed by the walls of the house with their tall, narrow-barred windows, the sills of which are above the level of the second tier of cells. These windows admit daylight and sunshine into the cell-houses but daylight and sunshine cannot strike the cells with any great degree of germ-killing and health-giving power after passing through twenty-five feet of interior shadow.

The cells in most cases must accommodate two men and for this accommodation have the ample proportions of 8 feet deep, 4 1-2 feet wide and 7 feet high. Two black cots, one above the other, against the side walls are the beds. Between these and the other wall there is scarcely room enough for one man to pass another. Each cot is furnished with a straw mattress, a pillow, sheets, pillow-slips and three heavy blankets. The rest of the furniture is only such as will meet the barest necessities of the inmates. A small shelf holds the books from the library or those presented by friends and the Bible, a copy of which is found in each cell. Two round stools serve the purpose of chairs. A stone jar of drinking water occupies a corner by the door. The cells are ventilated by an immense electric fan which forces fresh warmed air in winter and cool air in summer through tubes entering the cell walls. At the sound of the rising gong in the morning, prisoners must dress, make up their beds, tidy up their cells and prepare to leave those cozy quarters for morning ablutions and breakfast. Work hours commence at 7 o'clock A. M. A cleaning gang of prisoners under direction of its keeper attends to the inspection and



Inside the Cell-House.

cleaning of the cells and cell-house each morning, doing everything possible to keep the objectionable dark

holes as sanitary as conditions will allow. After the day's work is over at 5 o'clock in winter and 6 o'clock in summer, and the evening meal finished the men are marched to the cell-houses, up the stairs and along the galleries to their particular cells. Each man must then take hold of the outward-swung barred door and at the signal enter his cell, drawing the door to a close. A switch is then thrown by the gallery keeper, which simultaneously locks all the doors. The men remain standing with hands on doors until the keeper goes his round making the count of his men and locking each door separately.

Cell-mates may talk with each other in low tones or read by the bright incandescent light, one of which is in each cell, until 9 o'clock each night when at the sound of the call, lights out! all must turn into their downy beds. After that the night guard must make his rounds at stated intervals through the night, walking along in his "sneak shoes," to see that each man is doing his snoring duty and neither ill, filing off bars or fighting with his cell-mate.

Previous to the installation of the dining room, meals were eaten in the cells. A long table on the floor of the cell-house held the tarnished, battered tin pan filled with mess. The men were hurried along and as they passed the table each one received a pan, a quart of black coffee in a black tin cup and helped himself to any desired amount of bread. Hurried up the stairs by the frequent tap of a cane in the hand of the overseeing officer, the coffee was often spilled or the pan dropped from the hand, which accident meant fasting for that meal. It was a pitiable sight, for the men looked tired and weary from the day's labor and the unsightly meal, though ample and well cooked would not stir up a very good appetite especially when a man's knees or his bed had to be used as a table.

So, it is the life in the gloomy little holes in the wall that remains the most objectionable feature of this particular institution—added to this the fact that scheming trusts have succeeded in having laws so manipulated that much of the work once done at the prison has been taken from it and left little chance for the disposing of the products so that at times men are subjected to enforced idleness and must be kept in these unhealthful places. Will some say it is good enough for them? Well, we would hardly think so if your friend or my friend chanced to be one of sin's unfortunates. Laying aside all sentiment on this line, no unhealthful place is good enough for any human being. The prison has its hospital and physician for the purpose of preventing and curing diseases, and gloomy breeding places for disease germs endanger not only the health of the prisoners but in case of contagious diseases, that of the officers in charge as well as persons outside the prison. In marked contrast with these conditions we might here mention the fact that the women's building, more recently erected, has a pleasant little room, for each woman prisoner, next to the wall, each room having its good-sized window through which the cheerful sunlight enters.

Persons frequently ask, "Is it possible that two men room in one cell? Then what is solitary about prison life? Where is the solitary? Is it a dungeon? Just what is meant when a judge's sentence mentions solitary confinement?" Having heard those questions propounded a number of times and wishing to give a satisfactory answer we asked for full enlightenment from one of the chief officers and now quote as his answer that so far as solitary confinement, as mentioned in a judge's sentence, is concerned it is a mere fiction at Joliet. To be sure, there are a number of solitary cells for places of necessary punishment of violators of prison rules. The accompanying picture shows the solitary corridor with the doors of the cells opened on either side.



Solitary Corridor.

They are not dungeons but large cells, well lighted and aired by a good-sized window high up in the wall, opening out upon the inner prison yard. In winter they are warmed the same as other cells. No prisoner who obeys the well-known rules ever need enter there. Fighting is one of the most common offenses that leads to solitary punishment and then it is not solitary, for

the two fighters must be hand-cuffed side by side to the same door until they "make up" and promise good behavior. The door to the rear is that of the small office where the Deputy Warden holds court each evening. All the irregularities of the day must have been reported to him by the keepers. In the evening the cases are heard, the Deputy acting as judge. Some minor offenders are dismissed with a reprimand. As has been stated, the more serious violators are placed in the solitaries. At elbow height the prisoner puts his hands through the barred door and the nickel bracelets are locked on his wrists. The door is then closed and locked and a thick outer wooden door is closed over the barred door. The keeper in the corridor looks after the prisoner from time to time and at the end of a designated number of hours unlocks his bracelets and leaves him down for a two hours' sleep on the board which occupies a place in the middle of the floor. Nothing pleasant or desirable about that! But giving in, apology and promise of good conduct gets him out and good behavior would have saved him such punishment. Yes, and back of that you will doubtless all say, "Good conduct would have saved him from the penitentiary." Very true, and every intelligent being knows when he is committing a penitentiary offense.

Just above the solitary cells are other large cells where new men must sometimes be placed over night when arriving too late to be properly enrolled and located during the day. This fact has given rise to the idea that a prisoner's first night within the walls is spent in solitary silence. It may be true that in earlier years this was the method of literally obeying the judge's sentence in order to bring about the then much desired, "remorse of conscience." But at present the new prisoner is placed therein only as a matter of convenience.

FATHER'S EXPERIMENT.

Roland Olson was blue, and it was all on account of his fourteen-year-old son Fred. It had always been the hope of Mr. Olson to make a farmer of Fred; not a farmer, so-called, who farms simply because he does not have brains or ability or gumption enough to do anything else, but an up-to-date farmer who could hook science up with practice. He wanted to see one fine farm and a model farmer in the neighborhood, and he was determined that the farmer should be Fred. In his own mind he had promised him any education and opportunity he might ask for if he would but work toward that end.

But Fred had broken the bubble that day. His father had incidentally asked him where he wanted to go to school after he had finished the high school.

"To college, do you mean?" Fred asked, eagerly. "Why, I hardly know, I am not just sure what I want to be. Only I know this,—I don't want to be a farmer."

This stung the father to the quick. His plans were going down, air-castle like, all in a moment. "What is the matter with farming, Fred?" he asked, pained.

"I am tired of it, that is all," Fred explained. "It just seems to me as if farmers work their heads off for nothing but board and clothes."

"Most of the people in the city do that, too, for that matter," his father replied slowly. "Think it over some more, my boy," and with this the father turned and walked away.

That evening when the work was done and Fred had gone up stairs to bed, Mr. Olson was talking the matter over with his wife and daughter Carrie, a teacher in the school in the near-by town.

"I just don't know what to do," the father commented bitterly. "'You can lead a horse to water but you can not make him drink.' We could tell Fred about the freedom and the pleasures of farm life from now until frost, but I reckon it would not change his own conclusions very much."

"You are right; and it is just too bad," said Mrs. Olson, with a mother's characteristic tenderness. "If this goes on he will soon be leaving us for good."

"He always seems happy, too. He never complains. I wonder just what *is* the matter." The father leaned his chin in his hands, meditatively. "You can get a boy of his age to tell the 'what' all right, but to get him really to tell *why* he does not like a thing is a different proposition. Mearle acted just the same way four years ago, and I could not do a thing with him to keep him from going to the city to work."

Mrs. Olson was almost crying. "For my part, I can not see what more we can do," she said, despairingly.

Carrie had been a silent but thoughtful listener to the conversation of the evening. "Father, would you be willing to try a little experiment?" she asked.

"Experiment, Carrie? Why, yes; I am willing to try anything that might help."

"It is just from my experience," Carrie explained; "not with keeping boys on the farm, of course, but with keeping youngsters in school. Father, if you were teaching a school, how would you go about it to keep the children at work."

Her father knit his brows. "Well, it seems to me," he answered slowly, "if I remember rightly, standing in the corner did not help much when I was one of the kids, nor whipping, nor keeping us after school."

Carrie laughed. "I guess youngsters have not changed much as a class. But you have not told me what you would do."

"Let's see, Carrie. Our teacher used to have a rule, 'first appeal to a boy's conscience, then to his pride, and lastly to his hide.' That works all right when it

comes to mischief, but as to keeping them at work I never could see that it did us very much good. The trouble with me used to be that usually I just didn't care a bit. I ——"

"That is just it," Carrie interrupted. "Get them interested and that is all you need."

"But what has that to do with Fred?" her father asked, puzzled.

"It has a great deal to do with him, father," Carrie replied. "I believe that is exactly what is the matter. He is not interested in the farm or in the work that he has to do."

Mr. Olson shook his head.

"Let me ask," Carrie continued, "did you ever give Fred a piece of work to do and then let him think it out for himself?"

"Yes, I think so." Then he thought for a moment. "Still I am not so sure about it."

"Now, father," Carrie went on eagerly, "I will tell you what I propose. I have thought of only two or three things to apply to it as yet, but more will turn up later if these work out all right. You brought home a new plow yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"It is 'knocked down,' as the catalogues say, is it not?"

"Yes, it is just crated."

"All right, father; tomorrow morning for the first thing in the experiment you simply tell Fred to go out and set up that plow ready for business."

"But I want to use it in the afternoon," objected Mr. Olson.

"Now, father," said Carrie reprovingly, "you agreed to try my experiment and now you should not begin to throw in objections just because it may cost you a little. And never you worry, I will wager that the plow will be set up before noon without a bit of your help."

"I doubt it—but we will try it," Mr. Olson agreed, hesitatingly. "And what else has my schoolma'am daughter up her sleeve?"

"For another thing, you know that bushel of pure-bred seed-corn I bought? You planted it for me along the west side of the farm."

"Yes," agreed her father; "but that is all planted now."

"I know; and you see a girl can not look after such things very well. I will give that to Fred for my part of the experiment. He shall pick the seed from it, sell what he can, show it at the County Fair, or do with it just as he thinks best."

"I agree to that," laughed her father. "That is yours, not mine. Anything else?"

"Yes, one more thing," answered his daughter. "I heard Fred talking about that slough in the hog pasture. How much would it cost to tile that out?"

Mr. Olson looked like a question mark. The connection of this idea with keeping Fred interested in the farm was at best very remote, as he thought. "I can not see the scheme, Carrie, but I'd guess the cost at about $125."

"And how much would a new machine-shed cost?"

"Perhaps $175 if you used the lumber in the old one."

"And what would it cost to finish fencing the farm, hog-tight?"

"Well, what next, Carrie? I should guess $200, if you are serious; and I almost believe you are."

"Good!" Carrie exclaimed. "I am glad that the cost of the three is so nearly the same. Tomorrow you tell Fred that you are going to put $150 on the farm in some improvement this summer, and that whatever he says to do with it, that you will do."

"Why, Carrie," Mr. Olson protested, "he is too young to ——"

"Never mind, just try it," interrupted his daughter.

Mrs. Olson's face was shining. She had caught a glimpse of the idea. "Try it, father," she urged; "he will be almost sure to choose one of the three that Carrie has mentioned. You know that they are all needed badly enough. You can not lose anything, whichever way it goes."

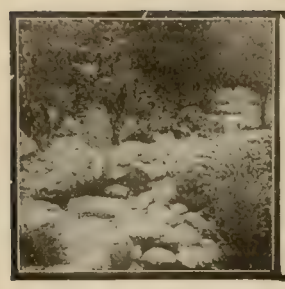
And thus it was agreed.

Before breakfast the next day, Mr. Olson gave Fred the card of directions and told him to set up the new plow and have it ready for business in the afternoon, as he had to make a trip to town that morning. When he got back at ten o'clock the plow was set up and all ready for the afternoon's work. Fred had the skin peeled off his hands in a half-dozen places, but his heart was light. He had completed the task so well that his father could find nothing wrong. What was more to Fred, he had completed it, as he told his sister, "without being bossed every time he turned a burr once around."

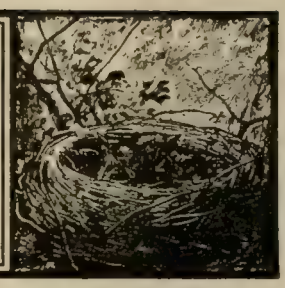
Fred had looked surprised that morning when his father told him to set up the plow, but when he told him he was going to make $150 worth of improvements on the place in any one thing which Fred should decide upon as being most needed, a regular what-next expression came over the boy's face. It was a month before he finally chose the thing which he most wanted done. Before he told his father that he wanted the $150 spent in tiling out the hog pasture, he had figured out the cost of the lumber for the machine-shed, the cost of fencing and the new posts which would have been required to finish fencing the farm, and the amount, size and cost of the tile for the hog lot as well as the cost of getting it laid and covered.

Mr. Olson watched his son's new alertness to everything with the keenest interest. When Fred told him

(Continued on Page 144.)



NATURE STUDIES



West Hill Nature Club

Armelia L. Colwell

At Christmas our club had a fine Christmas tree and entertainment at the schoolhouse, and when the children gathered to help Mrs. Rich clean up the schoolhouse afterwards, she told them of an old German custom of making a Christmas tree for the birds.

The idea that birds would be made happy by an unexpected meal was a new one to the children. Charley said they had always seemed contented and happy and seemed to have enough to eat. But Ethel said she had often scattered crumbs from the table on the ground in winter to see how many kinds of birds would come for them, and they come in little flocks now every day, some getting so tame they would even come to the window sill. And they looked so hungry, she thought perhaps they were often hungry. And Hattie asked how they could make a Christmas tree for the birds.

Mrs. Rich suggested that they take their now empty Christmas tree, put it out on the school ground, tie it fast to the body of a strong young hickory and leave it there all winter, and each child bring something to put on it.

Cecile asked what could be put on it that the birds would like. Mrs. Rich told them they could bring small bundles of grain in stalk, wheat, oats, buckwheat, rye, and barley. Levi said, "Yes, and I will bring some flax for the tree sparrows, snow buntings, and others. English sparrows and others have strong little bills just right to crack out the seeds."

Ethel said she would bring a large piece of suet to hang in the top of the tree, so the cats could not get it; it would be good for the dear little chickadee, one of her dearest outdoor friends.

Florence suggested some large bones, for the nuthatches and woodpeckers.

Charley said he would bring a basket of grain deep enough so the wind would not blow it away.

Henry said he would make a large bundle of weeds and grasses that have seeds on that appear above the snow. Mrs. Rich said, "Yes, many a winter bird depends for food on these sturdy old seed-capped stalks, while the snow lasts.

The tree was a tall beautiful hemlock, and was set so its branches drooped nearly to the ground which formed an evergreen tent, under which mice, rabbits and many birds could find shelter.

There was much to be learned as how best to hang each gift so the birds could reach them all.

The tree was a source of interest all winter and many were the lessons learned by the children, as many kinds of birds came to the tree, and the gifts were added to from time to time. And each morning while the snow lasted, the ground was eagerly looked over to see by the tracks, what had slept in the green tent.

As the children were at that time studying the native trees, Mrs. Rich gave them a lesson on the hemlock. She said this common and most beautiful evergreen is of especial interest for a winter lesson.

When fully grown the hemlock may be from sixty to a hundred feet high and is a very beautiful, conical-shaped evergreen.

However, an old hemlock becomes very ragged in appearance. The branches droop, and thus are able to shed the snow and do not break. The bark is reddish or gray and rough and furrowed on the older trees. It has been largely used because of the tannin in it, which is used in tanning leather. The timber which is coarsely grained is much used for the framing of buildings. and is very valuable because the nails cling in it; it makes a cheap and strong framing material, but is covered with finish of other wood.

The leaves of the hemlock are a dark glossy green above and pale green beneath, marked with two white lines extending lengthwise of the leaf. This makes the foliage appear very dark green above and whitish-green below.

In June the tip of every twig grows and puts forth new leaves, which are yellowish green in color, and give a most beautiful appearance to the tree. When thus adorned with growing tips it is our most beautiful evergreen tree. The small delicate cones grow on the tip of the branches. They, of course, are developed from the pistillated flowers. The staminated flowers will be found along the sides of the twigs in May, and are little, yellow balls of pollen.

The cones have scales, and the seeds are borne two beneath each scale. They have wings nearly as large

as the scales and are therefore fitted for being distributed by the wind. The cones mature in one year and usually fall in the spring. As the cones are on the tips of the twigs and droop, the squirrels may often be seen getting them and displaying many acrobatic feats while doing so.

It is more difficult to trace the age of a hemlock limb than of many other kinds of trees, yet we can easily determine that many of the leaves are several years old when they fall. A hemlock twig is an interesting object.

The arrangement of the leaves and the gracefulness of the drooping branchlets are most pleasing.

When led to examine it more closely, we notice that the leaves appear to be borne in two more or less regular rows,—one on each side of the branch or twig; but in reality they come from all sides of the branch or twig, and it is the position which the leaves assume that gives this two-rowed appearance.

Many facts were brought out in the lesson new to the children and Ethel said she would never look at a hemlock tree in the old careless way but try and remember all the things learned that day.

DR. NANSEN'S NEW FRIEND.

Dr. Nansen, the big polar bear at the Bronx Zoölogical Park, seemed lonely for a while in his new quarters, but has become reconciled. The medium for his reconciliation was another animal of another species.

Dr. Nansen is a trick bear. For many years he traveled with a circus which toured New Jersey. When he arrived at the park and was introduced to the long-vacant polar bear den, with its great pool in the center, the stick with which he had performed in his circus days was shoved through the bars. The keepers thought it might amuse him. But after exploring his new home he set up a dismal howl and refused all food. Altogether he was very sad.

The keeper was standing near his cage early one morning, before the crowd began to arrive. He had tempted the bear with fresh meat for breakfast, but he would have none of it. He sat with his sharp snout held straight up in the air, and now and then a deep-chested moan would come from between his clenched teeth.

Just then there was a scraping sound on the asphalt walk behind. The keeper turned and saw a small, half-starved dog, such as is to be seen on almost any back street in the Bronx.

"How did you get in here?" the keeper said, and he clapped his hands at the visitor to drive him away. The dog dodged, but did not run away. He had smelled the meat the keeper had put in the bear cage, and he wanted it.

"All right, old chap, if you are as hungry as all that I will get a chunk of the bear's breakfast for you," and he walked closer to the cage and began fishing with a long pole for the meat. The dog followed close at his heels and stood looking through the iron bars.

Suddenly he sprang forward, and before the keeper could stop him had squeezed between the bars and was inside the cage. The bear had been watching the whole performance. He likes the sound of a human voice, and when the keeper had begun to talk to the dog he had become interested. The keeper expected to see the bear crush the life out of the dog at once. But instead he walked over to where the dog was squatting on its haunches chewing the meat. The dog was watching the bear out of the corners of his eyes, but he made no effort to run away. He apparently was not at all frightened, or else hunger had dulled his fear. The bear stopped and looked down at the dog for a moment. Then he lifted one paw and put it gently on the dog's back. Then he lowered his nose and began to lick his canine visitor's head.

The dog kept on chewing the meat, and still showed no sign of fear. Then the bear lay down and began to play with the dog, much as a kitten plays with a ball. But his play was very gentle. The sharp nails on his feet were sheated in the fur. They never came out as he softly kicked the dog and fondled him. He kept at his play until the dog had eaten his fill. Then he scrambled to his feet and looked about him.

"I guess he will make tracks now," said the keeper.

But instead the dog began to play with the bear as though he had known him all his life. Soon the two were romping about the cage, dodging the deep tank, the dog yelping with happiness and excitement.

For a long time the keeper watched them. The other bears in the cages behind heard the noise and crowded over to that side to see what was going on. The grizzlies growled their disgust at the performance.

But Dr. Nansen did not mind now. He was having a high old time with his new-found friend. High up on the rocks that form a background to the polar bear's cage scampered the dog. And after him went the bear, his tongue hanging out, but sparks of merriment in his eyes. And down the slopes they scampered, the bear shuffling always just a little behind and the dog wheeling and dodging as the big fellow was about to catch him.

After a while the dog grew tired of the sport. He came to a halt by the side of the pool and they lay down together, the dog and the bear. The keeper left them to go in search of a new breakfast for Dr. Nansen. When he returned the dog was still there. He tossed the meat inside the cage, and the bear, for the first time since his arrival, began to eat. He ate every scrap, while the dog watched him. And then they went to sleep, side by side.—*New York World.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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However swiftly the years roll on, they cannot dim our memory of certain great and good men; especially when we have appointed a day to refresh our memories and to hand down the record of their deeds to our children, as in the case of the beloved Abraham Lincoln.

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages, would its light,
Still wandering downward through the sky,
Beam on our mortal sight.
So when a good man dies,
For years beyond his ken
The light he leaves behind him shines
Upon the paths of men."

At present we are running a few continued articles or articles appearing in several parts. Sometimes the chance reader or one who cannot take time to read all that is in a paper passes these by, feeling that since he cannot read all the parts the reading of one would be unsatisfactory. With some series this is the case, but as a rule our readers will find that in most of the series appearing in the Inglenook each part is fairly complete in itself and furnishes an interesting treatment of that branch of the subject. We trust, therefore, that no one will pass by one of these articles because others along the same line have preceded it or will follow.

In the article discussing the study of a daily newspaper from which we have quoted in these pages, it will be noticed that the one studied belonged to the better class. We are wondering whether our readers are careful in this respect. Are you taking the cheapest newspaper—the one that gives the most news for the money, irrespective of quality? According to the study made, the best comes far from being as good as it should be. But by always choosing the best it is possible to have this improved, and moreover we nullify the argument of the publishers of the more corrupt papers, that they are simply giving the people what they want.

THE MODERN DAILY.

The belief is very generally held in these days that our newspapers are one of our great educational agencies. In order to determine whether this view is the correct one or not it is necessary to know what is meant by the term education and then see how nearly the influences generated and fostered by the newspapers harmonize with this definition. If we say that education is the acquisition of knowledge, the matter is soon disposed of—we will all agree that the newspapers *are* a great educational agency. But if by education is meant the training that develops and broadens all of one's powers and ennobles and improves his character so that he may contribute to the improvement of conditions and the advancement of the race, then we may have to do some sifting in order to find the true position of the average newspaper.

Byron C. Mathews, writing in *The Independent*, tells about the careful study he has made of a leading New York daily and shows plainly to what extent we may consider such publications educational. In placing the modern newspaper on trial Mr. Mathews lays down this general principle: The purpose for which any institution exists determines the methods employed in accomplishing that purpose and the character of the results that follow from its methods. He then proceeds with the statement that "there is a mass of convincing evidence that the chief purpose of the daily press is dollars. Its methods point toward dollars and evidently the results are dollars.

"The daily press is generally owned by individuals or corporations who are not its editors or contributors. The owner is the power behind the editors to determine its purpose and character. The object of ownership, exactly as in any other business enterprise, is private profit. Under these conditions the methods employed and the results accomplished will not be such as to entitle the daily press to be ranked as one of the great educational agencies. Its influence is great and far extended. But this does not make it an educational agency. Because its influence is great and far extended, it is able to impress upon the public what is positively bad, or what is positively good, to improve the race or degrade it, and whether it is doing the one or the other is a matter of grave concern."

The writer gives in detail the plan he followed in the case of this high class daily of determining about what percentage of the news items are to be approved from an educational point of view. His study covered a period of three months and consisted of a classification of all news items appearing during that time, ex-

cept short, unimportant items occupying less than an inch of space and "items which regularly appear on the news pages generally read under set captions like matrimonial, died, maritime, weather, etc."

Following this method, 13,330 news items were classified under 177 headings. Omitting the market items which appeared from day to day and a number of items that could not well be classified 10,029 items remained. After careful study of the character of these items they were grouped under the following heads: "Demoralizing," "Unwholesome," "Trivial," "Worth While," and were divided thus:

Groups.	No. of Items.	Percentage.
Demoralizing,	2,289	22.8
Unwholesome,	1,684	16.8
Trivial,	2,124	21.2
Worth While,	3,932	39.2

Concerning the names of these groups, the writer says he has endeavored "to use these terms as they are used by intelligent people in ordinary parlance. By the 'trivial' is meant the light, inconsequential matter, such as is a loss of time for one to read if he has anything to do that is worth doing. It may not be harmful *per se*, it many not have enough meaning to have real influence, yet it may serve the purpose of entertainment for idle people of small brain caliber whose only function in life is existence. We would not object so strenuously to the publication of such news if it could be segregated in a journal published especially for the idle and the feeble-minded, but it is very annoying to busy, serious men, who want and need a newspaper made up of matters that are worth while.

"We have called one group the 'unwholesome' and another the 'demoralizing.' The word demoralizing is used to embrace all such items as when read will leave one's character not quite as clean as it was before reading. This influence on character of a single item or of a half dozen items is imperceptible, but nevertheless real. Its reality is seen in the case of one who is a habitual reader of such literature, whether found in newspapers or printed in books. Many items do not have exactly the effect of soiling one's character, but rather of depressing his spirits. They tend to demoralize in the sense of throwing out of order, or putting into disorder. All such items were classed as 'unwholesome.' The distinction we make is seen by illustration. To read about disasters and catastrophes is not necessarily demoralizing in the sense of injuring character, but it certainly is depressing and unwholesome, while to read of assaults and prize-fights is positively demoralizing, even brutalizing. Likewise to read about insanity and disease is depressing and so unwholesome, yet not demoralizing, while to read of wars and murder, and suicides and divorce suits is demoralizing."

While he holds that much that is unwholesome ought to be eliminated and there is absolutely nothing gained but much lost by the publishing of the greater part of this class of news, the writer believes that in this day of injustice certain items of this class ought to be published "so that those who are living in comfort and plenty may know what their fellows in life are suffering because of wrong economic conditions."

In his conclusions Mr. Mathews is plain and severe in his arraignment of the modern daily but not more so, we believe, than the case demands. He says:

"In these days, when scientific psychological research has demonstrated the power of suggestion from without over the functions of both the human body and of the mind, it becomes a fearful responsibility for any man to determine to put before his tens of thousands of readers day after day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the unwholesome and demoralizing stuff that appears in most of our daily papers. The proprietors of these papers cannot excuse themselves on the ground of the freedom of the press. Neither reason nor national or State constitution gives any man freedom to do throughout all the days of the year that which is so obviously and positively harmful to the public. Neither can they excuse themselves on the ground that they are giving the public what the public wants, without at the same time confessing that their chief aim in life is pelf, even at the cost of public degradation. The character of the modern daily is simply one phase of the modern economic problem. It is one manifestation of the frenzy for wealth accumulation, which has become a menace to the permanency of American democracy. When or how this frenzy will terminate the future must disclose. It seems not unreasonable to hope that the still sober portion of the people will take some step toward raising the standards of our daily newspapers, all of them. Will not that capitalist who said to a friend not long since that his greatest problem was to spend his surplus wisely, or some other equally unfortunate man, endow a great daily that can hold its head high among all the world's press and which cannot be swerved one iota by political influence or by the love of pelf?"

REASONS FOR LEAN CHRISTIANS.

They own Bibles, but feed on newspapers.

They sing about peace, but do not surrender to get it.

They pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

They listen to sermons on unselfishness, but pamper themselves in food and dress.

They wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

They praise Christ with their lips, but declare the things he did to be wholly impractical now.—*Selected.*



THE HOME WORLD



CHARITY'S MANTLE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Do not seek another's faults
  Without looking for the good,
Or you'll always fail to find
  Half the virtues that you should.
Try to credit good you find,
  Ever having charity
For another's faults when seen:
  In your hearts let mercy be.

Mercy, love and charity,
  Can do more uplifting souls
Than the criticising tongue,
  Which ne'er seeks life's higher goals.
So when others' faults you see,
  Think what causes may have been
To develop what you may
  Criticise and deem a sin.

Then look inward to yourselves,
  See how perfect you may be,
Self-examine, try to find
  Faults in you which others see:
Then the golden rule apply,
  Meting out to other souls
All the mercy, charity,
  Which the love of Christ enfolds.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Character

Amanda Fetter Bjelkstrom

By character we mean the qualities, traits, temperaments, disposition, personal peculiarities, etc., or what we often speak of as the nature of a person. The attainment of a good, strong character should ever be held before a child, for in childhood it is easiest to direct these vital forces in their proper channels.

Yet this term may be suggested to a child in a way that is very misleading. It may bring before him the picture of a "goodie-goodie" "priggish," "never-go-wrong," "sober" sort of a person which is exceedingly distasteful and untolerable, to say the least, to a naturally active child. Instead should be taught the idea of honesty, truthfulness, and virtue blended with energy, endeavor, perseverance and ambition.

The first years of our life are the most important in character building. It is then the foundation is laid. A child's life is very much like a book divided into chapters. The first is written by the parents, the second by environment; these cover about three years. The next few are written by the child himself, the pen being guided principally by the mother's hand. The details will be forgotten but the child never gets away from the spirit of these chapters. The principles are woven into the child's nature—have become a part of him.

We may liken this process to the building of an immense structure. A mechanic proceeds invariably along scientific lines,—secures a model then uses his knowledge of the laws of construction, and finally the building is completed as planned. What an admirable success might be ours if we employed the same exact methods of construction in building of a life, or in other words a character! Many have not even the plan or pattern.

What do you want your character to become? That is the first great question to be answered. Then with all the powers focused on the goal or ideal, proceed to build, ever recognizing the aid of the world's greatest Architect—Christ.

We are all builders, but our methods are too haphazard. Every thought a person thinks tends to build up or undermine what has been constructed before. The same is true of every feeling that is entertained, every act that is performed or every word that is spoken. Everything that transpires within us works either for construction or destruction. "There are no neutral forces in the active life of man."

Though we know every thought becomes a brick in this great building, how little we care for the quality of these bricks. Storms of distress and floods of failure will threaten our unfinished structure, but if we do not allow the foundation to be weakened by thoughts of fear, failure and despondency or gloom there are few disasters possible. "Character is the product of our daily, hourly, actions, words and thoughts." "You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one." Fowler says, "Characters are achieved not received."

Excuses for undesirable qualities or evil characteristics are often made on the grounds of inheriting these tendencies—declaring this to be one's nature and all blame laid on ancestors. But the character or "nature," as stated above, is not a fixed, unalterable thing.

There is power within,—the real self—which is superior to these characteristics and through this power he may change, govern, or even create the desirable characteristics—may make himself over—step out into the free air of the universe a master instead of a slave. By directing our wills upon our minds, standing guard at the entrance door of our thoughts, we can prove that character is a something we may make for ourselves instead of a something given us once for all time, for better or for worse.

"A lack of character," says Larson, "is due wholly to the fact that the subconscious has been improperly impressed. Misleading tendencies have been formed, and let it be remembered that nothing can tempt a man to go wrong except the perverse tendencies that are expressed from his own subconscious mind." He further says: "There is no reason why a person should continue to have a weak character. Anything in the being of man can be made strong if the subconscious is properly directed to bring forth the great life power." Tennyson says: "I am a part of all I have met," and it is our constant work to see to it that that part of all is a desirable part.

Few are strong enough to resist undesirable influences, especially in youth, hence the importance of choosing our associates, keeping away from evil companions and impure literature. We can not afford to allow such destructive elements and defective material to enter the noblest undertaking of mankind—the building not made with hands.

Youth is the time to form habits of honesty, truthfulness, industry and perseverance which are necessary bricks for the foundation. Faith, determination to succeed, realization of the limitless power within, strength to keep calm and cheerful come what may, should also be acquired so that no deficiency may be encountered in the endless building of great things as the years roll on.

"Nothing on earth is more esteemed and honored in the world's great heart than a noble youth whose character is pure, whose aim is high." Turned loose in a splendid world—a country comparatively free from superstition,— every young American has an opportunity to be of real benefit to his race, to help in the advance toward the destiny of mankind. And to lift his efforts above the common level he must first be inspired with an honest purpose and second stick to it, frequently taking an observation to assure himself he is not losing ground but steadily moving toward the goal.

One way of determining our course is to learn of the lives of great men who have held to truth and justice. Honesty was the sterling quality of Abraham Lincoln. Industry came as second only. "He who sleeps under the fruit tree must be content with windfalls. The man who climbs the ladder plucks the choicest fruit." In speaking of the lives of great men, one stands out alone—a perfect pattern—namely, the Man of Galilee. His was a perfect, harmonious development of the threefold being in man—spiritual, mental and physical. His life stands out as the most beautiful character to be conceived. His thoughts were perfect, therefore his character perfection. As a manifestation of the beautiful love of his Father he lived his fathomless life that we might have a pattern —an ideal.

Man is the architect of his own fortune. We ourselves are responsible for the character that determines our destiny. Through Divine Law we are created in the "image and likeness of God" and made joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. All blessings, all God-given powers are ours as abundantly as we fit ourselves to use them. Our powers are stimulated and guided by God but he uses the Truth we store up.

"The crown and glory of life is character."

Hayes, So. Dak.

A PLEA FOR THE SUPERSEDED BABY.

THIS is written in behalf of the baby with the "broken nose," the baby who awakens one morning to find that his mother, who has been all the world to him, has turned to another and can scarcely smile even a wee little smile for him, much less cuddle him in the dear old way. How can he understand it? How can he feel other than heartbroken?

It is all so unnecessary, so unjust, and withal so cruel. Let us not make him suffer so, this poor baby who "aches and aches all round his heart."

Telling how we have avoided all these heart-aches in our family and each of our babies has been gladly —yes, joyously—welcomed by their predecessors may prove helpful to mothers who have not solved this problem.

In the first place, I was forewarned never to allow any one to even intimate that the baby's nose was "broken," or that mother had "another baby now" and wouldn't love the big boy so much. Then I began preparing baby number one for the coming event. While I was still well and sufficiently strong to attend to him myself I accustomed him to sleeping in his own bed, across the room from mine. After that, by degrees, I persuaded him to allow another to undress him, and put him to bed. It didn't distress him, but was part of a frolic. So the baby was tenderly helped to bed, sometimes by father, sometimes by aunties, and once or twice by a friend, lovingly.

A few weeks before the new arrival was expected stories were frequently told about lovely little babies with dear fat toes and cute round arms, and of big boys to whom God sent a baby brother or sister, and how he watched over it and loved it, till my boy really thought the loveliest thing in all the world would be to have a baby come to our house.

Shall I ever forget the night when in his bed-time prayer, after saying his "God bless papa and mamma, and help me to be a good boy," he softly added "and send me a little brother"?

And the very next day the little brother came—while the boy was over at auntie's. (He had been over there several times to spend the day.)

The illumination of his dear face when he came in to see mother and first realized that his baby brother had really come was a beautiful thing to see. And I couldn't keep back the tears when he cried out in his happiness, "Oh, mamma, is he really ours and can we keep him always?" I was more than paid for the effort it had cost. The chivalrous love and care for his little brother still continues, although both boys have long passed babyhood. And each of the other children feel that one of the smaller ones is theirs especially to love and watch over.

This was rather amusingly shown by the cheerful optimism of one of the little girls (we have six children now) who went to Sunday school the next Sunday after little Francis came.

"Well, Dorothy," said the superintendent, "so you have a new baby at your house? I suppose you call it yours."

"No, sir," piped Dorothy's shrill voice. "This baby's Jim's; *the next one's mine.*"—*Exchange.*

Milk

John H. Nowlan

According to the census of the United States about two-thirds of the milk produced in this country is used to make butter and cheese, while the remaining one-third is consumed directly as milk and cream. Further, these figures show that on the average each family of five used about one quart per day. To be more exact, each person used about twenty gallons per year. This was in 1900. The estimates of the Bureau of Animal Industry give the average consumption as about thirty gallons in 1903. Since then the amount has at least not decreased. Viewing it from another standpoint, we find the estimate that milk and cream together form sixteen per cent of the food of the average American family.

When we say "milk" unless some other kind is specified we mean that of the common cow. Not that this is the only animal whose milk is fit for food; nor that it is really superior to that of many other mammals. On the contrary it is a matter of habit, acquired taste, and the fact that with our surroundings cows give the best returns for the care and feed. In other parts of the world other kinds of milk are used. Goat's milk is used in the mountain regions of Europe; buffalo's milk in India, llama's milk in South America, and camel's milk in the desert regions are the common source of lacteal foods. On the steppes of Russia and Asia the mare supplies the natives, sheep's milk is used in Europe and elsewhere for making certain kinds of cheese, while in Arctic climates the reindeer is almost the sole source of supply. In the United States so much does the use of cow's milk predominate that unless specified the word "milk" refers to this kind.

All milk is chiefly water but the water content of the various kinds differs greatly. Reindeer milk is the richest and that of the mare is the weakest; the former being 67.2 per cent water and the latter 90.58 per cent.

This is only an average. With the cow the average is 87.27 per cent. In some cases, even in unadulterated milk, the amount may run as high as 90 per cent in a poor sample, and as low as 84 per cent or even lower in a specially rich milk. Correspondingly the solid matter varies from 10 to 16 per cent. This solid matter, known as "total nutrients," is made up of protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matter. Within certain limits the proportion of these may vary, but will be about as follows: protein one-fourth, fat three-tenths, carbohydrates, four-tenths, and mineral one-twentieth. The value of milk as a food depends upon the amount of solid matter present and further this value is influenced by the variation in the proportion of each.

Commercially, the most important of the constituents of milk is fat, since it is the source of butter and largely enters into the composition of cheese. This is found throughout the milk in globules varying in size in the milk from different animals. Being of a less specific gravity than the other part of the milk, it has a tendency to rise to the top, forming the cream. This principle is taken advantage of in the centrifugal separator. By causing it to revolve rapidly the milk rises around the sides of the bowl just as water rises in a bucket that is rapidly whirled. As the cream is lighter than the other portions of the milk it rises and flows out through an opening in the upper part of the bowl while the skim milk passes through one lower down. By this means the cream can be removed from the milk without waiting for it to rise.

Chemically speaking the fat of milk, known as butter fat, consists of several fats, the chief of which (stearin, palmatin, and olein) are the same as those that make up the bulk of meat fat, as well as of many vegetable fats. By taking advantage of this knowledge men combine these ingredients in the proper proportions and by adding some coloring matter make artificial butter that will pass for the genuine product.

To find the per cent of fat present is the purpose of testing. The amount should not fall below 3 per cent and seldom will go above 5 per cent except in very rich milk. The average is about 4 per cent which is the stand-required in some of the dairies here, though some re-

quire only 3.8 per cent. The writer has tested milk from cows in the same herd, having the same care, where one made a test of but little above 2 per cent and another showed a little above 5 per cent.

No, the color of the milk is not a true guide to richness. In the case cited above the cow with the poor test gave milk of a good color. The result of that test was that the cow with the good showing is at this writing eating her hay in the stable while the other went to the butcher long ago.

Besides these chemical compounds, milk contains numbers of minute organisms called bacteria. They are not normally present in milk within the udders of healthy cows, they are so abundant in the air that they are always found in newly-drawn milk. Cleanliness reduces the number in the milk and cooling prevents the rapid multiplication.

If milk could be kept perfectly free from bacteria it would probably remain sweet indefinitely. This is perhaps an unattainable ideal, yet at the Paris Exposition (1900) milk from several American dairies was exhibited and was sweet when more than two weeks old, no preservatives being used except cleanliness and a temperature a few degrees above freezing.

More recent data show that it may be kept from five to seven weeks. (U. S. Dept. Agr., Bureau Animal Industry Cir. 117.) Besides drying and canning there are three methods of preserving milk. They are cold, heat, and chemicals. (One of the largest condensing plants in the world is located at the county seat of this county.)

Milk cooled as soon as drawn and kept at a temperature of from 35 to 50 degrees will keep sweet for a long time.

Likewise great heat also kills the germs, but heat sufficient to kill all varieties of bacteria will also cause changes in the milk, as seen in boiled milk. But for this, cooking would be a very easy and satisfactory method of preserving it.

Pasteurization consists in heating the milk to not less than 140 deg. nor higher than 185 deg. This kills many of the germs, but not all.

Sterilization on the other hand is subjecting the milk to heat sufficient to kill all the germs. In this case it has more of a cooked taste than in the former.

Preservation by means of chemicals has but little if anything to commend it and much to condemn. Many of the States have passed pure food laws for the protection of the public and the adulteration of milk is placed under the ban.

To summarize: test your cows to secure those giving a good grade of milk; keep the premises and utensils scrupulously clean; and keep the milk as cool as possible without freezing.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

SELECTED HELPS.

To Prevent the Tearing of Curtains.—To save an accidental tearing of the curtain, slip the finger of an old kid glove over the end of the brass rod before running it through the heading.

Good Soap for Boys.—Use bits of soap, melt, stir in corn meal to thicken and make cakes of the mass. When cold, this makes excellent soap for the small boys to get dirt out of their knuckles.

Seeding Raisins.—When seeding raisins, put them in a bowl and pour boiling water over them, cover, and let stand a few minutes, then pour off the water and rub each raisin with the thumb and finger, and the seed will come out.

Two or three drops of pure olive oil in each bottle of milk prepared for baby will keep its bowels regulated without any other medicines.

The Children's Corner

THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

In the middle of the wood stood a great pine tree, with a baby pine at its foot. The mother pine was so tall that she could look over the heads of all the other trees, but the little one was not larger than the ferns and yellow violets that grew around it.

"Stand up straight, my dear," said the old tree.

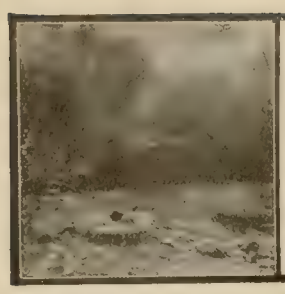
"Yes, mamma," said the baby pine, "you always say that."

"Of course," said the mother pine. "How I should feel if you grew up with a crook in your stem! I knew a little tree once that was not careful to stand straight, and so all its life it bent to one side. One night there came a great wind, and the crooked tree went down with a dreadful crash; and it carried with it an owl's nest that was built in its top, and broke all the eggs. Just think of that! Now, if you will do as I say you will grow up a tall, straight pine, and the jolly little sunbeams will call on you first in the morning and stay with you longest at night."

"I will try my best, mamma," said the good little tree, and it drew itself up. Now it happened to be Arbor Day, and the children were hunting for a tree to transplant.

"O, look here!" called Violet. "Here is a dear little pine, and it is just as straight as an arrow!"

"So it is!" said the other children. "This is just the one for us." Then they dug up the tiny tree and planted it beside the schoolhouse with due honors.—*Exchange.*



THE QUIET HOUR



Azariah

Paul Mohler

DURING the reign of David, idolatry was pretty effectually discouraged in Israel, but in Solomon's reign it secured a new foothold. Rehoboam did nothing to hinder it, and neither did Abijah. It was not until Asa, the third king after Solomon, that a real reform began. Asa "did that which was good and right in the eyes of Jehovah his God: for he took away the foreign altars, and the high places, and brake down the pillars, and hewed down the Asherim, and commanded Judah to seek Jehovah, the God of their fathers, and to do the law and the commandment. Also he took away out of all the cities of Judah, the high places and the sun-images: and the kingdom was quiet before him" (2 Chron. 14:2-5).

That sounds like a real reform, doesn't it? And Asa looks like a real king, a man of courage, decision and principle. Do you know that such rulers are scarce? Search the Old Testament through and see how many you find like that. You can't find many in our own country so faithful to their trust.

Give Asa credit for his faithfulness, for his strength of purpose and courage; but don't give him all the credit. There was another man concerned; another man back of Asa, and God back of him. For "the Spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Oded: and he went out to meet Asa, and said unto him, 'Hear ye me, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin: Jehovah is with you, while ye are with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you . . . but be ye strong, and let not your hands be slack; for your work shall be rewarded" (2 Chron. 15:1, 2, 7). And "When Asa heard these words, and the prophecy of Oded the prophet, he took courage and put away the abominations out of all the land of Judah and Benjamin, and out of the cities which he had taken from the hill country of Ephraim; and he renewed the altar of Jehovah, that was before the porch of Jehovah" (8-ff).

Now who was the real reformer that time? Who was the "power behind the throne"? Was it not Azariah? Azariah was a reformer just as truly as was Asa, for Azariah encouraged Asa. Have you ever thought what a difference it makes to have an encourager? Suppose you were fighting some battle for the right, and there came a time when the struggle was hard, and your efforts were not appreciated, and you wondered if even God cared. Would it make a difference if some godly man would come to you and speak to you as Azariah spoke to Asa? Would it put any iron into your blood? Would it stiffen your backbone? Could you fight any harder? You know you could. That man, by strengthening you at the crucial time, would have saved the day, would have won the victory. It was so with Asa; Azariah continued that reform, continued the fight just as truly as if he had been king himself, and the leader of the fight. Give Azariah some credit too.

But we can't all be Asas! We can't all be leaders. We can't all figure largely in the great movements that lift the world out of sin and corruption. But do you know anyone who does? Do you know any one who is fighting the battle for the right? Is any real reformer having a hard fight? Be an Azariah! Encourage the king!

There is many a man before the public eye in the nation or in the church, as a leader, a reformer. Who is back of him? Are there no Azariahs? Are there no praying wives and mothers? Are there no faithful friends? Men will never know how much you have done, but God knows, and when the crowns are awarded, the crowns of the victors will not be alone for those who led the fight, but for those who encouraged the fighters. If God's promise is true, and to receive a prophet because he is a prophet is to receive a prophet's reward, be assured that every word of encouragement we give to God's workers will abound to our account as truly as it helps them.

Then again, there is another side to it. If we see the struggle, and the fighter fainting, and have it in our power to encourage him, and hold back the encouragement, we are responsible for his failure. How many a fight for the right has been lost because God's people were indifferent. How many a crown has been lost because God's word of encouragement has been withheld. How many a minister's wife, mother, sister, friend, will be held responsible in the last day for his failure! Be alive to the fight! Get into it yourself if you can; if you can't, put something into it, if nothing but your money; but by all means, encourage the fighters and you will receive a fighter's reward.

I'M JUST AS GOOD AS HE.

IRA P. DEAN.

"Do you think for a moment that I would believe anything I don't understand? I wouldn't be so foolish. Why, man, there isn't a man living who understands the Bible, and then you ask me to believe it; you're unreasonable."

Well, friend, just wait till we see. In the first place do you understand wireless telegraphy?

"No, I don't, but some one else does."

And then you believe it because some one else understands it?

"Yes."

Well, but you said you didn't believe anything unless *you* understood it. Do you understand what keeps the earth in motion?

"No I don't think I do."

Do you know if anyone else does?

"Oh, I've heard some people say what they think, but I never worried much about it."

Do you believe the earth really does revolve?

"Yes, certainly?"

Well, how do you know?

"Why, everything indicates it if you are much of an observer."

And you believe that and yet you don't understand it. Friend, I don't understand all the Bible, but that is what proves to me it is a book above man's power to have produced. Therefore it must be the Word of God.

"The Bible is all right for a fairy tale or some history but that's about all;—look at that story about Jonah and the whale; do you think I'd teach my boy that that is true?"

Do you teach your boy about Santa Claus?

"Yes, that gives him pleasure."

Why, that's untrue, isn't it?

"Well, yes."

Well, which is the worse from your point of view?

"Well, *that* I know is untrue and I don't ask you to believe it as true, but you ask me to believe that a whale swallowed Jonah when I know a whale can't swallow a man."

Did you read that God *prepared* that great fish? You know that makes a difference.

"Well, I don't understand the Bible and I don't believe it for that reason."

Did you ever receive a letter that was intended for some one else? Notice how you were bewildered about it,—you didn't understand it. You know why? Simply because you didn't understand the writer. That's just the way with the Bible. You read the letter till you saw whom it was from, then the trouble was over. Why not read your Bible the same way?

"Well, how do you know the Bible is God's book?"

Listen. It could not have been written by only good men or angels, for they would not tell a lie and say the Lord saith it. It could not have been written by bad men or devils, for they would not write a book that condemned themselves; hence the only one left to be its author is God; and yet you oppose that book.

"Well, the Bible is supposed to govern Christians and church members."

Yes.

"And it is supposed that Christians and church members believe, love and obey it and that it makes them better men and women."

Yes.

"Well, I'm as good as a lot of your church members and I don't believe it."

So you think then that that excuses you for not believing it?

"Oh, the Bible may be all right, but I see such poor samples of its production that I think if I am as good as they without believing it, what's the use to believe it?"

And so the poor, weak, fainting brother becomes the cloak into which the skeptic crawls when he has been forced to admit the Bible is the Word of God and he can find no excuse for disbelieving it. Just like a drowning man grasping his own hair to pull himself out. Oh, how many times we hear this, how many souls there will be in hell because they were as good as some poor, wretched, careless, indifferent church member. Brother, wake up; give the skeptic no chance to hide behind you. A skeptic never compares himself to a *good* Christian. He picks the worst. Move out, Brother, and take a stand with Christ; that will leave the skeptic without a hiding place and he will be forced to surrender.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

THE devout soul will have no difficulty in finding abundant cause for gratitude. Have the times been hard in your individual experience of late? Have you suffered from business reverses, or has the shadow of bereavement fallen across your threshold? Think not of what you have lost, but regard the blessings that remain, and remember, too, that "he doth not willingly afflict the children of men, but though he causeth grief yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies." "According to the multitude of his mercies!"—think of that, bereaved soul, and take the promise to your heart in this season of thanksgiving. And think of the blessings which are still yours—life, a sphere of labor, the affection of loving friends who still remain. Whatever your losses, recall the mercies that are still yours, and thank God for the memories that lie behind and the hopes that lie before.—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The railroad interests in Nebraska have waked up with a little alarm over the fact that the State attorney general is trying to enforce the new law requiring the railroads to pay a county license of $1,000 on every car in which liquor is sold. The new law went into effect last winter, but has not been enforced.

The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company reports that on certain of its lines in that city since the introduction of "pay-as-you-enter" street cars, the number of accidents to persons has decreased 74 per cent. This remarkable change is attributed to the arrangement of closed doors and steps, making it impossible for passengers to get on or off when the cars are moving.

Trouble in taking the census of foreigners in Chicago is expected by Prof. Willard Hotchkiss, surveyor of the census. He says foreigners think everybody who questions them is an officer who wants to deport them. Mrs. Mary Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, will issue orders to have one civic lesson devoted to the census so that pupils will know what it means and go home and enlighten their parents.

Members of the National Union of Glass Workers, which embraces all employes of "handmade" window glass factories, have started work with a 15 per cent increase in wages. This is the second increase the men have been granted in the last six months. The advance was conceded at a conference between representatives of the manufacturers and workmen.

Among the most important advantages of the "Pay-as-you-enter" car is the fact that these cars are safer to passengers getting on and off and fewer accidents occur from persons stealing rides. Statistics have been compiled for the Chicago railroads which show that since "Pay-as-you-enter" cars were installed the number of accidents has been reduced 31.9 per cent.

The attorney-general of Ohio has given orders that criminal action be brought against the Washburn-Crosby Co., for compelling retail dealers to maintain high prices for flour. It is claimed there is proof that the company made its customers promise to charge a certain retail price for the flour, an act which is detrimental to competition and therefore in violation of the State anti-trust law.

Nearly a thousand Portuguese laborers arrived at Honolulu lately in a single steamer from the island of Madeira. These men are to go to work on the sugar plantations. There is a great scarcity of labor in Hawaii. The Japanese are rapidly leaving the islands, since their big strike of last year—not finding it "healthy" for them there. Labor agents are bringing Russians from Siberia and people from various parts of the world to fill their places.

Supplied with current from storage batteries 20 trolleyless cars will next summer be operated over about eight miles of track in New Jersey. If successful the trolleyless system will be adopted all over the State.

According to the report of the interstate commerce commission, out of 153 preventable railroad collisions and derailments, 21 were due to the failure of the engineers to observe the signals, showing that the human element enters a good deal into the block signal system. However, there are many devices now being put forth which cause the train to stop automatically, and before long there may be something invented which will be feasible to adopt on all the roads in this country.

Conferences were recently held in Chicago by the public school authorities to determine whether athletics in the high schools shall be regulated, or the more strenuous sports shall be abolished altogether. The latter drastic action is said to be contemplated following the death from heart disease of Arthur Zahn, aged 15, a Wendell Phillips high school lad who is believed to have been the victim of excessive exercise. Zahn dropped dead as he was circling the running track at the school, practicing for a field meet.

A bill has passed the Senate which provides for the payment of $49,000 to certain religious orders of the Roman Catholic church in the Philippine islands. Some objection was made in the Senate, the claim being put forward that the Philippine government should pay the amount, but Senator Lodge pointed out that the home government should pay it, as the claim was one which grew out of the use of church property by the American troops. This is probably the last of many damages to be paid to the church in the Philippines.

Many attempts have been made to use old newspapers and other printed sheets in the manufacture of white paper, but the removal of the printers' ink from the fiber has hitherto presented an insuperable difficulty. In a process recently patented in Germany the paper pulp is treated with alkaline solutions of peroxides of the metals of the alkalis and alkaline earth, which so alter the greasy part of the ink that it ceases to bind the lampblack and other pigments, which are then easily separated from the fiber by emulsifying the pulp with gelatinous silica.

At a recent meeting of the New York Electrical Society one of the speakers, lecturing on the subject of domestic electricity, referred to a certain house that had been designed to be heated and lighted by electricity alone. The house contains no chimneys, stoves or coal storage room, and the saving in these requirements of the usual coal-heating system was sufficient to pay for the entire electrical installation. In regions where the cost of coal is high and water power is plentiful electric heating and lighting is no doubt more economical than coal heating.

An Oklahoma man some time ago bought a carload of harvesting machinery from the Minnie Harvester Co. of St. Paul, and as part payment gave his note for $395. Later he refused to take up this note, stating as his reason that the St. Paul company was in the harvester trust. He won his case under the anti-trust law enacted by the Oklahoma territorial legislature in 1903. A person who contracts either inside or outside the state with a firm engaged in business in violation of this law may refuse to pay for the goods purchased under the contract and the selling company will have no redress.

A New York lawyer and several other persons associated with him have made application for the incorporation of an institution to be known as the Wifehood Guild. The plan is to give instruction in the rudiments of housewifery to prospective brides, particularly those young women who through circumstances are forced to work in offices and thereby miss a home training in cooking and housework. The promoters of the institution say they are convinced, after making investigations of domestic unhappiness, that discord in 50 per cent of the cases is due to the fact that the bride was not qualified for her duties.

Senator Dolliver has introduced a bill appropriating $4,000,000 annually for the maintenance of branch agricultural experiment stations to be located at agricultural secondary schools. Dolliver is chairman of the agricultural committee, and may have something to do with putting through such a measure as this. It was the introduction of a bill almost identical with this that cost Congressman Davis of Minnesota his place on the agricultural committee of the House. Cannon didn't like the bill. In the senate they do things differently. Although Dolliver is an insurgent, he will not lose his place on the agricultural committee because he has introduced a bill some leader does not like.

Under the indorsement of the president, the United States attorney-general, and the secretary of war, Senator Beveridge has introduced in the upper house of congress a bill which calls for the creation of a legislative council for the territory of Alaska. According to the bill the president will appoint for terms of four years a governor, an attorney-general, a commissioner of interior, a commissioner of education and health, and a commissioner of mines, who, together with four other persons, appointed by the president for terms of four years, shall constitute the legislative council. In effect the bill gives Alaska a form of home rule, as four of the members of the council must be residents of the territory.

When Uncle Sam bought Alaska from the czar of Russia for $7,200,000, he got the best bargain he ever made, with the exception of the Louisiana Purchase. The salmon fisheries alone for the last year would have paid this back and a good deal more, let alone the revenue from seals, gold mining, etc. The Alaskan salmon canneries are turning out nearly $11,000,000 worth of fish a year. The government fisheries bureau is hatching salmon eggs by the million and turning the "fry" or baby fish loose. Strict measures are also being taken to protect the salmon, under the law, and it is hoped that in this way the supply will not be exhausted, as it has been to a large extent farther south. About $8,000 in fines was collected last year from men who were disobeying the law.

Something new in both monoplanes and biplanes is promised Parisians shortly by Louis Bleriot, the "channel crosser," and Roger Sommer, who once held the record for duration of flight. Bleriot has just completed a new type of monoplane, with which he will try to wrest the speed record from Glenn Curtiss. The new machine is about the size of Santos Dumont's "Ladybird," but is equipped with a much more powerful motor. Bleriot believes he will be able to fly 70 miles an hour. Sommer's biplane, now finished, is the lightest machine, size considered, yet built. Ready for flight it weighs 720 pounds and has a spread of 45 square yards of wing surface. It is a modification of the Curtiss and Farman machines.

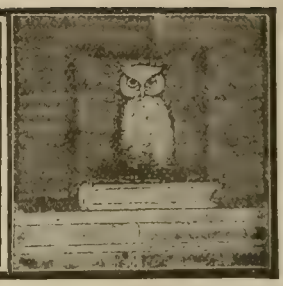
New York's new subway will be the most costly railroad in the world. The present system cost $35,000,000 to build and lay down. For equipment and extensions $45,000,000 more has been spent, making $80,000,000 in all. The new system will cost $100,000,000 to bore and lay down, and when ready for operation, with all stations built and an adequate equipment of power houses and cars, will demand in all the stupendous sum of $240,000,000. This huge outlay will be expended on a strip of tracks but little more than 26 miles long. so that the average cost per mile will approximate $9,237,650. Three sets of plans are under consideration by the public service commission and none of them, it is estimated, will be adequate for more than 10 years, given a normal increase in the population.

Salaries of Chicago public school teachers have been raised by the board of education. The increase means $240,000 a year more than last year among the 6,000 teachers. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young will see that the large increase is given to those who have taught more than seven years, as she regards them better qualified than young teachers. Primary teachers from the third to the seventh and subsequent years of service will receive an advance of from $25 to $50. Eighth-grade teachers will receive $50 beginning with their first year of service. Seventeen high-school principals will receive an advance of $100. The present maximum of $3,200 is increased to $3,800. No increase is arranged for the first year's service among high-school principals. The lowest salary is 600 paid to teachers for their first year's work in the primary grade.

The flood in Paris is receding. Reports from up the river indicate that the worst has passed and that the city is saved. Damage in the city alone is roughly estimated at $200,000,000, with the probability that future losses resulting from the undermining of the city will add another $50,000,000. The waters have passed through the 700 miles of Paris subways and tunnels and have ripped and torn 50 miles of beautiful streets and boulevards. The flood has cost a score of lives, has rendered 200,000 people in Paris and its environs practically homeless. Minister Millerand, of the department of public works, announces that the government will begin immediately an official inspection of every house in Paris, private and public, to determine its safety for habitation. Every house that is found to be seriously impaired will be ordered vacated. The condemnation of hundreds of buildings is believed to be inevitable. Disease prevention is the imperative need of the hour, and here again the government will step in and direct. Orders have been issued for the burning of piles of refuse which have accumulated in various parts of the city.



Among the Magazines



THE COMING OF LINCOLN.

Men saw no portents on that winter night
A hundred years ago. No omens flared
Above that rail-built cabin with one door,
And windowless to all the peering stars.
They laid him in the hollow of a log,
Humblest of cradles, save that other one—
The manger in the stall at Bethlehem.

No portents! yet with whisper and alarm
The Evil Powers that dread the nearing feet
Of heroes held a council in that hour;
And sent three fates to darken that low door,
To baffle and beat back the heaven-sent child.
Three were the fates—gaunt Poverty that chains,
Gray Drudgery that grinds the hope away,
And gaping Ignorance that starves the soul.

They came with secret laughters to destroy.
Ever they dogged him, counting every step,
Waylaid his youth and struggled for his life.
They came to master, but he made them serve.
And from the wrestle with the destinies,
He rose with all his energies aglow.

For God, upon whose stedfast shoulders rest
These governments of ours, had not forgot.
He needed for his purposes a voice,
A voice to be a clarion on the wind,
Crying the word of freedom to dead hearts,
The word the centuries had waited for.

So hidden in the West, God shaped his man.
There in the unspoiled solitudes he grew,
Unwarped by culture and uncramped by creed;
Keeping his course courageous and alone,
As goes the Mississippi to the sea.
His daring spirit burst the narrow bounds,
Rose resolute; and like the sea-called stream,
He tore new channels where he found no way.

The tools were his first teachers, sternly kind.
The plow, the scythe, the maul, the echoing ax
Taught him their homely wisdom and their peace.
He had the plain man's genius—common sense,
Yet rage for knowledge drove his mind afar;
He fed his spirit with the bread of books,
And slaked his thirst at all the wells of thought.

But most he read the heart of common man,
Scanned all its secret pages stained with tears,
Saw all the guile, saw all the piteous pain;
And yet could keep the smile about his lips,
Love and forgive, see all and pardon all;
His only fault, the fault that some of old
Laid even on God—that he was ever wont
To bend the law to let his mercy out.

—Edwin Markham, in The New York American (February 7, 1909).

ROBBER MERCHANTS.

The question that the news of one day asks is often answered by the news of the day following. A short time ago there appeared as a heading over a Washington news item in this newspaper the question: "Do Cold Storage Plants Increase Food Prices?" Since that time the press associations and special leased wires have carried a number of news stories tending to answer this query in the affirmative. The strongest of such affirmations, perhaps, is furnished by the National Warehousemen's Association which reports 11,000,000 dozen more eggs in storage on January 1, 1910, than were in storage the year previous, in spite of which fact the prices of eggs are higher today in the cities of the country than they have ever been before during a time of peace.

The situation is simply this: Warehousemen, taking advantage of the fact that the egg production in the winter is not equal to the demand, are holding the eggs that they bought and packed last summer for the purpose of forcing prices higher. The prices prevailing today—and they run as high as 75 cents a dozen for eggs in some of the cities—are purely fictitious. With a reserve of more than 18,000,000 dozens, the packers are in a position to cut the price 50 per cent if they so desire. And, on the contrary, by holding this reserve, or by doling it out, they are in a position to force prices still higher, or at least to maintain them at the present unreasonable standard.

One wonders what manner of men these are who resort thus to mercantile piracy in order to increase their own profits. Have they no moral standard? Are they mentally incapable of understanding that forcing the people to pay a fictitious value for the common necessities of life is robbery, pure and simple? Can they honestly differentiate between a man who goes out on the street with a revolver in his hand and compels pedestrians to surrender their valuables and the man who, using his control of the market as a weapon, requires the whole public to pay him tribute? And is the offense of the latter any less heinous than that of the highwayman simply because the highwayman demands a man's all and the merchant robs many, instead of a few, and leaves each victim a little surplus?

Eggs are necessities. It is practically impossible to get along without them. They are essential to the proper preparation of most of our food. The people must have them, regardless of price. They pay what the retailers demand and retailers demand a profit in excess of that charged by commission merchants, who make a profit over and above the prices they pay to the warehousemen. The latter set at naught the equitable law of supply and demand by cornering the supply and charging a profit that is unreasonable. Their offense is the worse because they buy when the production is greatest, and therefore when prices are lowest, and sell without any regard to that fact. This is "business"—as some men understand it. It is the sort of "business"

that has built up most of the great fortunes of our time. But it is reprehensible business, and the men who engage in it are none the less robbers because they are merchants.

The necessity for laws that will prevent the storage of foodstuffs beyond a limited time is apparent. A reasonable profit in this commercial age is not enough. The motto of our times is to get all you can and hold all you get. And there is always some one who is so depraved by the greed for gold that he will attempt to justify any sort of crime for profit.—Woman's National Daily.

THE AIMS OF THE NEWER CHARITY.

Officers of the United Charities of Chicago have appeared before the City Club and pleaded for more liberal and more systematic support, especially in the form of pledged annual contributions. The appeal was not merely to generosity, but to civic pride and honorable ambition.

Chicago is still, it appears, behind New York in certain lines of organized charitable activity. It is behind, not because it is less progressive, but because the means available are insufficient to permit the realization of the modern, the most enlightened ideals of charity.

The United Charities, as Mr. Wacker, its president, told the City Club, would like to deal with such problems as wife desertion, infant mortality, tenement-house filth and overcrowding, mendicancy and vagrancy. It would like to do effective work for certain legislation preventive of misery, as well as for the enforcement of proper ordinances that bear directly on its function. It would like to use even more scientific and more careful methods, to deal with causes, instead of symptoms and results, wherever possible. It has been hampered by lack of funds, and a better understanding of its policies and aims should remove this obstacle.

Too many still think of charity as it once was indiscriminately practiced, and fear that it pauperizes and degrades. Others fear that there is now too much "investigation" and delay and too little relief of actual need. But, as a matter of fact, charity has undergone a remarkable evolution. It is more systematic, but also more humane. It attends to immediate demand, but does not forget the larger and indirect consequences. It seeks to give applicants permanent help. It unites families. It finds employment for those who wish to work. It ascertains responsibility for distress and neglect; it interests itself in those municipal and State questions which, like housing, feeding, sanitation, truancy, have to do with the manufacturing or reclamation of dependent and destitute persons.

Modern charity commands the respect of advanced social thinkers and practical reformers. It has learned to combine efficiency and humanity, the individual point of view with the social.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

How may we expect to develop individualism by our present system? We do not do so. It is a fact that individualism exists, but it is in spite of our school system, and not because of it. What opportunity do we give our children to learn of the beautiful in life when we house them in jail-like structures? How are we developing manhood when we keep boys cooped up like animals and treat them almost like criminals? We want to give them a chance to work hard and to play hard, to give knocks and to take knocks, to get some of the discipline of life at the very beginning, so that it will not fall upon them suddenly when they are totally unprepared.

I suppose that Lord Cromer is accounted as one of the most "practical" men in the world. For thirty years he was the great British proconsul in Egypt, and he ruled the most ancient civilization of the world as it had never been ruled before. He took it when it was at its lowest ebb, and brought it to a state of prosperity never before equalled. The British nation has rightly honored and rewarded him. Because he has accomplished so much, we have naturally looked upon him as a sort of Bismarck or Clive, a man of "blood and iron." Yet in his book, recently published, he tells us how all this was accomplished without the drawing of a sword. He ruled and governed by mere force of character and through the inspiration of lofty ideals.

It is deplorable that there is nothing in our public schools calculated to bring out such latent powers in our boys. Many grand men and women come out of our public schools, it is true, but small praise is due the schools for the result. Some think our system must be good because it is difficult and distasteful to children, on the theory that the hard thing is the greatest good. No mistake could be greater. We do want our children to learn to accomplish difficult tasks, we want them to have some stern discipline of life, but we cannot accomplish anything of the sort by our present methods. We are simply discouraging children, making them lazy, and driving them from intellectual tasks, when it is just as easy to stimulate them.

A boy will tire himself out playing baseball, while he will bitterly resent having to chop a little wood; yet he will chop wood willingly if thereby he is earning the money to see a football game. All of us work from motives, generally of a very utilitarian sort. We want certain things, and follow the line of least resistance to get them, even when the least resistance means working hard, if to do without the things is still harder. Our schools can be supplied with stimuli that will make children look upon them as a source of pleasure.—Lippincott's for February.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES IN THE HOME.

As a rule the finances of the household are allowed almost to run themselves. The money comes and the money goes, and after it is gone there is nothing to show for it and it is impossible to even look back and think where it went. It goes without saying that any business which was run in this haphazard way would soon fail. Now, there is not one family in a hundred that is so orderly in its habits that it will make a success of keeping exact accounts of income and expenses, but yet money cannot be expended intelligently unless careful attention is paid to the objects it is spent for. Individuals and families as a rule simply let their money slip through their fingers; their wants always run far in advance of their means, and thus their income always seems inadequate.

But this need not be so. A country merchant may keep a small store and be prosperous and happy, without being a millionaire merchant prince. In the same

way, a family may live a well-rounded family life on a small income, provided that income is managed on correct business principles. It's not what we get, but how we apply it, that determines whether we do well or not. Domestic science in our day is making amazing advances; people are discovering that housekeeping is a calling which brings into play the highest abilities, so that women of intelligence may be proud to devote themselves to it, with the consciousness that they are thereby benefiting the world more than they would by joining an Emerson or Browning club.

In other words business principles are being applied to housekeeping, just the same as to farming, and this is robbing this kind of work of the horrors it used to have. Many women of real ability, after trying the hurly-burly of business life, have come back to the realization that the home after all is the true forum of the woman. Moralists are dwelling more and more on the fact that all reforms begin in the home, and home life and home interests are being exalted as never before.

It is useless to give detailed advice to people as to how they should run their household, but the point is that in every home things can be bettered if the members of the family will take the trouble to give the due amount of thought and foresight to their special problems, whatever they are, just as a business firm would have to do. The family where the husband, the wife, and the children all have their own different ideas and each one tries to "rule the roost" and monopolize the good things, will make a failure, just as a business firm would in which the partners were working always at odds.

The family income need not be large, but the family requirements certainly must be kept well within that income, whatever it is, if the family life is to be a success. It is not necessarily the families which have the most money to do with which are happiest or which have most to enjoy; it depends more on the methods which are used. The mother should be the "senior partner" in the domestic firm; she has the time to think out the intricacies of the domestic problems, and it is her business to do it. If she devotes her time to playing bridge-whist or to overdressing herself or to any narrow or selfish pursuits, instead of living up to the position in which she is placed, she need blame no one but herself if her home life is a failure, and her children become a discredit instead of credit to her.

Likewise the husband and father must give the best there is in him if he expects his family life to receive a high rating. In short, there must be consideration, confidence and coöperation all round if the home is to be a success. There should be frequent family conferences over the family problems, and if the children are allowed a reasonable share in these conferences it will help them to realize their responsibilities and make them loyal and devoted assistants to the father and mother.—*The Pathfinder.*

FATHER'S EXPERIMENT.

(Continued from Page 129.)

that he had chosen the tiling, he ventured to ask why he thought that was the most needed. Fred was there with his reasons. "Father, it just looks to me as if you have an investment of $800 or $1,000 out there in land in the hog pasture that is hardly bringing in a cent. It is the richest land on the place. Tiling it right will cost $160. Thus by adding only $160 to an investment of $1,000 you will change it from a thing which is simply a nuisance, to the best paying piece of ground on the place."

That evening Mr. Olson was telling his wife and Carrie about it. "I am fooled," he declared, "if that boy has not done more real thinking in the last month than he has in all of his life before. I believe Carrie's scheme has done more for him than most boys get out of school in a year."

The seed corn, too, set Fred to work. When the time approached when he was to pick out the corn which he intended to show at the County Fair, every bulletin and book that had anything to say on the subject of corn was brought into line. He studied the books and pictures and then he studied the ears of corn, until his father declared that he knew them better than he knew his closest friends. But being laughed at a little did not bother Fred in the least after he had won second prize at the Fair with his sample of corn. He had shown against men who had been at it a long time, and getting second prize was enough for the first time.

A day or two before it was time for Fred to start to the high school again, he was talking about it with his father. "Father," he said, "I have changed my mind about the farm. I want to be a farmer and a good one. There is so much to learn about everything. If I can, I want to go to college after I get through here, but I want to go where I can learn more about farming."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that, Fred. You shall have the opportunity you want." And then to himself the father declared: "That little experiment Carrie figured out for me has certainly borne fruit! And I, myself, have never before enjoyed a summer so much."—*O. W. Johnson, in Farm Journal.*

The dear little girl, who had learned her "piece" by "ear," then arose, bowed, and recited it in this manner:

"Lettuce Denby up N. Dewing,
Widow Hartford N. E. Fate;
Still H. E. Ving still per Sue Wing,
Learn to label Aunty Waite."

Then, with the tumultous applause of the audience ringing in her ears, she sat down in happy confusion.

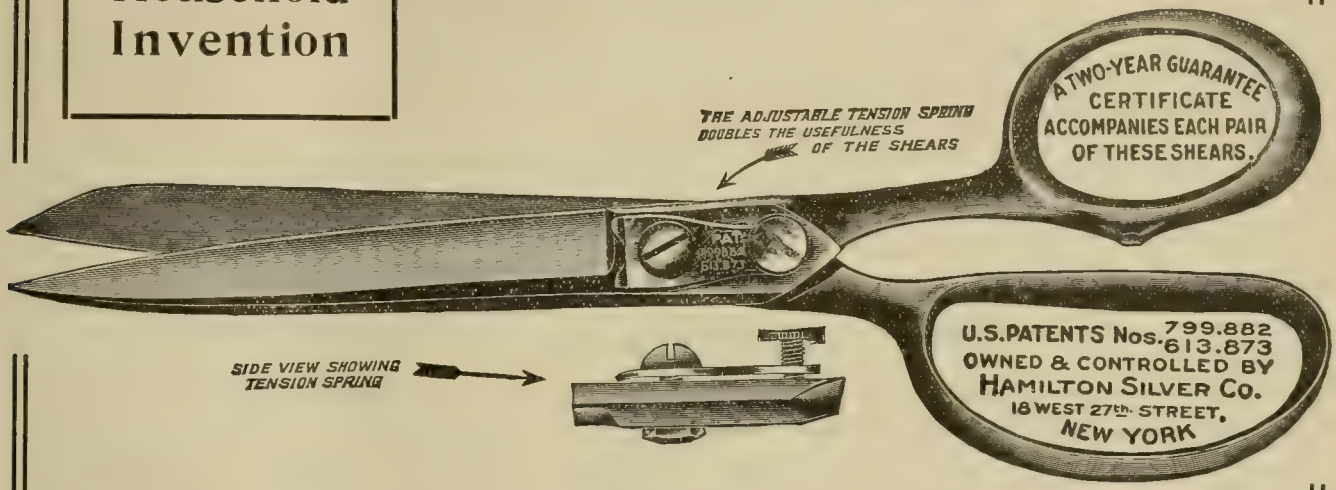
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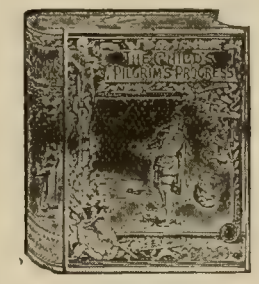
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IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

By John Bunyan.



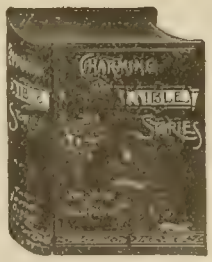
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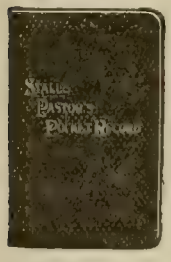
NEFF'S CORNER

I recently made a trip north into the San Joaquin Valley and was pleased and often surprised at what I saw. As compared with Southern California it is new and undeveloped. Here are a few things I was told: One man put in pumpkins as a second crop and sold 36 wagon loads of pumpkins per acre at $2 per load, buyers taking them off the ground. A River Brother preacher told me he sold $340 worth of hay and $350 worth of seed off 9 acres alfalfa and had considerable pasture benefit besides. From information I received, it seems 10 tons of alfalfa hay per acre is often cut in one season and much was sold in the field last year, unbaled, at $10 per ton. This land can be had unimproved at $100 or less per acre; with water right developed and sometimes with other improvements for $200 and sometimes less per acre. I was told of a renter who paid $1350 cash rental for an 80-acre dairy farm and thirty cows last year and cleared $4000 over all expenses. In the older and more developed portions of California unimproved lands such as I speak of above are selling at $700 to $2500 per acre. Those who get into the San Joaquin Valley at present prices are getting in "on the ground floor" and that means more here than in any country I have ever seen. If interested in some of these cheap lands where it is proposed to start a new Brethren colony address

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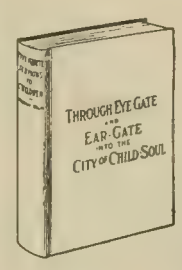
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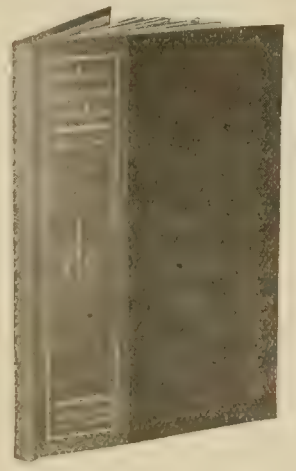
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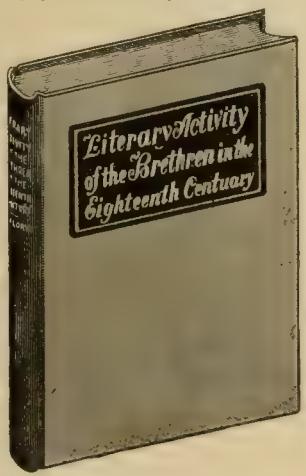
We might sum it all up by saying each issue is a library of reading matter and, as subscribers tell us,

"there is not a dull page in THE INGLENOOK"

THE INGLENOOK

LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE BRETHREN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By John S. Flory, Ph. D.

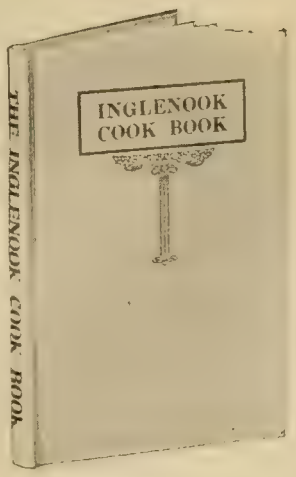


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For February 15, 1910.



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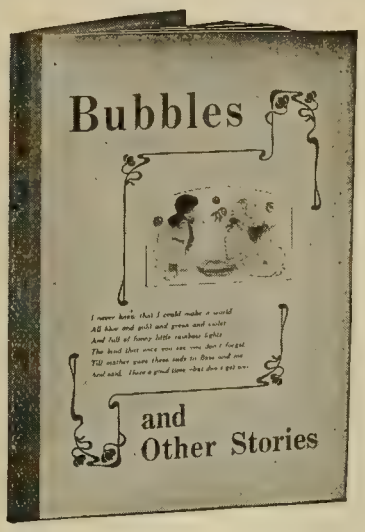
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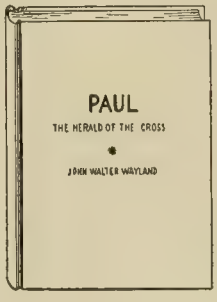
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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

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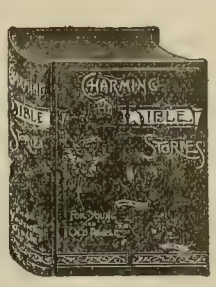
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. February 15, 1910. No. 7.

The Schoolroom Side of a Busy Man's Life

Daniel Hays

TAKING it all through and all the way a busy life is not only a useful life, but also a happy one. The duties of the schoolroom bring the teacher in contact with the young, and this to the wide-awake teacher insures growth in his profession. In the instruction and discipline of youth he learns the great lesson of patience and self-control. He is brought face to face with human nature in all its phases, and while he rejoices to see dull minds and rugged natures respond to the touch of culture, it is a source of regret on the other hand that with many the improvement is not in proportion to the amount of labor bestowed. Then he turns over and over the problem of the ages—what to do with the perverse and hopeless ones? If there be a place on earth where one may get a glance at the perplexities that arise in the government of human nature, that place is the school room.

Then the teacher has a sphere of influence peculiar to his profession. His work in the school extends to the families through the children. He becomes a power in a community and in a sense moulds public opinion. He lays the basis of moral conduct and of intellectual activity in the schoolroom and it grows as the years go by.

There is a possibility that by a faithful and long-continued service, a teacher may become so familiar with his subject as to lose patience with pupils who are slow to perceive, thinking that since it is so simple and clear to himself it ought to be plain to others; and as a result he often wonders whether he is laboring in the field of misdirected energy, or in that of unappreciated effort. But with all the perplexities that beset the teacher, there are those who have continued in the service amid all its discouragements. The true teacher sees more in his profession than the mere living he gets out of it. He loves his work and he loves to see the young minds under his care and instruction becoming bright and happy like plants opening to the sun in beauty and loveliness.

The following is a sketch of one of the teachers of the public schools now living near Broadway, Va., and will serve to show the school-side of life, and what may be done in a quiet way by one who grew up with the public school system, and who continued in the work with all its discouragements and meager compensation.

Daniel Hays was born in Hardy County, Va. (now Grant Co., W. Va.), May 16, 1839. Being physically weak and unpromising, his parents gave him special educational advantages, instructing him at home in the rudiments of Spelling, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. At the age of seven he entered school. After attending the public schools of Virginia as taught before the Civil War, including a family school conducted by an Englishman, he attended West Union Academy where he studied English Grammar and Mathematics. He next took a course in Greek and Latin with advanced English and Mathematics under Prof. Schaeffer of Gettysburg College. Returning to Virginia he began teaching, and at intervals took courses of instruction in Psychology, Pedagogy, etc., in the normal schools.

His first attempt at teaching was as an assistant to his uncle, W. S. Lyon, a teacher of experience, in a summer school at Brandonville, Va. In the autumn of that year (1859) he taught a subscription school at Kinchaloe, Va., and the year following he had the pleasure of teaching one of the famous family schools of Virginia, and the last of its kind. This was in the year 1860, in the olden times before West Virginia had an existence as a separate State.

During the Civil War (1861-5) the time was spent in the study of Materia Medica, Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and Literature, and in teaching a school in Shanksville, Pa., in 1863 and one in Maryland in 1864. In 1865 the demand for teachers was so great that the next seven years were devoted principally to the schools of Grant and Mineral Counties, West Va., teaching eleven schools in the seven years, at and near Greenland, Grant Court House, Knobly, Alleghany, and Beaver Run.

In 1872, September 3, he was married to Sarah Hannah Catharine Myers of Moore's Store, Shenandoah Co., Va. Here he located and began teaching the same year, and continued to teach within a radius of one mile of Moore's Store for sixteen years in the public schools of Virginia in addition to four normal schools.

In 1890 he was chosen principal of the graded school at Timberville, Rockingham Co., Va., where he taught for seven years, in the meantime teaching two years at Tenth Legion between New Market and Harrisonburg, Va., and later at Broadway and Cedar Run graded schools, making an aggregate of twenty-eight years' service in the public schools of Virginia and four normal schools.

It will be of interest to learn something concerning the textbooks in use for over half a century, the total enrollment of pupils in the schools taught, as well as the influence of school life upon teacher and pupil.

McGuffey's Readers were more generally used and continued longer in use than any other series. So familiar did the subject matter of these books become to the teacher that he could detect an error in hearing a recitation without reference to the textbook, and quite a variety and number of "pieces" he had committed to memory first as a pupil, then as a teacher, among which are the following:—"The Little Star," "Mary's Lamb," "The Sheep," "Children's Wishes," "The Sparrow and the Bee," "The Little Lord and the Farmer," "The Wasp and the Bee," "The Hare and the Tortoise," "We are Seven." "Try, Try, Again," "The Child's Inquiry," "Freaks of the Frost," "What is Death?" "Lines to a Water Fowl," "The Spider and the Fly," "Meddlesome Matty," "Christian Light and Hope." Some of these were used in declamations, some in class drills, while others were used in elocutionary exercises. The dialogues were entertaining and instructive, while the literary character and moral tone of these Readers were of the highest order.

During the period the following textbooks in English Grammar came into use in the order named: Pinneo, Kirkham, Clark, Fowler, Smith, Quackenbos, Harvey, Kerl, Reed and Kellog, Swinton, Hyde. Of these Harvey's Grammar continued longest in use; Kirkham was distinguished for the simplicity of his treatment and classification of his subject; Pinneo, including his English Teacher, was the most practical, while Swinton came nearer the ideal of a complete English Grammar.

The first Arithmetic in use for the time was Pike with his "pounds, shillings and pence." Then came Park, and when Ray first made his appearance in the schoolroom the teacher then in charge (Rittenour by name) after looking casually through the book, advised that it be kept at home. But Ray's Arithmetic was destined to be the textbook for a number of years. Then came Davies' Arithmetic, Brooks', White's, Venable's, and Robinson's. A number of these books with some others not named, had been used in a few of the schools by previous teachers, and were continued in use at the request of the patrons, when it did not conflict with the regulations of the School Board.

It may be concluded that the total enrollment of pupils during a period of nearly half a century would be large, since in one school the enrollment was seventy-two, while in a number of others the enrollment was over sixty. Under the present system of graded schools with a competent number of teachers in charge of the different departments of instruction it is a matter of wonder how one teacher could instruct and control so many in different grades of study and different ages, from six to twenty-one—from the Abecedarian up to the higher grades in mathematics, language and literature. Without taking into account the tax upon his patience and vitality in the government of his school, and in giving instruction with little apparent success in many instances, still it gives the teacher an opportunity to make many friends both in the school, and among the patrons. To meet the pupils of a school each day, the brightest minds of the community and the jewels of the homes, to see them assemble under his instruction, cheerful and happy, studious and obedient, is the greatest reward a teacher receives. Another reason a teacher loves his work is the benefit he finds in it for himself. By teaching others we are all the time learning, especially in that kind of knowledge in which we are likely to become indifferent.

In the schoolroom both teacher and pupil are on schedule. This means so many days each week, and so many hours each day. A number of years so spent in successful study induces a habit of industry, and the right employment of time, and he who faithfully uses his time is careful to improve it by cutting off all superfluous waste of it, and devoting it to the highest and noblest purposes intellectually, morally and religiously.

Among the pupils attending the schools above named it is a pleasure to recall many familiar names and faces, while by far the greater number have faded from memory as a pleasant dream. To the teacher it is specially gratifying that a large per cent of his pupils became useful ministers and successful teachers, while many entered other useful branches of industry. And whatever success may have come to him in any way is due to a faithful and persistent thinking and working with what he had in hand in the field that lay before him.

Thus by little attentions and persistent effort for the good of others, though often imperfect and apparently

unappreciated, yet by a single, steady aim, we may be instrumental, in God's own time, in winning many to the way that leads to a higher and a purer life.

Broadway, Va.

THE TALE OF A FATED CITY.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

A FAIR southern city lay reposing at the foot of a majestic volcano, like "Beauty upon the arm of Strength," and smiling in the beams of an August sun, like "Innocence in the love of God." Close by lay a beautiful bay which reflected in its waters the temples and palaces of this fated city. Floating upon its glassy waters were vessels of commerce and pleasure galleys of the rich.

Within this royal city lived thousands whose lives were surrendered to pleasure and devoted to luxury, gayety and joy. It was the summer retreat of the rich and the noble, and the home of vice and dissipation. The stately Romans walked its lordly streets, slaves of ambition and avarice thronged its glittering shops, the busy and idle crowded its forum, and in its magnificent temples devoted ones offered libation unto their gods.

In the amphitheatre the lion roared over the martyred Christian and the gladiators, ferocious and heartless, faced each other and slaughtered without pity as the eyes of thousands looked upon them. Pomp, royalty, beauty and strength looked with approbation upon this brutal scene and applauded as the bleeding gladiator was dragged from the arena into the *spoliarium*—a sacrifice to pleasure. It was a city of merry hearts with twenty thousand seekers of pleasure.

Twenty-three times had the August sun risen above this gay city of the waters, and once more only was it to beam down upon its pompous grandeur. As the sun sinks below the horizon, its last rays kissing the peak of this majestic volcano, there comes a slight quake which is only the forewarning of more deadly doom. The people feel it but heed it not. In the stately palaces the assembled guests still shake the dice and exclaim, "Pleasure of pleasures! How fiercely beautiful thou art, O gaming," and with wineglass in hand his comrade cries, "Lucrum gaudium," "gain is pure joy." But alas! It is the last night for the gay Pompeians. Fabled city of Hercules! Hear ye not the warning of thy approaching doom?

The night rolls on and the hues of the morning break forth the dawn of the last day of Pompeii. Once again the sun rises and throws its beams upon the statue-crowned portals of the forum and the columns of the temples. The morning is calm and serene and the spray of the fountains glistens in the tranquillity of a cloudless sky. The dewdrops glitter on the leaves of the trees, the air is vocal with the sweet songs of the birds and the glad voices of the children.

A giant cloud hangs motionless over the summit of Vesuvius, like a ghost with outstretched arms foretelling the hour of impending doom. The angel of death is hovering over them but they do not see the shadow of his wings. By hundreds they begin threading the streets, pushing and hurrying in their eagerness to reach their wonted places, some to the shops, some to the temples, and some resorted to the baths for that indolent lounging so dear to these gay and thoughtless people. And as the sun rises higher in the heavens dense masses of people pour into the amphitheatre to witness for the last time the agonies of their fellow-creatures. "Woe to the bloody city." "The fire shall devour thee; thou shalt be laid waste. Who then will bemoan thy fate?"

The hour of noon comes and with it comes a quake which shakes the very foundation of the mountain. The songs of the birds are hushed and the glad voices of the children are turned into a wail. There is a mighty roar and Vesuvius pours forth a column of vapor and ashes high into the air. The people glance toward it and turn pale. Then follow lightning and terrific crashes of thunder and the earth reels.

Pressing, crushing, trampling recklessly over the fallen, with groans, oaths and prayers, the bewildered people rush forth from the amphitheatre to escape the shower of ashes that falls fast around them. "Vesuvius is on fire," cries some of the shrieking crowd. "Hades is loosed on earth," cries another. "The earth shall be destroyed by fire and the hour is come," says the Christian as the agents of terror and death continue their deadly downpour.

Over the streets of the city, the palaces and temples, the amphitheatre, far and wide, fell that awful shower. In this appalling hour men thought of their treasures and ran for their gold only to fall and perish as the sulphurous vapor overcame them. In the hour of darkness wives were separated from husbands and children from parents, some to escape and some to be entombed within the mass of ruins. O fated City! Ages have rolled indestructive over thee, but now thy doom has come!

The exhausted volcano aroused itself after a sleep of years and belched forth a sea of fire which surged down the mountain side in a luminous stream.

Hissing and roaring it crept over the walls of the city, the palaces, the temples, the fountains, the forum, the amphitheatre, and Pompeii became "a city of tombs."

Eighteen hundred years have rolled away since that eventful day. Eighteen centuries of desolation have lain in that buried grandeur. No voice is heard in its forum, no lion roars in the amphitheatre; the fountains have ceased to play and the songs of carousal are hushed. Thy magnificance was marred by the wrath of God! Thy sins were grevious and thy judgment was sealed in fire!



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XIV.

Among the sports of colonial days were the wolf hunt, the bear hunt, shooting at a mark, or at prizes. All sports of the innyard were prohibited after 9 P. M. Saturday. These sports consisted of quoits, dice, cards, and ninepins. Football was played on Boston Common, and by the Indians on the sandy shore. At one time card-playing was prohibited, and a fine of $7.00 imposed upon every pack of cards—the Devil's picture book, as they were called—sold, and their importation forbidden. Ball and dinner invitations were often written upon the back of playing cards.

Billiards are mentioned as early as April 30, 1722, in the *New England Courant.* Dancing was forbidden at taverns and at weddings, but was encouraged at ordinations in Connecticut. In 1713 a ball was given by the Governor of Boston at which the "light-heeled and light-headed Bostonians danced until three in the morning."

Although shows of all kinds were denounced by the magistrates, wild beasts of many kinds, sea lions, catamounts, a dog that could talk, spell, light a lamp, etc. (?), camels, and leopards, were exhibited. The magician came later, but we never find monstrosities of either man or beast mentioned on exhibition.

It 1713 permission was asked to act a play in Boston. Little plays and puppet shows were soon presented. Two young men, in 1750, attempted to give a play, but the magistrates soon stopped them.

The Continental Congress, in 1774, sought to pledge the people to discontinue all shows, plays, and other entertainments, and they did languish through war times, but with peace they came again. In 1788 college plays began. There were also circuses in Connecticut. As late as 1828 a bill was passed prohibiting circuses in that State, but Connecticut has become known as the "home of circuses."

During the seventeenth century and until well into the eighteenth, there was but little in New England that could properly be called music. Instruments of music and books of instruction were very rare. Rev. Mr. Tufts in 1712 published a music book, and in 1711 the first organ was brought to Boston. The first concert we can find mentioned was on Dec. 28, 1732. In 1744 a concert was given at Faneuil Hall for the benefit of the poor, and after 1760, concerts were quite frequent. Singing schools were formed and the training of singers for concerts.

Lectures on pneumatics, electricity, and philosophy, were given in Boston as early as 1740 and soon acquired a popularity that still remains.

Lotteries were quite numerous and prosperous at an early date, but the sober-minded, seeing the evils and wickedness of them, soon put an end to them.

The following will give a good example of the manner in which managers of plays would try to work in their entertainments under the guise of teaching morality.

A very clever manager gave an entertainment in 1762, and his play-bill is given as a most amusing example:

Kings Arms Tavern--Newport, Rhode Island

On Monday, June 10th, at the Public Room of the above Inn will be delivered a series of

MORAL DIALOGUES,

In Five Parts.

Depicting the evil effects of jealousy and other bad passions and proving that happiness can only spring from the pursuits of Virtue.

Mr. Douglass—Will represent the noble and magnanimous Moor called Othello who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and after he marries her, harbours (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

Of jealousy, our being's bane,
Mark the small cause, and the most dreadful pain.

Mr. Allyn—Will depict the character of a specious villain in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion, and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

The man that wrongs his master and his friend,
What can he come to but a shameful end.

Mr. Hallam—Will delineate a young and thoughtless officer who is traduced by Mr. Allyn, and, getting drunk, loses his situation and his general esteem. All young men whatsoever take example from Cassio.

The ill effects of drinking would you see,
Be warned and fly from evil company.

Mr. Morris—Will represent an old gentleman, the father of Desdemona, who is not cruel or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white, forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are very numerous and very wrong.

Fathers, beware what sense and love ye lack
'Tis crime, not colour, makes the being black.

Mr. Quelch—Will depict a fool who wishes to become a knave, and trusting to one, gets killed by one. Such is the friendship of rogues. Take heed!

Where fools would knaves become, how often you'll
Perceive the knave not wiser than the fool.

Mrs. Morris—Will represent a young and virtuous wife, who, being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

Reader, attend, and ere thou goest hence,
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.

Mrs. Douglass—Will be her faithful attendant, who will hold out a good example to all servants, male and female, and to all people in subjection.

Obedience and gratitude,
Are things as rare as they are good.

Various other Dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the improvement of the mind and manners. The whole will be repeated on Wednesday and on Saturday. Tickets six shillings each; to be had within. Commencement at 7. Conclusion at half past 10; in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour, and reflect upon what he has seen, before he retires to rest.

God save the king,
And long may he sway,
East, north, and south,
And fair America.

A descendant of John Alden, one of the party who came over in the Mayflower, once said that one reason why John fell in love with Priscilla—his wife—was because he had tasted a clam chowder she made. It was also claimed by this descendant, who was a man, that nobody in the world could make a clam chowder quite as well as the women who are descended from the maid who coaxed John to "speak for himself."

It is related of the nine sons of Joseph Drinkwater, in colonial days, that all were masters of vessels, and all chanced to arrive in Boston the same day. The officer in command of the fort, learning that so many vessels had passed in, all commanded by men of the same name, feared that some mischief was brewing, and went up to the city to investigate. He was surprised to find that it was true—that the masters were all brothers. He invited them to dine with him, and the event was long held in remembrance as having been in "Good old English style."

In meditating upon the history of colonial days in New England, the following poem of one of her poets —Rev. D. D. Tappan, who was born in Massachusetts in 1798, comes to our mind:—

Landing of the Pilgrims.

Voyagers! whence your last remove?
Why approach this sterile shore?
Stranger! leaving lands we love,
Came we here our God to adore.

Pilgrims! terrors throng your way;
Foes beset, on either hand!
Stranger! nothing can dismay
Hearts that seek this barren strand.

Pilgrims! dauntless though ye seem
Few and feeble yet ye are;
Stranger, they who trust in him
Never of their cause despair.

Freedom's banner here shall wave;
Israel's Helper here be known;
Myriads, o'er our peaceful grave,
Laud the work his hand hath done!

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS is a roadside plant growing by the way of usefulness.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—*Ruskin.*

We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are, or we should scatter them oftener.—*Lowell.*

Happiness is the natural flower of duty. The good man ought to be a thoroughly bright and happy man. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Those who live on the mountains have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.—*Goethe.*

Happiness, at least, is not solitary: it joys to communicate; it loves others for it depends on them for its existence * * * the very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good nature, and help the rest of us to live.—*Stevenson.*

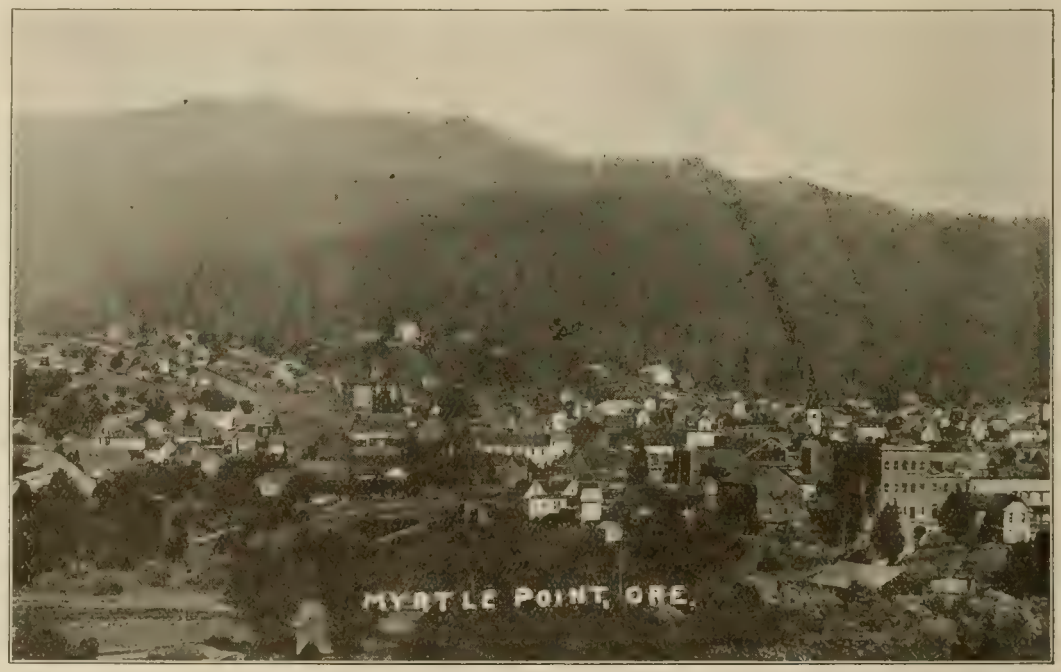
WESTERN LOGGING AND LUMBERING.

H. D. MICHAEL.

Part I. Western Timber.

Now that the timber of the States of the Middle West as well as those of the far East is becoming scarce, the eyes of the timbermen are turning to the far West. The forests of the Pacific Coast States send a thrill to the heart of the eastern timbermen that come to view them. Once they see the fine timber they are almost sure to buy all of it that their circumstances permit. The gigantic trees stand thick upon the ground and solidly cover square mile after square mile of territory. Such grandeur as these forests present can seldom be equaled.

In Northern California are the great Redwoods,—the giants of the timber world,—while on up the coast is the far-famed Oregon Pine, known also as red and yellow fir. Some few isolated tracts have fine forests of the noted Port Orford white cedar. Coos and Curry Counties of Oregon are claimed to be the only locality in the world where it is found. Of course it extends a little north and south of those counties but not in any considerable amounts.



A Fine Body of Timber Just Back of Myrtle Point, Oregon, the Writer's Home for Nine Years.

This Port Orford cedar has gained its reputation from its softness to work, its preservative qualities and from the pungent odor it gives off. This peculiar odor seems especially obnoxious to insects and moths for none will bother clothes kept in a chest or closet made of this wood. At the same time it is not unpleasant to most people.

The preservative qualities of this wood were shown by an exhibit at the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, Oregon, in 1905. A log struck in grading at North Bend, Oregon, was unearthed and found to be a large cedar trunk. On top of it with its roots spreading over the log was another cedar of considerable size and that showed by the growth marks to be some two hundred years old. This unearthed log was sawed and proved to be of such fine quality after its long sleep that the lumber together with the stump of the standing tree was used as an exhibit to show the keeping qualities of this already-famous wood.

The Pacific spruce is also an important factor and is used almost exclusively in many of the box factories and other manufacturing plants.

This fir and spruce timber seems to thrive alike in Oregon and Washington and even far up into Can

About the size of these trees it seems hardly worth speaking. If the truth were all told scarcely one-half would be believed. The gigantic size of the redwoods is written and spoken of so much that most people one meets that have not seen them, seem to just consider all the reports alike,— as a "big" story with the truth greatly enlarged upon. When one speaks of the large trees upon the stump of which a school of thirty or forty scholars could be comfortably seated leaving ample room for the teacher's desk, it is thought of as only a large story. Nevertheless it is a fact. Then as to hewing out a driveway for a wagon road through the center of a large standing tree, I will say it is not only possible but actually has been done without materially interfering with the tree's life.

As we come on up to the forests of Oregon's fir we find there are three distinct growths,—forests that sprang up at three different periods. We have no history as to when parts of the great primeval forests were destroyed to give place to the second growth but we can prove that they have been destroyed by a great forest fire that swept many miles of mountain ranges and denuded vast areas. The great fallen and charred trunks of many of those trees are still found among the second growth, marking their last resting place

and serving to remind one that he too must sometime go the way of all the earth. The great reaper has ended their life here and now we see these charred trunks as tombstones reminding us that we too must pass away.

I have said we have no history of when this great fire occurred and in reality we have none though the Indians living in these parts have traditions of the "heap big" fire that raged many hundreds of "moons" ago. The large fire took vast forests, though there are also great tracts of the original first growth still remaining. This old growth is a very fine, soft timber and quite free from knots. Go among the great trees, measuring twelve to thirty or forty feet in circumference and from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five feet of a clear straight body to the first limbs and you can see only part of their beauty then. Have one taken to a mill and sawed and you will see the fine-grained lumber and see more of its beauties than ever before. Then think of what the tree would make after being sawed. Many a single tree would furnish enough lumber to make a good substantial two-story frame house of nine to twelve rooms and with plenty of rough lumber left to build a good comfortable barn. But again in the woods notice the number of these monster trees living upon one acre of ground, note their great mass of limbs and the heavy bark of from eight to eighteen inches in thickness and you will see there are wonders in the woodland as well as in cities.

Joke writers have long aimed many of their witticisms at the "green backwoodsman" and the sights he saw upon going to the city, but show many of the city folks the wonders of nature so often seen and so well known by the backwoodsman and they would be dumbfounded. Yes, stand in amazement more surprised than the woodsman was at the sights of the city.

The second growth timber, as it is called, is now large, also, though not as soft or fine-grained as the other, nor is it as free from knots.

The still later growth known as the third growth seems to have sprung up at a much later date. It has grown up on what were formerly prairies and where the Indians had purposely kept the timber burned down affort good hunting grounds.

It is still quite small in comparison to the older growths, as it is only about twelve to twenty inches in diameter in most places.

But with all this timber the world would need go begging for lumber were it not for man's inventive skill and ability to handle these large logs both in logging them and in sawing, that being the next necessary step in the making of our lumber of commerce.

Pasco, Wash.

* * *

"We are not to count our possessions by what we lose, but by what we can not lose."

SOME AMERICANS OF ACHIEVEMENT.

O. H. KIMMEL.

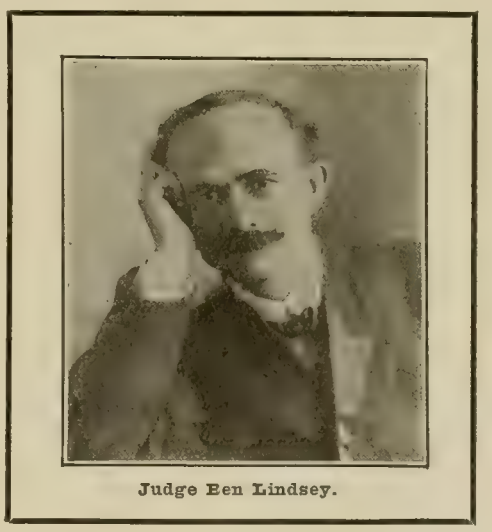
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, "A Prophet in His Own Country."

The past twenty years have marked great changes in American social and political affairs. And in each of these changes which developed into reforms we have seen a leader who would blaze the way for the people to follow.

Behind the reform movement which tore down old precedents and ushered in the Juvenile Court stands Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver. Though slight of figure and only thirty-five years old he has come into the arena of politics and stands a giant for reform.

He first became Judge of the Denver County Court in an accidental way. The office was made vacant by the death of the occupant, and Lindsey was appointed because he had recently rendered the party in power some valuable service. However, as soon as he became Judge he demonstrated the fact that he was Judge for the whole people, and not for any faction or party. He was no machine man on the bench.

When thus serving the people in this way an incident occurred which brought him into his own usefulness. Some boys were brought before him accused of



Judge Ben Lindsey.

robbing a pigeon roost. While these boys were on trial the mind of the Judge went back over fifteen years of time to a day when another party of boys had planned to steal some pigeons. He remembered that one of those boys died for the flag years later at San Juan Hill; another was serving time in a State prison, and that another was now sitting in judgment on other lads whose future as good citizens or as criminals might depend upon his wisdom in dealing with them.

These boys being tried before him were poor and penniless. He remembered how, many years before, left destitute by the death of his father, he left the old home in the bluegrass in Tennessee and traveled with

the widowed mother to Denver. Now he was passing judgment upon other penniless lads—perhaps boys like he had been—boys without a just and equal chance to get on in the world.

While this experience was fresh in his memory, some unfortunate girls were brought to him who were charged with some more or less grave offenses and misdemeanors. He investigated their cases until he understood all, and then he broke away from the precedent—that unfortunate piece of conservatism so completely enveloping our courts that they do not give the people best protection because of it,—I say, he broke away from the established custom, and he prosecuted and punished the older men and women responsible for the misdeeds of the girls and dismissed the girls.

This act started the Judge on his way. In the few years that he has been Judge he has not only conducted the county court but he has inaugurated a system of juvenile procedure which treats juvenile delinquents in such a manner that old precedents have been "knocked down," and the cruel and harsh and thoughtless old-time method of dealing with children has been so thoroughly revolutionized that the plan is being adopted all over the land. He has knocked the pillars from the jails so far as children are concerned and established the home-like house of detention, made parents and employers responsible for their children, and forced through the Colorado Legislature a code of laws which he prepared for the treatment of delinquents.

He has done other things too. He has broken up gangs of bad boys by turning the leaders into staunch supporters and adherents of the law. He has heard and believed in the "Misfortunes of Mikey," and has caused the boys to champion the causes for which he stands. The boys of Denver are proud of the "Kids' Judge" and they will stand by him for they know that in him they have a square deal. "There's the Jedge" and "Hello Jedge," greet Judge Lindsey on the streets of Denver, and the Judge enjoys these greetings from the boys. It is this mutual confidence that holds true ninety-five per cent of the boys who have passed through his Juvenile Court.

One incident should be told here. When a number of the most persistent little law-breakers were sent with their commitments to the Industrial School without guards they made the trip and finally delivered themselves up to the officers of the school and told the Superintendent that they needed no guard on the way for they "could not turn the Jedge down," adding, and now "we're here to take wats commin to us."

The boys trust the Judge, and often it happens that he is the first kind person that some of them have ever met. They make a clubroom of his chambers and are proud to be seen walking with "the Jedge." They are glad to have it understood that they have a friend in the Judge of the Court—a place where a square deal is given them.

The work of Judge Lindsey is destined to grow until its influence shall predominate in every community. The influence of his work has already penetrated the country and many county judges are investigating his methods and putting into use some of them. His method is certainly the most sensible that has been devised in all time for the judging of the young. "Give the boy a chance," see what is in him, and do not condemn him because poverty and environment have caused him to be a criminal. Few boys are criminals, and fewer still are naturally bad. There must be a light somewhere that will overcome the degradation into which the unfortunate fall.

How every large city needs the work of such men as Lindsey! What a protector to our institutions such a man is, for the safety of the State of tomorrow lies in the well-being of the children of today. The reduction of the criminal classes to the minimum means greater blessings for the law-abiding citizen, greater happiness in the homes and less poverty and misfortune. The life in the city is a problem, and its morals must be more elevating, more friendly to the poorer classes, and more open to the street gamin for he too must have a fighting chance for life and sustenance.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter V.

How is the time occupied? The farm boys cultivate the land. The stableboys take care of the cattle, horses and barns. Gangs of men work at the stone quarry. Building, repairing and cleaning of all kinds are done by prisoners. Greenhouse work and flower gardening under the direction of a florist occupies the time of a number of men. The officers' kitchen and dining rooms, the convict kitchens, bakery, dining room and wash-rooms are all manned by prisoners. Each officer and keeper has his regular attendant. Some of the officers have prisoner clerks and reception men. The power-house uses the time of a few persons. Lately the self-feeding furnace stokers have been doing the

work once done by men in the roasting heat of the boiler pit. But the various mechanical industries furnish employment for the greatest number of prisoners.

When contract labor was in vogue the prison authorities made contracts with men or companies for the manufacture of goods for a designated number of years. Each prisoner in the shops had his allotted daily task of piece-work and what he did over the required task was accredited to him and he received pay for it. The money thus earned could be sent to his friends or placed to his credit. The proceeds from the contracts went toward maintaining the prison. But opposition being raised by outside competitors, as the time of the contracts expired they were gradually taken out of the prison. The work now done is all State work. There are shops where office and household furniture is made. Other places of industry are the various factories for cane and solid chairs, shoe shops, broom, and overall and shirt factories.

Other buildings for the conveniences of the place are the cold-storage plant, for the preservation of meats most of which are now butchered and cured on the grounds; the chapel, library and hospital.

Prison Rules.

Every one will understand that only the strictest discipline on the part of officers and prisoners will keep matters running smoothly. Aside from the hum of the busy machinery and the clatter of footfalls on the stone floors or walks, one is impressed with the quietness of the place. Subdued conversation and courteous treatment between officers is required. At all times each officer salutes his brother officer when meeting him or entering his shop. Every man enrolled as a prisoner has read to him the sixteen rules of conduct with the instructions that "Only by observing and obeying them can he make good his record as a prisoner and secure that diminution of sentence which the law allows." These rules are found printed in the front part of the library catalog which is on the shelf in his cell. They will prove interesting to our readers so we here quote them in full.

"Rule 1. The first duty is strict obedience to all rules and regulations and the orders of the officer under whose charge you may be placed.

"Rule 2. You must observe strict silence while at your work or marching. No conversation allowed except by permission of the officer in charge. In the evening in your cell you are permitted to converse in a low tone with your cell-mate until the 9 o'clock bell rings, but conversation with prisoners in adjoining cells is strictly forbidden.

"Rule 3. You must not speak to any visitor or give to or receive from a visitor anything, except by permission of the Warden or Deputy. You must not gaze at visitors or strangers passing through the prison, but at all times during working hours give your undivided attention to your work. You are expected to apply yourself faithfully and diligently to whatever labor you are assigned, and, after reasonable teaching, to perform the same amount of labor as would be required of you outside.

"Rule 4. At the ringing of the morning bell you must turn out, dress, make up your bed neatly and be ready for marching out. At the signal, open the door, step out and close the same—holding on until the bar is closed—and stand erect until the order to march is given.

"Rule 5. (Rule five gave direction for the march but since the lock-step has been abandoned the rule is no longer observed.)

"Rule 6. On returning to the cell house, stand at cell with your right hand on the door. At the signal open the door, step in, close the same without slamming, keep it firmly closed until the second signal is given and the bar thrown, and remain standing with your hand upon the door until the count is made. In case of miscount resume your position at the door until the count is correct.

"Rule 7. You must not leave the line or your place of employment without permission. If sick or unable to work, make it known to the officer in charge, and act as he may direct.

"Rule 8. You must keep your cell and furniture in good order. No marking, scratching the walls or spitting on the floor will be allowed. You must not make any alterations in your clothing or cell furniture. If your clothing needs repairs, report the fact to your keeper.

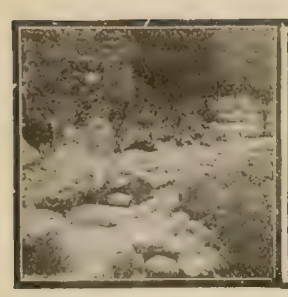
"Rule 9. At the ringing of the bell at 9 o'clock P. M. you must undress and retire. If you have occasion to call the night officer, give the signal by rapping on your cell door.

"Rule 10. You must not carry knives, tools of any kind, pencils, paper, or any material whatever from your shop or cell, without permission in writing from the Warden or Deputy. Finding such things in your possession will be considered proof that you have disobeyed this rule. Writing notes to other convicts, or carrying notes from one convict to another is strictly forbidden.

"Rule 11. You must approach an officer in a respectful manner, always touching your cap or forehead before speaking. You must confine your conversation with him strictly to the business in hand. You must not address an officer on matters outside of the prison. Insolence or abusive language in any form to an officer, foreman, or to another convict will not be tolerated.

"Rule 12. In making application for an audience with the Commissioner or Warden you must briefly state to your keeper the nature of your business. If you desire to see the Chaplain, make the application

(Continued on Page 167.)



NATURE STUDIES



"Toilers of the Soil"

M. E. S. Charles

Most farmers and gardeners look with disfavor on the mole when they see the unsightly piles of soil which mark the mole's runways through the fields, gardens and lawns. It is upon the lawns that their presence creates the most dissatisfaction.

Towards the top of the ground, where it is the richest, is an excellent breeding place for all kinds of destructive insect larvæ. Here are found grub-worms, cut-worms, and wire-worms, ready to devour seeds and roots when placed within reach. W. T. Hornaday says: "But for the enemies that keep them in check, there would be a hungry grub for every sprouting seed." He further says that "these enemies are found in the moles and shrews, and that neither the horse nor the ox is more diligent in our service than are these little 'toilers of the soil.'"

We are too apt to pin our faith to circumstantial evidence, and when we see the long, crooked, crazy-looking rows of upturned soil following rows of vegetables or wandering over our lawns, we at once conclude that the mole is there for no other purpose than to eat the roots of vegetables, grass and the seeds which may have been planted. But the facts in the case are, that a mole cannot exist any length of time on vegetable diet alone. And he is there because of the presence of the grubs which have already done the damage. To be sure the mole has not mended matters for that individual plant by tunneling under it after the worm, but the chances are, that if the mole has done thorough work, next year that particular piece of ground will be rid of worms and consequently rid of moles.

Scientists tell us that but a very small per cent of vegetable food has ever been found in the stomachs of moles, but that their food consists almost entirely of injurious insect larvæ. "In France the value of the mole is recognized by law, and the killing of one is punishable by a fine of five francs."

There are several kinds of moles, each with its peculiar characteristics that separate it from the other kinds. Besides the common mole so generally known over the United States, "we have the prairie or silver mole of the prairie regions of the Mississippi Valley; the hairy-tailed mole of the eastern United States, and the Oregon mole of the Pacific slope and the most peculiar of them all, the star-nosed mole of the northeastern United States which is easily recognized by the peculiar fleshy, star-like appendage on the end of its long pointed nose.

But it is our common garden mole which we are most interested in. If you will follow one of their tunnels you will soon see evidences that they have come to the surface of the ground. What for, I have never been able to find out. They have eyes not larger than pin heads set well back in the fur. Surely they would get but scant satisfaction from looking about them, and they do not seem to care about remaining on top of the ground long at a time. If a mole forgets where he came out of the ground, it makes but little difference; he goes to work with his wide, strong, shovel-shaped paws which are provided with sharp, thick claws which soon force a way through the soft earth.

A scientist, wishing to observe the movements of a mole when undisturbed, placed one in a five-acre clover field at eleven o'clock A. M. During the first seven hours it had tunneled twenty-three feet, in a zigzag line. During the next seventeen hours it dug thirty-five feet, and during the next hour, ten feet more. The total work consisted of sixty-eight feet of main line and thirty-six and one-half of branches, making in all one hundred, four and a half feet.

The home of the mole is hard to find. But if you see several tunnels running toward a common center, like the spokes of a wheel to the hub, you may safely conclude that a mole has its home in the center. Dig down carefully about two feet where you will find a sort of chamber about a foot wide at the bottom, with two or three small galleries running off a few inches in different directions. Up a little from the bottom, on a kind of ledge, is built a nest of some soft material where the young, two in number, may be seen at the proper season of the year.

Mole's fur is beautifully soft and stands on end like the silk nap of velvet. In very early times, gentlemen of distinction wore waistcoats made of mole skins. They must have been very handsome. Their skins,

and little pink-white tails are used to make pretty purses.

The shrews like the moles, live their entire life cycle underground, but they come to the surface more frequently, and wander about near the entrance to their homes. They are very shy and helpless when above ground, and being unable to run rapidly, they make an effort to hide themselves on approach of danger. When taken in the hand they emit the same musky odor that makes the mole distasteful to dogs and cats. The fur of the shrew is soft and fine but not so velvet-like as that of the mole. The color ranges from dull gray to brown or black, and their habits are not essentially different from those of the mole.

THE SPIDER.

It is indeed "the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy" to which the spider seductively invites his hoped-for prey. Most of these web-parlors are made wheel shape. Each web has from twenty to thirty spokes. These the spider makes first, working from the center out. He goes over them again and again to make them strong, fastening them securely in the center. Then he walks around the outer edge, leaving a thread after him, and so on in successive narrowing circles until he has again reached the middle. His web is now done, and looks like nothing so much as a fairy wheel of sheerest gossamer. There is no prettier sight than one of these wheels glistening with dew and sparkling in the morning sun. The spider might well be proud of his finished work, for it shows how painstaking and skillful he is. Each thread of his wheel he has made damp with a sticky substance, for, besides being his home, his web is also a trap for catching and holding his prey. The spider is cautious though, and makes doubly sure of his victim by poisoning him by a fluid which is hidden in his front claws.

The spider is very patient. Should an accident happen to his work, he will repair the damage again and again, never stopping until his aim is accomplished You remember the story of the good Scottish king, who had flung himself down disheartened and ready to give up in battle, but how he was inspired to fresh effort by observing the patient work of a little spider.

Most of us dislike the spider, it may be not altogether without reason; but perhaps if we should study him more, we would come to think better of him. Some spiders are very beautiful; others, of course, are homely, but all are most wonderfully constructed. The silkworm produces his threads out of two little holes in his mouth, but the spider spins his from hundreds of little holes all over his body. These threads are very fine and beautiful, but each one is made up of numerous little strands, too fine for our eyes to distinguish.

But the most remarkable thing about the spider is his eye. You have noticed jewels, cut with many sides, or facets, so that, turned in whatever direction, they will reflect the light. The eye of the common spider has 4,000 of these little facets. He can see through every one of them, too, though it is all one eye so small that you have to look closely to see it. Each spider has eight of these eyes, so no wonder he is so alert in capturing his prey or in observing the approach of an enemy.

It is impossible to mention here the many different species of spider, each with its peculiar habits and characteristics, but all are interesting and profitable to study. There are two very notable characteristics, however, that are common to most spiders. They are very sly when attacked or in danger. When a spider is attacked he quickly flings himself from his web, hanging by a thread so fine the human eye can scarcely see it. The danger over, he climbs up the thread again "hand over hand." Or if the danger be very great, he drops from his web without leaving any thread behind by which his foe might possibly "spot" him. The ground reached, he rolls himself up in a little ball that looks just like the loose earth about him and plays "'possum."

It is sometimes said that the spider can fly. He may at times be seen passing through the air from branch to branch, or rising from the top of a wall, but he is merely climbing along a thread that he has flung out from his body and that the wind carries along ahead of him. The thread, being gummy, assists his progress by adhering to whatever it touches.

Some spiders spin a very strong thread. A mouse was once found suspended from the web of a certain species of spider.

All spiders come from eggs. Often the mother spider will show almost human intelligence in the way she guards the tiny cocoon in which her eggs—hundreds or even thousands of them—are inclosed. Some species of spiders hide it in tiny crevices, or rolled up in dead leaves. Others carry it wherever they go, held securely between their fore claws; some carry it attached to their bodies. The wood spider lays her eggs in a nest made of fallen leaves which she binds together by spinning her thread around them. An interesting species to study is the water spider. They inhabit only shallow, stagnant water. When they dive under the water a little air is retained between these hairs. This forms a bubble under the water, and thus they are enabled to breathe. The female water spider spins around herself a small, thimble-shaped silken cocoon, open at one end. In this—under the water—she lays her eggs, which her bubble of air protects from moisture.—*Lillie Gilliland McDowell, in Sunday School Advocate.*

THE INGLENOOK

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FOR OUR HOMEMAKERS.

WHEN the editor first took charge of the INGLENOOK plans were laid for having the matter appearing in the home department to consist almost wholly of contributed material from our own housekeepers and homemakers. We firmly believed that no circle of homemakers could be found more capable of writing on practical subjects concerning housekeeping and home life than that which is formed by the readers of the INGLENOOK. We hold to that belief still, but we have been keenly disappointed in our plans. It is altogether probable that we have not taken the right course to induce the homemakers to help us and others by sharing their knowledge and the results of their experience. Perhaps we have not been as plain in stating what is wanted or as persistent as we should have been. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that, aside from the one or two contributed articles which appear every week on some subject related to home life, we have had to depend altogether on the scissors and paste pot to help us fill the Home World pages. Especially in the way of recipes and helpful ideas the very things in which our housekeepers are most rich—have we had to depend upon outside writing.

With a number of things to look after in the making of the INGLENOOK, we had become somewhat hardened to the thought of having failed in making the home department all that we desired it to be. The receipt recently, on the same day, of a number of interesting and helpful suggestions for housekeepers from two of our contributors—*men*—brought the subject back with renewed force and we decided to make another effort to enlist the services of our wives, mothers and daughters in making the home department strictly *our own* and a *success*.

We are planning to have the material contributed by these men appear in the home department of our next issue. Perhaps by the time it is ready to go to the printers we may have additional material from other readers of their sex who are not only interested in such subjects but are anxious to have others profit by their knowledge and experience.

Very often in reading something in the way of suggestions and helpful ideas the housekeeper is reminded of other similar helps with which she is already familiar. In reading these contributions from the men, please note down any other helps you have profited by, housekeepers, and write them out and send them in to us. We shall be glad to have contributions of this nature from the men also. We know that among our men readers are a number of first-class housekeepers. Come on, all of you, and tell the women how to keep house.

THE JOYS OF GIVING.

PAUL says, and he tells us he is quoting the words of the Lord, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The present enjoyment may not be greater, but that is not the important matter; the thing that counts is the sum total of good that results and on this point we are assured that the giver has the most to his credit. But the present enjoyment of the giver may also be the greater in every case if he will have it so; it all depends upon his attitude—his condition of mind and heart,—and so the joy of giving may be the fuller and deeper joy throughout the whole experience.

It is strange, considering our almost uncontrollable desire for happiness, with this promise before us and our limited experience confirming it, that we do not all follow this method at all times, making it the business of our lives. Some people have done this, in the particular case of giving money, and they can hardly find words to describe the happiness which they thereby experience. One of these givers, D. K. Pearsons, the millionaire philanthropist of Hinsdale, Ill., has recently given some vent to his feelings on this subject: Here is his testimony to the blessed experiences found in giving, in his own words:

"The joy of giving? There is no joy in the world like it. I am now nearly ninety years of age, and I can tell you out of the wealth of experience that those years have given me that there is no earthly pleasure like that which comes from giving to others and seeing your gifts make them happy. I ought to know what I am talking about because I have been doing nothing else but giving during the last twenty-one years. In all that time I have had no other business. When you consider that during the thirty years that had preceded I had worked like a slave at the task of accumulating my fortune you can imagine what a hold the joys of philanthrophy have obtained on me.

"Have you ever stopped a ragged little boy on the street around Christmas time and slipped a quarter or

a half-dollar into his hand? Have you ever watched the look of surprised delight sweep over his face? Have you ever felt the cockles of your heart warm after a deed like this? Well, that is the initial joy of giving. It is the most delicious sensation that the human soul is capable of feeling. I pronounce it without hesitation the most exquisite of mundane delights. It is a physical as well as a spiritual joy. It makes you feel good 'all over.' And its pleasure never wanes. Look back at that act twenty years later and you still feel that delightful flush of self-approbation sweeping over you.

"Now, I found that out long, long ago. I made up my mind then that the best way in the world to be happy yourself was to make other folks happy. And then I proceeded to systematize my discovery. I took up giving as a steady occupation, and I arranged my giving so as to get all the pleasure possible out of it. I became an epicure in the art of giving. I learned to ring the changes on all its joys so that each one recurring always seemed fresh."

In all, Dr. Pearsons has given away more than $4,000,000. His aim is to give away his entire fortune before he dies. The bulk of his giving has been in the form of endowments to colleges, forty-seven institutions having received help from him in this way.

This testimony to the joy of giving is worth more than any discussion of the subject we could present. One thing we should keep in mind is the fact that the blessing of giving is not commensurate with the size of the gift. It depends upon our attitude of heart and mind and upon the amount of our possessions. Our gift may have a small money value and may not therefore accomplish the good for others that another's rich gift may accomplish, but if it is a fair expression of a generous heart the "blessed" result is ours. This should encourage us to cultivate the art of giving, for even the "two mites" in our hands may bring us untold joy.

A GOOD WORD.

Editors, as a rule, are as appreciative of the word of praise or commendation as any class of the world's workers. And because of the nature of their work which goes directly to the people and is at once pronounced upon by them, the judgment, whether condemnatory or commendatory is generally productive of beneficial results,—always provided, of course, that it reaches the editor whose work is concerned.

The editor of the Inglenook is no exception to the rule. Much of the good to which the magazine can honestly lay claim is the direct result of inspiration received from the "word spoken in due season." In the majority of cases we do not publish what is thus said regarding the merits of the Inglenook, partly because it was not sent to us for publication and would not greatly benefit the reader and partly because it would smack of self-praise. Now and then, however, the good word is concerned with results in which the editor has little part and moreover reveals an attitude of study that might well be copied by others and we therefore feel justified in passing it on. Such is the following which came to our desk recently and for that reason we find space for it here:

"I cannot refrain from complimenting you on the very excellent material contained in 'The Quiet Hour' pages of Inglenook Jan. 18. There is a richness of thought that seldom occurs in such fullness in one issue. The article, 'Hindered Christians," indicates the steps that lead the soul away from fellowship with God, hence from true service. It tersely points out how we may know of this decline, and how regain the soul's 'first love.' This should be a timely aid to any who are losing out in Christian service. 'The Master is Coming' should open our hearts to many a 'commonplace' (?) opportunity to minister to the dear Lord, lest we too 'though forgiven, be disappointed in not receiving the blessing.' Then the selected article on, 'The Divine Grace,' leads us to conclude that salvation, free to all, is the more precious *because* it can't be had for money; but is secured upon a life surrendered to God. And since we are his, and all he requires is that we bring to him his own, it is the highest wisdom that we accept salvation, brought through Divine Grace, and given on this one condition of a surrendered life. Praise God for this incomparable gift, the gift of Divine Grace and Love."

SPURGEON PROVERBS.

Buy not silk while you owe for milk.
Better do than dream; better be than seem.
She who buys "bargains" is often "sold."
Avoid what makes in thy pocket a void.
Sellers need tongues; buyers need eyes.
Desired things may not be desirable.
Fear of failure is the father of failure.
Why kill nettles if you grow thistles?
Pegging away will win the day.
Maybees are no honey bees.
Add pence to pence, for wealth comes thence.
Better a good grote than a bank note.
A maid's best dress is bashfulness.
Father's fraud drives sons abroad.
Play not with fire nor ill desire.
To be loved, be lovable.
It's risky riding when the devil is driving.
Lessons learned in the cradle last to the grave.
Be hardy, but be not hard.
The good wife's face lights up the place.
Don't get a help-meet till you've got meat to help.
Better be one-sided than two-faced.
If you can't be clever you can be clean.
To avoid a second quarrel, avoid the first.
Better single still than wedded ill.

—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*



THE HOME WORLD



WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Monotonous Duty

Nancy D. Underhill

We are apt in the early part of our lives, to grow weary of the sameness which we experience continually; to long for greater variety of occupation, and to look upon our homely duties as irksome tasks. Yet we find the best people are those whose duties in life have been monotonous all the way.

The majority of great men have come from humble walks of life, and the mothers of great men have been humble home-keepers without much spice of variety—without the aid of the theatre and with very little fashionable amusement or attire. Most of the fathers of great men have been humble toilers, tillers of the soil, craftsmen, hard-handed workers at the lowliest labor.

It takes *work* to accomplish results. Hence the faithful, constant worker, is the indispensable member of society. What should we do without the faithful home-keepers of our land? One such woman is worth a million actresses. What should we do without our hard-working farmers? We'd all starve. And how should we keep warm in winter, and enjoy our well-cooked meals the year round, without our faithful coal miners? Bless their coal-tarnished hands; they are worth their weight in gold to millions of men and women as well as the innocent children, who are dependent upon their toil for a warm home to come to at night, a comfortable place to sit during business hours, and warm supper to refresh the body before retiring for rest after the arduous duties of the day. So it takes constant toil to accomplish anything worth while. And the toiler is the one who deserves our love and smiles and kind words.

If one desires to become a scholar he must study, study, study. If a musician, worth while, it is practice, practice, practice. If a mechanic, he must give his time, thought and energy to that sort of work which he wishes to become proficient in. No matter what the chosen vocation; it requires prolonged application, constant effort and continued sacrifice and trial, to accomplish any good results. But the results of faithful application to any honest vocation, are well worth all they cost, and more. The farmer, merely making a living for his family may feel that he is not accomplishing anything because he is not piling up wealth. But he is really accomplishing very much. Not only is he giving to the world, in his sons and daughters, useful and helpful men and women—if he brings them up in the right way—but he is helping to provide food, for many another family by the produce from his soil. He also helps to provide shoes for many a boy and girl, besides the many unnamed helpful and kindly deeds which he never thinks of, but which are, nevertheless a blessing to mankind. While, without the faithful mother who is also the home-keeper for her family, the world might as well cease to revolve.

No matter how humble the occupation, if it is a useful one, let us be glad that we are enabled to thus serve mankind in a useful life. We ought to sing for happiness while we work away at our daily duties.

Working away—working away, at the homely toil of life;
Busy each day—toiling away—so weary of earthly strife:
But many a soul's our debtor
Because of our humblest work,
And many a heart is better,
Because duty, we did not shirk.

Digging away—digging away, in the darkness of the earth;
Toiling away—toiling away—wishing for the dear home hearth:
But many a life is brighter
Because of one day in the mine;
And many a heart is lighter
Because of the toil that's sublime.

Singing away—praying alway—doing many little things;
Serving today—trusting alway—longing for swiftness of wings:
But the earth is made of atoms,

And the humblest toil is great:
Warm and gentle is the sunshine—
Little by little doth God create.

ECHOES FROM THE SIDEWALK.

IRA P. DEAN.

"COME on here you little brat. I'm tired of your hanging on behind all the time," came from a well-dressed woman who was carrying a Teddy bear and a few packages, while a little child about two years old toddled on behind in a manner that showed signs of fatigue. If that Teddy bear had known what a preference it was given over the child it would certainly have appreciated it. It is wonderful how much mother love (?) some women have for Teddy bears and other lifeless substitutes for children.

Two ladies met: "Why, good afternoon, Anna, I've been waiting to see you this long time. How is everyone?"

"Oh, we are all well but George; but he's just lazy. He stays off from work and he's getting worse every day. I've just made up my mind if he don't work and take more interest in me, I am not going to do a thing. I don't care," etc., etc.

"Well, Anna, come out to see me. I wanted to tell you something, but I must hurry home to have supper ready when my husband comes home."

"Oh! land; I don't care if supper is ready or not. If it isn't, the 'old man' can just sit and wait. He's used to waiting anyhow."

"Well, I am different, Anna. I always like to have his meals ready for him. I know he is tired and hungry, and he always feels then, when the meals are ready, that I think of him before I see him."

A lady and gentleman just stepped out of a department store. "You never like anything that I like," said she. "That hat was just lovely. Other men get their wives decent hats, but you—you never get me anything nice." "Well but, dear, you must remember that I have not had steady work and have a doctor bill to pay. Really, I would like to see you get that hat, but fifteen dollars is too much for us to lay out just for a hat. Besides, you look better in the one you have now."

"That's always your song, and that doctor can easily wait on his money. But you are just like your old, crazy daddy. He never did anything for his family and I guess you won't either. But I'll get square. I'll buy a hat on installment, then I'll have one."

"Hello! old chap. Well, how do you enjoy married life by this time?"

"Me? Only been married a year, and I wish I had committed suicide instead. The old woman made some biscuits the other day, and if I'd ever hit an elephant with one it would kill him. She's the limit."

"Well, didn't you know that before you married her?"

"Know it? Know nothing; don't you know getting married is like lottery? You pay the preacher $5.00 and then you have a chance to draw a prize, and the most of the time you get beat. My wife can't learn anything."

"Well, hasn't she a cook book?"

"Yes, but she don't know where it is."

"Where did you get your wife?"

"Oh, in town here. She worked in the factory when I did."

Two other men passed my window—the one an old gentleman, the other a young man, apparently married a short time. "Yes, I tell you, William, married life is just what you make it," said the old man.

"Well, now, I have been married only two years and I've been out of work for most of that time, but I am happy and so is my wife. I think I have the best wife in the world. I often tell her, 'God could not have found me a better wife if he had tried.' But you see, we have the Lord in our home." And then they were too far for me to hear more.

What a difference! What a report the sidewalk could give if it could talk. People blush to talk of how much they love each other, but they can talk the reverse very easily; that is, for some people. It does one good to talk to people who are not ashamed of their companions. If people would talk more of the blessings of married life, there would be more happy marriages and less divorces.

Be careful what you say and how you say it, when passing down the sidewalk. You either throw light on the scene of life, or else cast a shadow over it. Be a light.

TESTING MILK.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

MILK is slightly heavier than water, its specific gavity ranging from 1.029 to 1.035 at 60 degrees F. This means that a measure of milk is that many times heavier than an equal volume of water. This difference is due to the fat and other solids in the milk. Fat has a lower specific gravity than water, hence the more butter fat the lower the specific gravity unless the other solids are increased proportionately. The addition of water on the other hand decreases the specific gravity as it increases the bulk without adding any solid matter. Milk is tested for two purposes—one to find the specific gravity and the other to find the amount of butter fat. For these purposes we use the lactometer and some form of cream tester. (Here the Babcock tester is in common use and is the only one with which the writer has had any personal experience.)

Milk as ordinarily sold for household use varies

greatly in composition; so much so that it is within the range of possibility for the milk furnished by one dairyman to be in food value worth almost twice as much as that supplied by another. Owing to this variation in composition creameries buy on a basis of the fat content of the milk. This variation is due in part to the breed of cattle kept, part to the individual characteristics of the cow, age, and also to the care and feeding of the herd.

Among the best breeds for cream are the Channel Islands breeds (Jersey, etc.). Their milk is unusually rich in fat globules of large size, that rise easily. The cream is easily removed either by hand skimming or by the separator. This makes them the standard for judging dairy breeds. On the other hand some claim that the smaller globules are easier of digestion, and that for this reason Jersey milk is not suitable for infants even when diluted to the proper standard.

The average cow possesses certain capabilities for the production of milk and when fed a sufficient and well-balanced ration reaches the zenith of her power. If she is not then a paying producer, increasing the amount or varying the proportion of the nutrients will not greatly increase the quantity or quality.

In spite of the utmost precautions, more or less foreign matter may be found in milk; but another fact not generally known is that much of the impurity remains in the separator slime. For this reason separated milk or separated cream is purer than if allowed to rise naturally.

The Babcock Test. While there are many methods of testing milk, this one is almost universally used. Its use on the farm is becoming more common, and as the public learn the advantages of its use and the ease of operation its use will become more general.

To do the work properly the sample tested should be a fair sample of the milk. The butter fat in milk is not held in solution, like salt in water, but is an emulsion; that is, consists of minute globules of fat held in suspension in the serum. Being lighter, they have a tendency to rise; therefore if the milk is left standing even for a short time the upper portion will contain more fat than the lower portions. This may be proven by testing samples from the top, middle, and bottom of the vessel.

The Babcock test is based on the fact that strong sulphuric acid dissolves all non-fatty solid constituents of milk, enabling the fat to be collected and measured. To do this to best advantage the bottles of mixed milk and acid are placed in a centrifugal machine and whirled rapidly for about four minutes; hot water is then added to bring the liquid into the neck of the bottle and then it is whirled again. This causes the fat to collect in the neck of the bottle where the length of the column shows the per cent of fat.

Any milk product may be tested by means of this method; breed, age, period of lactation, or quality of milk makes no difference so long as it is a fair sample. They are now made in almost any size wanted so that any want can be supplied. Not only do many of the farmers have the Babcock tester in their dairies, but a number of the schools in this State have included it in the apparatus for class use. Where used properly it has been the means of much good not only to the pupils, but the farmers of the community as well.

The Lactometer is used to determine the specific gravity of liquids. It depends on the principle that a solid that floats displaces its own weight of liquid. It will sink farther into a light liquid than in a heavy one, because it requires a greater volume of the lighter one to equal the weight of the body. The specific gravity of milk is about 1.032 and the standard, water, is 1.

The lactometer is a hollow cylinder weighted so that it floats upright, and is provided with a narrow stem on the upper end. This stem is marked with degrees by means of which the specific gravity may be read.

Milk is no exception to the rule that heat expands; therefore the same volume will weigh less when warmed than before. From this it will be seen that the lactometer is accurate only at the temperature at which it is standardized, which is usually 60 degrees F. As it is a slow process to always bring the milk to the proper temperature tables are prepared by means of which the specific gravity may be read. Thus milk with a reading of 20 at 60 degrees would show 21 at 70 degrees and but 19. 3 at 50 degrees.

From his experience as milk-hauler and assistant tester the writer would sum up the facts as follows: In the hands of a competent, honest person the tester is of immense value, while on the other hand if not properly handled it is worse than useless.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HOW ONE MOTHER SOLVED A PROBLEM.

Once a little child asked, "Mama, did you get me out of a rosebush? Nurse said you did."

Do you think that mother looked into those clear, trusting eyes and told a falsehood, as her mother before her had done?

She did not, for she was wiser in her generation. She asked, "Would you like to have me tell you about the baby roses?"

Then a series of lessons was begun. The mother taught the child about the baby flowers swinging in their little green cradles, and the baby birds in their soft nests, all watched over by God. When the question was again asked, the mother felt that the little mind was prepared; so, taking the child into her lap, she looked into the sweet face, confiding eyes and told the wonderful story of the human flower.

The little one listened wonderingly. It was a very beautiful story to him. When it was ended, he looked

up with tears, and said: "Dear mama, I love you more than ever, 'cause you've done so much for me."

With perfect confidence thus established between a child and its mother, and with the child's heart so lovingly prepared for the entrance of truth, do you think evil will be so likely to take root there?—*Safeguard.*

WOMANLY WISDOM.

Don't be too much impressed with what "everybody says." Sometimes this "everybody" is nothing more than some neighborhood gossip.

Do not keep the baby and other children in a room where any one is smoking. The fumes of tobacco are bad for the eyes, and injurious when breathed.

Cut up the old, worn bedspreads into bath towels. Hem as usual. Make bibs or wash-rags of the smaller pieces. Attach a piece of tape to hang them up by.

When bathing a baby or invalid it is well to have the towels heated. They dry the skin more quickly without the moist, sticky feeling that sometimes follows a bath.

Have a neat drawer about three inches deep put under the seat of the baby's high chair to keep bibs in. It will save steps when a clean one is needed at meal time.

When folks are sick, an old-fashioned candle is a nice thing to have in the room. It gives a nice soft light and will not smoke as a lamp does when turned down.

To bake cabbage so that every one in the family will like it: First cook it tender in salted water, changing the water twice. Then chop it, put it into a buttered baking dish, turn a cupful of white sauce mixed with grated cheese over it, cover the top with buttered bread-crumbs, and bake until the top is a delicate

To make good tea: Fill the teakettle with freshly-drawn cold water, bring it quickly to a bubbling boil. Put a teaspoonful of tea (for each cup desired) into a porcelain pot which has been warmed. Pour the hard boiling water over the tea leaves and let it steep for three or four minutes,—no longer; then pour off the tea into another heated china pot. Do not use the tea leaves again.

To can beef: Cook until tender so that the fibers will break apart. Season and cut into small pieces; boil the gravy until so thick it will jelly when cold. Discard all pieces of gristle and with a wooden masher press the meat, a little at a time, firmly into hot jars. Then pour in enough gravy to fill all the places around it,—not enough to float the meat, but to cover it. Then add more meat and gravy till the jars are filled within an inch of the top; and see that there are no air spaces between the pieces. Then fill the jars to overflowing with boiling melted suet, and seal, using new rubbers with tested jars.—*February Farm Journal.*

The Children's Corner

THE MESSENGER STORK.

A curious incident occurred in Northern Germany. A minister was surprised to find one day that a stork had made its nest upon the roof of his house, and his children having petted it, feeding it every day, the stork became tame and companionable.

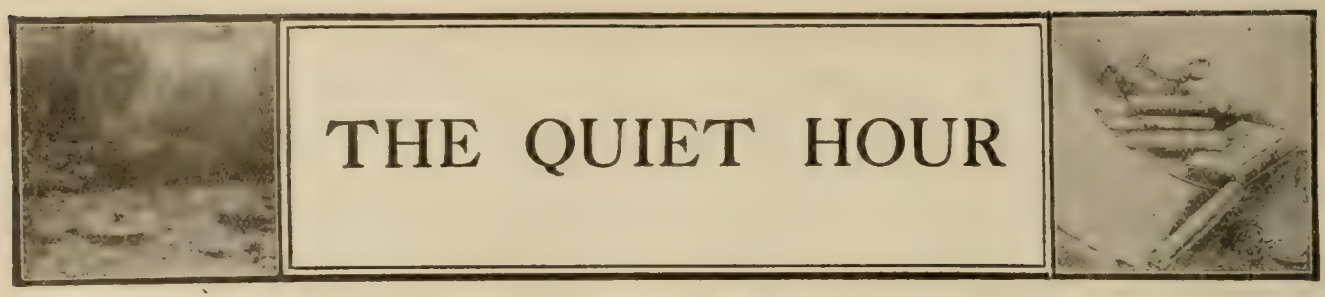
At the first sign of approaching cold weather the stork prepared to flit to warmer climes. The children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the bird would surely return in the spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being cared for during the long winter, consulted together and evolved a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution.

They wrote a little note in their best German script, stating that the stork was very dear to them, and begging the good people in whose country it might spend the winter to be kind to their pet, and send it back in the spring. They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon and tied it around the bird's neck and tucked it under its wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder skies. The snow and ice came. Christmas time brought the children gifts and fresh amusements, but their summer pet was not forgotten.

When the spring came around again their little feet used to climb to the roof day by day, looking and longing for the stork's return, and behold one day there it was, tame and gentle as ever. Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover around its neck and under its wing another bright band, with a note attached, addressed to the children who wrote the letter the stork brought. The ribbon was quickly untied, and the missive opened.

It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note, and had cared for the stork, and he thought that young people whose hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter would be willing to help clothe and feed the destitute boys and girls of his mission. A full name and address followed. The German children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note won a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them until, by and by, the children learned to know the missionary and his little black waifs almost as well as they knew the beloved stork that had proved so trusty a messenger.—*Christian Herald.*





Ejaculatory Prayer

Ira Frantz

Text: Lord, save me. Matt. 14: 30.

It was a moment of failure—and peril. Peter had attempted to walk on the water but the great waves were too much for his faith. He was sinking. There was but one thing left for him to do and that he did. "Lord, save me!" he prayed.

Now look at this prayer. Is it not true prayer? Does it not recognize the helplessness of the supplicant and the gracious power of him to whom it is offered? Yet it is not formal. There is no time for formalities here, no time for long preliminaries, no time for praises, for confessions, nor for any unnecessary words. No time for Amen! It is the cry of a needy soul and in the hour of extreme need. Yet it is prayer and it has its answer. The Lord reached out his hand and saved Peter.

The utterance of this cry at this time and in these words was the most perfectly natural thing Peter could have done. He was in dire need of immediate help and he knew it. He was conscious also of the presence of his Helper. Inpulsively and instinctively comes the prayer.

There are times without number in the life and experience of every Christian when if he be in close, abiding fellowship with God he will use this exclamatory form of prayer as impulsively as did Peter at this time. An unexpected difficulty suddenly looms up before him. He needs help. He has already in his daily devotions asked for strength to meet all difficulties, yet at this time, unplanned and unbidden, his heart offers up, perhaps audibly, perhaps silently, the prayer, "Lord help me."

But why this? Shall he not have the needed aid on the strength of his previous prayers? Most assuredly so—if he can receive it. Must not Peter's hand have gone out to meet the helping one reached out to save him? Must not my heart look up to receive the divine aid proffered me? How then shall it look up if it be not expectant and how shall the heart of man be expectant if it be not reminded again and again of its dependence? And when thus reminded how can it keep back the cry?

Then when in the strength of God the difficulty has been met and successfully surmounted shall not man's gratitude be great enough that he will treat his God as common courtesy demands that he treat his fellows—express his thanks?

Such ejaculations of prayer and praise are but the manifestations of a life of constant communion with God. Indeed, we can scarcely conceive of a life of close touch with the Father that will be otherwise than a continual looking to him for aid, in times of greatest need calling on him for it, and a continual thanksgiving—at times so overflowing that the soul cannot contain itself but fervently exclaims, "O Father, I thank thee!" This is the "pray-without-ceasing" life.

Closet prayer is the preparation for the battle; ejaculatory prayer is the reloading of the gun in the thick of the fight. Closet prayer is the long, sweet communion with the Father alone: ejaculatory prayer is the frequent exchange of a loving word or look in the midst of the noisy voices about us. Closet prayer acquaints the soul with God and establishes a harmony between it and him: ejaculatory prayer is the evidence and the result of this harmony.

Would you have a blessed sense of God's nearness at all times? Call upon him often. Would you have strength for every trial? Call upon him for it. It matters not where you are—behind the counter, at the desk, on the plow, in the schoolroom—he is there, just as near to you as he was to Peter. Pray even as you struggle with the great waves of difficulty. By praying we learn to pray. Soon it comes to be as natural to talk thus to God as to talk with a friend at our side. Then when again we enter the closet for the quiet hour alone with God we do not come to a stranger. Nay, we come to that One who has been right at our side the whole day long and has shared every struggle and every joy—One who knows the whole story—One who is our Friend. How sweet to talk it all over with him then!

SNOWDROP SPIRIT.

Under the ground awoke a little flower and started to push its way up through the soil. The people on the earth had been passing through a long and dreary winter and were longing for something fresh and fair.

Now the snowdrop was a frail little thing and it

found the ground very hard, for the gardener had not softened it by his springtime digging. But it was not discouraged, pushing on though the earth and stones hurt. As soon as it reached the air, its experiences were terrible. Cold gray clouds frowned upon it from the sky; cold north winds blew upon it fiercely; sharp sleet struck it again and again. The sun sometimes warmed it a little, but soon hurried away, leaving it chilled, and in the dark. What a cold welcome the world gave it; surely it thought it was not wanted, but it kept bravely on until its fair, white blossom grew and cheered the hearts of many who came that way.

Sometimes you offer a kind service, and it is received coldly, as when a stranger sharply refuses the hymn-book you offer him. Then have the snowdrop spirit, and instead of being discouraged, keep right on offering your hymn-book to a stranger the next time you have a chance. If you do a good deed, and somebody frowns upon you, have the snowdrop spirit, and do another like. If you speak the truth and suffer for it, do not be disheartened, but keep bravely on. Do not let others' frowns or criticism, or coldness, or indifference, chill you and make you give up; but be like a snowdrop on a chilly, dreary spring day.—*Bible Record.*

THE PLURALITY OF PRAYER.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father" (Luke 11:2). Only lately have I come to see that this is the Savior's meaning. There are times, of course, in the loneliness of pain and in the great crises of life, when prayer may be individualistic; but, as a rule, when *alone* with God, prayer should be communal, socialistic, plural. Merge the "I," "my," "me," into "we," "our," "us."

First, because it stimulates our thought-force, freshens our ideas, gives us surprises, and gets us out of the dreary round of common places to bring the vagrant into the circle of our guests at the mercy-seat.

Second, the psychological process of prayer (plural). The imagination begins to play. We look behind a man's skin, get into his world; imagination draws out sympathy, and we begin to shoulder his burden; the two together urge us to chivalrous crusades, mighty enterprise.

Third, we get under the burden of others. Andrew Bonar once locked himself in his empty church and prayed for every seat-holder from his own seat. The next Sunday a great revival began. Christ *bare* the sin of many and from under the load, made intercession. We pray for India, China and Sheffield, but do we ever get them on our hearts first? In prayer for your boy, do you get into his world, look through his windows, see his devil and so pray? This is our side of prayer, but where does God come in? This is the very root of prayer. You *cut tracks* for God, become spiritual narvies for digging channels, bringing the river of life up to the very souls for whom you pray. Dig away, coworker with God.

Prayer then is no child's play, though the most beautiful thing on earth is the plurality of a child's prayer. It is the most serious business of life.—*Extracts Taken from Bombay Guardian.*

ACQUAINTED WITH ALL MY WAYS.

Recently the king of England visited Norwich to lay the foundation stone of a new hospital. Thousands of school children greeted the king and sang for him. Soon after King Edward had passed the multitude of children a teacher saw a little girl crying. She asked. "Why are you crying, did you not see the king?" The little girl sobbed out. "Yes, but please, teacher, the king *did not see me.*"

True enough. An earthly king cannot see nor watch over each individual. But blessed be God our Lord in Glory, while we do not see him with our natural eyes, constantly seeth us. No child of God needs to complain as that child did. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "I know them." "He calleth his own sheep by names." "Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." How many more blessed scriptures might be added, all assuring us that the watchful, loving eye of our gracious and almighty Lord are upon us individually. Take this old, yet ever new and blessed truth with you, dear reader, for every day of the new year. Have it real, through the Holy Spirit's power, that the Lord's loving eye rests upon you. It will help to keep your feet in the straight path. It will change your sorrow into joy.—*Our Hope.*

I KNOW IN WHOM I BELIEVE.

"Son of Man, whenever I doubt of life, I think of thee. Nothing is so impossible as that thou shouldest be dead. I can imagine the hills to dissolve in vapor, and the stars to melt in smoke, and the rivers to empty themselves in sheer exhaustion; but I feel no limit in thee. Thou never growest old to me. Last century is old, last year is old, last season is an obsolete fashion; but thou are not obsolete. Thou art abreast of all the centuries, nay, thou goest before them like the star. I have never come up with thee, modern as I am. Thy picture is at home in every land. A thousand have fallen at its side, but it has kept its bloom; old Jerusalem, old Rome, new Rome—it has been young amid them all. Therefore, when oppressed by the sight of death, I shall turn to thee. I shall see my immortality in thee. I shall read the possibilities of my soul in thee. I shall measure the promise of my manhood by thee. I shall comfort myself by the impossible conclusion 'If there be no immortality, Christ is dead.'"—*Henry Churchill King.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Instructions have been issued by President Taft to Attorney General Wickersham to enforce prosecutions for violations of liquor laws in Kansas, in compliance with the request of Gov. Stubbs.

By a vote of 10 to 7, two Republicans voting with five Democrats against the measure, the House committee on merchant marine and fisheries reported favorably on the administration ship subsidy bill.

Here in America a five-cent fare seems cheap enough, but in London recently there was inaugurated a much lower rate on one of the subways which runs to the suburb town of North Finchley, the fare being but half a cent.

For $3,250,000 H. C. Frick has sold to the Marshall Field Company of Chicago the corner of Fifth Avenue and Grant Street in Pittsburg. The Field Company will at once erect a 26-story department store to cost $6,000,000.

Making flights in Farman biplanes and both carrying passengers, Aviators Efitoff and Vanderborn broke the Wright record at Mourmelon, France, Feb. 1. The former remained in the air 1 hour and 37 minutes and the latter 1 hour and 50 minutes.

Demand made by 32,000 firemen employed on 60 railroads for an increase of 18 to 25 per cent in wages has been turned down by the railroad managers. W. S. Carter, a representative of the men, says that while the roads have rejected the demands they are willing to arbitrate the questions at issue.

Suit has been instituted by the State of Mississippi against the Hines Lumber Company to force that company to give up $6,000,000 worth of land. The law only allows a corporation to hold $1,000,000 of land in the State. In every county in the State where the company owns lands attachments have been issued.

Three meteorites, the largest in the world, have been sold by Mrs. Robert E. Peary to Mrs. Jessup, widow of Morris K. Jessup, for $50,000. The meteorites were brought by Commander Peary from the Arctics. The largest weighs 80,000 pounds and the two others 20,000 pounds. Mrs. Jessup presented them to the American Museum of Natural History. For years Arctic explorers noticing that the Eskimos used metal-tipped implements and weapons asked where the metal came from. Their only answer was "the iron mountain." After many trips Peary found out the location of the iron mountain, which proved to consist of three great meteors, 90 per cent pure iron. After great difficulty and considerable danger, they were taken aboard ship and brought to New York.

By sustaining the finding of the lower court in fining the Alhambra theater, New York City, $500 for keeping open on Sunday the Supreme Court has declared valid the city ordinance to close amusement places on Sunday. It is felt that the decision, which was written by Justice McLoughlin, will affect all theaters.

The Italian government, as a result of many complaints, is taking active measures to stop the traffic in children, which amounts almost to slavery. Many Italian parents, it is found, will for a small sum rent out their children, who are taken generally to France to serve in the glass works and other factories. They are ill-treated by their masters, who stint their food and then overwork them.

In spite of the fact that 1,500 of his machinists are on strike, Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Works, announces that he is going ahead with huge extensions to the works, and contracts for a number of new shops have been let. It is also stated that Schwab and Charles P. Taft, brother of the President, have gone into partnership to erect a $5,000,000 fabricating mill near Bethlehem.

At the April elections nearly all towns in Illinois will vote on the liquor question. In Springfield alone there are 215 saloons. At the April elections two years ago 918 Illinois townships voted liquor out, while 219 went wet. Danville, the home of Speaker Cannon, with 93 saloons, will vote this spring on the local option question as will Decatur, Rockford, Galesburg, Bloomington, Lincoln, Elgin, Havana and Carlinville. In some of these towns there are as many as 86 saloons.

An examination has shown that the famous old Rialto bridge over the Grand Canal in Venice is in danger of falling, and it has been decided to strengthen it with iron and concrete work. The weakening of the bridge is laid to the little shops or stores built on it. The local government did not want to abolish these shops as they bring in a large rental to the city, and are a great attraction to tourists. The bridge was built in 1588, and consists of a single marble arch 75 feet long resting on a foundation of 250 wooden piles.

A formal announcement that the Peary Arctic Club of New York and the National Geographic Society of Washington will coöperate in an expedition in search of the south pole, has been made by Commander Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the north pole. Announcement of this fact was made Feb. 2 by the board of managers of the Geographic society. It was proposed by Peary that the expedition be made on the steamship Roosevelt, used by Peary in his north polar exploration, starting next fall, with the idea of reaching the south pole by December 31, 1911.

A special envoy from Japan is in this country investigating goats' milk as an infants' food. "Many of our best-known medical men," he says, "are of the opinion that tuberculosis is transmitted from cows to children by means of milk, so we have decided to return to the old-fashioned method of getting it from goats."

In his testimony before the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce J. C. Lincoln of St. Louis, president of the National Industrial Traffic League, told of the practice of railroads, which, he said, existed, of cutting freight rates to put the water competition out of business and then, when the competition had been destroyed putting the rail rates back again.

Because Col. Goethals believes in military rule George A. Porter, cousin of former President Roosevelt, has been forced to resign as chief of police of the Panama canal zone. Porter appealed to President Taft, but was ignored. When Roosevelt appointed Porter he told him to clean the zone of objectionable characters. In a year he had made 5,000 arrests and 90 per cent were convicted.

The publicity feature of the corporation tax law is to become operative, but is to be interpreted liberally by the departments, according to a decision just reached by President Taft. The President, in the course of a conference with S. S. Meads, secretary of the Merchants' Association of New York, told Meads that he would not sanction any change in the corporation tax law.

A new study, designed to give the members of the class a thorough knowledge of a railroad, has been added to the list at the University of Michigan. Fourteen seniors have already elected to take this course and many letters have been addressed to the university authorities by experienced railroad men who desire to attain a higher theoretical knowledge of the business. In the schedule as laid out economics and mathematics take an important rank, and considerable attention is paid to law. Many experienced railroad men will lecture to the class during the year.

That scores of cotton mills will move from England to America and locate in the South because of the recent English election, which resulted in the refusal of England to impose a tariff on cotton, was announced recently in New Orleans in a statement issued by the industrial houses. The mills will move from Lancashire to Mississippi. The James Mason's Sons company will be the first to enter the general movement, and will establish mills in some central Mississippi point, moving three hundred or four hundred looms. The firm manufactures cotton cloths, and depends largely on American merchants for its trade.

In an effort to check emigration from Sweden, King Gustav has approved a plan for a series of national plays in Swedish theaters, to awaken a more patriotic feeling among the people. The enterprise will be pushed with especial vigor at Gottenberg, where most emigrants bound for America embark. The King says that emigration has for years drained Sweden of a large proportion of its best and most enterprising blood. The recent general strike which ended with many high-class workingmen out of positions, and a still larger number dissatisfied with labor conditions in Sweden, has given a decided impetus to emigration.

Scientists at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington have succeeded in getting wireless telephone communication between Washington and Boston. The sound of the voice, they say, is even more distinctly heard than over the wire system. It takes, however, about four times as much power by the wireless method to send a message.

Followers of horse racing in New York are alarmed over the activity of the men and women who have been fighting race track betting. From Albany comes the report that there is to be a concerted movement to have the bills which will kill oral betting at the race tracks forced through the Legislature, and it is stated in sporting circles that the officials of the Jockey club, who have consulted State Senator Sullivan regarding the chances of the bill, found him none too certain that Gov. Hughes and the reform element will not be able to force it through.

Austrian diplomats are refusing to join in the optimism expressed by other European powers regarding the trouble between Turkey and Greece. Turkey's note to the powers, which was a virtual request for the reoccupation of Crete, is considered as a feeble blind to veil her military preparations, which are declared to be proceeding with great vigor. M. Kallergris, the new Greek foreign minister, is said to be planning to force the hand of the military league at an early day. It is said that the dispatch of the British fleet from Malta is to effect a blockade of Greece in case of trouble.

Some weeks ago there arrived in Washington as a gift to the United States from the city of Tokyo a number of cherry trees, for the beauty of which Japan is famous. There were 2,000 of them, and President and Mrs. Taft had intended that they should be set out for decorative purposes in Potomac Park, one of the new parks of the capital. But the agricultural department, where the trees were stored pending the time for setting out has declared that they are filled with dangerous parasites of several varieties. Besides this they are in no condition for replanting, being entirely too large, and, in most cases, the roots having been cut so the tree would not live. The trees will be destroyed.

Following the recent attack on amateur wireless telegraph operators, which has resulted in the presenting of a bill before Congress to limit their activities, the amateurs are banding themselves together to resist any action which would interfere with their liberties. They claim that any experienced operator can pick out from a dozen sets of signals sent at the same time the one which he wishes to hear as each operator has his own characteristic method of sending a message which is as easily recognizable as the voice of one man in a crowd. Also that if the professionals care to go to the expense of installing the necessary apparatus they can cut out all the signals except those they wish to receive. While there are many thousands of amateur stations in this country very few of them are capable of transmitting a message more than a few miles and hence the amateur trouble is not to be gaged by the number of amateur stations but only by the number of those few stations which can transmit to over a hundred or two hundred miles.



Among the Magazines



THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part,
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art,
The scientist pursues his germs
O'er this terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ship,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk,
The broker reads the tape,
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth
To fit the human shape,
The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine or call,
Or drive, or dance, or promenade,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shining tools,
The merchant shows his wares,
The aeronaut above the clouds
A dizzy journey dares;
But art and science soon would fade,
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.

—Leslie's Weekly.

THE POSTAL DEFICIT.

President Taft's assertion that the carrying of newspaper and periodical mail by the government results in a loss of $63,000,000 a year and that it costs nine cents a pound to handle this matter, whereas the publishers pay only one cent, is stirring up a great deal of discussion. His suggestion that the magazines and general periodicals should pay a much larger postage rate is of course eliciting a loud squeal from that quarter.

The fact is, the postal service has always been run on such an unbusinesslike basis that even an expert gifted with second sight could not tell whether any particular branch of the service has paid or not. The president says it costs nine cents a pound to carry second-class mail, yet Third Assistant Postmaster General Lawshe in his report puts the cost as perhaps less than two and a half cents and at most not over four.

The postal commission appointed by congress stated in its report: "The postoffice department is not now and never has been able to furnish statistics as to the cost of the various classes of mail matter, class by class, for the reason that it makes no provision for the separation of the operating expenses between the classes." This shows a great divergence of views on the subject, even among those supposed to know most about it.

Of the 22,000 or so periodicals in this country, nearly 14,000 are country weeklies, which enjoy the special privilege of circulating postage free within their county. The loss on this score must be heavy, and it helps to make up that big postal deficit. Then government officials also have a dead-head arrangement by which they can send matter postage free. It is urged that this is only a small matter, but as the postal commission reported, there is really no way to separate these items.

There is no doubt that the government loses in the first instance in carrying second-class mail so cheap. But it's the people who get the benefit of the low rate, in cheaper periodicals and subscriptions, and the postal service is supposed to be conducted in the interest of the people. Moreover, the publication of periodicals stimulates a vast volume of other postal matter, which is very profitable to the government. Cut off the cheap periodical postage and the revenue from all classes of mail will be reduced.

Nevertheless, we ourselves would be very willing to see the second-class postage rate materially increased. We believe that nine-tenths of the stuff printed and circulated ought never to see the light of day. Many periodicals are primarily advertising enterprises which could never exist on their merits, and in fairness they should pay several times the present postal rate. We would be glad to pay the increased rate if it were applied to all alike. But at the same time the free-postage graft should be abolished and the postal service should be run on a business basis.

Then of course the parcels post should be established. The postoffice department charges 16 cents a pound for carrying small packages of merchandise within this country, and only 12 cents a pound for packages from and to foreign countries carried much farther; why this distinction in favor of the foreigner? The express companies are rolling up big profits on business that ought to be done by the government. We boast of our democratic government, yet even the monarchical countries of Europe do more for their people in the way of parcels posts and postal savings banks than our government does. Our government needs to be more paternal in some ways —and less in others.—The Pathfinder.

INDIA'S GENTLE REVOLUTIONARIES.

Those of our readers who are interested in India, her struggles and her hopes, and have heard with horror of the assassinations perpetrated by Hindu revolutionaries will be interested in some extracts from the great organ of Indian nationalism. This paper is so much dreaded by the British Government that those in whose possession it is found are liable to imprisonment or deportation. We hope the quotations we make below will not put our readers under the British ban. It must be said for this Hindu sheet that its argumentative and political tone contrasts favorably with the language of European

Socialist papers, or some former organs of Irish Home Rule, and it seems to appeal in a mild and philosophical tone to the dreamers and idealists rather than to the practical minds of the country.

Evidently the Indian reformers, who work largely under ground, are taking themselves seriously and earnestly as "nation-builders." "Young India is engaged in the difficult task of nation-building," says the Bande Mataram (Geneva), the organ of the revolutionary party. While published in Switzerland this paper is widely circulated in Bengal and other Indian provinces, altho its circulation is expressly prohibited by the British Government. In the article from which we quote an effort is made to show that India may still be a united nation, although its population is made up of a diversity of races and creeds. Unity of religion is no assurance of political freedom for India, we read:

"Even if India belonged to one religion and to one denomination of that religion, political freedom could not be guaranteed, for the Mohammedans have one faith and yet Delhi has fallen: the Marhattas are all Hindus and yet the Union Jack floats over Poona and the few remaining Marhatta princes are feudatories: the Sikhs profess one creed and form a closely-knit sect and yet Lahore is under the sway of the Feringhees, and Sikh states have themselves contributed to this fatal consummation."

Some thinkers, European and Asiatic, have laid down the maxim that "India can not obtain salvation" without a common language. This is absurd, declares the Bande Mataram. A common language can not form the basis of nationality, as is proved by the cases of Burma, Poland, and Ireland. The writer proceeds to state what constitutes a true nationality:

"And now we come to the crux of the problem of nation-building. The riddle can be solved only when we learn the great truth that the political question in India is at bottom an ethical question. Similarity in religion or language can give us external uniformity but not unity. Uniformity in national habits and external appearance is not the same thing as national unity in politics. The former is mechanical, formal, external; the latter is spiritual and internal. Uniformity is visible, patent, and continuous; unity is latent, is fed from unseen sources, and changes from age to age. Uniformity is the shell: unity the kernel. Uniformity is the form, the garment, the body of the State: unity is the spirit, the moving principle, the essence of its vitality.

"Let us always remember that national unity is a moral unity, a unity of aim and endeavor and aspiration, and that it can therefore be attained only by a process of moral growth. What every subject people lacks is conscience."

More pointed, as an incitement to rebellion, is the following counsel, mild and gentle as it is:

"Now we have found the root-cause of political subjection. It is not diversity of languages and creeds. It is want of conscience—it is the love of life, and the love of the pleasures of life.

"This is a message of hope. For differences of creed and language will always exist among the Indians. But conscience is a thing that all can possess. If we obtained that life-giving charm, no Indian would serve the British: no Indian would betray his comrades or quarrel with them on personal grounds. And on the positive side, every Indian would be ready to sacrifice his life and every pleasure of life for the sake of justice. Then British rule will be impossible, and India will enjoy peace and plenty for ages to come."—Literary Digest.

EFFECT OF THE TARIFF ON PRICES.

There are many believers in the doctrine that the United States high customs tariff explains the rising prices.

That a high and protective tariff explains high prices, for many commodities, may be easily shown. That the present range of duties accounts for the recent great rise in general prices, is an untenable proposition.

Such facts as these confront those who believe that the tariff is the cause of rising prices: (1) Prices have rapidly risen in free-trade Great Britain also. (2) The United States custom duties have been much the same since the days of the Civil War. With the exception of depression years, during the days of the abortive Wilson bill, high protection has been the deliberate policy since the middle seventies. Yet the tendency of general prices was downward from 1875 to 1896. (3) Some of the great rises have occurred in the prices of such commodities as the cereals, where the duty is only nominal, and lumber, where the $2 per-thousand-feet is very low. (4) While the tariff rates have remained uniform, the commodity prices have been widely variant. For example, the duty on wheat has not changed since 1890, from 25 cents per bushel, except under the Wilson bill, when it was 20 per cent ad valorem; yet during the last twenty years wheat has fluctuated between its lowest annual average price, $.5587 per bushel in 1894, to its highest annual average price of $1.039 per bushel in 1904.

The high protective tariff doubtless compels consuming America to pay higher rates for many goods than it would have to pay were the duties lowered or abolished. It does not appear, however, that there should be added to this heavy charge against the tariff the additional count that it has any direct causal relation to the recent rising prices.

The tariff system is thought by some to be indirectly responsible for the rise in prices because it has fostered trusts. It offered such lucrative opportunities for domestic manufacturers that too many enterprises were launched. Bitter competition followed. To avoid this competition, and to prevent producers' losses, the great industrial combinations were formed.

Once formed, and in substantial control each of its own kind of product for the whole of the United States, the trusts are greatly aided by the high tariff. They can take full advantage of the protective duty margin. The home consumer loses his only safeguard against extortion prices, for the former real competition in each protected industrial field disappears as the trusts develop. The tariff, then, may be said to furnish the conditions under which the industrial trust may thrive and may have the magnificent American home market at its mercy.—From "Why Should the Cost of Living Increase?" by Walter E. Clark, in the American Review of Reviews for February.

A WALLED CITY.

(Continued from Page 153.)

through your keeper, and confine your conversation to religious and educational matters.

"Rule 13. On entering the Warden House, or the office of the Commissioner, Warden or Deputy, you must remove your cap, unless your duties are such that you have special permission to remain covered.

"Rule 14. When the signal is given Sunday morn-

ing to turn out for chapel service, you will step out promptly if you desire to attend. If not, you are required to remain in your cell and keep quiet. In chapel you must sit with arms folded, and silence must be observed, no reading will be allowed. Strict attention must be given to the service. Spitting upon the floor, or shuffling of the feet, or any unnecessary noise, is strictly forbidden.

"Rule 15. You are required to bathe once a week in summer and once in two weeks in winter, unless excused by the Warden, Deputy or Physician.

"Rule 16. On entering the prison you will receive three tickets, which will entitle you, so long as you strictly obey the foregoing rules, to the following privileges, viz.:

1. One ration of tobacco a week.
2. Permission to write once in five weeks.
3. Permission to see friends once in eight weeks.

You are permitted to receive such papers as the Warden may approve. In case of special letters, written permission must be obtained from the Warden or Deputy.

All letters written or received must first be examined at the office, under direction of the Warden, before being sent or delivered.

All the above privileges depend upon good behavior, and you will be deprived of one or all of them for bad conduct. The use of library books depends upon the care you take to keep them scrupulously neat and clean.

If your conduct has been good during the entire term of your imprisonment, you have a right to ask for a certificate of good conduct on the day of the expiration of your term of imprisonment. This certificate recommends you to the Governor for restoration to citizenship, and by forwarding it to him with your postoffice address, after your final discharge, restoration papers will be mailed to you from his office."

SCHOOL PROGRESS OF A BLIND BOY.

THE first blind boy to be graduated from the Boston public grammar schools has made a record which would be a brilliant one even for a boy in full possession of his eyesight.

William Clement Plunkett is thirteen years old. Because he was totally blind he received no instruction of any kind, except in talking, until he was nine years of age. Then his parents procured books in raised letters and taught him something of reading, writing, arithmetic and history. The boy displayed wonderful quickness of mind, and a memory which retained almost everything he learned.

In less than a year his father who is an officer of the U. S. Navy, stationed at Boston, thought him qualified to enter the city grammar schools. The Superintendent laughed at the idea, saying that it was impossible for a blind boy to keep up with the work; but at last was persuaded to give him a trial of two or three weeks at the Agassiz school. The boy entered at the fifth grade. Within a week he had shown his ability to keep up with the smartest boys in his class. He had two double promotions and graduated from the Agassiz school in three years. He has now entered the Boston Latin School as a second-year student and stands at or near the head of his classes. Yet he has never seen a printed page and must depend upon his ears and his fingers as his only means of learning his lessons.—*Educational Bulletin.*

GOVERNOR HUGHES TO TEACHERS.

"I LOOK back today to about 40 years ago to a public school, to a certain woman who taught me in the school, in tracing one of the most important influences in my own life. Now if this college is to be a success and realize its purpose the teaching here must be inspirational. We must have our methods of pedagogy shot through with the genuine devotion of those who are more anxious to have pupils desirous to learn than they are solicitous about their knowing a particular thing, who are more anxious that there should be a genuine love of truth and a determination to ascertain what is really so than that any particular lesson should be mastered."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Between Whiles

An Unknown Tongue.—Mr. Howard was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk, as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day he went into a music store to buy the music of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up, and to him Mr. Howard said in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.—Washington Star.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column. Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

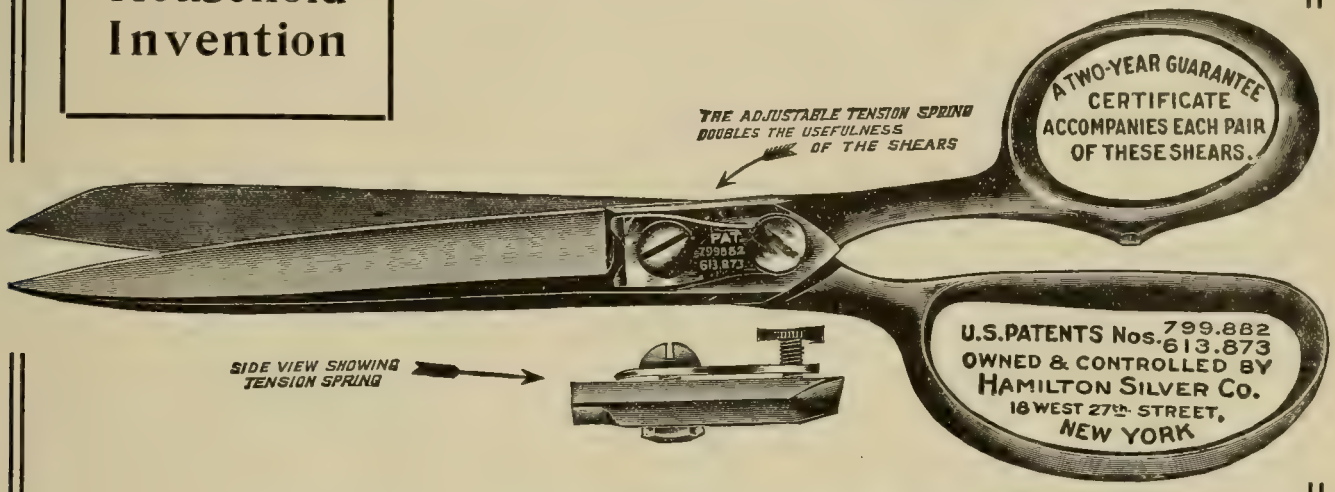
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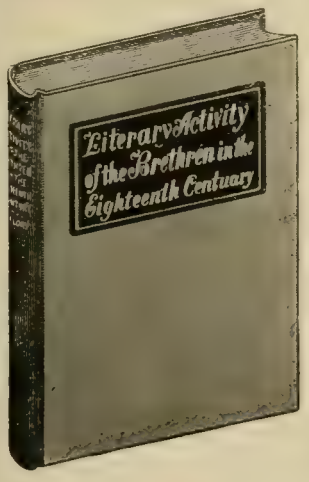
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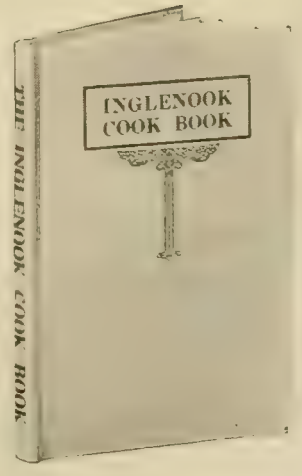


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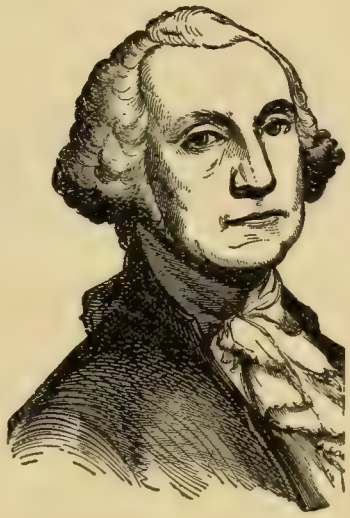
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THE INGLENOOK

For February 22, 1910



"He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for a regal vest, or don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington."

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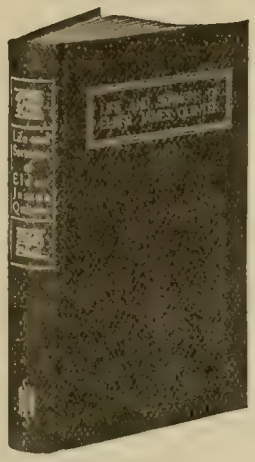
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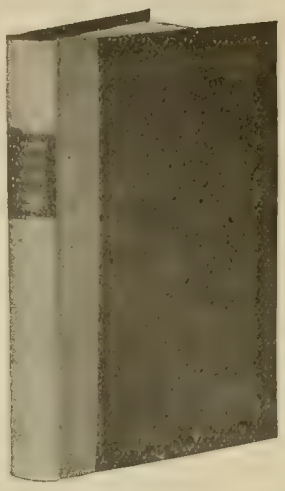
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OF THE

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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

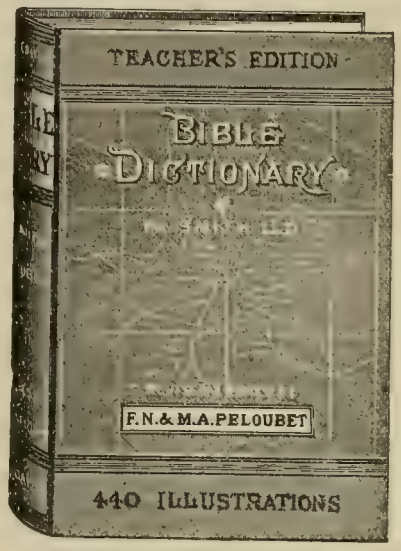
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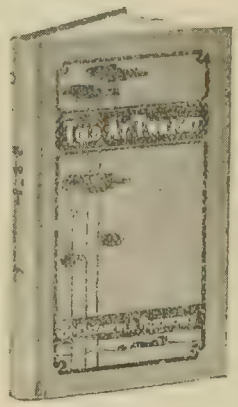
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. February 22, 1910. No. 8.

Character Study With Hawthorne

Prof. Otho Winger, Manchester College, Indiana

V. Hester Prynne and the Scarlet Letter.

HESTER PRYNNE had committed a great sin and had fallen into the hands of the stern, Puritan fathers of New England for judgment. Her illegitimate child was some three months old when her punishment was to take place. Touched with more sympathy than usual, the magistrates had commuted the usual custom of hanging for this offense to that of standing for three hours on the platform of the public pillory in the market place. It was further decreed that Hester Prynne should on that day and forever after, wear upon the bosom of her dress a scarlet letter—the badge of her ignominy and a warning to all in the future.

On a summer morning there had collected before the Boston jail a great crowd with a morbid curiosity to see the unfortunate woman. Various opinions were held regarding her, but, as is usually the case, the women were the most unmerciful in condemning their unfortunate sister. When the door of the jail was opened and Hester was led forth by the town beadle, those who had known her were surprised. Instead of seeing her shriveled up and obscured by a cloud, they were struck by her singular beauty, and the scarlet letter, A, which she had wrought upon the bosom of her dress in a most artistic manner, seemed to impart a magic charm to its wearer. The young woman was tall, with dark and abundant hair, and a beautiful face that had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She had never appeared more ladylike than in this hour of her great shame.

Hester instinctively shrank back from the gaze of the curious and unsympathizing crowd, but realizing that there was no escape she nerved herself for the ordeal and carried her child to the scaffold. When at last she appeared to the open view of that stern and somber multitude—for their character forbade any frivolous jesting—where she was denied the privilege of hiding her shameful head, the situation became almost unendurable.

Alone in suffering, her mind wandered through the vistas of the past to her old home in England where the scenes of her childhood and the faces of loved ones came crowding upon her. Especially did she see in her vision "a man well stricken in years, a pale, thin, scholarlike visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamplight that had served them to pore over many ponderous books." Recalling herself from these meditations it was difficult for her to realize the contrast between her former happy life and her present disgrace.

Just then she discerned on the outskirts of the crowd a figure resembling the one she had just pictured so vividly in her mind. It was none other than her own husband, who years before had come to America to seek a fortune for himself and his bride. He had long been a captive among the Indians and at this very hour was brought to the colony to arrange for his ransom. Here he unexpectedly recognized upon the scaffold his young wife, who had crossed the ocean without his knowledge and had been brought to a most degraded lot by some lover, who had not the strength of character to share her punishment.

The admirable character of Hester is portrayed in her steadfast refusal to reveal the name of her guilty partner, even though her noted pastor, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, advised her to do so, if she thought best. A little later when her husband interviewed her in prison she resolutely resisted his demands to know the culprit's name. Not through her would the man be known. She was ready to suffer the full penalty alone unless he had the courage to reveal himself. In this interview between Hester and her husband it appears that their marriage was the result of his earnest solicitation. He now upbraided himself for his persistence of a union that was wholly incompatible. He declared that the time would come when he would know her lover's name, and he warned her not to reveal who her husband was for he now purposed to live and die unknown. She promised to keep her husband's secret as she had kept that of her lover.

After her release from prison, Hester, with her in-

fant child, took up her residence in an abandoned cottage on the outskirts of the town. Her only means of support was her needle. Of her ability and skill there was needed no greater proof than the curiously wrought letter that she wore upon her bosom. For some strange reason the townspeople were very ready to have her do their sewing—though in everything else she was shunned. "Her needlework was seen on the ruff of the governor; military men wore it on their scarfs, and the minister on his band; it decked the little baby's cap; it was shut up, to be mildewed and moulder away, in the coffins of the dead. But it is not recorded that, in a single instance, her skill was called in aid to embroider the white veil which was to cover the pure blushes of a bride. The exception indicated the ever-relentless vigor with which society frowned upon her sin."

Time speedily passed and the infant grew. "Hester had named it 'Pearl' as being of great price—purchased with all she had—her mother's only treasure." Pearl soon became a most serious problem to her mother. She had wayward tendencies that gave Hester all the more pain because she felt that they were the result of a broken law. One of the first things to attract the child's notice was the scarlet letter on her mother's breast. Her many questions and her knowing remarks about it sent many a pang to Hester's bleeding heart. But even then the child seemed to her the only influence that kept her from falling entirely into the power of Satan. And when the rumor went abroad that the town fathers contemplated taking the child away from her, she made a special visit to the governor to plead her cause. Here she met Mr. Dimmesdale, together with her husband. The former at Hester's earnest request interceded with the governor in her behalf. She felt that she could not live without her child; and though she had been a great sinner, yet her experience had prepared her all the more to be a good teacher of Pearl.

Pearl was now seven years old. Hester, with the scarlet letter upon her breast, had long been a familiar object to the townspeople. Her blameless purity of life during these years caused her to become better thought of everywhere. Wherever help was needed, there Hester was found and welcomed. Even her badge of shame became transformed into a symbol of ability to help the needy. "It had the effect of the cross on the nun's bosom. It imparted to the wearer a kind of sacredness, which enabled her to walk securely amid all peril."

She was everywhere called upon and was ready to help. When Governor Winthrop died she was given the work of making his burial robe. It was on her homeward journey with little Pearl at midnight that she found her lover at the public pillory, secretly doing penance for the sin of which the people never dreamed that he could be guilty. It was here that she learned that her husband, who had gone under the name of Roger Chillingworth, was pursuing her lover in such a manner and with such hatred that he was sure to overcome his victim. She then sought an interview with Roger and begged mercy for the unfortunate man he was tormenting. She found that her former husband had so long pursued his vindictive course that he was now transformed into a fiend. She never had loved him; now she hated him.

Her meeting with her lover in the forest, their heart-to-heart talk and plans for the future, how those plans were thwarted, and how her guilty lover died in the act of a public confession will be told in the next article.

Roger Chillingworth did not long survive the loss of his object of hatred and torment. He died within a year, leaving a large fortune to little Pearl who became the richest heiress of that day. Shortly afterward the mother and daughter disappeared and nothing authentic could be heard from them. After many years a tall woman came to the deserted cottage and took up her abode. Hester Prynne had returned but did not bring Pearl. Gossip had it, and many facts seemed to prove it, that Pearl had married an European prince and was honored and happy.

"But there was a more real life for Hester Prynne, here, in New England, than in that unknown region where Pearl had found a home. Here had been her sin; here, her sorrow; and here was yet to be her penitence. She had returned, therefore, and resumed—of her own free will—the symbol of which we have related so dark a tale. Never afterwards did it quit her bosom. But, in the lapse of the toilsome, thoughtful, and self-devoted years that made up Hester's life, the scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and bitterness, and became a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too. And, as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble."

* * *

The Science of Agriculture

John Woodard

AGRICULTURE is a very broad subject. It is divided into several lesser subjects, each of which is again subdivided for teaching purposes. Some people do not realize this. They seem to think one man can teach everything about agriculture and the students can learn it all in a year or two or, at least, in four years. These people would be surprised to learn that there are forty-four men in the University of Illinois

teaching strictly agricultural subjects. This does not include the teachers of Household Science nor teachers of allied sciences. A prominent professor of agriculture recently said that there was no man that knew all about agriculture. He said that each knew but a part and each taught what he knew. No man attempts to cover the entire field. After one has a general idea of the entire field, he picks out some branch and specializes on that.

One thing that makes the study of scientific subjects interesting is the opportunity to discover something new. No science is complete. Even mathematics offers opportunities to discover new truths. In no science is there greater opportunity for the investigator to discover new truths than in agriculture. Agiculture as a subject for instruction has developed within the last half century. The first teachers of agriculture had to manufacture their subject before they could teach it. A great deal has been discovered but the work has just begun.

Agriculture is an applied science. It takes the results of the experiments of the chemists, biologists, and geologists and applies them to the problems of agriculture. It is necessary then that an agricultural student have a fair knowledge of these other sciences. So we find courses in these subjects in all agricultural schools. Part of the farmer's work is with plants, so he must know something about botany. He also works with animals, so he must have some knowledge about zoölogy. Insect pests must be combated, so a knowledge of entomology is a great advantage.

The farmer deals with the soil, so he should know how it is formed, what the different elements of which it is composed are, and from what rocks they were made. It is also well to know what kind of rocks give good soils on decomposition and the relation of topography to agriculture. These things he learns in geology.

Chemical changes are continually going on on the farm. Plant growth and animal growth are the results of continual chemical changes. Soil is formed through chemical changes and it is continually being changed to some extent by chemical changes. The farmer should know something about these changes, so the study of chemistry is necessary.

The principal branches of agriculture are agronomy, animal husbandry, dairying, and horticulture. Veterinary science and forestry may be considered as branches of agriculture or as separate sciences. Some knowledge of veterinary science is almost indispensable to the farmer and some knowledge of forestry is a good thing. Agricultural chemistry may be considered either as a branch of agriculture or of chemistry. It is applied analytical chemistry and the farmer should know something about it.

Agronomy is the study of the field. It considers both the soil and the crops. Different crops are studied, methods of planting, cultivation and harvesting. How to keep up the fertility of the land, the use of fertilizers, and manures are studied. The physical condition of the land,—how it is affected by cultivation, and the amount of humus in the soil,—is also considered.

Under horticulture we have a study of orchard fruits, garden crops, and flowers. Some study is also made of greenhouses and their management. Animal husbandry treats of the different breeds of live stock, their feeding and breeding. Also how to judge the different breeds. Dairying is studied from the standpoint of the farmer and the butter and cheese-maker. The student learns how to produce milk economically and how to make it into high quality butter and cheese.

It is quite evident that no one attempts to learn all about all these subjects. He couldn't to it. It would be impossible. The amount of work on these different subjects required of the student varies with different schools. All require some chemistry and biology and, usually, some geology. Some work is usually required in all the strictly agricultural subjects. All the required work takes about three-fourths of the four years. The rest is chosen by the student along the line he is most interested in.

One man has said that the regular college course in agriculture is for the training of teachers and investigators, and the short courses and high schools for the practical farmers. We do not believe that. It is true that a large number of college graduates teach or do experimental work. One reason is the great demand for men in these lines and another is that many do not have sufficient money to begin farming at once. We believe that the percentage of those who go back to the farm will increase and that many who begin teaching will later turn to the farm.

Agriculture is a new subject and the details of teaching are not worked out yet. Consequently the schools are continually changing their courses of study. There are two points of view,—one of the student who expects to farm and the other of the one who expects to teach. The first wants to generalize more, the latter to specialize more. Most courses of study take a middle ground. In the future we believe the required work will include only what the farmer and teacher will both need. Then the student can elect work along the line he expects to follow, and no one will have to take work that is not necessary for the kind of work he expects to do.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.

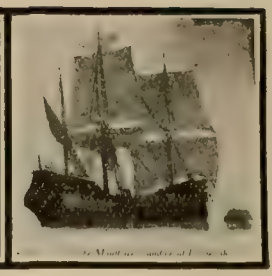
* * *

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XV.

At the earliest New England funerals there were no religious services as we have today. In the seventeenth century nothing was read and no funeral sermon preached, but the neighbors would come together at the tolling of the bell, and carry the remains solemnly to the grave where they remained until the corpse was buried. In 1722, poetical elegies were written and hung upon the walls of the houses. Later funeral sermons were printed in books with a skull and crossbones on the cover. These sermons were not preached at the time of the funeral except in exceptional cases.

In 1671 a funeral sermon was delivered at the burial of President Chauncey. In 1707 Cotton Mather preached one at the funeral of Fitz John Winthrop, and another in 1717 at the funeral of Waitstill Winthrop. A short address would sometimes be given at the grave. In December, 1730, prayer was first offered at funerals.

There were generally two sets of bearers. They were the underbearers, young men who carried the coffin on a bier, and the pall-bearers, old men of dignity who held the pall which was spread over the coffin and hung down over the heads and bodies of the underbearers. When the distance was very long two sets of underbearers were appointed. There were mortstones upon which to rest the coffin when it was to be carried a long distance.

In the towns of New Hampshire that were settled by the Scotch-Irish planters, the announcement of a death was for all in the neighborhood to cease their labors and render at once kindly assistance at the house of mourning. Women would flock to do the housework, and the men would bring gifts of food or household necessities, or render advice and help where needed. A gathering was held the night before the funeral and feasting and drinking would be indulged in, somewhat like an "Irish wake."

Below is given a bill of the funeral expenses of David Porter, of Hartford, who was drowned in 1678:

"By a pint of liquor for those who dived for the body, 1s.

"By a quart of liquor for those who brought the body home, 2s.

"By 2 quarts of wine and 1 gallon of cyder to jury of inquest, 5s.

"By 8 gallons and 3 qts. wine for funeral, £1 15s.

"By barrel cyder for funeral, 16s.

"1 coffin, 12s.

"Winding sheet, 18s."

The epitaphs upon the tombstones were odd and unique, often being ridiculous. We give a few:

"I came in the morning—it was Spring
And I smiled.
I walked out at noon—it was Summer
And I was glad.
I sat down at evening—it was Autumn
And I was sad.
I lay down at night—it was Winter
And I slept."

"As I am now so you shall be,
Prepare for Death and follow me."

One for a woman named "Submit" was as follows:

"Submit submitted to her heavenly Kinge,
Being a flower of the Aeternal Spring;
She died at laste in Heaven to waite,
The yeare was sixteen hundred 48."

"Beneath this stone's
Int'r'd the Bon's
Ah Frail Remains
Of Lieut. Noah Jones—"

The Noyes family had one reading thus:

"You children of the name of Noyes
Make Jesus Christ your only choyse."

The Shutes read thus:

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute."

People of dignity in the towns were usually buried under the church, while in the smaller settlements some out-of-the-way spot was chosen. Whittier says:

"Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple grown,
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burial ground.

"The dearest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from nature's hand
And none from that of art."

A great many graves were neglected, and sometimes,

"The slab has sunk; the head declined,
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No names; you trace a '6' a '7,'
Part of 'affliction' and of 'Heaven';

And then in letters sharp and clear,
You read—O irony austere!—
'Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

It was no uncommon sight to see the family burying ground in some corner of the home farm, or in an orchard. The burial place would sometimes be enclosed by high moss-covered stone walls, and shaded by firs or hemlocks, or airy locust trees. The stones were sent from England all engraved, and the odd inscriptions go to show the teachings and character of the early settlers of New England.

By studying the almanacs, diaries and letters of Colonial New England, one cannot help being impressed by the strange exaltation of spirit with which the Puritans regarded death. The thought of mortality was indeed welcome to their souls. Death was only an event which brought them nearer to God, and the unknown world, of which they were constantly talking, dreaming and thinking, and they rejoiced in that close approach to the spiritual world. The accounts of the almost inspired calm which settled on these afflicted hearts, bearing steadfastly the Christian belief as taught by the Puritan church, makes us long for the simplicity of faith, and the certainty of heaven and happy reunion with their loved ones which they so gloriously felt.

Farming in Colonial New England was done under great difficulty. Not only was the country a forest, and had to be cleared before planting, but all were constantly in fear of the Indians. The men went armed while working in their fields. The hardships of these people can hardly be realized by us today. One family in Waldboro, Maine, lived all one winter on fish and four quarts of meal. Women worked in the field planting and hoeing with the men, and were glad to receive a quart of meal a day for their labor. One man was shot by the Indians while hunting for his cow, from which the Indians had removed the bell to lead him into ambush. Another was shot in his own doorway, and his wife barricaded the door and hid her child in the cellar. She was shot through the door, but the child escaped. At one place the Indians turned the cattle belonging to Henry Dumuth into his cabbage field. Seeing the cattle destroying his vegetables and not suspecting the ruse, Dumuth and a neighbor crossed the river to drive them out. They had no sooner landed than they were surrounded by Indians and Dumuth captured, but his companion was killed.

The German pioneers of Maine, as well as all New England, were a hardy and industrious people. They laid deeply and well the foundations of their towns, and all the stern virtues that they possessed were indelibly stamped upon their descendants for all time. They were simple in their habits, and thoroughly honest in their dealings with all. Inured by hardships and privations, they possessed great physical vigor and as a general thing lived to old age. It is safe to say that in no burial grounds in Maine can be found slabs that mark the graves of more aged people than do those of the German settlements. The longevity of these people is well illustrated in Conrad Heyer, who lived to the ripe old age of one hundred and seven years.

In the German settlements many of the old-time customs remain. In nearly every home may be seen the old-fashioned hand-loom, spinning-wheel, swifts, and flax-wheels, while the dear old grandmother in her white cap is still pictured in memory. The open fireplace with kettle suspended from the iron crane, the tin baker in front, and potatoes roasting in the ashes, the tallow candles used to go down to the cellar for sauerkraut, the big spare room with its canopied bed into whose feathered depths the guest sank in sweet repose, are all remembered and revered! To visit back and forth was regarded as a religious duty among the neighbors. Fraternity of interests was the keynote of their social intercourse. It was common to change works upon the farm. Sickness was the general concern of all, and death caused sorrow in the whole community.

HOW WASHINGTON LOOKED.

WASHINGTON was six feet two inches in height. His hair was brown, his eyes blue and rather cold, his skin clear and ruddy. His nose was prominent. In youth he was slender, but during his service in the army he weighed 200 pounds. His hands and feet were enormous. His boots were No. 13. He was broad, though not deep chested, and exceedingly strong. He could lift with one hand a tent folded about the tent poles, which usually took two men to put into a baggage wagon. He could hold a musket in one hand and fire it. His taste in clothes was plain, but fastidious. He was very careful about his personal appearance. He never wore beard or mustache and acted as his own barber. In his old age he wore false teeth, which gave to his face in the later portraits a severity of expression absent in the earlier and probably more truthful likenesses. Stuart's portraits of Washington are somewhat idealized. Portraits by Trumbull and Sharpless are considered faithful in most respects, while that painted by Joseph Wright in 1782 was highly approved by Washington himself. The Houdon statue at Richmond has generally been accepted as the most accurate image of the first president.—*Selected.*

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter VI.

THE rules by which the conduct of prisoners must be governed, as given in the last chapter, may seem severe to the reader but while the good conduct of a prisoner depends upon the observance of those sixteen rules, there is an entire book of "Rules and Regulations" of the Illinois State Penitentiary with which every officer is expected to be familiar and which require as strict obedience as do those for the prisoners. In this book, under the head of "General Rules" we find the following: "Every man received upon the staff must understand that the Penitentiary is not only designed as a prison for the punishment of persons who offend against the laws, but also as an institution which intends their reformation if possible." The question which one would want to ask then, would be, what measures are employed to bring about reformation of character?

Courteous treatment of officers, one for the other; considerate treatment of prisoners, required by the rules and practiced by the officers, though indirectly reformatory in nature, are no less important and conducive of good results than the more direct measures. Briefly we mention some of these requirements. Harsh language or treatment of officers toward convicts is not allowed. Punishment is only administered according to prison rules and after a proper hearing. Prisoners are allowed to make complaints of a reasonable kind. If cell-mates are incongenial, exchanges may be made. Reports of illness receive prompt attention. The Physician takes the patient under his care and attends to his needs either in his cell or has him removed to the hospital. If afflicted or injured so that an operation is necessary his case receives attention in an operating room as thoroughly equipped as is found in any up-to-date hospital. When men are in solitary punishment and refuse to give in, so that their punishment is continued at some length, the solitary guard and physician examine them at stated times to note their conditions and see that the body is not strained beyond physical endurance, for in the past there have been men whose stubbornness and refusal to work caused them to endure solitary punishment until they went insane.

Other more recently introduced measures which may be called negatively reformatory in nature have been the cutting out of some of the most repulsive features of the life. Among these are the introduction of the general dining-hall for the meals instead of the old plan of eating in the cells; the two-abreast march instead of the lock-step; gray uniforms instead of striped clothing, except in cases of disobedience; grading of men as to conduct and the "Parole Law" all of which will receive attention later.

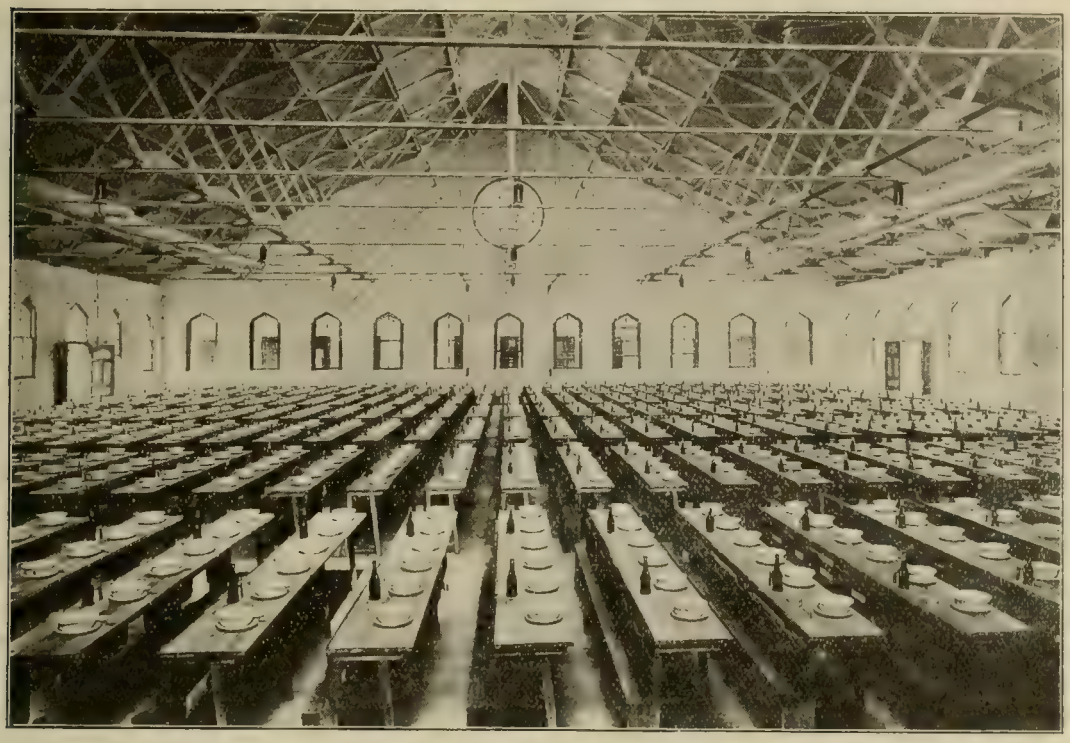
The more positive means which have long been a part of the institution are the educational and religious features. Of the former the evening school is important. This is conducted during five winter months by the Chaplain, with intelligent convicts as teachers. For strange and sad as is the fact, some of the brightest minds of the land have found their way into this institution. One needs but review the current events of the past few years to recall the names of once supposedly honest, respectable citizens, educators and only too successful financiers, whose brilliancy of mind and success in deceiving the public finally brought them before the courts of justice and into penal servitude in the State's Prison. We mention the fact that among this number is one in particular who for over a quarter of a century masqueraded as an honest educator and grew rich on public funds. At the pen he is called a "sharp fellow." Fortunately for humanity, there is no fellow so sharp but that there is some one else who is a little sharper. Several years previous to the time that the Church of the Brethren took charge of Rock River Seminary, now Mount Morris College, the institution in which the writer as well as many of our readers received the greater part of their education, Newton C. Dougherty, under his own management was regarded by the students and citizens as its esteemed head. He is now serving time in the institution for embezzlement of Peoria school funds. This is only one of many instances that might be cited to prove that education as well as illiteracy will take a man behind the bars if that education and ability is used against instead of for the good of his fellow-man. Much lower the educated man stands in the record of criminology than does the illiterate one especially when he harbors his depravity to the extent of holding on to the funds which he has stolen from the public and still unrepentant, tries to get released from the bondage of justice.

The schools are intended only for the teaching of spelling, writing and the rudiments of arithmetic, to those who are illiterate and who desire to learn. Applications for attendance are made to the Deputy Warden.

For all who can read there is the Prison Library, considered the most extensive one in the United States. It contains more than seventeen thousand vol-

umes of the best books printed. There are works on religion, biography, philosophy, sociology, education, useful arts, fine arts, natural history, natural science, literature, good fiction, wit and humor, missions, music, reference books, periodicals and daily papers.

In each cell hangs a small slate upon which the occupants write their orders for books. Three may be ordered at one time. One may be of fiction and two of non-fiction. Books are held one week and may be kept over the second week if so reported on the slate. Dictionaries are in each cell. "Change day" is indicated by a banner hung upon the gallery. Every one is advised to "Use the library continually and wisely, to select instructive books and to consult either the Chaplain or Warden for advice in selection, if in doubt as to what he had best read."



Prison Dining Hall. Has a Seating Capacity of Over Twelve Hundred.

The time for reading is during Sundays and from 5:30 to 9 o'clock each evening. Letter writing is done on Sundays in the schoolrooms. While writing once in five weeks is the rule there are exceptions when there is urgent necessity for a man to communicate oftener with his family.

The Red Letter Days of prison life are the three holidays allowed by the State; Christmas, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July. On these days all possible privileges are granted the prisoners. Extra good meals are served suitable to the day and season. In good weather all are allowed to assemble on the yard and engage in various sports. Officers, guards and prisoners meet on a common level; converse, joke, tell stories, exchange experiences and conduct themselves as do civilians at open celebrations. At some period of the day a troupe of entertainers from Chicago gives a performance in the Chapel which every one may attend. On other holidays special lecturers or entertainers are engaged for the occasion. From the Chaplain's report to the Board of Commissioners, 1906, we take the following: "On Memorial Day Mr. Henry M. Spickler of Polo, Illinois, delivered a very interesting and instructive lantern lecture on the subject, 'Through Italy.' The carefully chosen views were illuminated and interpreted from the rich store of personal experience of the Lecturer." Our readers will readily recognize the name as that of the same person who during the past eighteen months has been telling us through the medium of the INGLENOOK how he started on his successful trip around the world without a cent.

LESSONS FROM WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

THE real test of a life cannot be set among the waves of temporary enthusiasm. Contemporary judgment is rarely safe. Upon such a basis Lincoln would have a small place in history while Seward, Chase and McClellan would sit on the front of the stage. Washington would be an English squire, the lord of a country seat who might be seen in knee trousers, silk hose and gold buckles moving about his slaves, while Gates, Adams and Lee would be looked upon as the real patriots.

The charity of subsequent generations seized upon the imaginings of the fertile Weems, which obliterated the records of scurrility and shrouded his memory with fanciful stories, until the common mind of America today is totally oblivious of the wretched and wicked attacks leveled at the head of our first great President by his enemies who were numerous. His determination to leave the presidency at the end of his first term, in the face of the most powerful argument that his continuance was a matter of patriotism since self-government was on trial, was not due to his dislike of administrative public life, but especially to the

vicious attacks made against his good name—these attacks catalogued crime, both public and private. His feelings were expressed after he had been induced to remain and had assumed duty as his own successor.

In August of 1793 Jefferson reports that Washington said, "My God, I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation." Before his second term closed partisan bitterness had no bounds. A brother of Fisher Ames wrote, "Better his (Washington's) hand had been cut off when his glory was at his height, before he blasted all his laurels." It is a test of credulity to believe that George Washington was the subject of the most virulent attacks by men who by the present generation were regarded as his closest friends, Jefferson, Madison, Edmund Randolph, etc.

One hundred years after his inauguration as the first President, W. E. Gladstone wrote, "I look upon Washington, among great and good men, as one particularly good and great. He has been to me for more than forty years a light upon the path of life." About the same time Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, expressed his estimate in the strikingly significant utterance, "Washington, the Expander of England." Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot referred to the republic influenced by Washington as "The stupendous incarnation of pure democratic principle which has the providential mission to guide the future ages of mankind on the road of infinite progress."

For our time Washington has many lessons. His punctual regard of the time of others could well be imitated by our generation. When he made an appointment, private or public, he insisted that it should be religiously respected. Numerous incidents are reported to confirm this rule of conduct. The only time he broke with Hamilton was due to this cause. Hamilton, in passing out of the house one day met the General at the foot of the stairs who said he wanted to see him on his return. On meeting Lafayette Hamilton paused a few moments in conversation. On his return the General said, "Mr. Hamilton, you have kept me waiting." "I was not aware of it," said Hamilton, "but since you think so, we part." This might be ascribed to the impetuous nature of Hamilton, or to his keen, sensitive judgment of the offense he had offered.

Another prominent trait was his poise of character in the midst of great excitement. No better example of this can be cited than on the occasion of his meeting Lee at the head of the retreating army at Monmouth. When Washington met the retreating general, Hamilton, who rode by the side of the Commander-in-Chief, leaped from his horse, drew his sword, and cried, "We are betrayed, your excellency, and the army are betrayed, and the moment has arrived when every true friend of America and her cause must be ready to die for her defense." Washington sat erect in his saddle, and in a commanding tone said, "Col. Hamilton, you will take your horse," then gave orders, rallied the troops and won a decisive victory.

His unselfish service for the highest good of his country, which displayed an ambition only for his country's welfare, is a valuable lesson for this generation. All the world is familiar with his attitude toward the offer of kingship at a time when it could have been his for the asking, had he been of the Napoleon type. This foreshadowed his concise comprehension of the manifest destiny of the new world, and especially marks him as a man of cosmopolitan ideas.

His youth was not far different from that of other men save a loftier plane. His life as a surveyor was not unlike that of other men in that field. His activities as a planter were those of the Virginian gentleman. His devotion when his country called could be matched by thousands of others just as brave and patriotic. His heroism was akin to that displayed in all wars, save the difference in ability to command, and an ambition to serve. But his life as a statesman is superior. His intellect comprehended what then seemed impossible—a nation where the right of government rested upon the consent of the governed. He also anticipated the principle of confederation, where central and local government were reconciled—the seeming impossible situation—double sovereignty, nation and State.

Clearly comprehending the importance of both the national prerogative and the rights of the States, and descerning the nicety of the balance of this double sovereignty, he set out at once to build the nation on these two pillars. In his cabinet he took Hamilton, the exponent of national prerogative, and also Jefferson, the exponent of States-Rights. Around these two men as exponents of two distinct political theories, the machinery of government was builded. The contention between them points out our partisan history from its beginning down to the present time. Into two general camps have our voters been lodged. At one time the Jeffersonian school is dominant, at another, the Hamiltonian, while still at another they are surprisingly evenly balanced.

The student of political science will at once see the virtue belongs neither to Hamilton nor to Jefferson, but to Washington, whose breadth of mind fitted him to see the strength of the two schools. It is not too much to say he avoided the weaknesses of each, while he preserved the strength of the two. The unprejudiced student must see that States-Rights unrestrained means anarchy, while national prerogative unhampered must as surely mean monarchy.

A study of the ruins of once-busy-nationalities demonstrates the tremendous importance of Washington's contribution to the world in this particular. Too much liberty to the free cities of Greece ended in anarchy. Too much authority in the head at Rome

ended in despotism. The struggle to balance them is the most important item in Anglo-Saxon government. The nearest approach to a rational adjustment is the United States. Washington effected this adjustment and in his eight years of administration, he laid so well the foundation that political history is but a development of this adjustment. Each decade has had its object lessons. The most widely influential is the Civil War. We still have ardent advocates of States-Rights, and aggressive representatives of national prerogative. Our danger lies at either extreme; our safety in the nice balance. Perhaps to Washington more than to any other statesman, we look for this fortunate situation.

This leads to the conclusion that he was possessed of a fine type of intellect, as well as a great moral nature. However his greatness was moral rather than intellectual. The chief contribution of his moral nature lies in his control of men. In the language of Whittier, "We cannot possibly overestimate the worth and wisdom of the Father of the Republic, or too strongly urge the present generation to revere his memory and follow his counsels."—*S. D. Fess, President Antioch College, in Ohio Educational Monthly.*

IN SCHOOL

A DISPATCH FROM M. C. I.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

1910 has found us ready to encounter all the difficult problems she has thus far presented. January has been well spent by all, we believe. The inclemency of the weather has largely confined us to our rooms; thus a greater number of hours daily are devoted to study than during the milder months of the year. The zeal for knowledge seems to be deeply implanted in the hearts of the student body.

The class in political science has recently completed the study of "Bryce's American Commonwealth." One of the subjects considered at length was "The Perpetuity of Our Democratic Institutions." The author firmly believes that our government will endure. It has successfully withstood several severe crises. In all these it has come forth as more than a conqueror. A greater crisis that that of 1861-1865, we will not likely have to endure. Again our citizens, as a whole, possess perhaps a greater pride in our own institutions than those of any other country.

Our month's investigation in Psychology has embraced a study of the "Mechanism of Reproduction" and the "Thought factor." The former is a study of the memory. There are two leading theories explaining the process of memory. One points the brain as the organ of reproduction and maintains that it is this register of all our experiences; to this register the mind may go at will and bring past experiences into consciousness, as the clerk refers to his book, containing a memorandum of accounts; the other regards the mind as the organ of memory and claims that the brain only conditions mental reproduction. We accept the latter as the more reasonable assumption.

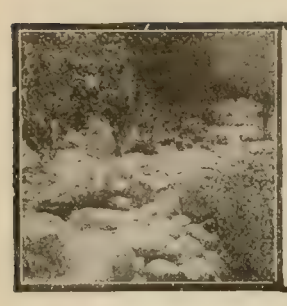
The thought factor is an activity upon simple sensations which establishes relations between them and classifies them into rational knowledge. The mind receives simple sensations from the outer world; these are of little value to us until this factor of the mind has arranged and classified them into thoughts.

The History class continues to study the facts concerning Rome with greatest interest. Our present work terminates with the celebration of the first triumph of Pompey the Great. This dauntless hero, after conquering the Mediterranean Pirates, Mithridates VI, king of Pontus, Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine and after converting these into Roman provinces returned to Rome, 61 B. C., and there enjoys a more magnificent triumph than had been accorded to any man since the founding of Rome. At this time the Roman republic, which began so brilliantly in 509 B. C., is nearing a close. During its early days its officials were just and honest men. Its institutions were organized on a splendid basis and its statutes were all executed. As time rolls on corruption gradually enters the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the government. Political conditions grew more and more deplorable until at the close of the republic, few honest officials could be found through the entire land. A government drifting into such conditions is doomed to fall. What a warning to Uncle Sam!

The class in Physiology is now experimenting with the cat. The anatomy of this animal is studied and its comparison with the human noted. The animal is first studied as a whole. The systems of digestion, circulation, respiration, etc., are carefully traced out. We have experimented with saliva on various food substances to show its action. Gastric juice was manufactured from pepsin. Pancreatic juice was obtained from the pancreas of the cat. Substances corresponding to foods as they exist in the stomach, were obtained and the actions of these fluids upon them were verified. These various juices in their order aid in the process of digestion.

Students in Biology have recently completed the study of invertebrate zoölogy. The minute anatomy of the clam has been studied. This animal has no head. It is hatchet-footed. The clam has three pairs of ganglia which are connected by nerve trunks; (1)

(Continued on Page 181.)



NATURE STUDIES



Flowers in the Bible

Armelia L. Colwell

Flowers are mentioned about three hundred times in the Bible, and that is enough to show us how God loves the flowers, and how much he wishes us to learn from them.

They each have their own beauty, whether the costly flowers of our greenhouses and gardens, or the humble daisies, violets and buttercups of the fields and woods.

Just suppose there were no flowers: what a difference it would make in our earth! We would still have air to breathe and food to eat, but no longer would the earth be the same bright and beautiful place, a many-colored garden of flowers.

Was it not a proof of how much God loved Adam and Eve, that he put them first of all in a garden? And still he gives us his flowers to please our eyes and cheer our hearts by their beauty and fragrance.

God cares for all his flowers. His sun shines as brightly on the wee, modest daisy and the lowly violet, as on the gorgeous sunflower, or the stately rose. Each has its own place to fill in his world, and its own influence.

Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," teaching us a lesson of faith. We are told that the flowers of the Holy Land are very numerous and beautiful and Jesus often referred to them to teach his disciples not only to study them but to love them, and draw many lessons from them.

An old legend tells of how some of the trees, and flowers, in a king's garden grew discontented with their lot. The oak tree complained because it bore no flowers; the rosebush was disappointed because it had no fruit; while the vine grumbled because it could not grow by itself, but had to lean against the wall. And so when the king came into the garden he found all discontented and unhappy. But the king found one little flower called a pansy which was looking very bright and cheerful. "My dear little flower," he said, "what makes you look so fresh and happy while all the rest are murmuring and complaining?" "I thought," said the little flower, "that you planted me here because you wanted me to be a nice, good pansy, and so I made up my mind that I would try to be the best little pansy in all the garden." The king blessed the little pansy for doing its humble best.

A flower seems a very tiny, helpless thing and yet many stories could be told of how even the little flowers have cheered and encouraged struggling men and women, and taught them that God cares for them, as he does the flowers and grass of the fields.

We do not stop to analyze the feelings that prompt us to place flowers in the hands of the sick and the sorrowful, but are not the promptings on this wise: "Be comforted; God has remembered the world. He remembers you"? Thus even the agnostic becomes an unwitting herald of divine love when he lays a lily beside the pillow of his dying child.

Surely we may say that God set the flowers in the deep forests, on hill tops, in green valleys, by the dusty roadside and even cropping out between the paving stones of the great cities, as continued reminders of his great love,—oft-repeated messages from his tender heart. The herb for food, the flowers for a Father's fondness for his children.

"If the Father in his kindness,
Hath the flowers to mortals given,
As an earnest sweet, it may be,
Of the loveliness of heaven;
If around our paths they linger
In profusion free and fair,
While their fragrance floateth lightly
On the balmy summer air;
Oh, then, humbly let us ask him
That we all may help to be
Fellow-workers for his glory
In their sacred ministry."

Wellsburg, New York.

HABITS OF FROGS, TOADS, SNAKES, AND OTHER CREEPERS AND CRAWLERS.

"What to kill and not to kill" would be an appropriate title for the forthcoming work on useful and harmful creeping, crawling, and jumping live things that bother the farmer. The production awaited with interest by scientists and agriculturists is being prepared by Professor Surface, the economic zoölogist of the State of Pennsylvania. The investigations that

have been in progress at the department at Harrisburg for several months have been productive of the most interesting and valuable results of any of the many scientific studies conducted by Professor Surface.

An exhaustive examination has been made of the habits of the various living creatures that infest farms, with a view to ascertaining once and for all what effect it will have on the farmers' fortunes to let them live, and what would be the result of a war of extermination. Toads, frogs, and snakes have been collected from all over the State, and each individual toad, frog, or snake made the subject of a post-mortem examination to determine what it considers the proper thing for a satisfying and nourishing meal. The contents of the stomach of each specimen have been examined carefully and the results recorded. A report of the entire investigation will be made shortly by Professor Surface, in a document that will be spread over the country for the benefit of all farmers and scientists.

The despised toad will be given a new lease of life when the report is read, and many snakes that have heretofore been allowed to masquerade as harmless because they were nonpoisonous will hear their death warrant read for the sole but all sufficient reason that they regard a frog or toad as the greatest dainty on the reptilian bill of fare. Snakes who kill toads are marked down as no friend of the farmer, because they destroy the useful toad that lives on the insect pests that destroy the crops and vegetables. The bugs and caterpillars prey on the produce of the farm, the frogs and toads prey on the bugs and caterpillars, and certain snakes prey on the frogs and toads. Therefore it is logical for the farmer to go gunning for the snakes who swallow his little hopping friends, and to enable him to do this with discretion the economic zoölogist will specify those snakes that have been found to live on frogs and toads and will state exactly the kind of insectivorous pests that were found in the stomachs of the friendly hoppers.

There will be a fund of good advice in the forthcoming bulletin concerning the best methods of preserving the useful toads and frogs. The farmer will be warned against starting field fires and refuse blazes at a time when the toads and frogs are hibernating, for no more effective means could be devised of lessening the number of enemies of the insect pests. The habits of the hoppers will be explained, so that every means may be adopted to preserve them and prolong their useful lives. Heretofore the hoptoad has been regarder with slight favor here, while in wise and economic Europe he has been made a commercial product, the farmers buying toads for the express purpose of setting them at liberty on the land, to make war on the little pests that destroy the crops.

Almost every kind of insect pest has been found in the stomach of the toads examined at the department at Harrisburg. The striped flea-beetle, which riddles the leaves of the turnip with small holes, and the mealy plant lice, which rob the plant of its juices, have been recognized in the stomachs of the toads. So also has the cabbage aphis, which covers the plants in such numbers as to present clusters to the eye and which thrive so well and multiply so rapidly as to kill the plants outright. Beetles are the especial delight of the hungry hoptoad. That is why the toads gather at meal time in the vicinity of an electric light, there to exchange gossip and dine sumptuously on the misguided creatures that drop to the ground, dazzled and dazed by the white light of the blazing carbons. The cucumber beetle, which in its larvæ state, is a worm living in the roots, and in its perfect state gnaws the tender stalks of the young vines, frequently destroying the plants, is a welcome addition to the hoptoad's larder. Such worms fall easy victims to the agile toad, for they can move only with a curiously crawling motion, the fore part of the body advancing slowly but continuously, while the hind part halts and hitches forward suddenly, step by step. Into this dignified progress the toad launched himself at a jump, and the rest is told in Professor Surface's forthcoming report.

That voracious and dreaded pest, the squash bug, is a favorite matutinal repast for the frog or toad. This bug is an easy thing for the hopper, for it attacks the plants when they are first sprouting from the ground, puncturing them with a sharp, needlelike beak and causing them to wilt and die. Frogs and toads love to shatter the squash bug's dream of well-fed longevity.

So destructive to asparagus beds are the beetles that emigrated to this country half a century or so ago that at one time it was a question whether or not asparagus could be successfully cultivated in this country. The popular remedy has been to turn the fowl loose in the asparagus beds, for they eat these pests with avidity. It would be a better plan, it seems, to turn loose a barrel or so of hoptoads among the asparagus plants, for asparagus beetles are eagerly sought by toad epicures.

The toads are useful allies of the farmer in helping to rid him of that enemy to his potato crop known popularly as the Colorado beetle; of the truncated snapping beetle, that voracious devourer of potatoes, turnips, cabbages, beets, carrots, onions, and other produce, and the obnoxious wireworm, that is so fond of a vegetable diet.

The hoptoad is not a pretty creature from the city person's point of view. Occasionally in the course of his pilgrimage to the nearest electric light feeding station he gets under the pedestrian's foot, and the sensation of stepping on a live toad is not a pleasant one. But country people know, in a vague sort of way, that the toad has a use in nature's scheme of things, and he is not molested much.—*H. D. Jones.*

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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With the exception of a couple of clippings, the material appearing in the home department this week is contributed by our men folks. We believe every housekeeper will find the pages unusually interesting and valuable. What these men have done in the way of giving information might be done by scores of our mothers, wives and daughters. Will you not give us your aid in this work? We shall be glad to hear from more of the men, too. If your knowledge of housework and cooking would not justify you in presuming to instruct others, you might tell us of some of your experiences in "keeping house" while the housekeeper was sick or away from home.

STILL A LIVE ISSUE.

The temperance question is still a live issue. We need no stronger proof for this statement than the fact that for the first time in its history Chicago is to submit the wet or dry question to its voters at the April election. Two years ago in an effort to have the question submitted the temperance people lacked a few thousand of having the required number of names to their petition. This year they secured 74,805 names, nearly fourteen thousand more than necessary. Of course the temperance workers aimed to have more than the necessary number of petitions. In a city like Chicago such a petition is bound to meet many challenges and be subject to close sifting by the saloon element. Just to give the reader an idea what kind of a fight the Chicago temperance people are in we quote what was said on the question by two of the leading men on the saloon side.

A. J. Cermak, secretary of the United Societies: "We have reason to believe that the petition will be found defective. If the question goes on the ballot it will be because they have 61,000 valid names, but we shall have to be convinced that they have them first."

Ernest Kunde, president of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association of Illinois: "With from 5,000 to 10,000 invalid signatures two years ago, according to our estimates, there is reason to believe that the bad names will be scattered through in the same proportion this time. We shall investigate every name on the petition and shall use every possible means to keep it off the ballot. The drys are always talking about reform, and they will have to produce an absolutely honest petition or we shall see that it is knocked out. If the saloon question goes on the ballot we shall make the best of it and put up a campaign that will help to demonstrate that Chicago will forever have saloons. The drys will be beaten at least three to one at the polls."

The temperance workers in Chicago are to be commended for their courage and zeal. Even if nothing more is accomplished than what has been done, temperance people all over the country have reason to feel encouraged. The fact that the people are given the privilege, through the ballot, of expressing their convictions on this important question in one of the biggest strongholds of the liquor element is a temperance victory the influence of which ought to find a response in every town and district in the United States.

"LESSONS FROM WASHINGTON'S LIFE."

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the selection appearing under the above title which we clipped from one of our exchanges. We had considered the majority of the Inglenookers fairly well acquainted with the life of this great man and thought that little could be offered them that was new or unknown. For that reason we did not arrange for any contributed articles on the subject. We believe now that we were mistaken,—perhaps not as to the readers' familiarity with the life of Washington, but at least in concluding that some view of his life and its influences would not be of great value to them. We can hardly dwell too much on the lives of great men—men who have been true to a great trust. It is the old story of becoming like that which we study and admire.

The author of this selection, Professor S. D. Fess, who has given us this admirable view of the father of our country, is himself a hero worshiper. He is perhaps as familiar with the life of Abraham Lincoln as any other man in the United States. A careful reading of "Lessons from the Life of Washington" will show how he goes to the heart of a man's life and studies the bearing of every phase of his character. It may be needless to add that Professor Fess has in him much of the material of which heroes are made. By these studies he is enriching his character and adding power to an already useful life. We may well

follow his example. The field is inexhaustible; our histories are filled with the deeds of noble men and women. Time spent in studying their lives and in extolling the good is time well spent.

FALLING BEHIND.

THE educational institutions of today are coming in for a good deal of censure to the effect that they are not up with the times—are not meeting the needs of the day for which they have avowedly made themselves responsible. Some critics attack their courses of study; some their methods of instruction; others some other point that appears to them weak or altogether valueless in bringing about the desired results.

We pass over the questions usually discussed in these charges to mention a charge the truthfulness of which is plain even to the ordinary layman and which calls for no great knowledge of educational affairs for those interested to understand how serious it is. We refer to the lack of moral teaching—the failure to inculcate habits and principles of conduct that have everything to do with the student's usefulness and success in life.

To say, as above, that these habits have everything to do with success may sound like an exaggeration, but when it is recalled that business houses throughout the country are barring from their employ those who indulge in these habits it must be admitted that the statement is not too strong. Even without this action on the part of employers, in the majority of cases the results would be the same in the end,—the bad-habit man would lose out in the race. The employer's prohibition is simply an act of self-defense; he is careful that his business shall not suffer through the failure of incompetent workmen.

If the habits of drinking and cigaret smoking—two of the evils in particular that stand in the way of a young man's acceptance or advancement in the business world—were prohibited in the institutions of higher education and the prohibition strengthened by precept and example there would be little occasion for the employer to lay down similar rules. But, far from any such prohibition, students are not only allowed to form these habits but are encouraged in it by the example of fellow-students and teachers.

Surely we have come to the point where something needs to be done in the schools, when, instead of maintaining standards of morals and decency to which the world must look up and for which it should strive, the world itself must set the standards for the schools, or set up standards that are far in advance of what the schools undertake to work up to. With the present condition in the schools left to control the course of affairs, the business world taking no interest in the matter, it would not be long till our boasted education and therefore also our boasted civilization would be a mere mockery. Without moral teaching, without a quickening of the moral nature comparative to the development of the intellectual faculties, the latter is worse than useless. It is like putting into the hands of an irresponsible person a tool for destructive work that has been carefully sharpened, which all will agree is a criminal act.

Let it be granted that these educational institutions are not deteriorating but that they continue to maintain standards set up for their class years ago, and our charge that they are falling behind still remains true. Conditions have changed and we have a right to expect these higher educational institutions to meet the changed conditions. Where years ago the student entered college with a mature body and habits and character fairly fixed—in the majority of cases the home and public school having looked well to the "fixing"—today the student enters college several years earlier, just when his character is in the moulding process, and he is at the mercy of influences which he is not capable of discerning, and there is no one to help him. One need not guess at the result. Frequently we see it in the form of a backboneless creature who is the tool of conscienceless men in the business world.

A DISPATCH FROM THE M. C. I.

(Continued from Page 177.)

the cerebral ganglion on each side of the mouth; (2) two pedal ganglia deeply imbedded in the muscles of the foot; (3) the viscera ganglion under the surface of the posterior adductor.

Our school was especially delighted with the recent visit of the educational board. These wise counselors gave us some splendid suggestions as to the improvement of our school life. While here Prof. Yount gave us a splendid lecture, describing the "Tombs of Jerusalem." He gave some very helpful and interesting facts regarding the land made sacred by being the scene of the acts of sacred history.

On Jan. 11, the third number of our lecture and entertainment course was given by Sara Wathena Brown and Chicago Boy Choir. Mrs. Brown is a harpist of national reputation. She gave several selections on the myrambophone. The four boys sang a number of songs, illustrating the different national characteristics. Their excellent work showed good training which reflected much credit upon Mrs. Brown, their guardian.

Union Bridge, Md.

HAVE you noticed the splendid offers now being made to those who subscribe for the INGLENOOK? Be sure to avail yourself of one of them.



THE HOME WORLD



Home

J. G. Royer

"I love the dear old home! My mother lived there!"

It must have been over fifty years ago, for it was when I was a young man, that I remember reading in Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* about a large coming together of people in that city. About twenty thousand gathered in old Castle Garden to hear Jenny Lind sing, as no songstress ever had sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel and others. At length the Swedish Nightingale thought of her home. She paused, as if to fold her wings for a higher flight. Presently she began with deep emotion to pour forth, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. A shower of tears gushed forth from the thousands. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten. After a few moments, the song came again, seemingly from heaven—almost angelic.

Home, yes, *home*—that was the word that bound as with a spell, the twenty thousand souls, and Howard Payne triumphed over the masters of song.

When we look at the simplicity as well as the brevity of this home-song, we are ready to ask, What is the charm that lies concealed in it? The answer is easy. Next to religion, the deepest and most ineradicable sentiment in the human soul is that of the home affections. Here are

> "Father, mother, sister, brother;
> All who hold each other dear."

And here is all that the heart loves and all that makes earth lovely; all that enriches the mind with faith and the soul with hope! Every heart vibrates to the home-theme.

> "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Bishop Vincent says: "The sweetest word in the English language is the word home." This is true not because of the sugary qualities of the word, but because Jesus glorified the home. When he came from heaven, he came to a home—a very humble home. He grew to manhood in the home. His first miracle was wrought in the home, and almost the last words he spoke when he was hanging, bleeding upon the cross, were to his mother about her home.

Jesus was a man of the home. He was much in the homes of the people. He thought of the little children in the home. They were then little thought of. The scribes used to discuss in their schools whether a little child had a soul at all. They did this even while they trained the child in their beliefs. Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and thus he raised childhood to a high plane. Many of his miracles were prompted by his love for those into whose homes he had entered. Again and again the religion which he taught when driven from public places, has found a refuge in the home.

Jesus was a popular guest in the home. From one end to the other, of the social rank or scale people invited him to their homes, and he accepted the invitations. He thus encouraged sociability and hospitality in the home. His table talks were earnest and true, always stimulating, and such in character as led men to think. They were never light and frivolous. Any man who invited him to his home knew beforehand what the character of the conversation would be, for Jesus invariably gave tone to it.

It is because of what Jesus did in glorifying the home, that the true home—the Christian home,—is the nearest earthly return to the Eden that was lost. It is almost paradise regained. The true home is one of the gifts of our Lord Jesus—a special creation, so to speak, of Christianity. Like Jesus himself, it came from heaven. It is modeled after the Father's home in heaven, and is to be a training place, the one here, for the enjoyments of the one "over there."

It is in the home here that we find the closest union of hearts and life possible. It is here we find love the strongest, and friendship the deepest. No wonder we love the dear old home in which we were children—the place where we were reared. No wonder it remains a green spot in our memories—the center of our youthful joys and fond recollections. But where is that once happy reality? It is gone—all gone except the picture you and I carry of it in our memories. These earthly homes with which are linked so many cherished memories and tender associations of our lives are very transitory things. They come and they go, and we come and go with them.

Our nature demands a home. It is the first essential

element of our social being. Life cannot be complete without home and home relations. Home is the first and most important school of life. The training received there includes not only manners and mind, but character also. It is mainly in the home that the heart is opened, the habits are formed and the character moulded for good or for evil. Hence a true home is one of the most sacred of places—a real sanctuary. It is the place where love learns its lessons, the place for the affections to develop themselves, and for the cultivation of all the virtues. It is this that makes the Christian home, with its atmosphere of faith and love, gentleness and refinement, meekness and forbearance, man's ideal of earthly happiness—a beautiful and impressive type of the home in heaven.

Not every place that is called home is home. The world is full of staying places, but not so full of homes. There is many a fine mansion and seat of wealth, many a house of luxury and place of worldly comfort, that is a world-wide distance from home. People live there and shine and smile (?), but are far away from home. It takes more than a fine house and grand furnishings to make a home. It takes a good wife—a mother to make a home; and it takes a good deal of heaven to make a good wife and mother.

The Christian mother is the God-ordained queen of the home. Nature has placed her on that throne to rule her kingdom and its subjects. There can be no substitute for this queen of the home. The church and the nation cannot afford to have the home demoralized by the loss of the Christian mother or the lessening of her influence in the home. As a nation we rise or fall, as the character of our homes presided over by Christian wives and mothers rises or falls. And the best gauge of our prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes may be multiplied.

Give us more true Christian homes.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

HOW TO COOK CORN MUSH.

PAUL MOHLER.

I KNOW that for a mere man, a young man at that, to tell the housewives how to cook corn mush is a rather presumptuous undertaking; but if I don't tell them anything new, they can at least take a laugh at me. The laugh will do them lots of good, and it won't hurt me a bit.

The old process of boiling mush on the back of the stove in an iron kettle, makes very good mush indeed; but it has several serious disadvantages. In the first place, to make it good like mother used to make it, takes about three hours of steady boiling. That too often means a three hours' fire for that one thing alone, and besides that, the attention that it takes. Another objection is that so much good mush is lost by its sticking to the pot so tight. I try not to be stingy, but I never did like to see so much good corn mush wasted. Why, just to save the mush that sticks to the American mush kettles might pay the postal deficit! But that isn't the worst of it; I've been caught sometimes when I had to wash the kettle. I tell you, that is a serious business. It isn't quite so bad if you let it soak over night; but I hate to begin the next day on that kind of a job. Just think how much more time for mental improvement our American women would have if they didn't have to wash so many mush-kettles.

Now I propose to tell you how to make the best kind of mush, the very best you ever ate, without any of these troubles. Will I not deserve your gratitude?

In the first place, throw away your mush-kettle. That will rid you of the greatest source of difficulty. Then get you a fireless cooker. You can buy one almost anywhere, but if you haven't the money make one for yourself. I made one of an empty butter tub, the head of a barrel for a lid, some excelsior and a sofa pillow for packing and a ten pound lard pail for the cooking vessel. After I had made the cooker, I couldn't get my wife to cook mush in it; she didn't believe it would work, so I tried it myself. I boiled the water in the teakettle, poured it into my lard pail which I set on the hottest part of the stove, then I stirred in the meal until it was just about as stiff as I wanted it to be when it was done. I don't like my mush cooked too stiff anyhow. Then I let it blubber for a little while till I felt sure it was hot clear through, and packed it in the tub. I had paper lining the tub, and paper around the pail, and excelsior packed tight between, below and around the sides. Then I put more paper over the lid of the pail, the sofa cushion on top of that and the lid on top of all.

When I opened the cooker three hours later, the mush was still too hot to eat, and thoroughly cooked. It was the best mush we have had this year, and it didn't take a minute to wash the cooker! Now wasn't that a great success? And the wife has learned to do the same.

Now I have said so much about mush cooking, let me say something about the frying. I like fried mush, even if it isn't "hygienic." I like it fried brown too, but I don't like it hard and dry. I find that coto-suet is better to fry it in than lard, because it makes a better crust, and doesn't taste so lardy. Then when one side of the mush is brown, turn it and set it into the oven to finish. There it will require less attention to keep it from burning, will be out of the way of other things, and will not be so dry and tough. When you have fixed the mush this way, just give me all I want; that's all I ask for breakfast.

3435 Van Buren St., Chicago.

BUILDING one home is a greater accomplishment than building many houses.

SOME EPICUREAN FANCIES.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Will't please to taste of what is here?
Not I.
Faith, sir, you need not fear.
—Tempest.

Cream of Celery Soup.

He would unto the stews.—Richard II.

For cream of celery soup, chop celery fine and stew tender in salted water (boiling) to cover. Press through a puree sieve, add a quart of hot milk, return to the fire and bring to a boil. Add a tablespoon of butter, dredged with a tablespoon of flour. Season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

Apple Sauce Cake.

See what cake you have.—Henry VI.

This cake has always been pronounced *good.* Use one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of cold apple sauce, one and one-half cups of shortening, one cup of raisins, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon, and one and one-half teaspoons of cloves. Add a "pinch" of salt, and flour as for loafcake batter. Bake thirty-five minutes.

Chocolate Cookies.

Dainties are made to taste.—Venus and Adonis.

For the making of chocolate cookies use one and one-half cups of sugar, one and one half cups of butter, one pint of molasses, one egg, two teaspoons of soda, one-half a cake of chocolate (melted), one teaspoon full of vanilla flavoring and two quarts of flour.

Cabbage Relish.

It is a most sharp sauce.—Romeo and Juliet.

This relish is *new,* and most pleasing.

Chop two heads of cabbage, six green peppers, and five onions; place all in a jar, over night, with a sprinkle of salt between each layer of the above ingredients. Then squeeze dry and mix with a dressing made as follows: One-quarter of a pound of common mustard, one-half ounce of tumeric, one-half ounce of celery seed, one-half cup of flour, two cups of sugar, beat all together in cold vinegar until smooth, then add two quarts of boiling vinegar and boil five minutes.

A French Dressing for Lettuce.

I think that word salad was born to do me good.—Henry VI.

For a palatable dish, one to melt in your mouth I recommend the following:

First freshen your lettuce in cold water. Then, while your lettuce is becoming crisp, take a small piece of garlic and rub your salad bowl thoroughly with the same. (The essence of the garlic adds an element that can only be tasted but not defined and is *not* disagreeable.) In a separate dish mix two tablespoons of oil (olive oil preferred) with four tablespoons of vinegar, add pepper and salt. Put your lettuce in bowl, and pour over your dressing and stir lettuce around.

Then take a piece of bacon, cut it in little squares, and fry out in pan, until crisp and all traces of grease are removed, and sprinkle over your lettuce. Dandelions may be treated in the same way.

Stuffed Green Peppers.

What say you to this?—Measure for Measure.

Take as many peppers as you wish to use, clean out the seeds and soak in salt water over night. Boil some rice, and mix with a small quantity of tomatoes, and stuff your peppers. Seasoning may be added to suit the taste. Celery, chopped fine is recommended. Cover top of peppers with bread crumbs, and put in oven to bake. This makes an excellent relish, or side-dish. Tomatoes, stuffed with bread-crumbs and rice may also be baked in this way; only large tomatoes are recommended.

A good digestion to you all.—Henry VIII.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

It is sometimes convenient to have several dishes and other cooking appliances hanging on the wall behind the kitchen sink, and the material of the wall is often such that the movement of the dishes leaves unsightly marks. This may be prevented by tacking small tin or nickel plates (like the name-plate on a dog collar) on the wall at the point of contact. This works equally well whether the wall be of plaster, or wood, or covered with oilcloth or other material.

In putting down a straw-matting, or other cheap or medium-priced carpeting, a good way is to overlap two breadths at an inside seam rather than to fold in or trim off at the edge. Folding makes a clumsy strip alongside the wall, and trimming leaves a raw edge that is difficult to deal with.

One of the annoyances of ironing may be done away with by a simple device. In each end of the holder make a pocket, each occupying about one-fourth of the length and opening towards the centre. When ironing put the fingers into one pocket and the thumb into the other, to prevent burning the hand.

It is often desirable to have hot or warm food or drink for the midday or evening meal without building a fire for that purpose. This can be done by heating the viands to the desired temperature when the fire is going, and placing them in the fireless cooker. We have often had a hot dinner at noon and a warm meal at evening all cooked by the breakfast fire. Boiling water placed in the fireless at 8 A. M. was hot at 6 P. M.

SKIMMED COURTESY.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk, don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say, meaning, if you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner.

Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Bob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again," exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else."

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that it is Tommy's turn. Thus all day long people who love one another skim the sweetness from every service they render.—*Selected.*

THE ART OF LIVING.

Here is one who is never hurried, never ill-natured, never anxious, accomplishing much; while there is another who frets and toils and complains and never has a moment's leisure, yet accomplishes nothing. It is largely a matter of art, the art of living. The first has poise, the second has not. The first has the serene temperament and happy spirit of an artist, while his fellow has only the fussy nervousness of a dabster. The first would undertake vast affairs with a light heart, and carry them through without friction; the second would worry over the merest trifle and spend all his energy in hesitation, timidity, and indecision.—*Bliss Carman.*

The Children's Corner

BOY, HAVE YOU A DOG?

Boy, have you a dog as a playfellow? If you have not, you miss much that is enjoyable, that which will give you many happy hours. Especially if you have no brother or sister to play with, you need a dog. Not that you should keep a whole pack around you. No white family ought to be so poor that they could keep two dogs or half a dozen dogs—and generally the poorer the family the more dogs they have. But the lone boy needs a dog, and usually has one.

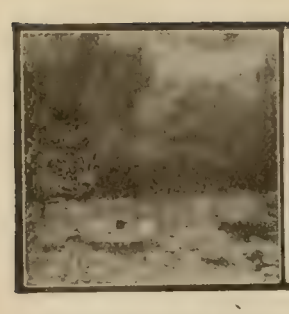
This boy that has a dog is the one I want to talk to. Do you know that you have no more faithful and devoted friend than your dog? He is always glad to see you, even if you come home ten times a day. No one else shows as much pure, unfeigned delight at your coming as he does. If you have been gone only half an hour, he meets you and wags his tail and smiles as plainly as he can. Did you ever stop to think that it is worth something to be appreciated, even by a dog? Do you ever pass him without noticing him when he comes to meet you, or give him a cross word? The next time you do, just notice how disappointed he looks. He shows the sadness that he feels just as plainly as he showed his joy. It is easy to give him a kind word, as "Howdy," or "Well, Fido, I'm here," or "Glad to see me, are you?" This will make him brim full of joy and wiggle all over with delight.

Why shouldn't you do it? His life is a rather lonely one, when you come to think of it. He was taken away from his mother when he was a wee puppy, and has never seen her since. Do you remember how he whined and howled, hour after hour during those long and lonely nights when he was first taken from his mother and his brothers? How miserable he was in that strange, gloomy woodshed, with the door closed, and he all alone. You cannot blame him much for being wretched and unhappy, and that he could not sleep. Then he found that you were his friend, and he has not found many others since. Among his own race he has no friend. It is no wonder that he likes to be noticed, as you are about the only friend he has.

Then, too, he still has lonely hours. He must stay at home when you go to school, and are happy in playing with other boys, or in reciting your lesson with them. You learn many things about the world, and just ache to be a man so you can go out and see more of it. He cannot share in this, and you gradually grow more and more away from him. While you think it is worth something to be a boy who will soon be a man, he wonders what has come over you that you do not care to play with him as much as you used to.

While you are every year getting more strong and vigorous, your dog is getting old. The world seems so fresh and young, and you feel as though you were here forever, you cannot understand that your dog is getting old and feeble. You are surprised that he does not care for the chase through the brush as he did a few years ago, and he even lags behind in your long walks through the woods. He is no longer spry in getting over the fences, and you think he is becoming lazy.

Sometime when he can hardly keep up with you, stop and take a good look into his deep, beautiful eyes, and see what a world of sadness there is there: a regret for the joys that are past, and a yearning for what cannot be. When you have once seen all this you will always be more kind and gentle to him, and perhaps to all others. Be kind to your dog, boy.—*D. E. Cripe, Stillwater, Okla., in Our Dumb Animals.*



THE QUIET HOUR



Prayer at Early Morn

W. Arther Cable

It has been said; "Prayer is the key that unlocks the storehouse of God." "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Prayer is a necessity. No Christian can live without prayer. It is equally as absurd to conceive of a prayerless Christian as to think of a thriving tree having all communication with the mother earth cut off. But conversely, as the deeply rooted perennial penetrates to fertile depths of the foster breast, there to imbibe the elements that feed and nourish it; as it extends toward heaven its mighty branches, clothed with copious foliage, and laughs modestly in the warm breezes and pure atmosphere in which it is enveloped: so the well-grounded Christian receives through prayer and close communion with his Maker the blessings that are intended for the faithful to enjoy, and is constantly basking in the sunshine of God's eternal goodness.

Prayer at early morn! Is it not a fitting time? Do we not thank the Father for his protecting care over us during the hours of darkness that have just passed? Tell him so. Do we not desire his guiding hand to lead us safely through the activities of the day before us? We should ask it of him. Let us ask him before we attempt to accomplish the work in our own poor strength, for after we have floundered through, how can we expect him to restore us and lead us through the heap of ruins, building for us an enduring texture?

The Word says: "Pray without ceasing." The requirement is a prayerful mind. Thankfulness for favors and blessings; a continual desire for help and support. The prayer in the morning would induce a prayerful day. Stimulation to closer communion with the Infinite would be impelled.

The quietude of prayer dispels an overshadowing of gloom. The effects of a dark and dismal cloud are readily dismissed by a warm, balmy atmosphere and the repeated attempts of the gentle sunbeams to peep down upon this human world; a dejected spirit is quickly transformed amid the pervading essence of Divine being, and the sweet, permeating peace. A cross and surly spirit will shrink away in dread.

He that asketh, receiveth; he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it is opened.

THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST.

W. H. HOOD.

The optimist looks up at all times, sees the birds, the sun and stars and forgets he is walking on the earth and sometimes stumbles and falls through a bridge or some slime pit. The pessimist sees every hole in the bridge long before he gets to the place, sees the sinking sand beneath his feet, even where he is on solid rock. Happiest is he who can enjoy the fragrant flowers, the singing birds, the beauties of the celestial, and yet forget not that he is among the briars, and thorns, slime pits and sinking sands of earth. Using the "Word of God as a lamp to his feet," he looks where his feet are going; "a light to his path," then he looks up and onward.

We are told the optimist laughs, the pessimist cries. Should we never cry? Are we to conclude from the general view of optimism that we must give the hearty handshake and cheerful smiles to arch deceivers, and not notice the dark clouds and clashing thunders that threaten disaster and rain to the "ship"; finding hope where there is no promise, hope against hope, and crying "peace where there is no peace"? Hope is the outgrowth of promise.

Some days are very beautiful, serenely fair, then there are some that are extremely dismal. It rains, blows, hails, snows, sleets and is muddy and disagreeable in general, and what is the use trying to make anything else out of it. We may be endowed with a sunny disposition, good health and much to make life pleasant, but why make the one less fortunate who does see clouds in a clear sky feel their life a failure? Why set an ideal so high that no human being can reach, should they desire? But rather have a person of equal proportion "fore and aft," well rounded out, seeing the good and the evil.

Jesus did not always teach optimism. "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." Watch those fellows not for good but evil. "Blessed are ye that mourn." "Woe unto you that laugh now." Paul was not always an optimist. Sometimes very much to the contrary. He foresaw dangerous clouds in the church's horizon. "The time will come when men will not endure sound

doctrine." Watch for the deceivers. Beware, lest we trust our souls to unscrupulous men. "In the last days perilous times will come." These times will come through the workings of men. Watch that they creep not in unawares. Must we be compelled to say that all things are for the best, and clap our hands and shout when he who runs may read and see the progress of the devil in deceiving and leading astray the unwary and using his utmost power, his velvety touch and stately stepping to overthrow the power of God in the church? What we need more than the preaching of sunny faces and glad hearts, cheerful countenances and mirth, is men and women with simple obedience streaming out of their lives, and the preaching of the Gospel of righteousness in tears and trembling, seeing things as they exist and calling them by their right names.

Greene, Iowa.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

I WANT to make a man feel his sins before I dare tell him anything about Christ. I want to probe into his soul and make him feel that he is lost before I tell him anything about the purchased blessing. It is the ruin of many to tell them, "Now just believe on Christ, and that is all you have to do." If instead of dying they get better, they rise up whitewashed hypocrites—that is all. I have heard of a city missionary who kept a record of two thousand persons who were supposed to be on their death bed, but recovered, and whom he should have put down as converted persons had they died, and how many do you think lived a Christian life afterward! Not two! Positively he could only find one who was found to live afterward in the fear of God. Is it not horrible that when men and women come to die they should cry, "Comfort, comfort," and that hence their friends conclude that they are children of God? while after all they have no right to consolation, but are intruders upon the enclosed grounds of the blessed God. O God, may people ever be kept from having comfort when they have no right to it! Have you the other blessings? Have you had conviction of sin? Have you ever felt your guilt before God? Have your souls been humbled at Jesus' feet? And have you looked to Calvary alone for your refuge? If not, you have no right to consolation. Do not take an atom of it. The Spirit is a Convincer before he is a Comforter; and you must have the other operations of the Holy Spirit before you can derive anything from this.—*Spurgeon.*

QUIET TIMES.

"No day is well spent that is spent without a still moment."

In a certain large high school for young women, an old-time requirement was that every girl should spend at least twenty minutes a day in absolute quiet. Some of the students rather rebelled at this break in the day's activities, and spent the little period in doing fancy work, in repairing their clothes, or in reading sensational stories. Others accepted the plan, relaxed into easy attitudes, and let themselves meditate on the best things they had heard during the day, or they turned to their Bibles for spiritual refreshment.

Of the first groups described, most are now nervous, over-busy, anxious women, even those who are well provided with worldly wealth. Of the other group many are quiet, happy, accomplishing, inspiring women.

The habit of being calm in the midst of duties is a masterful habit, keeps the soul above too much dust and friction, gives time for mental poise and spiritual refreshment.—*Wellspring.*

THE ENRICHING YEARS.

THE poetry of all growing life consists in carrying an oldness into a newness, a past into a future, always. So only can our days possible be bound "each to each by natural piety." I would not for the world think that twenty years hence I should have ceased to see the things which I see now, and love them still. It would make life wearisome beyond expression if I thought that twenty years hence I should see them just as I see them now, and love them with no deeper love because of other visions of their lovableness. And so there comes this deep and simple rule for any man as he crosses the line dividing one period of his life from another, the same rule which he may use also as he passes through any critical occurrence of his life. Make it a time in which you shall realize your faith, and also in which you shall expect of your faith new and greater things. Take what you believe and are and hold it in your hand with new firmness as you go forward; but as you go, holding it, look on it with continual and confident expectation to see it open into somthing greater and truer.—*Phillips Brooks.*

PREACH BOTH LIFE AND DEATH.

A UNIVERSALIST preacher, after his conversion, told me that, in his twenty years' preaching the love of God and universal salvation, he never saw a sinner converted to God. God plainly and emphatically declares in Ezekiel, that if watchmen do not warn the wicked of the death-penalty for sin, they will not repent, and the watchman must perish with them. You may talk love to careless sinners until they are love-sick, but this pleasing aspect of redemption alone will never convert them. Both life and death must be set before them. the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked. Love is more influential after conversion.—*E. P. Marvin.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Armed with a memorial from the live stock exchanges William A. Moody, president of the National Association of Live Stock Exchanges, has gone to Washington to urge a repeal of the present oleo tax. On colored oleo the tax is 10 cents a pound and on uncolored oleomargarine one-fourth of a cent a pound.

Drs. Siler and Nichols of the army have rendered a report concerning their investigations into the disease known as pellagra in the State hospital at Peoria, Ill. They declare that the disease is rapidly spreading in this country and that at present in nearly every large insane asylum there are to be found cases of it. In its advanced stages, they say, it is incurable.

The heaviest rainfall ever recorded for a single day on the Isthmus of Panama occurred during the great flood of last December, between the hours of 10 A. M. December 28th and 10 A. M. December 29th, when the rain gauge at Porto Bello showed a fall of 10.86 inches. The total fall for the month was 58.17 inches, which is equal to an average rate of nearly two inches a day.

As reported by the House committee on appropriations, 17 out of the 18 pension agencies are legislated out of existence, including the one at Topeka, Kans. The measure provides only for the salary of one agent at Washington with a salary of $4,000 a year. The bill also cuts the usual $350,000 for fees of examining surgeons to $250,000. The total carried is $155,674,000.

Feb. 7 President Taft signed and promulgated the proclamation according to Germany the minimum tariff rate after March 31. The proclamation does not apply to German East Africa and other colonies of the German Empire. The tariff board, in conjunction with the State department, will determine later whether the colonies ought to receive the same rates as the empire.

A young colored girl, Estelle E. Gibbs, of Hoboken, N. J., has been awarded the first prize, a gold medal, at the graduating exercises of the Hoboken public schools. She had the highest average of any public school scholar in the city, this being 99⅓ per cent in six subjects. The girl is 14 years of age. There are 10,000 white pupils in the schools, and only 15 negroes, Hoboken having but 11 negro families.

At the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Association meeting prize winter wheat was sold for $64 a bushel at the auction at the close of the exhibit, half a peck bringing $8. Oderbrucker and pedigreed barley brought $60 a bushel, half a peck selling for $7.50. Swedish oats commanded $44 a bushel, half a peck being sold for $5.50. The best single ear of corn brought $6.50. Ten ears of Golden Glow corn sold for $26.75 and ten ears of Silver King for $16.

It is estimated that the automobile manufacturers of this country are counting on turning out 150,000 machines this year. In Pittsburg alone contracts for over $1,000,000 worth of rubber work on automobiles have been let.

A crew of eleven map makers of the Geological Survey, under the leadership of Chief Topographer C. H. Birdeye, are mapping the Hawaiian Islands. Their work will occupy all told about eighteen months, by the end of which time it is thought that they will have succeeded in making detailed maps of Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Mauri, and Hawaii. This work is preliminary to a possible extension of the reclamation service of Hawaii.

A bill by Representative Hayes of California aimed at the exclusion from the United States of the laboring classes of Japan and other races was reported favorably to the House Feb. 11 by the committee on immigration by a unanimous vote. At present the Japanese immigration is restricted by a mutual agreement between the United States and Japan by the terms of which Japan has prevented the laboring class from coming to the United States.

According to the last census bulletin on the subject, the death-rate in the United States is becoming measurably lower, the average being but 15.4 in a thousand. In the country districts it is only 14 to the thousand, while in the cities it is 16.5. This is the lowest that the death-rate in the United States has ever gone, and presumably it will go still lower. In some of the other countries the rate is getting lower, too. The cause is partly, at least, the more hygienic methods of living which have been adopted.

"Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," sang the pioneers of the West, but the Little Father is rich now when Uncle Sam has little left to give. Russian families settling in Siberia receive 1,000 acres from the Government Land Office, and each allotment contains forest, meadow, and arable land. Moreover, the Little Father has spent $1,500,000 in settling medical men in the colonized area, $375,000 on schools and hospitals, $750,000 on seeds, and $2,100,000 on agricultural machinery.

The refusal of the leading American hotel in Havana to serve certain Cuban members of Congress because they were negroes has resulted in a general revival of the race question in Cuba. The negroes are much aroused; a new negro party has been formed, and it may play a big part in the election of the new Congress next summer. There are enough colored voters to capture the government if they will stick together. The United States is anxious, no matter who wins, that the Cubans shall show that they are an orderly people, who can be trusted to govern themselves.

Traveling in her private car en route to California, Mrs. Russell Sage of New York distributed about $150,000 to several eleemosynary institutions in Texas. The gifts include $20,000 for an orphan asylum in Uvalde, $25,000 for a sanitarium at Bracketville, $15,000 for a school for poor children at Del Rio; $25,000 for a hospital at El Paso; $10,000 for a sanitarium at Boerne, $15,000 for a school at Pecos, and several smaller amounts, ranging from $1,000 to $4,000.

The Manitoba provincial government struck a hard blow at the beef trust recently when it announced that a municipal cattle market and abattoir would soon be established in Winnipeg, to compete directly with the trust. This announcement is in response to the demands of farmers who charge that the beef trust is killing the live stock industry of Western Canada by keeping down the price to farmers of cattle on the hoof and keeping up the price of meat to consumers.

Wilbur and Orville Wright have received the recognition of the Smithsonian institution for their great achievements in the science of aviation. This was in the presentation to them, Feb. 10, of the "Langley medal," authorized by the regents of the institution and named in honor of Samuel M. Langley, late secretary of the institution, who was a pioneer in aeronautics in this country. Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, chancellor of the institution, made the presentation. Wilbur Wright responded.

The head of an English engineering party which has been surveying the proposed railroad in Africa which will join the Uganda railway with Lake Magadi, in describing some of the remarkable features of the lake says that it lies at the bottom of a valley 3,000 feet deep and looks at a distance like an ordinary sheet of water. The water, however, is only a few inches deep, and is above a hard substance like pink marble. This pink substance is actually an immense deposit of soda, covering 20 square miles. It is of considerable depth.

It is claimed that the lighthouse establishment of the United States government is the most complete and efficient in the world. On June 30th, 1909, the service included no less than 1,643 lighthouse keepers; and during the fiscal year of 1910, 61 additional lights, requiring the services of 47 keepers, will be established. Legislation is being sought for the establishment of three additional lighthouse districts, covering Alaska, Porto Rico and the naval station at Guantanamo, and the Hawaiian Islands. The cost of the establishment last year was $5,357,000.

Complications are to be increased in the consideration of the postal savings bank bill in the Senate when an amendment, which Senator Root of New York has drafted is introduced. The amendment provides that the deposits in postal savings banks shall be invested in United States bonds. Progressive Senators, in fact, nearly all of those Senators from west of the Alleghany Mountains, are insistent upon the deposits being retained in the neighborhood where made. The Root amendment is relied upon by the Aldrich forces, it is understood, to accomplish one of two things, either of which will be satisfactory to Mr. Aldrich. Either it will result in the defeat of the bill, or it will fit into the Aldrich plans for a central bank, and aid the Rhode Island Senator in overcoming perhaps the greatest objection to his central bank scheme.

A massacre of Armenians in Asiatic Turkey by the Moslems is consdered so imminent that the Porte has ordered troops to be rushed to Mush, Bitlas, Diarbek and Bilidjek. For some time the walls of these cities have been placarded every night with summonses to the Moslems to perpetrate a general massacre of the Armenians. The government fears that, unless immediate steps are taken, a repetition of the Adana massacre of last year will call for interference by interested powers.

The city council license committee of Chicago recently recommended, by a vote of 6 to 4, the passage of the health department's ordinance forbidding further construction of basement bakeries. The recommendation is a compromise in that the master bakers fought the prohibition of basement bakeshops, while the health department fought to have present basement bakeries abolished. Under the terms of the ordinance all present bakeries are allowed to remain, while future bakeshops cannot be established below ground level.

The New York Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises has been gathering figures which show that in the past seven years the Fourth of July celebrations have been responsible for more than 1,500 deaths, 33,000 accidents, and a property loss by fire of $20,000,000. The society's plans for bringing about a safe and sane celebration of Independence Day have been indorsed by President Taft and the governments of 18 States. Copies of petitions are being sent to presidents of 450 colleges asking for their coöperation.

Bluish gray uniforms have been substituted for stripes in the penitentiary of the State of Missouri. Of the 2,279 convicts all were supplied with the new suits except a few whose terms are soon to expire. In addressing the men Warden Henry Andrae said he had given each convict a new suit regardless of past bad conduct or infractions of the rules. He warned them that hereafter those guilty of bad conduct would wear stripes as a mark of dishonor. The suits cost $5 each and were made in the prison. They are military in style, with brass buttons on the face, on each being "M. S. P.," Missouri State Penitentiary.

Efforts to recover the bodies of miners who lost their lives in the St. Paul mine at Cherry, Ill., last November have been practically abandoned following the narrow escape from death of a crew of rescuers who were almost buried in an avalanche of falling coal and rock while trying to remove five bodies found in a passageway south of the air shaft. Explorers have seen many other decomposed bodies lying about, but it is problematical when the work of rescue can be resumed. It will be necessary to remove the fallen rock and plank up the passageways before it will be safe for rescuers to again invade the mine.

By a unanimous vote the House committee on naval affairs voted against giving "Commander" Robert E. Peary the title of admiral. Secretary Meyer informed the committee that Peary should be designated as "civil engineer" and not "commander." Secretary Meyer said that Mr. Peary enlisted in the navy on October 26, 1881, and that he had a total of over 10 years in various leaves of absence. The secretary spoke of Mr. Peary's discovery of the pole as "a self-imposed," but most commendable task, having no military or naval significance, and recommended that Mr. Peary be retired as a civil engineer, with the rank and pay of a rear admiral. The salary of a rear admiral, retired, is $6,000 per year.



Among the Magazines



HANGING OUT THE WASH.

There's many a family secret to be learned by close observation of a neighbor's wash line.

St. Louis is hanging out its wash.

And sometimes the secret that is learned through prying into other people's affairs comes closer home than the prying one expected.

What is to be seen on St. Louis' wash line is of interest to the entire country.

Mr. Hitchcock, federal postmaster general, has called the nation's attention to a shortage of money in his department. The difference between income and outgo is steadily increasing. The postmaster general suggests that the gorge be bridged over by increasing the magazine postage rate. Mr. Taft approves this plan.

In St. Louis there is an organization that is known as the Terminal Association. The organizers and sole stockholders in this association are the railroads which enter the city. These roads, through their association, own union station, most of the switching tracks in the city limits, the one ferry company that operates boats across the Mississippi river at that point, and Eads bridge and the Merchants' Terminal bridge—the only rail avenues into St. Louis from the east. To ride across these bridges on a passenger train costs 25 cents. To ride across Eads bridge on a street car costs 10 cents. To walk across costs 5 cents. To drive across in a wagon or in an automobile or to haul a load of goods across costs in accordance with the nature of the offense. To have a 40-ton coal car hauled across costs $8.

There are numerous other bad features involved in the monopoly, but enough have been stated to show that St. Louis is justified in demanding relief. The development that is of interest to the nation is that Uncle Sam is being as hard squeezed by the monopolies as is St. Louis.

Railroads entering St. Louis that have contracts to haul mail either into or out of that city carry it only to or from East St. Louis. There they theoretically deliver it to the Terminal Association. The Terminal Association charges $50,000 a year for the use of its Mississippi River bridges by mail cars. These bridges are about one mile long. The mail cars are not detached from the trains on which they reach East St. Louis. They would be hauled with the trains into or out of St. Louis, anyway. The $50,000 is not, therefore, for extra service of any sort—is simply "velvet." The railroads that carry mail from St. Louis to points east or from points in the east to St. Louis are merely paid twice for the last few feet of the haul. There is no more justification for this charge than there is for charging extra for hauling the mails over some culvert out in the woods. The charge is made and paid on the nonsensical theory that the railroads and the Terminal company are separate corporations. The system is one of highway robbery, made possible by the fact that the Mississippi River flows between St. Louis and East St. Louis and that this river is here the boundary line between the States of Missouri and Illinois.

Now the question naturally arises: In how many other unsuspected ways is the federal postoffice department appropriation being appropriated by the railroads? Everyone knows that the express companies—which are owned by the railroads—are permitted annually to take millions of dollars' worth of business that the government ought to be doing. Everyone knows that the railroads are paid exorbitant rates for carrying the mails. Everyone knows that these two systems of graft are enormously profitable to the carriers and enormously expensive to the people. But no one outside the postoffice department knows how large is the total of small graftings, such as that exposed by St. Louis when she hung out the municipal wash the other day. Why does not the postmaster general tell the WHOLE TRUTH about this matter of the postal deficit? And, as he does not, why does not Congress see that the information is made public? It surely can not be possible that there is any reason for concealing the facts! —Woman's National Daily.

HOW CHILDREN ARE RESCUED BY A MAGAZINE.

When The Delineator more than two years ago announced that it was going to find homes for parentless children, people laughed and made light of the idea. Those who scoffed at first are now applauding. It is now proved that a great popular magazine can successfully reach out and find doors that will swing open to the child who has neither father nor mother.

The work that The Delineator is doing in this regard is as wide as the nation. Never a month goes by that it does not make three hearts in one home happy in a dozen different States. It is a good editorial shepherd.

Its plan is very simple. It finds children who have not where to lay their heads save in an institutional home, and then through its columns tells of these children. Letters pour in asking further information, and when a desirable place is found the child is given over.

A good example of this is found in that magazine for March. Here is the description of a boy who has no home:

"Sunny Jim earned his name by smiling upon a world in which he is classified as 'destitute, homeless and abandoned.' His father was a farmer, so shiftless that the little family of five children was often in need. Sunny Jim's mother labored so hard against such hopeless odds that she died, leaving her children in poverty. Then Sunny Jim's father deserted the helpless little ones. The Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society took charge of the abandoned family. In the receiving home Sunny Jim was so patient and unselfish that the mother of one of the workers took him to her own house, where he is waiting for a foster-father and a foster-mother.

"Sunny Jim is of American parentage. He is eight years old, a healthy, active little fellow. He has a fair complexion, blue eyes and light hair. His features are regular. He has been to school where he has made good progress. Obedient, honest and industrious, he is 'just a normal boy,' according to the report of his caretakers, who have written the comment: 'Manly and lovable, bright and very desirable—a deserving, promising lad.' Sunny Jim will be an affectionate son who will amply repay all that he costs. He must find a home in Illinois. For further information address Child-Rescue Department, care of The Delineator."

THE BLAME FOR THE CHERRY MINE DISASTER.

When word went forth a couple of months ago that more than 300 miners had been entrapped by fire and burned to death in a coal-mine at Cherry, Ill., the country shuddered over what it believed to be merely another reminder that coal-mining is an extra-hazardous calling. The press in general, as we noted at the time of our issue of November 27, did not trace the tragedy to any fault or negligence on the part of the company operating the mine. Last week, however, a different turn was given to the case by the report of Frank A. Rockland, a special investigator for the Austro-Hungarian and Russian consulates. Mr. Rockland, as quoted in the Chicago Daily Socialist, finds the St. Paul Coal Company responsible for the disaster "on at least seven grounds"—

"First—For its failure to take prompt means to notify the miners at work in remote parts of the mine, as soon after the fire was started as possible, so that the men would have been given opportunity to get out of the mine while there was yet chance to do so.

"Second—The fire was negligently started. The company maintained a mule shed underground in the second vein, and was sending down in the cage in the main shaft a large lot of baled hay, for use in the stable. One of the employés was engaged in hauling the hay from the cage over to the stables on some mine cars, ordinarily used for hauling coal in the mine. The mine had been equipped with electric lights, but in the particular entry leading to the stables there was a failure of the electric light through some defect in the wire, and the company was using lighted torches stuck in the sides of the walls. The hay in the car was shoved against one of these lighted torches and took fire. It was certainly a negligent act for the company to handle hay in close proximity to lighted torches. . . .

"Third—The company was negligent in failing to properly superintend or manage the fire after its inception. A little head management at the starting of the fire would have averted the disaster. It appears that no foreman could be found for a considerable time, and the common laborers who were about the fire in the beginning received no direction or superintendence whatever, until the fire was apparently beyond control.

"Fourth—The company was negligent in reversing the ventilating fan, thus creating a strong draft up the air-shaft, and thus drawing the fire into that shaft, and causing the cage in that shaft to be stopped, so that none of the men could be raised through the air-shaft, and leaving the only means of escape through the main shaft.

"Fifth—The company was negligent in having in its service incompetent and inefficient foremen, superintendents, and servants."

The Socialist goes on to say that the sixth and seventh grounds of responsibility "comprise the two statutory violations, which are failure to provide a continuous stairway in the air-shaft from the bottom of the third vein to the surface above the shaft, and failure to have the main shaft equipped with a cage capable of being operated from the bottom of the third vein to the top of the mine." The Cherry mining-horror, remarks The United Mine-Workers Journal, of Indianapolis, "has emphasized the fact that the coal-mines of this country are, many of them, just plain death-traps, and has driven the truth home with an awful and irresistible force."

And this was a "model mine!" exclaims the same paper, which goes on to remark:

"The Cherry mine has been heralded as one of the safest in the country. If such a horror occurs in the safest mines, then God help the miners who work in the old, tumble-down ones that have been in operation for almost a half century! When but a handful of men get out and save themselves alive from a model mine, what would happen to the miners who work in the old, obsolete ones without such modern equipments?

"The trouble is these model mines are only models on top, for handling large outputs, and there the likeness ceases.

"Every dollar is spent to cheapen the cost of handling a big production, but not a cent to care for the lives of the producers, the men who work in the mine. And it is only when such a disaster as that at Cherry occurs that this fact is accentuated and brought home in all its grim horror."—Literary Digest.

NO TARIFF WAR WITH GERMANY; NEXT!

Thanks to the friendly disposition of the German government, the tariff war that seemed almost unavoidable a fortnight ago has been averted. The understanding that has been reached between Berlin and Washington is based on substantial reciprocal concessions. Our government has eliminated the cattle and fresh meat questions from the tariff negotiations and will deal with them separately as independent propositions having to do with health and sanitation rather than with commerce. Germany will give us the benefit of her lowest "conventional" tariffs—an important concession that few would have regarded as possible in view of the extreme position of the Teutonic agrarians and standpatters.

All's well that ends well, and generally, it is safe to say, things end well if conciliation and common sense guide the efforts to settle them. The attention of the public will now be transferred to the other tariff-war clouds—in the direction of near Canada and distant France respectively. The methods that have given us peace with Germany should prove just as effective in the remaining controversies.

Our new tariff act is elastic in its provisions for the imposition of the maximum duties. It seeks to penalize, "undue discrimination," and a sane, progressive, practical administration will use the discretion vested in it to promote prosperity and trade.

There is not the slightest reason for supposing that France, whose leaders in politics and intellect have been expressing deep appreciation of American generosity in time of need, will not as cheerfully meet us half way as Germany has done. There is every reason to believe that Canada will remove any real obstacle to commercial peace with the United States that our government may be able to point to after full investigation. Some Dominion statesmen are rather "touchy" and provocative in their tone, affecting to fear "dictation" from our government as to

their domestic affairs. We know here how groundless all such apprehension is. "Undue discrimination" is a question of plain fact with sensible people, and if it does not exist no one will insist on finding it.

The world cannot afford commercial war at any time, and least of all at this time of mounting prices.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHANCE AND CHOICE.

"HUMANLY speaking, I see no cure for James," said the doctor. "Physically and mentally, the craving for alcohol is beyond his strength to resist. He has been in a Keeley cure, and came out apparently cured only to relapse. As he says himself, the craving is so strong that if a drink of liquor were at the end of the room, and a cannon on each side was firing across continually, he would rush to get the liquor, in the face of certain death. He is beyond all control of himself, in the grip of it."

"Then you think he is not responsible, doctor?" said the young man's cousin.

The doctor looked at him sharply. "Not responsible! What are you talking about, man? James is responsible—entirely responsible—for his own condition."

"But you say he can't help himself—that it is beyond his strength to resist," argued the cousin.

"He can't resist—now," said the doctor, frowning under his shaggy brows. "No more can a man who has deliberately taken poison resist dying of it. But do you remember James ten years ago?"

The cousin nodded. "Splendid specimen, wasn't he?"

"Magnificent. Strong willed, too. The trouble with him was not his chance in life, but his choice. I can put my finger, I think, on the very month and year when James lost his chance, through his own choice. James was in my brother's Bible class. He was deeply impressed during a series of meetings. But he wanted to have a 'good time' out of life first. There was no harm in James then. He was like a frisky colt. His postponement of a decision as to joining the church seemed harmless enough—merely a year or two's delay. Yet, looking back, that was the turning-point for James. He did not know it, nor did any one else. But little by little he fell into gay company, in the pursuit of his 'good time,' and lost his interest in the church, and began to break the Sabbath, and then drink suddenly appeared to take hold of him, and flame up like a fire, and—well, you saw him this morning! He hasn't any chance now. He hasn't had any chance, I should say, for two or three years. But he had as much chance as any one of us ever has—for the only chance any one of us gets is the chance that we take in time. "As I look back"—the doctor grew confidential—"it looks to me as if my own chance came when I was about thirteen. I made some choices then that have stayed with me ever since. But when I remember how near I was to not making them, it gives me a cold shiver!"

The cousin looked thoughtful. "Same here," he said. "I was fifteen. They looked like small choices, too. I know now they weren't, though. They led on to every larger choice I've made since, and to my only chance, I believe, to be different from poor James. He's my first cousin you know; and it's just because I might easily have gone the same path that I want to help him."

"You can't," said the doctor. "Neither can I. That's the awfulness, the irrevocableness, of choice and free will. James hasn't any free will left. But while he had it, he destroyed his chance. Lots of people do. And then lots of other people talk about their not being responsible, because they can't help themselves. I've been doctoring all sorts of patients for forty years, on the avenues and in the slums, and every year I'm more sure that every soul sets its chance, and the question is one of choice, every time."—*New Guide.*

Between Whiles

Sambo—What names have you guv to them kittens?
Cuffy—Taft and Roosevelt.
Sambo—Why not Cook and Peary?
Cuffy—Dem ain't no Pole-cats.

After we had urged a friend to show his independence when voting by making selections from the best men on several tickets and by scratching the rest, he replied: "I vote the good old way. I put a cross under the rooster, and then let him do the scratching."

"Can you tell me what steam is?" asked the examiner.
"Why, sure, sir," replied Patrick, confidently. "Steam is—whyer, it's wather thot's gone crazy wid the heat."—Tit-Bits.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father; "what won't science discover? If that rod had a straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Success.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.
Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

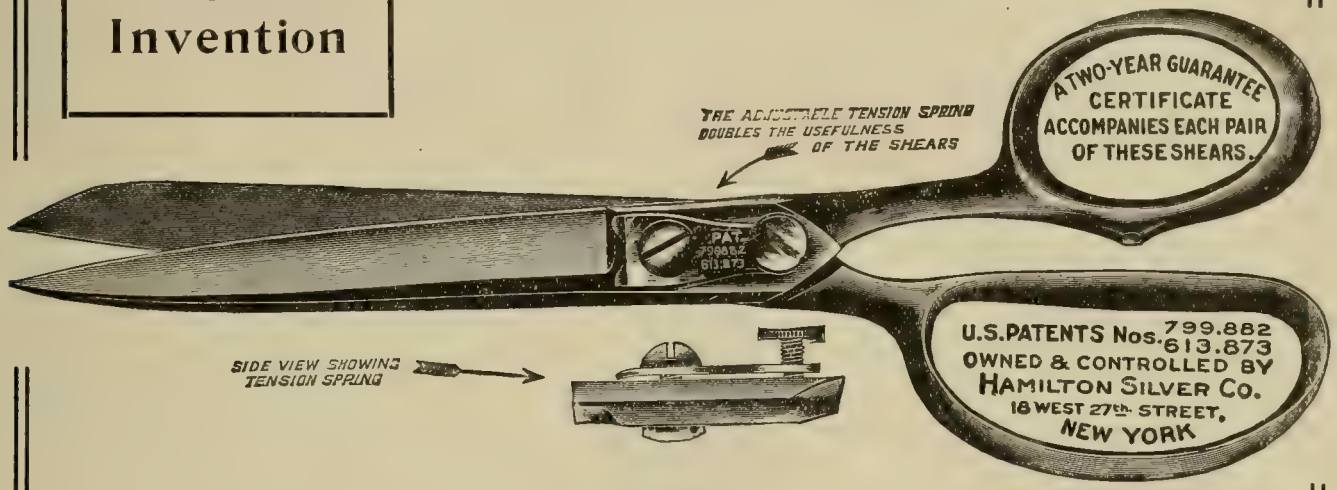
WANTED.—Buyers for some good well improved farms near the following (Brethren's) churchhouse, Rockingham, Wacanda and Bethany, in Ray Co., Mo. Write me.—J. H. Shirky, Norborne, Mo., R. 4. 1—7t

These Patent Tension Steel Shears FREE= To INGLENOOK SUBSCRIBERS

The Latest and Most Useful Household Invention

THE cutting edge on these shears is indestructible and will never wear dull. They will cut anything and everything from wet tissue paper to a heavy horse blanket :: ::

OTE THE PATENT TENSION SPRING It Does Away with Resharpening Entirely. The Illustration Shows exact Size of Shears. Eight inches Long.



EIGHT-INCH PATENT TENSION SPRING SHEARS

THE shears being distributed by the Inglenook are manufactured of the very highest grade steel, perfectly tempered and heavily nickel plated on a highly polished surface. The patent tension spring takes up all the wear on the rivet, so that the cutting edges will never wear dull. A simple turn of the little thumb screw will adjust the blades to cut anything from the thinnest and most delicate fabric to the heaviest material. Every woman who has had the exasperating and trying experience of attempting to cut with a dull pair of shears will appreciate the value of this new invention.

READ THIS GUARANTEE—We guarantee the quality of the material and the workmanship in these shears to be first-class in every respect. That the tension spring doubles the usefulness of the shears and does away with the necessity of resharpening. A printed guarantee certificate accompanies every pair and contains the following: "If this pair of shears breaks or becomes defective in any way within two years from the date delivered it will be replaced with a new pair free."

HOW TO GET A PAIR OF THESE SHEARS FREE—The Inglenook wants 10,000 more subscribers within the next few months, and in order to get them we are making the following exceedingly liberal offer.

To every person sending us $1.00 before April 1st, we will mail the Inglenook for one year and we will also send you postpaid one of these shears.

The Inglenook is one of the best weekly magazines published and should be read by everyone. Just the paper for the home.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

Enclosed herewith please find $1.00 for which please send me THE INGLENOOK one year. Also send me at once, free, postage paid, one pair of Patent Tension Shears, as advertised.

Name_____

Town_____

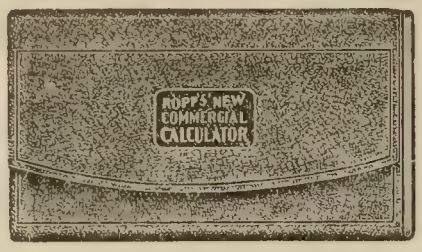
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Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

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New and revised edition. Contains 2 pages for report of each Sunday of the year besides 2 pages for the Annual Report and each of the Quarterly summaries. Bound in paper with reinforced back. Size 4x7 inches. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

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Fifty Lessons Under Seven Headings.

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EMPIRE COLONY

Good Reports from the Empire Colony, California.

Since our last announcement the Church of the Brethren has more than doubled its membership at this place, it now numbers over seventy, and others will move here soon. Being located so near the center of the District of N. Cal., with good railroad facilities, it should become a large and prosperous congregation.

New Churchhouse.

Arrangements are being made to build a Churchhouse at Empire in the near future. The colonists seem well pleased with this section of Cal. Stanislaus County is in a growing condition, it has gone from the rank of the 13th, to the second county in the state in dairying within the last six years, due to the fine crops of alfalfa grown here, often yielding from six to ten tons per acre, annually.

New Motor Railroad.

The new railroad connecting Empire with Modesto, the county seat, is about completed, which will add much to the convenience of the Empire section. An electric line is under contemplation from Modesto to Stockton, this when completed, will connect Empire with the entire electric system of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

New California Homes.

Persons looking for homes free from the chilly blasts and long cold winters, will find it to their interest to investigate the Empire section. California has passed the experimental stage, it has a fine climate, good soil and other conditions that enter into the making of fine homes, producing a greater variety of crops than any other state.

The mild climate, rich soil, fine irrigation system where the water belongs to the land with sure crops and nearby markets make this a good place for an **Ideal Home.** For fuller information write to

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by

Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

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two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 681 large pages, bound in elegant cloth.

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Our Price, ... .95

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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I have been on the lookout for good things in California ever since I arrived and I have found not a few; but, as I see it, the best of all in way of an investment is Eucalyptus. As a hardwood timber, this is a wonder. Its rapid growth, its freedom from enemies, and the little care it requires, makes it desirable property, no matter where you live. Where little seedling trees are planted today in a little while there is a forest. You don't often have a chance to invest a dollar where it will bring you what is equal to a net income of 50 cents per year for a lifetime without labor or attention upon your part; but California eucalyptus groves are doing better than this in many cases. During the first two years of its life the young trees require cultivation, but I am arranging with some responsible people who will plant the groves, properly care for them two years and then turn over to us the young forests pushing rapidly to maturity and growing in value at the rate of 50 per cent of first cost per annum. You can buy them in tracts of 2½ acres and up, and if you are not prepared to pay all cash, terms can usually be made to suit. The uses to which this timber can be put are so numerous it would almost make you dizzy to hear me recite them. Printed matter, prices and full information will be sent upon request.

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A series of dainty little booklets for general gift purposes. Each one is devoted to a single poem, or to several gems from some book or author. Exquisite border decorations and splendid illustrations. Eight pages and covers. Bound in the celebrated "BEATY" cloth. Assorted designs and colors. Titles stamped in gold. Size, 3½x5 inches.

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These are wholesome stories, and cannot fail to arouse the interest and attention of both young and old. No one will willingly lay down an unfinished book in this series; at the same time he will form a taste for good literature and will aspire to better living.

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15,000 ... Saloons ... Closed

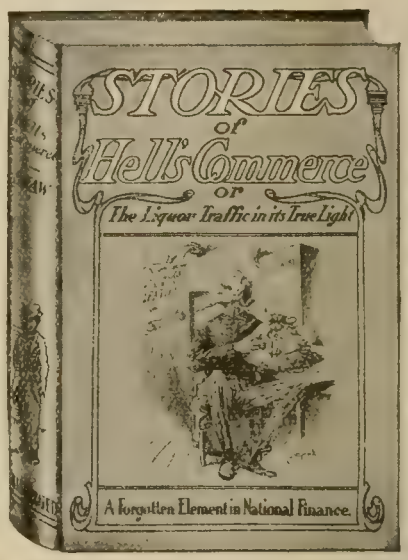
¶ The year 1909 will go down in history as one of large victories for the forces of temperance and righteousness.

¶ Fifteen thousand retail liquor shops were closed. ¶ More than 100 breweries have been compelled to go out of business. ¶ Dry territory has been enlarged in almost every section of the Union.

¶ With an awakened conscience and a more intelligent realization of the terrific battles that must yet be fought, we may hope for even larger victories during 1910.

One of the new books that will furnish abundant ammunition for this conflict is:

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It is a book of 544 pages of thrilling stories, striking illustrations, true incidents, stirring poems, pointed paragraphs, and inspiring songs.

Profusely illustrated throughout.

Not a dry page in the book but every page will help to make "dry" votes at the next election.

The liquor business is shown up in its true light, without resorting to figures, statistics or comparative tales.

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THE INGLENOOK

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This Advertisement **unless**

you are ready to subscribe for a first-class, all-around, up-to-the-minute, magazine, when

we have convinced you that

you cannot afford to be without it. During the next twelve months we plan to make "The Inglenook" even more helpful and attractive than it has been.

Each week there will be some four columns of news under "Echoes from Everywhere"; delightful stories in "The Children's Corner"; poems and essays for mother and the girls under "The Home World"; timely "Nature Studies"; besides several pages of essays, Editorials and illustrated articles on education, science, inventions, history and current events.

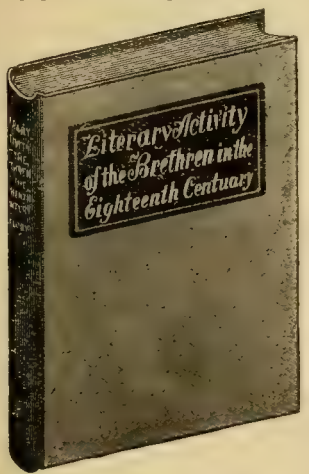
We might sum it all up by saying each issue is a library of reading matter and, as subscribers tell us,

"there is not a dull page in THE INGLENOOK"

THE INGLENOOK

LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE BRETHREN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By John S. Flory, Ph. D.

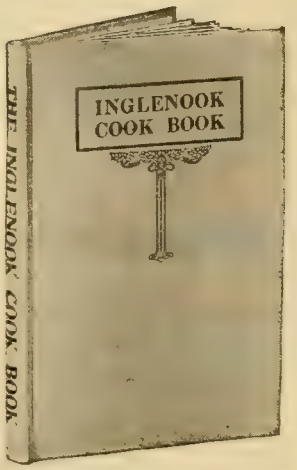


An intensely interesting volume dealing with the history of Educational Work and Literary Endeavor in the Church of the Brethren during the first century of their existence as a denomination. Owing to the careful and conscientious research on the part of its author, this book will be referred to as an authority on the subject for years to come. The introduction is written by Eld. D. L. Miller. Substantially bound in cloth, 335 pages.

The Inglenook, 1 year, . . $1.00
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A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY
TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

in a land of sunshine, and pure air with unlimited possibilities.

¶ Would you like to own a farm that would produce from 60 to 110 bushels of oats to the acre?

¶ Nearly enough to pay for your land in one year.

¶ Possibly you would prefer to raise from 30 to 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. ¶ You can take your choice. ¶ Or you can raise Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Potatoes or do a general diversified farming business. ¶ You certainly would like an apple orchard that will bring you in an income of from $200 to $1,000 net per acre per year. ¶ These are conservative figures and can be sustained.

¶ You need not worry about dry weather. ¶ Lots of water ready and you turn it on when your crop needs it ¶ No uncertainties about it. ¶ One thousand dollars already subscribed for a Brethren Church. ¶ A large number have arranged to locate on these lands in the spring.

¶ This golden egg is being hatched in Sweet Grass County, Montana.

For full particulars and descriptive matter write to

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONTANA.

A Weekly Magazine

THE INGLENOOK



Ox Team Logging in Oregon.

Published by

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

March 1, 1910 Elgin, Illinois Vol. XII. No. 9

Price $1.00 Per Annum

Leave Cold Weather

Very Low

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OREGON and IDAHO

Every Day

MARCH 1st to APRIL 15th

OVER

UNION PACIFIC

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These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only **25 cts.**

Set of eight designs, postpaid, **$1.50**

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

A SPECIAL FEATURE

Editor Trout is always on the alert for interesting and helpful matter with which to improve our Sunday-school periodicals.

In the January **Teachers' Monthly** he announces the completion of arrangements which will bring the finest maps and descriptions of Bible lands within reach of every teacher or schools using the **Monthly.** We refer to the

"Underwood Travel System"

Helps to the Sunday-school Lessons for 1910.

Under the caption **"The Lesson in Palestine"** will be found a careful description of the places mentioned in the lesson and directions for use of the maps and the stereographs.

During this year each issue of the **Monthly** will give a reproduction of one or more of the famous Underwood maps.

This one feature should induce every student of the International Uniform Sunday-School Lessons to use the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** during 1910.

Price single copy per year **50 cents.**

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Satan and the Saint

o

The Present Darkness and the Coming Light

BY DR. JAMES M. GRAY

Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

A series of popular Bible Studies as delivered to Bible classes numbering several thousand members, in Chicago, and Grand Rapids, Mich.

These are the Chapters of the Book:

The Trial of Job; or, Is Satan a Person?
The Evil of Christian Science; or, Satan as an Angel of Light.
The Power Behind the Medium; or, The Secret of the Occult.
Old Foes in New Forms: or, The Heresies of the "Millennial Dawn."
A Dream of History; or, Is the World Growing Better or Worse?
"That Blessed Hope"; or, What is the Second Coming of Christ?

Clear print, on good book paper, with paper covers. 124 pages.

Price 15 cents a copy.

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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

By John Bunyan.



He was the greatest minister of the seventeenth century. We have put Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress into easy, simple words to suit children, so that they may understand the beautiful and instructive story. We have also set the book in extra large, plain type.

This volume comprises about 250 pages, profusely illustrated. It also contains four magnificent lithograph plates printed in eight colors.

Board binding, lithograph cover—
Regular Price, ...$1.00
Our Price, ... .55
Bound in Cloth, stamped with white metal—
Regular Price, ...$1.50
Our Special Price, ... .70

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Elgin, Illinois.

BRETHREN FAMILY ALMANAC FOR 1910

Is an encyclopedia of useful and interesting information. It will be referred to constantly throughout the year. ¶Astronomical characters are explained, four eclipses are announced for the year and over 300 important events in history are referred to on the Calendar pages. ¶The "Ministerial List" gives the correct address of the 2989 ministers of the Church of the Brethren. ¶Three and one-half pages are devoted to the names and addresses of those who are serving the several districts on the District Mission Board and as Sunday-school Secretary.

A Special Feature

of unusual interest to all is the list of "Churches and Missions with the name of Pastor or Elder" arranged by States. ¶Page 21 contains an announcement of the 1910 Annual Conference. ¶The biographical sketches are written by intimate friends of five Brethren who have left their impress on the Community in which they lived and labored.

Order a copy today!

Price, postpaid, ...10 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

THE TWIN FALLS COUNTRY

¶ The Twin Falls Country has the largest irrigation ditch in the United States, with practically an unlimited supply of water. ¶ The soil has proven to be of remarkable fertility and produces fruits, grains, alfalfa and garden truck with extraordinary success. ¶ The lands adjacent to Twin Falls are under the Carey Act, which of itself is of immense advantage to the homeseeker.

¶ The various projects in the Twin Falls Country contain over two million acres, as follows: The Twin Falls South Side project, 240,000 acres, The Twin Falls North Side project, 225,000 acres, the Salmon River project, 80,000 acres, the Kings Hill project, 20,000 acres; the Wood River project, 150,000 acres; the Goose Creek project, 50,000 acres; the West End project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls Shoshone project, 10,000 acres; the Dietrich project, 50,000 acres; the Twin Falls-Bruneau project, 1,000,000 acres; the Bruneau project, 80,000 acres; and the Minidoka Government project, 160,000 acres; all of which will be irrigated and which will be tributary to the City of Twin Falls.

Colonist one way rates will be in effect from MARCH 1 to APRIL 15 of this year.

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be on sale on FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of EACH MONTH DURING THE YEAR.

Intending passengers can get exact fare from their local agents.

¶ Write us for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. March 1, 1910. No. 9.

Western Logging and Lumbering

H. D. Michael

Part II. Logging in the West.

THE logging of the large western forests of larger timber than the Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan pine is done in such a vastly different way than that was logged that it may be of interest to some to know how it was and is now done.

Years ago when the first small mills were installed along the Pacific Coast streams logs were needed from which to manufacture the lumber needed for building purposes. Men were sent into the woods to fell the trees and cut up the logs near the mill or near the stream above the mill, for logs were not hauled any great distance then. After the logs were cut the bark was hewn off so as to let the log run smooth, for it was to be pulled by none other than a team of the slow-going patient oxen. This they did by dragging it on the ground or on a skid-road. To make a skid-road the grade was first made, then trenches digged across it about every five feet. Into these, skids were laid and tamped quite solid. The skids were saplings of from one foot to eighteen inches in diameter cut into six to seven foot lengths. When the road angled these skids were placed slanting wise to cause the log to make the turn. They were also set sloping though in the opposite way to which a railroad tie is at a curve. This was done to keep the log from rolling off on the inside of the curve.

Had the logging been done on snow as in the eastern woods these roads would not have been needed in many instances but here instead of logging in the winter, as there, the logging is done mostly in the summer because of the wetness of the winters.

The day for logging with oxen soon passed and horses were used. This change was made for speed as the oxen were too slow to keep abreast of the times. The horse teams were soon doomed also to give way to the later inventions of man. The donkey engine has superseded them and now instead of teams a modern logging camp has from one to fifteen or twenty donkey engines.

Then let us write a little as to the proceedings of a logging camp at this age. The roads are made differently, for now there is no team to make a road for, so the only thing to look toward is the cheapest and fastest way of getting out the logs. Most of the roadways now are only chutes. These are made by selecting long straight logs and fitting the ends together, laying them as near straight as is possible. One course of logs serves as the chute bottom while a course on either side serves as side railings. When it is all in place and solidly blocked and fastened, it is ready for the logs to be rolled into it when the "shooting of the chutes" takes place. Now that the chute is ready we should see the preparations needed to get the logs in readiness.

Look the crew over as they start from the "cook house" and "bunk houses" to work. See what a broad shouldered, stout looking lot they usually are. Hard work it is and muscled men are required. A rough-spoken class is the rule though in their way as kind and generous-hearted as is often met. As they start to work the ones that fell the trees can be seen carrying their axes back to the woods after having ground them, for that is one thing a man is generally proud of,—his fine sharp axe. When they walk up to a tree to begin on it a site is looked out as to where it can be thrown so as to not break up in falling or not be hard to get out after it is cut up. When it is decided as to the best direction to throw the tree each man chops a small notch into his side of the tree. In this he places his "spring board." That is then his staging upon which he stands as he works. That is done because of the unevenness of the ground and often to get above some gnarl, swell or pitch seam through which it would be almost impossible to saw. Often the stumps are left eight to twelve feet to avoid some bad swell. When the boards are ready the men saw into the tree about one-fourth to one-third of its diameter. This is then chipped out, making the "under cut" which guides the tree the way it is to fall. The back cut is then sawed and when nearly sawed to the under cut a wedge is inserted into the saw curf and the

tree is wedged over. In falling pitch is often struck with the saw. The men must then wait till the pitch runs out of the pocket or seam as it is too hard to saw while the pitch is running a very large stream. Often from five to ten gallons of pitch run from one tree. Coal oil must be used on the saw to cut the pitch or a can of water hanged above the saw and a constant dripping started to soften and help cut the pitch. Once the tree is down the "sawyer," or "bucker" as he is termed, comes along to saw it into logs. Maybe you think it does not look like a large undertaking to walk up to a log of six to eight feet in diameter and expect to saw it in two. It has often looked large to me while at that work, though as long as a man does not balk he will get along all right. To drag an eight or ten foot saw back and forth through a large log and do it all alone is no easy task, though it really seems to have some fascination when once the "lick" is struck. All the sawing of these large logs is done by one man alone and not by two, as some suppose.

After the logs are sawed and all is in readiness the other part of the crew begin taking out the logs. The "hook tenders," known also as "rigging slingers," begin fastening onto the logs with large chokers made of a steel wire cable. These are only a short line with a hook through which the line rends, and as the line is pulled on, it tightens the move on the log, that being the reason it is called a choker. When the choker is fastened the main line is attached and the whistle boy pulls his wire fastened to the whistle at the engine. The engineer then starts the machine and the log "wends its weary way" around the curves and stumps where the line has been placed and at last it is hauled out from among the stumps to the side of the chute ready for its long, quick trip to the river below, if they are logging into a river chute as some do.



Donkey Engine and Chute.

Now comes the excitement. See the log as it glides along slowly at first but soon gains momentum and at last goes whizzing to the river. See the splash! It is a scene of which one never tires. Notice too the spray that rises and if you are on the side so that the sun's rays strike the mist right you will see as pretty a little rainbow as can be imagined.



A Skid Road and Logs on It.

Some chutes are so long and steep as to need to be made of steel rails that the friction of the log passing over will not set it on fire. Often a log leaves great curls of smoke in its wake, so rapid is its descent. Some of the chutes are built with an upward raise at the extreme lower end near the river so that when the log reaches there it rises and turns a summersault in the air before lighting. That breaks the speed and saves many of the logs from getting split. Then too it adds beauty to the scene, for all the onlookers.

Logs, that like these described are logged into deep water, are rafted into tight stowed rafts and towed by tow scows or launches to the mills ready for use or are taken by a raftsman as far as they will drift with each tide. He then fastens them when the tide turns and awaits the next favorable tide six hours later to float them on to the mill. Other camps log their output to a railroad to be loaded onto cars and in that way taken to mill.

To watch this loading one can get a fair idea of the power of one of these little donkey engines. A log forty to sixty feet in length and four feet at the smaller end is handled almost as easily as the smaller ones. A large grab hook is fastened in each end and the log lifted bodily high into the air. The large gin poles creak and groan but the monster logs are raised up above the railroad cars and slowly snubbed down to place on them. It is an easy matter then to take them to mill but the logs logged by still other camps into the small dry creek beds farther back must be brought out in another manner. They cannot be taken out when these others are, on the train, so we must await a later date to bring them out on a large freshet.

* * *

RECLAIMING THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

C. H. SLIFER.

In this age of conservation and reclamation, perhaps there is no movement so simple, or so far reaching in its results as the drainage of the famous Everglades of Florida. Contrary to general belief, the Everglades lie at an average elevation of over sixteen feet above sea level at high tide with thousands of acres over twenty feet above the level of the sea. It is not a swamp, but a vast level prairie covered most of the year with a thin sheet of clear, pure water which overflows the banks of Lake Okeechobee and flows in a southeasterly direction until on nearing the coast it is conducted through the rim rock by short but rapid flowing rivers into the Atlantic Ocean.

The history of the Everglades would fill many pages of interesting reading, but we will give only a synopsis.



In the early forties the subject of draining the Everglades was discussed by Congress and recommended by competent engineers who fought in the Seminole Wars. The discovery of gold in California revealed to the eastern farmers who migrated West, the vast prairies of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys and in this great movement toward the setting sun, the Everglades were forgotten. Then followed the Civil War which left the South in ruins. In the early eighties a few venturesome spirits began the culture of oranges in northern Florida, but the cold winter of 1886 destroyed their crops and their fortunes.

Only thirteen years ago Henry M. Flagler conceived the idea of making southeast Florida a winter resort and built a railroad to Miami and erected magnificent hotels for winter tourists, little dreaming that he was opening up a vast empire of the richest land in America. All along the coast are sand and rock reefs with a vast, almost impenetrable line of forests hiding from view the productive Everglades.

By patient and persistent efforts this barren coast plain has been made to yield hundreds and even thousands of dollars' worth of fruits and vegetables per

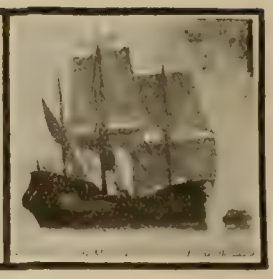
(Continued on Page 203.)





Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter XVI.

WHILE the Island of Campobello does not belong to the United States, yet it has connection with our early history in that it was the exiled home of Benedict Arnold, the traitor.

Arnold was a man whose name and memory will always be abhorred by all lovers of patriotism and liberty. Being obliged to fly from the country he had betrayed, he was despised by the people of England whom he had sought to serve by his treachery. Finally life became unbearable to him in London, and so he came here where he could live in sight of his native land, upon whose soil he dared not set a foot, and for years he lived on this island. The house in which he lived has become a curiosity to sightseers.

Arnold was one of the greatest military minds and bravest men of the Revolution, who dragged out a miserable existence in sight of the land over which he might have wielded an influence second only to that of Washington, had he but remained true to his country and not turned traitor to his flag. It is a pathetic tale though we abhor the traitor. Arnold's bravery and ability would have placed him beside the great captains of history but for the one black act of his life that will stand forever as a warning to all. His march from Massachusetts through Maine to Quebec will rank as one of the most marvelous military feats in all history. He fancied, as many do today, that his talents were not appreciated, and he was tempted and fell.

Being expelled from society in London, by the very people whom he would have benefited by his treason, he sought a spot where he could brood over his blighted life. It was not a desolate spot, but rather beautiful. Here he could listen to the sea, and see the flag of a new nation float from the mast-head of the vessels sailing to and fro. This sight must have cut his heart like a knife, and it is no wonder he could not endure the sight for any length of time.

According to old papers it has been discovered that Arnold was not only guilty of betraying his country, but also of a meaner vice—that of cheating his grocer.

When English Admiral Owen turned the cold shoulder to Arnold, he was left without a country and without a friend.

One dark stormy night a party rowed across the bay and landed near his house, intending to kidnap Arnold, but he suspecting something, received them with saber and gun and was so determined upon resistance that his captors were obliged to retreat. Had they accomplished this act, he would have been taken to American soil, court-martialed and probably shot.

Calais, Maine, is the oldest settlement on the New England coast, being three hundred and five years old. It was settled by the great French adventurer, Sieur de Monts, fourteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Although DeSoto had been in Florida at a previous date, he had only been chasing the will-o'-the-wisp known as the Fountain of Youth. He was not there to plant a colony or settle a new civilization. De Monts, on the contrary, came here in search of a home. He came in 1604 under a grant from Henry Fourth of France, and settled on Dachet Island to which he gave the name of St. Croix. It was then one mile long, while today it contains scarcely one-quarter of an acre. Here they settled and commenced a long and fierce battle with a Maine winter, during which not less than one-half their number died, and the discouraged remnant left the spot and settled at Port Royal, Nova Scotia. For two centuries the place reverted to the wilderness and the Indians and wild beasts held sway—alone. De Monts left many memorials of his unfortunate possessions. If these adventurers did not lay the foundation of a settlement they made many discoveries and demonstrated the possibilities of a hardier race that was yet to come.

Not until 1778 did Daniel Hill come from Machias and clear a place on Ferry Point. Many others followed and in 1790 the settlement numbered sixteen souls, but in 1800 the population had increased to two hundred.

In 1556, André Thevit, a Catholic priest, sailed in a French ship along the entire coast of what is now Maine, entering Penobscot Bay, where he spent five days, holding many conferences with the natives. The first Englishman who visited this vicinity was Nathan Pring, who sailed from Bristol, England, in 1603, visiting Penobscot Bay and islands. Seeing some foxes on the shores of an island he named it Fox Island, and that was the name by which several islands were called for many years. He was well pleased with the scenery of the bay, and also with the fishing, as

well as with the animals which were seen. When they returned to England they carried an Indian canoe with them, yet had seen but few natives.

In 1604 Champlain visited this region and is said to have landed in this vicinity. In 1605 the bay and islands were also visited by James Rozier, who sailed through what is now known as Eggemoggin Reach, anchoring near the cape lying at the southwestern extremity of the town of Brooksville, which bears his name. In June of the same year, Weymouth visited the bay and river, sailing up between the towns of Islesborough and Camden, anchoring opposite the beautiful hills of Camden, where the party went ashore; afterwards going farther up the bay they visited what is now the city of Belfast. The intercourse Weymouth held with the natives was at first friendly, but unfortunately for him, he kidnapped five Indians, carrying them to England, three of whom he delivered to Sir Ferdinando Gorges who kept them as servants in his family for three years.

In 1614 Capt. John Smith, of Virginia, visited this region, and reported a settlement as having been made by the French on the Island of Mount Desert as early as 1604. Others came in 1609 and in 1613 Madam De Guerchville planted a colony there. The earliest English settlement reported to have been made here was in 1629, under the Plymouth Colony, by Isaac Allerton, on the peninsula upon which the town of Castine now stands. This was done for the purpose of trading, and was continued until 1635 when it was taken by the French, but was retaken in 1654 and held until 1670 when it was surrendered to the French, and held by them most of the time until 1704, when it was captured by Capt. Church of the Plymouth Colony.

When the first settlers came to this locality, it was an unbroken wilderness, there being no evidence that it had ever been occupied by white men, and probably but few had even landed upon the shore. The Indians had occupied some sections at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of clams for food. There is evidence that the Indians occupied those parts where shell-fish were found very abundantly, and the shells piled upon the ground covered considerable space, showing that they must have been centuries in accumulating. When the land was plowed the places where their wigwams were could be easily ascertained, and the times of their visits were probably at such times as other food could not be easily obtained. Skeletons have been found, and at one time two were taken from under the roots of a large hardwood tree, which had grown to a large size and had decayed somewhat, and blown down during a severe storm. One was of a person of ordinary size, while the other was at least eight feet tall, and between the ribs of the larger one was found the head of a dart made of copper. They were nearly side by side, and had probably been engaged in a deadly conflict, each falling at the hands of the other. This conflict must have happened many years before they were discovered, for they must have lain upon the ground and the tree which grew over them must have been many years in attaining so large growth.



"THE PROCESS OF OTHERING."

I read a book. It told of wars and strife,
And peace and progress and the sweep of life;
It showed me nations groping toward the light;
It showed the human instinct strong for right;
It struck a chord deep somewhere in my heart;
And set my life athrill with a new start.
Then was I other than I had been before,
Or was I more myself?

I solved a problem; worked for hours and hours,
It taxed the utmost of my thinking powers;
And more than once I almost gave it up,
But worked it through with one despairing hope.
The gain;—not only one more problem done,
But power and triumph for a vict'ry won.
Then was I other than I'd been before,
Or was I more myself?

I wandered in my quest of new and strange,
To sea-side sands, and towering mountain range;
I saw the prairies, broad as any sea,
And peoples, customs, countries, strange to me.
And each new scene bro't living thoughts as new,
As if I'd been the first to think them through.
Then was I other than I'd been before,
Or was I more myself?

I found a friend in one who saw in me
The greatness of the things I longed to be;
His faith and confidence in my weak powers
Warmed all the buds of tho't into the flowers
Of action; till by faith I have become
And done, what else I never could have done.
Now am I other than I was before,
Or am I more myself?

—Margaret Richards, in Ohio Educational Monthly.



DREAMS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Sometime it will all come true. In fancy I can picture it and my mind paints it in the brilliant colors of that rainbow never seen of other eyes than yours and mine. In the purple-red glow of a wide, open fireplace I am dreaming the dream of the world. There is that stillness around me that comes only at midnight in winter; all about are my friends—books—books—some cold with the wisdom of far-seeing eyes, some warm with the love of life and the passion of youth. This little red volume, close clasped in my hand: I hold it to the light of the fire; every word seems to tremble and have the precious gift of life. "Heloise and Abelard," your story is known to my heart and I bless the little girl who gave you to me at Christmastide. Here, too, is young Keats, and burn-

ing Shelley and wonderful Poe. And another, close beside me, a quaint, soft, beautiful book, written by one whose dreams match mine, whose heart is tender, warm and filled with a glory that touches the soul; one who understands life, who believes in things, and one who has the courage and hope to promise sunshine when gloom is the deepest.

Yes, sometime it will all come true; then some one whose voice is sweet and gentle, whose touch is tenderness itself, will sit here beside me in the throbbing stillness. The living coals will cast their changing, mystic lights and shadows upon us; the world, with its clamor and clash, will be very far away. We will not remember the past with its dead, forgotten loneliness and secret sorrows; we will not heed the tomorrow, which may bid us take up the old burdens, the old heartaches, or perchance bring us new anguish, or other joys and pleasures. Nay, we will sit here in the firelight's glow, dreamful and content, seeing in the light of each other's eyes the passionate hope fulfilled, feeling in our hearts that the years of waiting were indeed worth while, and exulting in our souls that life at last has given us what we prayed and wept and struggled for. Together we will stand upon that pinacle of peace attained by so few, and lips pressing lips will breathe fervently, "*for this I thank thee!*"

Oh, yes, dear, it will sometime come true.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter VII. Reformatory Measures Continued.

In the line of religious influences the church and Sunday-school services are most important. The Chapel Room is large enough to accommodate all the prisoners and is the assembling place for attendance upon religious services. It occupies the second story of the building. The prisoners are marched in through the rear door, each squad of men being ushered in, seated and guarded throughout the services by its particular keeper, who after seating his men takes his station on an elevated platform in the side aisle and intently watches the conduct of his charges. Extending across the front of the chapel is a broad platform. Upon this is located the Chaplain's pulpit. The right hand corner is occupied by the prison choir and orchestra, generally all prisoners. Many of the inmates are first-class musicians. To the left of the pulpit are seats for visitors, usually well filled. Those wishing to attend services must send in requests for permits several days before the time of attendance and are charged a twenty-five cent fee for admission. The amount thus collected goes toward the chapel fund. There is a seating capacity for fifty visitors.

Prisoners sit with folded arms and pay strictest attention to the services. Many join heartily in the singing of familiar hymns. The Prison Chaplain or some one appointed by him conducts the services each Sunday morning beginning at 10 o'clock. Protestant services are held every Sunday excepting the last Sunday of each month when a minister of the Catholic faith preaches. On this Sunday there is a special mass service at 8 o'clock A. M. and Catholic Sunday school at the same hour in the schoolroom on all other Sundays. A Protestant Sunday school is held every Sunday in the chapel at 8:45 A. M. Attendance upon religious services is not compulsory but the large majority choose to attend. Here the visitor faces a cosmopolitan audience. A model audience one might consider it, attentively listening to the preaching of the Gospel of the Christ who died in the midst of criminals for the salvation of all criminals.

On the wall back of the speaker is a tablet which may be distinguished in the photograph of the chapel. It reads:

IN MEMORIAM.
to
Uncle Tom.
"I was in prison and ye visited me."

At the earnest request of a large number of prisoners this tablet is placed here to perpetuate the memory of one whose constant and unmeasured kindness to them gave him the well-deserved title of "The Prisoners' Friend."

Thomas Alexander McClaughry,
Born Dec. 9th 1812
Died May 23rd 1883
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

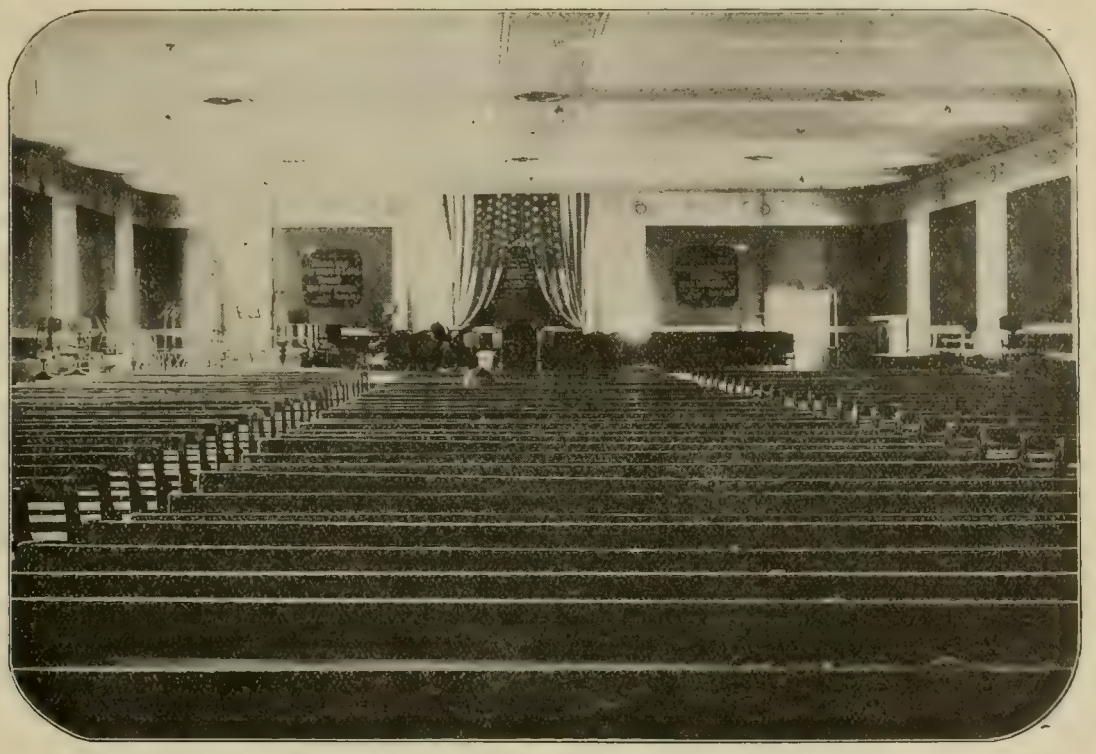
"Uncle Tom" was the father of Major McClaughry former Warden of the institution and noted as a reformer of prisoners and prisons. He now continues his noble work in the capacity of Warden of a western Penitentiary.

Is the work of religious services productive of fruitful results? From the report of Chaplain Albert J. Steelman, 1906, we read: "Tokens of good have never been lacking in our large Sunday congregations. At a recent monthly devotional service, when four

hundred and twelve were present, about one hundred and sixty indicated that they had begun the Christian life 'within the walls'; as many more had begun outside, and probably half the others declared their determination to begin then. The average attendance in the women's chapel has been about forty-two. Eight of them, on a recent Sunday, expressed a desire to lead a Christian life.

"The Volunteers' Prisoners' League, organized by Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth, has a present enrollment of five hundred and fifty-one, the largest in any prison. The pledge of the league imposes the obligation to keep all prison rules, abstain from all bad language, read some portion of the Scriptures and pray every day. Mrs. Booth visited the prison twice in the year, and spoke with great helpfulness to the men who see in her a true friend. A gift of five hundred copies of 'The Life of Christ,' in the very words of the Gospels was sent at Mrs. Booth's request, as a Christmas present from the Oak Park, Illinois, division of the Christian Endeavor Society, to every member of the prisoners' league, which numbered then four hundred and eighty. The books were used as text-books for the International Sunday-school lessons in both of our prisons. Two hundred and fifty additional copies were purchased for the members of the schools who were not members of the league. The opportunity to study this 'Wonderful Life' nearly doubled the membership of the Protestant Sunday school, the average attendance for the year being three hundred and twenty."

Perhaps the most telling work in the line of reformation of individuals is that which has been carried on the past number of years by Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army Volunteers of America. This noted woman devotes most of her time to work, visiting all the large prisons, doing personal work among prisoners, and lecturing during the greater part of the year in order to secure funds for the maintenance of the homes in the large cities where released prisoners are invited to go for refuge, if homeless, and are assisted in getting employment by Mrs. Booth and her colaborers.



The Prison Chapel.

EUCALYPTUS TIMBER.

JOHN W. SWARD, PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL EUCALYPTUS ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the greatest problems before the industrial world today is that of adequate timber supply. A supply of timber, of wood, is vital to human life, and absolutely indispensable to progress and prosperity. The American people did not earn, nor do they appreciate the magnificent endowment of native timber with which they are blessed; they did not acquire it by the sweat of the brow, did not laboriously propagate the millions and billions of forest trees, did not plant them and foster their growth. The timber was here, it was easily taken, and, like many another thing, easily acquired, is as easily dissipated.

It is time to stop and think. The heritage is fast disappearing, and the time is fast approaching when a vast work must be done to maintain a supply of timber

—thoughtlessly deemed inexhaustible by a great majority of America's citizens even to this day. But stop and think. Be serious for a time and consider the facts as presented by the Forestry Bureau of the United States Government. A few simple calculations will serve to convince every reader that he who plants a tree is doubly blessed.

Considering every wooded acre in the United States, in private and public ownership, the nation holds a scant 700,000,000 acres of wooded area. A tremendous amount of timber. But, every working day about 100,000 acres are cut over, partly utilized, largely wasted, and, reproductively, wholly destroyed. One hundred thousand acres each day means 30,000,000 acres per year. Cut out the bewildering ciphers and you will be startled to see that twenty-three and one-third years will see the last tree cut. The figures are big, they are comprehensive, covering the whole great nation. Some sections will be stripped in a few years, while other sections will hold to the last. And just one more strong statement so that the reader may not think the figures unfair. The figures are based on present rate of consumption, whereas per capita consumption is increasing and population is rapidly piling up. And while exact data are not available to prove the assertion, it is believed that as much timber is consumed and destroyed by forest fires and wasted through inexcusable logging methods, as all the timber utilized by man. Allowing for these causes to greatly increase the destruction and consumption of the remaining timber, the twenty-three and one-third years seem alarmingly reasonable.

And the situation with reference to the hardwoods alone is much more menacing. The Forestry Bureau, adopting the largest estimate ever made on remaining hardwood timber, states the United States has standing an available supply of four hundred billion feet. Seemingly an inexhaustible supply until the same bureau estimates the annual consumption at twenty-five billion feet. A sixteen years' supply of hardwoods and the last tree is gone.

The price of hardwood timber has not kept pace with the advance of the soft woods, and yet the advance is almost one hundred per cent in the last twelve years. As the supply approaches an end, as the proportion of reserve to increasing demand grows more acute, the price will become prohibitive for a multitude of purposes for which hardwood is now deemed indispensable. The result can be imagined: Commercial depression in its broadest sense, compared to which in its far reaching effects, a full-fledged panic is but a summer's breeze.

The pessimist will mourn over the figures and deplore the waste; the optimist will feel that something will surely solve the problem, and will seek for a remedy to the situation. Whenever the world in its onward march has struck a stone wall in the path of progress, something has always "turned up" to clear the way for industrial and economic advancement. A nation was isolated, its commerce limited to narrowest scope, and we find the sailing vessels. Another era and something had to move the stone wall from the path—and steam transportation by water and rail opened up a broader horizon. Again physical limitation handicapped commerce and industry—the telegraph and telephone cleared the way. Coincident with these steps in commercial advancement, science developed the steel industries, opened up the natural resources of forest and field and mine, until today the United States is the most highly commercialized, systematized, specialized, and I might say idolized, nation of the world.

The Pacific Coast will be the salvation of the timber industries—soft woods and hard woods. Soft woods, because they are already here, and before it is too late there will be established a system of conservation, regulation and afforestation which will get the utmost from the timber reserves without depleting timber capital. Hardwoods, because the State of California can grow them. The Eucalyptus will solve that one problem if California will get back of the timber planting enterprises with sufficient strength. What greater claim for immortality can California hope for, than to save the nation from a hardwood famine ?

To say that California will one day be the hardwood center of the North American continent may seem a widely extravagant statement, yet I do believe it most thoroughly, and that belief is based on a very close study of supply and demand in the hardwood industry, on the commercial species of the Eucalypti, on their rate of growth when planted commercially in forests, properly cared for, and on the suitability of the timber produced, to take the place of all other hardwoods for all purposes in construction, manufacturing, and the arts; and, lastly on a close study of the really enormous profit that must accrue to the farsighted men and women who will make the same study and invest their savings and earnings in an industry which has for its backing, one of the most solid, most conservative and most important industries of the world—commercial hardwood timber.

Overdo the industry? Not in your time, nor in mine. Millions of acres of Eucalypti must be planted before the production can equal consumption. We can speak of 700,000,000 acres of native timber lightly and easily, but think of the time consumed, the investment required, and the labor necessitated in the planting and cultivation of even 1,000,000 acres. California can plant 100,000 acres each year for ten years before the first million mark is reached, and, before that time will have passed the consumption will have doubled, and the value more than doubled, and the State will

be further from a supply than in the very beginning. One hundred thousand acres each year is doing well, but it is only a pitiful beginning of what should be done.

If the plea was for the sake of future generations, there would be but slight response—such is human nature. But the commercial Eucalypti will produce a quick return, will show a profit to excite the avarice of the most grasping, and they promise that profit in so short a span that even the aged are made enthusiastic.



Eucalyptus Timber.

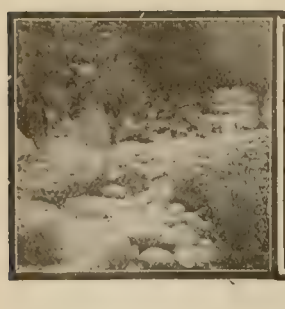
What is the timber of the commercial species of the Eucalyptus tree good for? Let us begin with the commonest and meanest uses: It is good for fuel, for poles, posts, piling, mine timbers, and all underground and marine architecture; for railroad ties, pillars, bridge timbers, car construction and scores of railroad uses; for ship-building, decking, sheathing and spars; for furniture, fixtures and fine interior finish; for cooperage, slack and tight, for oil, whisky and vinegar barrels and kegs; for tool handles, spokes, felloes, hubs, neckyokes, doubletrees, whiffletrees, plowbeams, and for all implement and vehicle work; for bowling alleys, finest flooring; for cross trees, insulator pins, pulleys and blocks; for finest uses in musical instrument making, such as pianos, organs, violins; in short, for all uses for which hardwood is ever used. Be it most particular and technical, some species of the Eucalypti will provide a suitable wood.

Let us see upon what the secret of greatest profit from Eucalyptus growing is dependent. First and foremost, an unquestioned necessity, is quantity. There must be enough timber available in one body to warrant and demand the finest sawmill and adequate manufacturing facilities. To be sure, Eucalyptus will make a handsome profit for firewood only, but we are speaking of greatest profits, profits from timber, from lumber, and not from fuel. A few acres would not have half the value per tree compared to the same quality of timber in a large acreage, as amply witnessed in the history of lumbering. A large acreage of uniform and maximum yielding timber commands an enormous premium over the small tract.

State and Government reports indicate an average ten-year-old Eucalyptus tree, properly planted and cared for, to contain 200 board feet of clear lumber. Using this estimate as a basis for calculation, let us arrive at a conservative valuation of an acre of Eucalyptus timber in ten years. Out of 680 trees planted, the large commercial planting companies producing plantations of thousands of acres, guarantee at least 500 healthy, growing trees, which, upon the estimate above referred to, will yield 100,000 board feet of lumber per acre. Present stumpage prices for hard wood would command a price of $25.-00 per thousand feet, and by "stumpage" price is meant the selling price as it stands without the necessity of cutting or marketing the same. Use your pencil, now:—100,000 board feet at $25.00 per thousand. —*Result, $2,500.00 per acre.*

Can you question such authorities as U. S. Agricultural Department and California State Board of Forestry as to the growth of the timber? Can you question the present market price of hardwood stumpage and lumber? If you do, we have no other authorities to offer, and you would not become convinced of the wonderful possibilities of this industry even though

(Continued on Page 216.)



NATURE STUDIES



IN THE EGRET'S NEST.

The Angel who numbers the birds for the God of All Things That Be
Had come afar from his journeying over the land and the sea,
And he spake to the Lord of the Sparrows: "True was my count today,
Them that were slain I numbered, and the sparrows that fell by the way;
And down in the reeds and water-grass of an island in the west,
I counted the young of an egret, that starved in the egret's nest.
"And some they were slain that man might live, for so hast thou made the Law;
And some for the lust of their shining plumes, and all of them I saw;
And counted all whose songs were hushed within their little throats—
The slain for the Law of Living, and the slain for their shining coats.
True have I numbered them all, and the smallest along with the rest—
The young that starved in the rushes, alone in the egret's nest!"
And the Lord of the Little Creatures, who marks where his sparrows fall,
And in the hollow of his hand makes room for the weak and the small;
The Father of the fatherless gave ear, and he listened and heard,
And behold, he has asked a question: "And what of the mother-bird?"
Now answer, you who wear the plumes that were stript from the mother-breast;
Tell why the young of the egret starved, alone in the egret's nest!

—Anne McQueen, in The Independent.

SOME CURIOUS TREES.

THE "witch tree" is found in the State of Nevada. It is a curious tree rather than useful. It is of no great girth, and seldom grows higher than eight feet. Its peculiarity is its luminous foliage which actually gives out light that can be distinguished more than a mile away.

Out in the forests of northwestern Idaho grows a tree that has been named the "angry tree." It grows to a height of eight feet, and when fully matured it develops the peculiarity of closing its leaves into coils and curling its twigs into pigtails each day at sunset. When it has curled itself up to sleep in this manner, if anything touches it, the whole tree flutters as if impatient. The oftener the foliage is disturbed the more violent becomes the movement of the branches, and finally the tree sends out a nauseating odor which, if inhaled, causes a violent, dizzy headache.

They have a tree in the island of Jamaica which might be called the "whip tree," although its botanic name is the *Daphne Lagetto*. The native workmen make very strong and excellent whips from its branches, the handle and lash being all in one piece. On the handle part of the stem the bark is allowed to remain. For the lash a part of the stem, six or seven feet long, is deprived of bark and split into strips. These are plaited together and properly tapered off by detaching more and more of the strips toward the end of the lash.

A strange and fearful tree is the "cannibal tree," a native of Australia, although even there it is exceedingly rare. The natural historians of the world have been puzzled to classify it properly. In appearance it resembles the *Agave Americana,* but its characteristics are peculiar to itself. The leaves are broad and flat, and strong enough to bear the weight of a good-sized man. The natives worship it and use it as a means of execution. For this purpose they erect a scaffold close to the tree from which the victim is dropped into the leaves, which immediately close upon him, the monster thorns with which they are armed piercing and killing him. Not only is he killed, but when the great leaves finally open again the body has disappeared, having been assimilated into the tree by the leaves. One can hardly vouch for the truth of this, as it rests on statements made by the native tribes who hold the tree in a superstitious reverence.—*Selected.*

BIRD LORE.

HUMMING birds have been known to show anger if the flower they approach contains no honey. Audubon says he has seen them more than once tear such a flower from the stem, at the same time chattering loudly as though in wrath. This bird in protecting its nest, always flies at and pecks the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

There is a common belief in India that the Indian oriole lights his hanging nest with fireflies. It is said

that the bird catches the insects and fastens them head first in bits of moist clay. Naturalists have found the insects thus imprisoned.

The offensive weapon of an ostrich is his leg. He can kick as hard as a mule, and it is a remarkable fact that his kick is forward, never backward.

An owl cannot move his eyes, as they are fixed in their sockets. The deficiency is atoned for by great freedom in the muscles of the neck and head.

Several kinds of birds are known to follow cows, horses, and other stock about the pasture for the purpose of feeding on the insects which disturb the peace of these animals.

Wild ducks, cranes, swallows, and several other kinds of birds assemble in flocks as the time of migration approaches and seem to discuss the departure and the route.—*Selected.*

DID "BUNNIE" REASON?

Reason encroaches pretty closely upon instinct with many of our pets. People have been heard to say that cats do not reason. In support of the claim that some cats, at least, do reason, I want to relate a true incident about our "Bunnie." Be it known that Bunnie had a way of pushing open our swing door and passing through, but one day the door swung together a little too soon and gave our pet's tail a painful pinch. Whether Bunnie was able to reason the ordeal out from cause to effect, or not, it was true that after that he would back through the door, instead of passing head foremost. This very clever act of his amused us greatly. His sagacity certainly stood him well in hand when it came to a question of self-defense.—*Cat Journal.*

ANIMALS AND RAIN.

Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain. On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. They are usually given an extra ration of hot milk, which puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly.

RECLAIMING THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

(Continued from Page 195.)

acre until it is the winter garden of the United States. Considering the land of little value, the Internal Improvement Board composed of the Governor and four other State officers generously dealt out to the railroads over half of the State as subsidies, but when Governor Jennings, an expert lawyer, came into office in 1901 he refused to grant any more land and in the contest which followed, wrested over 4,000,000 acres from the corporations and received a patent for the land in 1903 from the United States Government. This required most of his term and as the State laws of Florida do not admit of a Governor's re-election and the railroads controlled the convention they nominated a candidate who would neither pledge himself to grant no more lands to the railroad companies nor to drain the Everglades. Then Napoleon B. Broward rose up and was elected by a majority of over one thousand votes on the Independent ticket. Not taking defeat gracefully, the corporations fought every effort of the Governor to "save the people's land" as he had pledged himself to do. This necessitated another campaign of the State to get Legislators elected who would co-operate with the Governor in the work.

Mr. J. O. Wright, the Supervising Engineer of Drainage, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, was sent by the government to survey this tract to determine the most feasible and practical method of draining this vast area. At first it was thought best to build a dyke around the east and south shores of Lake Okeechobee and force the water out the Caloosahatchee River on the west; but after due consideration, it was decided to construct canals both to the west and southeast of the lake and these canals would serve the triple purpose of transportation, drainage and could be used for irrigation if it ever became necessary.

Two immense dredges over one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide with the power to lift seventy-five tons, provided with a shovel which removes four or five tons of rock and earth each minute, were built under the direction of Governor Broward. The first one completed began work July 4, 1906. Still the railroads were not contented and at one time eighteen injunctions were issued against the work, but the victory for the people at last became complete and now all opposition is removed and four of the huge dredges are eating their way into the interior at the rate of one mile per month. The west canal is practically completed and two are over twenty miles from the east coast, while the fourth is about seven and one-half miles northwest of Miami. Other dredges will be put to work soon and contracts are being let for the construction of over three hundred miles of canals.

Western capitalists mainly, have bought alternate sections and the money paid by them is doing the work. Richard Bolles purchased over 900,000 acres and entered into a contract with the State for the drainage. Messrs. Comfort and Huyler of New York; J. R. McKinnie; R. P. Davie; A. H. Munger and several other successful business men made large purchases. These men are selling a portion of their holdings in small tracts to actual settlers in all parts of the North and West who are following the dredges and cropping their land. The accompanying cut (page 195) shows one of these farms and was taken September 13, 1909, by one of our party.

Abilene, Kans.

THE INGLENOOK

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

It will be impossible for the investigators into the present high prices of foodstuffs to put their fingers on any one cause. There are a number of causes for the present condition though one may contribute more to the result than another. The benefits to be derived from the agitation of the question will come in the discovery and advertising of these causes and then each class frankly acknowledging the one for which it is responsible and honestly going about to remove it.

Here are three causes that appear to us to be the primary ones: Extravagance in living, more consumers than producers, that is, disproportioned, and too many middlemen. The tariff as revised may be a contributing cause, and the action of certain conscienceless dealers in raising the price of their goods simply because the price of other things, that have no direct bearing on their business has increased, must be given due emphasis. But to the three causes put forward can be traced very, very much of our trouble. They are serious because of the large number affected, both as culpable parties and as sufferers. They are serious also because they are so deep-rooted; they have not sprung up suddenly but are the result of a gradual growth—a combination of conditions in the social and business worlds the beginning of which no one can determine. We have on our hands a task that will not be accomplished by one season's agitation or one session of Congress though much help may be afforded by both.

Let us consider briefly the first cause given,—that of extravagance. We are in the habit of congratulating ourselves on the advantages of living in this progressive age and wonder how our forefathers managed to exist on the simple fare and with the inconveniences of their time. We forget that in a right adjustment of things all our boasted improvements must be paid for in proportion to our need (?) of them. No improvement is firmly established until it comes back and exacts its price from the user. On this point President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad says: "Every extravagance, whether it be state or individual; every increase in prices, whether it be in wages, rates or commodities, comes out of the consumer. He must pay the bills. Theoretically, the place for economy to begin is with the individual. But he won't do it. That is the plain situation today. The individual refuses to retrench. On the contrary, he is using the increased cost of living as an argument for an increase in wages." The increase of wages, of course, will mean higher prices still, and so the round will be made.

Years ago much of the raw material was converted into clothing by the producer. The same was true of foods. Today the producer sells his corn, wheat, oats, wool and flax and buys his bolted flour and meal, canned corn and hominy, oatmeal and ready-made clothing. And of course he must pay the price. Years ago the mothers prepared one or two kinds of food for a meal. Today the cook is not contented unless she has at least a half dozen dishes each of which has been given much time and care. Even then she may fail to satisfy the pampered appetites of the eaters. Discussing this subject a writer in the *Cleveland Press* recommends the simple and wholesome diet of raisins, corn and rice, and in meeting the argument that people do not like these things, says: "It's all a matter of education. There was a time in your life when you didn't like anything save milk. Later on, instead of going in for things like rice and field corn, you cultivated a taste for olives, greasy pates, high-seasoned pork, white wheat dough in many guises, and such. The cause of the high cost of living, trust oppression, general weaknesses and most other public curses about which the public is roaring, really lies pretty close to the public stomach. That organ has been educated as a wise man wouldn't educate a good dog's stomach."

Another phase of our extravagance is the contemptible one of living beyond our means in our efforts to "keep up appearances,"—that is, appearances of having an income twice as large as we really have. The principal of one of the Chicago schools has been giving his scholars a course of lectures on housekeeping, and his advice along this line is this: "If you are earning only a chuck steak salary, don't put on porterhouse style." Many domestic tagedies can be traced to the fact that the housekeeper did not follow this advice.

Then there is our downright wastefulness which leads us to throw away almost as much food as is consumed when under right conditions the portion that must be discarded for one reason or another is an exceedingly small fraction of the whole. In the case of some foods there is no excuse for throwing away a

crumb. This wasteful habit is partly due to carelessness and partly due to want of training. A large majority of our girls are being brought up with only a mere smattering of the knowledge that is necessary for good housekeeping. They hold the same opinion regarding housekeeping that some people hold in the matter of farming. They think *anybody* can keep house—until they have made the trial.

Recently Dr. Harrison Smalley, of Chicago, in a lecture before the marketing class of the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, declared that there would be less intoxication if women knew the right kind of food to give to men. Said he: "The untrained housekeeper is responsible for the sheer waste of one-fifth of the average salary—wasted because she does not know how to buy her foods in quantity or quality; because she has not known what kind of foods to give to produce the best results. No man would employ a purchasing agent who did not know the materials he was to buy, yet woman, with the greatest purchasing power, goes at it without knowledge."

So in addition to living on simple, nourishing foods, and within our income, we need to know the value of foods—to what extent they contribute to our health and strength.

We cannot take the time to discuss all our extravagant ways, but trust that enough has been said to set the reader to thinking in a way that will bear fruit in actual reform. The second cause we gave for present high prices was too few producers for the number of consumers. Our prosperous times will not account altogether for the enormous increase in the prices paid to actual producers. We are so constituted that no matter how greatly we prosper, we never pay this worthy class any more than necessity demands. In the present case we cannot help ourselves; the only way we can get any assurance that the producer will bring us anything tomorrow is by giving him a good price for the produce he is offering today.

Governor Hadley, of Missouri, believes the cost-of-living problem can be solved by every family keeping a cow and a few chickens. "If you can't afford to keep a cow and chickens," he says, "you ought to go back to the farm. The real cause of high prices lies in the fact that there are too many people in the cities producing the things they can't eat. I keep three cows and some chickens, too, and you'd be surprised at the saving they make in household expenses."

As to the third cause mentioned one must be in some degree acquainted with doings in the commercial world to realize how much of the price paid by the consumer for commodities goes to the middlemen—the jobbers and commission merchants. This class in the business world does not produce materials, does not manufacture or prepare them for the user and does not retail them or sell direct to the user. But at different places along the way, as the goods pass from the first stage to the consumer, it manages to hand them from one party to another and for this service (?) levies a tax—sometimes greater than the profit made by those who expend skill and labor. Until this class is materially lessened instead of being allowed to increase, as it now is, and its members driven into the producing class we cannot hope for any permanent relief from high prices. To show what a hold these middlemen have on business, it was learned by the House committee, which was appointed to investigate the high cost of food, that the retail merchant of Washington cannot buy direct from the farmer without bringing down upon his head a boycott by the commission merchants.

All will agree that something needs to be done,—we need relief. And, considering the whole subject, it would appear there is plenty to be done.

Elder D. L. Miller, who has been making an extended trip along the Pacific slope expects to send us an article on the raisin industry. He was right in the heart of the raisin district of California where one single county produces $5,000,000 worth of raisins annually. We are sure Brother Miller can give us some interesting information on this subject and we look forward with pleasure to the publication of the article.

THE SILVER LINING.

SELECTED BY LAURA E. FOLGER.

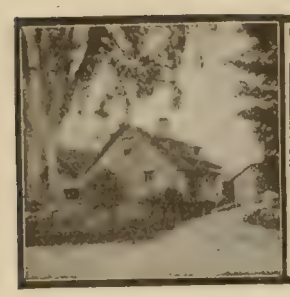
Sometime, we shall know why
Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain;
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain,
And why we often lie
On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt;
And why our lives are thickly hedged about
With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Sometime, we shall know why
Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away;
And why our brightest flowers first decay;
Why song is lost in sigh,
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—
Estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart,
Until from deepest depths the tear-drops start.

Sometime, we all shall know
Each other, aye, as e'en ourselves are known;
And see how out of darkness light has grown.
And he who loves us so,
Despite our willfulness and blind complaint
Will show us how his kind and calm restraint
Can mould a human soul into a saint.

Sometime, our eyes shall see
The silver lining to the darkest cloud,
While silvery echoes follow thunders loud.
Sometime our hearts shall be
Content, forgetting all our restless mood,
And knowing everything has worked for good,
The how and when and why be understood.

Cherry Box, Mo. —Unidentified.



THE HOME WORLD



Alice Morrison--A Failure

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

ALICE MORRISON was very busy all morning. First she washed and wiped dishes, as the various trays were brought to the kitchen. She noted the many dainty delicacies which were left untasted on some of these trays, because the invalids were too sick to care for what was placed before them. How interesting it all was, this life in a hospital, where sick people were nursed and cared for as they should be. How she loved it; even the drudgery had no terrors for her. She was willing to do her share of that in order to become a trained nurse, ready to do her part in the sick room under any circumstances.

"Miss Morrison, you may now go to the linenroom and assist in putting away the clean clothes," said the nurse who was superintending her ward.

So Alice went to the linenroom and placed the folded pillow slips and towels in their respective drawers. "Have you heard yet whether you can stay?" asked the young nurse who assisted Alice.

"Not yet," answered Alice, faltering a little, "and it is three months today since I came."

At that instant another nurse came to the door. "Miss Morrison will see Miss Hatfield in the office."

"Now don't look so frightened," said the friendly nurse who was putting away the sheets.

Was she frightened? Alice hardly knew. She was only conscious of a feeling of unutterable dread. She felt as if she could not bear to go home and have the neighbors know that she had been rejected. It seemed to her there was nothing left, if she should have to give up this work; nothing else she wanted to do. Very slowly she walked down the corridor to Miss Hatfield's room. When she glanced at the Miss Hatfield sitting there, calm and serene, busily writing, she felt already doomed.

In steady, even tones Miss Hatfield spoke, when she saw Alice. "I am very sorry indeed, but it becomes my duty to say that you cannot go on with the course."

Alice answered not a word, and Miss Hatfield gazed silently out of the window for a moment, then again turning to Alice she said: "As you know, our rule is not to give any reasons when candidates are rejected, but I have a special interest in you, and I want you to know that you have been faithful and efficient, that in the matter of physical strength alone you are deficient."

Alice's lips quivered. "It is most kind of you to put it that way, but somehow it all amounts to the same thing eventually,—I have failed."

Another silence, then Miss Hatfield's voice was very tender as she said, "Keep in mind, that failure always brings with itself a duty, a fresh responsibility, and that means,—opportunity."

Without another word Alice went to her room, to pack her clothes and get ready to go home. Years afterward, she was heard to say: "I stole away from that hospital like a thief in the night, afraid of meeting some one I knew, as I hurried to get the first train home."

It was snowing fast, as her train pulled out, and her tears fell fast as she looked out over the dreary landscape. She had wanted to be of use, and now there was nothing left for her to do.

She left the train at Ashmore, and walked a mile to her home. Her father was busy shoveling snow in the back yard, but he saw her and came to meet her. "Well, well, how glad we are to have you home!" was his first exclamation.

"I've come home to stay," replied Alice bravely. "I am glad of it," answered her father, "we need you worse than ever. Ma has to keep her bed most of the time, and we can hardly get along with Ella at school and nobody much to help in the kitchen."

Alice went upstairs to her room, and came down with a blue print dress on and then she went from her mother's room to the dining-room and lastly to the kitchen. Her father followed her. "You see there hasn't been anybody much to look after things since you went away."

As Alice looked at the neglected kitchen shelves and saw the many evidences of poor housekeeping on every hand, she said: "You certainly are in need of a competent housekeeper; will I do?"

"Could you make some biscuits for tea?" asked her father, smiling.

"Biscuits? Yes, and anything else you want. Is there any honey?"

"No, but I'll get some," replied her father. Then, she went to see what mother wanted.

"Child it is so good to have you home, I'll never be anxious about anything now," and her mother's eyes shone. Alice was busy brushing up the sitting-room, putting more coal on the grate fire, and straightening things generally before she went to get supper.

When Ella came home from school she found Alice in the kitchen and gave her a riotous welcome. "I really think the fates foreordained it. How in the world we should have got along without you much longer, is not for me to say. I don't see how you ever had the heart to go away from the bosom of your family in the first place. Things are just awful here when you're away!"

Alice was frying ham, the tea was ready, and the biscuits were nearly done. A clean cloth on the dining-table, clean shining dishes, and everything bright and homey proclaimed that the housekeeper and home-maker was in her rightful place. They all talked at once at the supper table. Never had there been lighter biscuits nor better mashed potatoes; father looked younger, and mother's face was happy and peaceful.

When the supper dishes were washed, and the family were together in the sitting-room, Alice looked at the happy faces, at the room made neat and clean, and thought of the welcome given her, here at home. How was it that she had so overlooked the wonderful opportunities for being useful and helpful in her home? "Perhaps my three months' probation at the hospital were necessary to show me what I am really fitted for," she thought. "If I was a failure there, I am glad I am wanted here."

"Alice," it was father speaking. "You must not leave home again, until you leave it to go with some good man into your own home."



MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby against the cottage wall,
A lily grew at the threshold and the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger lily with spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jeweled chalice the fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blackbirds whistled high up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the windows the red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby were never a moment still,
Scratching at shine and shadow that danced on the lattice sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells, his mouth like a flower unblown,
Two little bare feet like funny white mice peeped out from his snowy gown.
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture that yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses, we'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber with the sunlight shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain we measured the boy today;
And the dear little feet that were dimpled and sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together in the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow, white as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling with the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands like rose leaves dropped from a rose lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine that crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby with ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket that waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber we went with a childless moan,
To the height of the sinless angels, our little one had grown.

—Emma Alice Browne.



HELPING THE LITTLE ONES.

A VERY pathetic story was related to me not long ago which had in it an important lesson. A mother had told her little son that he must not go off the lawn to play with another boy who often came to entice him. On this day the little fellow shook his head in refusal several times—she was watching behind the curtain—but at length he yielded to the temptation. When he came back, soiled with the dust of the street, the mother handled him roughly, saying, "There, I knew you'd do it. I saw you all the time from the window!" And the child answered, "Oh, mother, did you see how I tried and tried not to, and you never came to help me?" It would seem as if a mother's heart could hardly bear such words as these. How easy at the crucial moment for that watching mother to have suggested some diversion, and it would have been hailed by the struggling child as a deliverance.

There is a theory that children should be left to fight their moral and spiritual battles alone and unaided; that only thus will they become strong. This is hardly the way in which our Heavenly Father deals with his children of larger growth.—*Selected.*

ADULTERATION OF MILK.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

To determine whether or not a sample of milk has been adulterated is now one of the tasks of milk inspectors, pure food officials, and dairy chemists. The main purposes of adulteration are to decrease the cost of production or to increase its keeping qualities. As the accomplishment of either of these ends by other means than cleanliness or low temperature is detrimental to health it should be discouraged, and many of

the States have enacted laws aimed to prevent the practice.

The most common method of decreasing cost of production is to increase the bulk by the addition of some liquid, the usual ones being water or skim milk.

The substances most commonly used to kill or hinder the growth of bacteria and thus prolong the keeping of milk are borax, boric acid, salicylic acid, formalin, and saltpeter.

The objection to the former is that the purchaser is defrauded by receiving a poorer grade than he pays for, and by the latter he receives goods that are detrimental to health.

An occasional dose *may* not be harmful, but the continued use of any of these preservatives is detrimental to health and in the case of infants and invalids who are most dependent on milk for nourishment it is especially dangerous. The high mortality among infants in the cities has by some physicians been ascribed to the poor quality of milk furnished. Deaths resulting from the use of such are as truly murder as if more virulent poisons had been used; therefore legislation looking to its suppression is timely and just.

Where milk is paid for on a basis of the butter fat contents the temptation to skim or water the milk has been largely removed; but where delivered to patrons in town or to condensaries not requiring the test, watered or skimmed milk is still met with in spite of the vigilance of the officers. To detect these cases is the duty of the inspector. This he does by using the Babcock test to determine the butter fat and the Quevenne lactometer to ascertain the specific gravity.

The variation of the milk of a cow may be as much as one per cent of butter fat from day to day and one half per cent specific gravity. That is, a cow may test four per cent one day and five per cent the next. In the herd the variation will not be so great as the excess of one will be offset by the deficiency of the other.

In most States a legal standard has been adopted below which it is illegal to offer milk for sale. The commonest is three per cent for fat and nine per cent for solids not fat. There are cows that do not produce milk testing up to this standard and in that case the owner must raise the quality of the product by adding richer milkers or disposing of the animals giving the thin milk.

To detect adulteration by watering or skimming or both, the inspector ascertains the fat contents and specific gravity of the sample. Then by means of formulæ he calculates the kind and amount of adulteration. This he generally has prepared in tables so that it is not necessary for him to perform the actual operations.

The specific gravity of the solids does not change if the milk has been watered, while it is increased if it has been skimmed. The following statement from Farrington and Woll tells what may be expected:

If the analysis of the sample shows

Sp. gr.	low	Watered
Fat and solids not fat		
Sp. gr. of solids .....normal		
Sp. gr. of milk and of solids .....high		Skimmed
Solids not fat	low	
Fat and solids		
Sp. gr. of milk .....normal		Watered and skimmed
Sp. gr. of solids .....normal or high		
Fat and solids not fat .....low		

The *extent* of adulteration is calculated by means of other formulæ which are too lengthy to illustrate here.

A few years ago a patron of a certain dairy supplied milk of a very low test. The company sent a man to his farm to get a sample as it came from the cows. Arriving before milking he watched the operation, then from the combined amount took a sample. This sample tested almost twice as good as the milk from the day previous. This is an extreme case, but I am sorry to say that there are too many with the same disposition.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

THE chief objects in pruning fruit trees are: First, to remove all superfluous wood. All dead branches, or branches rubbing against each other, etc., should be removed from the tree.

Second, to give proper shape to the tree. Pruning is necessary to correct the natural habits of a tree. The branches should be arranged when the tree is small, so that when it grows old it will be less liable to injury from sleet and severe winds.

Third, to control diseases. Pruning is important in controlling the action of some of the dreaded plant diseases, such as pear blight, peach and plum rot, etc. For pear blight the fruiting spurs situated upon the body and larger branches of the tree should be eliminated by careful pruning. This will protect the body and main branches, while if the tree should become infested by this disease on its framework the results would undoubtedly be fatally injurious.

Fourth, to accelerate the growth in small trees. To increase wood growth the tree should be pruned while dormant.

Fifth, to retard the growth in large trees. Summer pruning is best to induce fruitfulness, because it retards the growth of the wood and whatever tends to check the growth increases the fruitfulness of the tree.

Sixth, to rejuvenate the growth in old trees. The best time to cut off large branches is in the spring when the annual growth begins or while blooming, in order that the healing process may begin at once and continue during the season.

Greenville, Ill.

NOT PRACTICAL.

SOME one says when children are too small to go to the table they should have a little table of their own. Have your children right at your own table and set the good examples there so that when company does call it will not be necessary to send them to the nursery or make apology for their conduct. Children may be trained to have correct table manners, and to banish them from the family table seems like hiding the little fellows until they reach an age to discover their own faults and correct them.—*Selected.*

THE POULTRY YARD.

LACK of a constant supply of clean, pure, fresh water before the fowls means defeat in the end.

Egg-shells are largely lime. The hens can't make good shells unless you furnish plenty of lime.

A feed of finely-chopped onions, once a week, is a tonic that helps to keep broilers lively and healthy.

Deal pretty sparingly with red pepper as a spice for poultry. It is sharp stuff. Better warm your chicks up some other way than by feeding it.

You can not feed hens that lay colored eggs so that they will lay white ones. If you want white eggs get the kind of hens that lay them.

Ice-cold water can not help chilling the hens. It must be warmed up somehow, and that takes vitality. Save the hen's strength of body by warming the water on the kitchen stove. You can do it cheaper than the hen can.

Here is a new plan for killing mites on poultry roosts: Take two pieces to make a roost seven-eighths inch thick and two inches wide; bevel the edges a little, and nail together, not too close, and set up on edge. The mites will all congregate in the seam between the two pieces. Pour kerosene in the groove formed by the bevel on top, and you have them dead.

Many who keep poultry overlook the importance of grit. Lack of grit means poor digestion and few eggs. A load of gravel near the chickens' home would improve the health and increase the egg yield on many a farm. I know it is claimed that the grit of commerce is the best, but the gravel is good enough grinding material. If you have never tried it you will be surprised how fast it will disappear when placed in a box where the hens can help themselves.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

WHY BEN WENT TO THE BABY CLASS.

HE did not look in the least like a baby as he started off to Sunday school in his trim blue suit and white necktie. And he did not feel like a baby, either. Why should he, when he had been going to school for two years and had brought home a good report card every month out of that time?

But there was a mischievous spirit in Ben that morning. He did not sing with the rest of the school, though his teacher found the place in the hymn-book for him. He took no part in the opening exercises, and the lesson was hardly begun before he started to whisper a long story to Herbert Joyce.

The patient teacher reproved him gently, and tried to interest him in what she was saying. But Ben would not be interested. He kept on talking, till the other boys could not pay good attention to their lessons, and it seemed as if the hour was likely to be wasted.

Just then the superintendent passed, and the teacher spoke to him. "Mr. Berry, what do you supose can be the trouble with a boy who will not listen to the lesson and will not let the other boys listen, either?"

The superintendent looked at Ben. "If a boy acts in that way," he said, after a minute, "I think it must be because he is not quite old enough to have learned how to behave in a class like this. I know a better place for him."

He took the astonished Ben by the hand, and led him down to the baby class, where there were a lot of little fellows in kilts and curls. "I have brought you a new scholar, Miss May," said the superintendent. "This seems to be just the place for him."

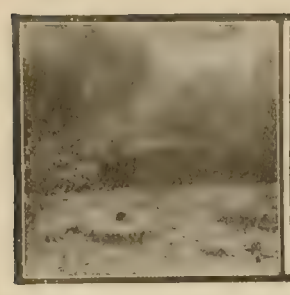
The teacher smiled, as she made room for Ben, but her pleasant welcome could not lift the cloud from his spirits. His cheeks grew red and hot. It was all he could do to keep from crying. He, Ben Henleigh, the best scholar in the whole second grade, put into the same class with little boys, some of whom did not even go to kindergarten! He did not know how to bear the disgrace of it.

He hated to think of telling his mother what had happened, but he could not keep the uncomfortable secret. Out it came the minute he was in the house. "Just think, mama! they s'posed I b'longed to the baby class. And I'm seven, and my suit's the eight-year-old size."

Then he cried, and mama asked some questions. "Which is the thing to be most ashamed of, dear," she asked at length, when she understood it all, "to be thought a little boy who doesn't know just how to behave, or to be thought a big boy who will not do as well as he knows—a boy who is old enough to understand what is right, and yet chooses to do wrong?"

Ben looked bewildered. For a moment he thought hard.

"I guess it's worse to be big, and to act as if you was so little that you didn't know anything," he admitted at last, in a faint voice. "I never thought of that before." And, what is better, he never forgot it.—*Happy Hours.*



THE QUIET HOUR



TO LEAD ARIGHT.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Dear Father, when the way seems dark,
And wrong is likely to prevail,
Oh, give me strength to aid the right,
And do not let my courage fail.
Teach me to show the nobler way,
So others will perceive the right;
And may the path of justice shine
With thy illuminating light.

It is so hard when selfishness
Is fighting for a victory,
To teach the soul that works for self,
The higher laws of right, to see.
It is not justice that it seeks,
Or what some other's rights may be;
But ways to win what it desires,
Is all that it will try to see.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Christian's Legacy

A. Mitchel

DEATH had come at last with his inexorable summons and after long waiting in pain and helplessness, the aged Christian mother passed calmly, peacefully, into the Great Beyond. For many months she had been an invalid, dependent on the ministrations of those around her: in her own estimation her days of usefulness were over with. Is it strange, therefore, that she gladly welcomed the messenger that released her from earthly sorrow and suffering? Assuredly not. In the solemn and marvelous hush of a beautiful October afternoon, when all nature seems to have "Passing away" written upon it in crimson and gold, the spirit of that saintly mother took its flight.

But were these years of physical distress and inaction void of all value and help to those around her: to the world at large? No, most emphatically no.

Who can estimate the sum total of the good influences emanating from that sickbed? Or who can accurately compute the great harvest of good that shall be eventually reaped from the seed sown by that frail and wasted hand? Seeds of patience, of humble submission to God's will, of courtesy, of unselfishness, of Christian courage in facing death daily for months, with faith in God's mercy unshaken. More: Not the least of these fruits which grew and multiplied from the rod of affliction, was the golden opportunity for loving service on the part of children and grandchildren. Blessed indeed is that child who sees no finger of conscience accusingly pointing out undone filial duties,—when too late to atone.

Are we justified, therefore, when we doubt and question God's wisdom and loving purpose when he calls loved ones from our side, or when he sees fit to prolong, perhaps in pain and suffering, a life that we in our weak judgment deem worthless? In the great web of the world's life, God's all-wise, perfect touch alone, on the individual life-threads can weave a perfect whole. Every moment of time granted to the individual is fraught with its mission to humanity, for one soul or for many, for you or for me. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *and their works do follow them.*"

SOME WISE SAYINGS OF SOLOMON.

SELECTED BY D. Z. ANGLE.

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold. Prov. 22: 1.

Rob not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate. Prov. 22: 22.

Labor not to be rich: cease from thine own wisdom. Prov. 23: 4.

Harken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. Prov. 23: 22.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. Prov. 22: 6.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Prov. 20: 1.

A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish. Prov. 19: 9.

Chasten thy son while there is hope. Prov. 19: 18.

The fear of the Lord tendeth to life. Prov. 19: 20.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction, but a scorner heareth not rebuke. Prov. 13: 1.

A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight. Prov. 11: 1.

Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counsels there is safety. Prov. 11: 14.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Prov. 3:13.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction. Prov. 1:7.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding. Prov. 12:11.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger. Prov. 15:1.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Prov. 16:18.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine shall not be rich. Prov. 21:17.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Prov. 25:11.

Boast not of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. 27:1.

Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father. Prov. 28:7.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. Prov. 31:10.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

FINE PREACHING WITHOUT SPIRITUAL POWER.

The men who are saving souls today are not they who tell men that the Bible is full of myth and allegory and incorrect statements; but they who have searched the Scriptures to learn what the Spirit of God has to say to men about their estate both here and hereafter. They are the men who have less to say about science, evolution, sociology and the absurdity of creeds, and more about man's sinful estate in the sight of God, his need of repentance, his need of grace and justification, and his hope of salvation in the blood of Christ that was shed on Calvary.

The chief difficulty with the Church today is that too many of its leaders and teachers know a great deal about everything else except the one thing needful—how may I be at peace with God? They can furnish you with an array of learning on almost any subject that touches the circumference of God's truth, but do not grasp the meaning of Paul's words: "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." They can preach many nice and new things about this life and this world; but have no uplifting message about the other world and eternal life. And yet these are the themes around which the Word of God revolves.

They dissect the Scriptures; the fathers searched them. They seem more concerned to tell people what there is in the Bible that should be doubted; the fathers were intent to teach men what they must believe if they would be saved. They weigh the Scriptures in the balances of man's thinking; the fathers weighed them in the balances of God's thinking. Their range of knowledge about things in general is wider; but the knowledge of the fathers went deeper and touched the marrow of the Gospel so that it became the power of God unto salvation.

The truth is, there is an amount of loose thinking and teaching about the Bible today that is appalling.

There is only one remedy against the doubt and uncertainty that is so common, and that is the prayer that the Gospel may become a living power within our souls. When we once grasp the truth, there is no power on earth or in hell that can take it from us. We prove the truth of God's Word as we prove that water quenches thirst or food satisfies hunger. We do not analyze it; but we drink it and feed on it until it becomes a veritable manna from heaven, or a well of water within us bubbling up into everlasting life.

When the Bible becomes that to our souls no power under the heavens will ever destroy it for us.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE OVERBURDENED.

Ah, those thorns—many and keen in our flesh as they may have been—let us thank God for them all, and even rejoice if his strength may be magnified in our weakness. That was the sweet and peaceful issue to which Paul was brought. He did not see it, and did not want it at first. "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me."

And have not you done the same? Have not you called to your heavenly Father, with longing heart and streaming eyes, hour after hour, day after day, that some cup at your lips might pass away? That some threatened trial, which would darken all your life, might be spared you? That some bodily disease might be healed? That some bereavement you saw coming might be kept off, and the feet of the king of terrors be stayed outside?

There are two ways of helping an overburdened man: one is to give him less to do, to take some of the burden off his back; the other is to get under it with him. This was the way the gracious Lord thought best to answer Paul. It was more important that Paul should see, and the world should see to the end of time, how gloriously God can couple his strength to the pitiable weakness of one of his children, than it was that the child should suffer no special weakness at all. And so, "My grace is sufficient for thee." No words in all the blessed Book have oftener brought comfort and hope to the believer's soul through all the years and centuries since they were first spoken. God be thanked that so many know what that triumph is—that so many are living every day in the peace and glory of it. —*Christian Herald.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



During 1909 immigration into the United States was twice as great as it was in the preceding year. In all there came in about 957,000 aliens, as against 410,000 in 1908. Europe supplied 85 per cent of the immigrants, Italy leading with 221,000.

Gov. Deneen's district primary bill, which passed the Illinois Senate, was concurred in by the House. The bill provides that direct district plurality primaries shall be held September 15 for all State and county offices to be held at the November election.

As the result of the publication of stories that leprosy has developed from the wearing of false hair clipped from the heads of persons who have died from the disease, 50 girl members of the senior class of the Sedalia, Mo., high school have discarded "rats" and instead will wear

Within one hour after the opening of the market at the Chicago stockyards, Feb. 17, a record price for the year was established for hogs. An eastern shipper paid $9.32½ a hundred-weight for a large lot, which is within 2½ cents of the highest price ever paid for pork on the hoof. The record was established at $9.35 in 1882. Shippers bought heavily from the outset.

In the Illinois Supreme Court in the case of W. E. Barker against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Judge Creighton handed down a decision holding mail clerks to be passengers. Barker, a mail clerk, received injuries in a wreck and sued for $10,000 damages. The company contended a mail clerk was not a passenger. Judgment for $3,000 was rendered.

The National Sugar Refining Co. has paid into the United States treasury something over $600,000, which the government has proved was owed in duties on imported sugar, and which was withheld by fraud. This makes the payments made by various sugar companies which have defrauded the government by short weight amount to nearly $3,500,000.

Representatives of trolley lines have appealed to President Taft asking that electric lines be placed under jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission on the same basis as steam roads. Should this be done they can compel steam roads, by appeal to the commission, to coöperate with them in making through rates, forming through routes and interchanging traffic.

It is reported that the British admiralty has finally decided to substitute oil fuel for coal in the navy. An initial order for 11,000,000 gallons has been placed. The tanks, with a capacity of 500,000 tons, will be stationed at Plymouth and supplies will be drawn chiefly from American and European fields. In case of war, the British shale and colonial oils would be relied upon.

Cleveland has a new municipal official called the "public defender." He is assistant to the city solicitor and his duty is to oppose the prosecutor in the trial of poor prisoners in the police court. It is alleged that low standards among the private lawyers practicing in the police courts have made the appointment of the new official necessary.

A doctor at one of the London hospitals announces that he is now using little or no drugs in connection with diseases which are the result of bacterial infection. He says he makes the body cure itself. That is, he makes a culture of the germ which is causing the trouble, kills the culture, and inoculates the patient with it. These dead bacteria, he says, cause his tissue to develop "protective bodies" which are antagonistic to and cure the disease.

When notified that the Illinois Supreme Court had declared the State parole law invalid, Chairman Snively of the State board of pardons expressed the opinion that the case of Newton C. Dougherty, the Peoria embezzler, would have to be dropped. Dougherty had petitioned for a parole and was to have had a hearing, but it is probable that the pardon board will postpone action until its members have examined the court's ruling more closely.

The Turkish government has signified its desire to have a European alienist examine Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan, who is insane at Salonika, where he has been in exile and is starving himself to death. Guards never leave Abdul for a moment now, as it is feared he would commit suicide if left alone. Should Abdul meet a violent death the Young Turks realize that they would be accused of murdering him and the present regime would suffer.

More than 50,000 acres in the State of Coahuila, Mexico, has been secured by the Mormon church for the largest colony of the church outside of Utah. The government gave 10,000 acres and exempts the entire tract from taxation, besides admitting free of duty all property of the Mormons for five years. The property is on the Rio Grande and subject to irrigation. A colony of 150 families of Mormons now in Chihuahua will move to the new colony, and 500 more families will be moved from Utah.

Secretary Meyer has asked for a large appropriation for the enlargement of the government drydocks to suit the huge battleships now under construction. He also asks for the construction of a $2,000,000 drydock at Norfolk; for an additional $1,000,000 for increasing the new dock at the New York navy yard to a length of 700 feet; for an additional $1,500,000 for increasing the Puget Sound dock to a width of 110 feet; and for the enlargement of the width of the Pearl Harbor dock, Hawaii, to the same width, at an increased cost of $450,000.

According to the 1910 Wiltzius official directory of the Catholic church in America, there are now under the United States flag more than 22,400,000 Catholics, the count including those of the United States proper, Alaska, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and the Hawaiian Islands. According to the same directory the Catholic population under the British flag is more than 12,053,000. In the United States proper there are 14,324,000 Catholics, a gain of 111,576 over a year ago.

Six cases of pneumonia have been absolutely cured through treatment with a vaccine made of millions of dead pneumonia germs, according to Dr. Henry A. Craig, of New York City in an article in the Medical Record. Dr. Craig worked with the vaccine upon aged men in the Sailors' Snug Harbor hospital at Brighton, several cases even developing as the result of intoxication followed by exposure. The patient is vaccinated every two days. Sometimes as many as 100,000,000 germs are injected before the patient recovers. Dr. Clark has had no mortalities, reducing the death rate at the hospital from 66⅔ per cent to zero.

Former Crown Prince George, of Servia, who was forced to surrender the successorship to the throne to a younger brother on account of his wild escapades, is today in danger of death from blood poisoning in the remote Gorni garrison at Milanovatz in northeastern Servia. The prince's condition results from an accidental bullet wound in his hand. He is refusing all medical treatment, declaring that his death "would be a good riddance to those who for years have been trying to get him out of the way." George is in exile at the garrison. He finally consented to leave the capital after long resistance to the demands of both his father and the cabinet.

On Feb. 8 Representative Hayes of California, a Republican insurgent, introduced a bill to amend the immigration act to prohibit the entry into the United States of "persons who, under the provisions of section 2169 of the revised statutes of the United States, are ineligible to become citizens of the United States, unless they are merchants, teachers, students or travelers for curiosity or pleasure." This bill was reported favorably to the House on February 10 by the committee on immigration and naturalization. It is now on the House Calendar and must be considered when it is reached. It is now believed the bill would place the Japanese on the level of the Chinese and exclude them. The present agreement is that the Japanese government will itself prevent emigration of its coolies to the United States.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has declared unconstitutional the Illinois parole law. Consequently all paroles under this act are illegal, and the opinion is that Stensland, Hering, Mrs. Romadka and others paroled by the State Board of pardons will have to return to the penitentiary. Judges of the Supreme Court refused to give direct answer to this question, but intimate that the proceedings must all be gone through with again. The law is invalidated on a technicality, and the opinion of the court does not touch the question whether the Legislature has authority to delegate to the board of pardons the parole powers it has been exercising. The law is invalid, the court holds, because it carried an appropriation to pay the salaries of parole agents. The constitution of the State expressly forbids the inclusion of appropriations in bills touching other subjects.

Conversation has been successfully carried on between New York and Chicago and return, a distance of 1,825 miles, by the use of a microphone which raises the human voice two and a third octaves. The instrument used is the invention of Dr. Tardieu of Arles, France, and was brought to this country by the Marquis Mededic, Thomas de Guerin.

Announcement comes from the White House that President Taft has cut down the number of administration measures to four—to amend the interstate commerce law, to provide for the regulation of the issuance of injunctions, statehood for Arizona and New Mexico and to validate the withdrawal of certain lands for conservation purposes. It is believed these measures will be pushed in the Senate while the House is working on appropriation bills.

The shipbuilders of Maine, once proud producers of ocean fleets, have been compelled this year to mourn a decline in their trade, shipbuilding in Maine having reached the low-water mark, the new fleet aggregating but 8,907 net tons, which is not enough to offset the losses by wreck, fire and decay. Only nine schooners of more than 100 tons register were launched, and the only other good-sized vessel of any class built was a railroad transfer boat.

A bill was introduced in the Japanese diet Feb. 21, providing that no foreigner may own land in Japan unless he is a native of a country which permits Japanese to own land within its boundary. In the opinion of United States government officials the bill will not materially change existing conditions either in Japan or the United States, so far as ownership of land is concerned. Article 2 of the treaty of Nov. 22, 1894, provides that the subjects or citizens of each of the two contracting parties may own or hire lands and the structures thereon for residential and commercial purposes.

The members of the civil service commission want a raise in their salaries. In a statement filed with the appropriations committee, Gen. John C. Black, president of the board, demonstrated that he and his colleagues are the poorest paid of any of the various commissions in the government employ. He receives $4,500, and the other two members of the board $4,000 each, while a large number of the other 49 government commissioners that he enumerates get all the way from $5,000 to $15,000 apiece. Gen. Black makes a modest plea for $5,000 on behalf of himself and the other members of the board.

At the Maine memorial service of the United Spanish War Veterans' Association in New York Congressman William Sulzer was the principal speaker. Among the other speakers were Joseph H. Choate, Rear Admiral Sigsbee, former captain of the Maine, and his chaplain at the time of the disaster, Father John P. Chadwick. By a rising vote the audience adopted a resolution condemning the "spectacle of the rusted hulk of the ship and rotting bones of its victims abandoned without sepulcher in alien waters," and urging that Congress enact legislation for "the immediate removal of the wreck to our own shores and the recovery of the remains of the unclaimed victims for interment in the National Cemetery at Arlington."



Among the Magazines



THE NEW FARMING GENERATION.

An encouraging note for the future of the farming sections comes out of the Middle West where there has been reached a stage of development that includes something more than the counting of bushels and acres. It is the report that a larger number of young men each year are choosing farming for their life occupation. The agricultural colleges are expanding their facilities to accommodate increased attendance and the demand for "institutes" which shall instruct the agricultural communities is insistent. This means that the position of the farmer as a business man is being esablished, and his sons, instead of hurrying to the city to seek another occupation, are realizing that there is a field for their best endeavor on the old homestead—though that term has almost passed into the realm of melodrama.

The new generation of farmers is something of a surprise to the student familiar with that of early days. It comes with something of an awakening to hear the man in overalls, milk pail or pitchfork in hand, talk in clear English of "balanced nutrition," "economy of production," and "scientific breeding." He discusses the quality of soil ingredients and moralizes on the benefits of crop rotation. He has learned farming from books, which was a method that our fathers scorned; but the fact that he is able to produce more bushels to the acre and more profit from the year's work is earning him respect. He stands for a new era on the farm and in its management.

Not alone in the better management of the fields is the new generation of farmers making advancement. That is but a part of the accomplishment of an agricultural education. The fact that the young men have been out in the world and have learned how others do things gives them ideas in accomplishment of farm duties with less exertion. The bane of the farmer's life has been that he was compelled to rise with the sun and work until long after its setting. He found it difficult to obtain farm help because the days were so long and the relaxation so limited. The new generation is changing this, partly through the more systematic management of farm work and more by the introduction of new methods.

Given a conviction that he can obtain from the soil a regular income and do it with no greater exertion than is required to succeed in any other business, the attraction of the farm for the young man will be ample—what he has objected to has been the intense labor and uncertainty of results.

This is exactly the object of the education given by the agricultural schools and as they turn out their hundreds of educated farmer youth there should be a change in the farming community commensurate with the infusion of scientific methods and a more intelligent comprehension of possibilities. This must come from the young generation, and the father will do well to give his sons opportunity to test their theories and to put into practice their new ideas, instead of insisting that old ways be followed simply because they are old.—The Independent.



COLLEGE "DIVERSIONS" A MISNOMER.

In the dictionaries the word "diversion" has two definitions: (1) "That which diverts one from care or labor, and so affords recreation to mind and body; (2) the act of diverting or turning aside from a course." The fact cannot be gainsaid that in American colleges today football, baseball, and athletics generally no longer serve their original purpose of affording "recreation to mind and body," but have become, to a most regrettable extent, the baneful means of "diverting or turning aside" the students from their legitimate work. In a trenchant article on this subject in the Popular Science Monthly Prof. John J. Stevenson, of New York University, says:

"If a visitor from some outside region should read the college papers, which are encouraged because they give young men an 'admirable preparation for journalistic work in after life,' he would be convinced that American boys in college think of little aside from professional sport. Appeals to college spirit abound, urging the fellows to attend the games and to bring their friends,—to prevent a deficit in the treasury; lamentations are prolonged, deploring the lack of college spirit shown by muscular men who fail to apply for places on the teams; there are doleful predictions because students do not pay up for support of the several crews, and gloomy forecasts abound because the college is in danger of losing its high standing. If a team has gained a victory, the paper is hardly large enough to hold the story; the work done by the coaches is extolled as entitling them to the everlasting gratitude of the college, for whose advancement they have done so much."

Passing into the college buildings, the visitor may well be excused if he concludes that intellectual prowess is respected as little by the professors as by the students.

"The walls are often decorated with trophies won in intercollegiate contests; the names of college champions shine out on the roll adorning the gymnasium, but he finds no roll of honor men in the class-rooms; silver cups and medals of gold, silver, or bronze abound for athletes, but prizes for men who excel in study are few and insignificant; victory in the intellectual arena seems to count for little even with the professors; victory in contests requiring only such abilities as a savage possesses alone deserves permanent record in the shrine of learning. If this visitor go farther in examination of the college plant, he may find that great sums of money have been expended in acquiring athletic fields, in provision for comfortable seating of spectators; that buildings for physical culture often excel in equipment those for mental culture, and that the coaches for teams in athletics are, as a rule, better paid for the time expended than are assistant professors or, in some cases, than even the pro-

fessors. He will have little doubt that those who have control of college affairs think more highly of the extraneous courses than they do of the college curriculum."

Professor Stevenson pertinently inquires what has been gained by the large expenditures for athletic fields and gymnasia.

"Vast sums have been expended, far out of proportion to any possible good that might result. . . Some colleges have a brief compulsory course in the gymnasium; but the great equipment is utilized more and more each year for teams composed of men whose bodies need no such anxious care. The vast majority of students must gain their physical culture by proxy, by paying generously toward support of their college champions, just as they must secure much of their esthetic culture by supporting publications of teams in chess and debating and by purchasing tickets to glee club concerts,—all for the advancement of the college."

It is not true that, as has been alleged by some of the defenders of intercollegiate contests, those who oppose the waste of time and the diversion of funds are "indifferent to the health of students, desiring that young men become 'mollycoddles.'" On the contrary, most of them are "warm defenders of physical culture; they would be gratified if the course in gymnastics were made more extensive and compulsory, for they recognize that young men who need such training have no desire for it." The ground on which they denounce the present system is that it has "relegated study to the background and has made the proper college work merely an annex to exhibitions. That which is only incidental has been made all-important." As the professor remarks, "Men from foreign universities are astonished to find that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other great universities are known to the public generally only as football associations."

That the effect of the generally existing conditions on the morale of our colleges is increasingly bad is undeniable.

"Alumni of less than fifteen years' standing seem to think that they can show their love for alma mater best by a gift for a grandstand, a stadium or something else to increase interest in team exhibitions; the athlete is the college hero, the mere student is a 'dig' without college spirit; worse than all, the new generation of college instructors has grown up in this atmosphere and favors continuance of the condition."

Professor Stevenson believes that the present wretched condition will grow worse, "unless those in control of our colleges change their conception of what a college should be." It will not be changed until "the control of college affairs has passed from the hands of men unacquainted with the actual needs, and has been placed in the hands of those who know what teaching means and who have respect for teachers."—February American Review of Reviews.

MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS AGAINST FURTHER INCREASE OF THE NAVY.

The Board of Directors of the American Peace Society has sent to the United States Congress the following remonstrance against further increase of the navy. It is hoped that similar remonstrances will be sent from all parts of the nation, both by associations and by individuals. The leaders of the peace party in Congress are making a brave effort to prevent further squandering of the nation's revenues in increase of the navy, and they believe that the effort will be successful if only the people who stand with them in judgment will make their voice heard at the capital of the nation. The remonstrances should be sent to the Congressman from your district, to be presented to the House of Representatives:

To the Congress of the United States of America:

We, the Board of Directors of the American Peace Society, desire respectfully to express our approval of the action of the House Committee on Naval Affairs last year in reducting the number of battleships recommended from four to two; and we hereby earnestly protest against further increase of the navy this year.

We believe that our general government, especially in view of the successful operation of the Hague peace system, where it has been faithfully tried—mediation, commissions of inquiry and arbitration—is capable of managing the international relations of this country in such a manner as to make further extensive armaments on our part unnecessary.

Insisting upon the respect for the law of nations as embodied in the international conventions made by the civilized powers at The Hague, we believe that the time has come for the United States government, which has always stood for peaceful and legal settlements of international questions, to be consistent with its traditions. We urge the government to make a serious attempt to lead the nations in limitation and reduction of armaments, in order that as soon as possible the vast sums of money now taken for their construction from the people may become available for peaceful, civic uses.

We also express our approval of all reasonable measures that may be adopted by our Department of State for the constitution of the new International Court of Justice recommended by the second Hague Conference, confident that its establishment will complete the legal system of nations by giving them a Court that from the nature of its structure will be accessible at all times, permanent, judicial and equitable.—Advocate of Peace.

A NEW ENGLAND FARM OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

My earliest recollections are of a farm—an old-fashioned farm, fifty years ago or more—where the same horses were used for farm work and for driving (the country roads were not what the modern autos have now made them). Where a flock of sheep was kept to clear the stony places. Where cows were milked and butter and cheese made by hand. Where in the open chamber over head were an old flax wheel, a spinning-wheel, a loom,—all of which I have helped to use,—and a cheese press; along with bunches of sweet-smelling herbs, and old trunks,—one of the latter covered with horse hide and studded with brass nails; also a wedding trunk, out of which came a faint perfume when the lid was lifted for a peep into its wonderful contents.

One chest there held queer books, and many a rainy day have I spent in that old attic reading "Peter Parley's Tales," or "Pilgrim's Progress," or even dipping into "Saint's Rest," or dressing up in the old costumes hung on nails on one side of the small-paned window. That was a most beautiful treasure-house for a solitary child!

But the best of the farm was out-of-doors. With all the irresponsible enthusiasm of a child, I rode to the store, or the herring weir, or the blacksmith shop, or to church, cared for by whoever happened to be going. When the hollyhocks in their bloom looked in at the living-room windows, I ran out and imprisoned a bee in the velvet depths just to hear him buzz, running quickly away as he seemed likely to tear his way out.

When one of the "Philadelphia Sweets" fell with a crash on the stone-heap below, it was a race with the chickens to see whether they or I should secure the sphere of juicy sweetness. I think I got the most of them. That bunch of striped grass next to the spearmint by the flat door-stone has furnished material for some fine bonnets and dresses for my smaller dolls. The seeds of the tall mallows were cakes and cheeses for my tea-table set out on the rock under the old cherry tree. That was a big rock in those days, but the last time I saw the old place it had dwindled to insignificance.

The cows came at night from the "west pasture" to be milked, and one of my uncles would take his tin pail and strike on it for the leader of the herd. She would come to him and stand, and if not quite near enough he would strike again, when she would walk round him, coming a little nearer. This would be repeated till she was just where he wanted her. My own pewter cup was always filled for me night and morning from that cow's milk. When there was plowing to be done, I might walk in the furrow after my grandfather or sit by the fence and watch the brown earth tumbled into billowy ridges that meant corn, or peas, or beans, later.

I have dropped seeds, and picked berries, apples and potatoes; I have eaten bread baked in a "bake kettle" suspended from the crane in the kitchen fireplace by a hanger, and potatoes and corn roasted in the ashes below. On the stone wall to the west of the house was a vine that bore pinky-white grapes—luscious, beautiful. In the "north lot" were half a dozen or so of flat stones at earth level. They were not highly prized by the men who swung scythes over them, but the child with her doll who was cast away on one of those desert islands could always swim through the sea of stubble to the next one, and so finally get safely to shore in the roomy, sunshiny kitchen where the supply of ginger cakes was unfailing.

In the winter when two or three days of steady snowing had made the roads impassable, the neighborhood young men would turn out with ox-teams and break out the way, with much shouting and laughing; and sometimes getting a big plate of hot doughnuts taken out to them as they stopped to tell the news, or throw a snowball at door or window where the girls of the family were looking out. The first robin or bluebird in the spring was an event. I was the only grandchild and niece, and was for ten years as happy on the farm as the birds and butterflies. Then, later, how I rebelled at the confinement of city life!

But today in a pretty city flat, with husband and children around me, I can truly say that "my lines have fallen in pleasant places." But because I still love the outdoors, the woods and the fields, because the farm paper brings to me the fresh, breezy, cleanly atmosphere of the best in country life, I love it and continue to take it. When my copies have been read I sometimes use them again. For a year I sent mine to a friend who has a large farm, and after that he subscribed for it himself. A discontented boy had a few of them given him at intervals, and he has decided to study for an agricultural school instead of drifting aimlessly. Sometimes no after use is made of my copies; but because the paper stands for outdoors, sanity, cleanliness, courage, a reminder of my long-past youth, I want it; and, like the boy in the soap advertisement, I "won't be happy till I get it."—*Farm Journal.*

EUCALYPTUS TIMBER.

(Continued from Page 201.)

you investigated for yourself by going to California, there to see the timber growing in all its splendor.

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Between Whiles

There is a quaint story of the middle ages which tells how once upon a time a church member died at a ball. Along came Satan, and was soon flying away with the bewildered soul. Saint Peter espied him and started in pursuit. "Hold on," said the watchful guardian of the gate; "just pass him over to me, if you please. He is a Christian. He is my property." "Maybe he was," growled Satan, "but you keep your hands off; I found him on my premises, and down he goes."



A Cunning Scheme.—"I believe we ought to have a change in our Constitution providing that only citizens who could read and write good English should be permitted to vote."

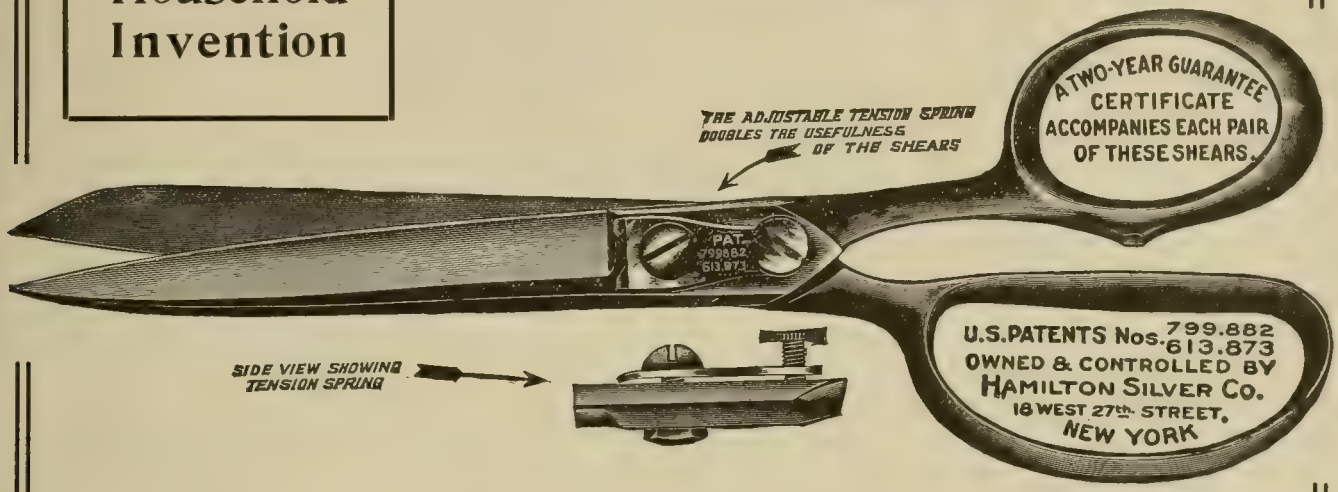
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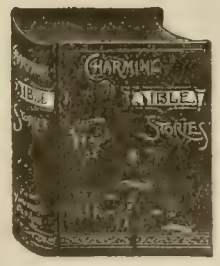


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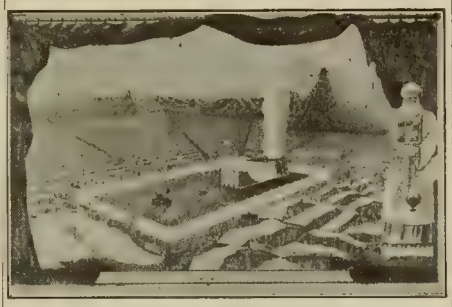
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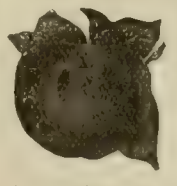
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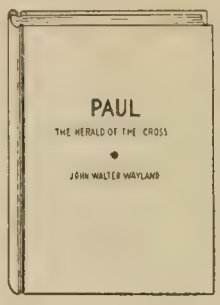
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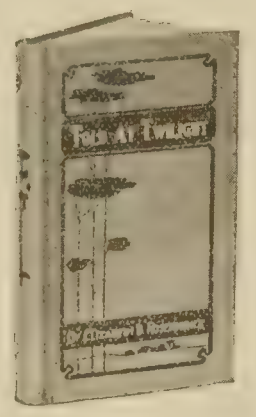
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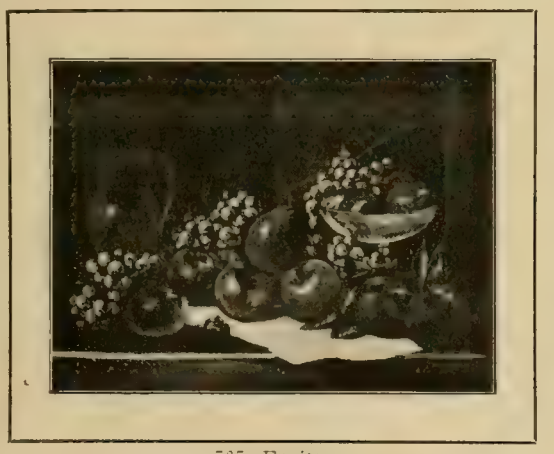
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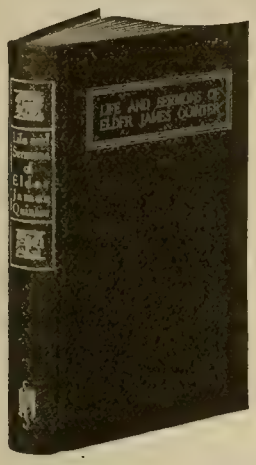
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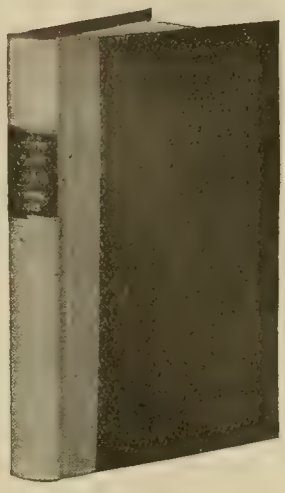
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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. March 8, 1910. No. 10.

Random Notes of Ship and Shore

John S. Fernald

PLIMSOLL'S MARK.—Prominent among the devices for lessening the dangers of the sea, is the line on British merchant vessels known as "Plimsoll's mark," or "Plimsoll's line." Man's inhumanity to man never had a more flagrant illustration than the greed-inspired practice of many ship owners of sending out unseaworthy and overloaded vessels, which, in many cases were never heard from after leaving port, going down with all on board in the first gale. Although this form of wholesale murder was known and feeble attempts to check it had been made, it was not until 1868 that anything tangible developed. In that year Samuel Plimsoll, representative from Derby in the British Parliament, introduced bills which resulted in greatly improving the condition and lessening the risks of the sailor. Among them was one which provided for the more rigid inspection of vessels and marking on each the load line. This was indelibly marked on the outside of the vessel, and to load a vessel deeper than this mark subjected the guilty party to severe penalties. The law became fully operative in 1876, and is rigidly enforced by the British Admiralty. The marks are placed by representatives of the British Board of Trade, but vessels of other nations may be inspected and marked by complying with the regulations. While no marble shaft honors the name of Samuel Plimsoll, the official title of the mark will ever stand as a memorial to his work for humanity in treatment of the sailor.

ANCHORS AND CABLES.—As in nearly all other lines the Chinese claim to be the first in the use of anchors, but whoever first used vessels of course had some means of holding them in place when afloat. As to the earliest form of anchors we have no knowledge, for there is no writing, inscription, drawing or hieroglyphic contemporary with New Testament days or earlier that throws any light on the subject. In Acts 27:29 we read that they cast four anchors out of the stern of the ship when in danger of shipwreck, from which we learn that the vessels of that day were well equipped in this respect. The earliest known form of anchor was similar to that made by the old-time fishermen for their small boats and known as the "killick" or "killock. It consists of two spades of wood lashed together by the handles and with a wooden binder near the blades. Above the binder, and below the lashings, a stone is held for a weight, thus making a four-fluke anchor. An amusing blunder in this connection is to be found in a recently published school history. The author wrote: "The shallops came to anchor with their killocks," but the compiler of the book, not understanding the term, added a foot note: "The author probably intended to write: 'The shallops came to anchor under the hillocks.'"

Vessels were held at their anchors until very recently, by ropes of various sizes, the largest being known as cables, and smaller ones by various names in different localities. Hemp cables were exclusively used on all sea-going craft until 1851, when iron chains began coming into use, and some owners, for economy of first cost, substituted manila for hemp. The manila was found to be far less durable than hemp and the economy is doubted. The rope cable takes much more room than a chain and is also more difficult to handle, but as a vessel rides easier on the flexible fibre than on the metal chain most fishing vessels carry one cable for use on the Banks and a chain for smoother waters. Both hemp and manila are badly adulterated with jute, the most common adulterant being that quality known as "sisal." All rope is measured by circumference, and a 50-ton vessel generally uses a six-inch cable. Iron anchor chains were at first called "chain cables," and the name is still used in England and on British vessels.

THE CHAINS.—The term "chains," as applied to the shroud supports on the outside of a vessel, originated in the olden days, when chains were used in place of the flat or round bars of iron or steel of today. At each mast, on both sides, just far enough aft of the spar to give a good backward support, are two heavy timbers bolted horizontally, one above the other, to the outside of the vessel. A short distance below the

lower one is bolted a chain for each shroud or backstay, the chains extending across the timbers, or "guards" and ending in shackles to which the straps of the "dead-eyes" are fastened. Every part of a set of shrouds or backstays has at its lower end a dead-eye, or block of wood through which a number of turns of small rope called the "lanyards" are passed to a corresponding dead-eye attached to the chains. By tightening and loosening these lanyards the shrinking and stretching of the hemp rigging, on account of weather conditions, are neutralized, and the "rake" or standing of the masts regulated. The guards were spoken of as the fore guard, main guard and after guard. The latter term was also applied to the officers, who lived in the after part of the ship. The chains were called by the name of the mast which they served and the side of the ship on which they were located. Thus, the man who "sounds" for the depth of water stands in the weather main chains to "heave the lead," that is in the chains of the mainmast, on the windward side of the vessel. The chains on the opposite side would be the lee main chains. Or, under certain conditions the terms starboard and port would be used to designate the side. In steam vessels the guards extend the whole length of the craft, and on passenger vessels they are wide enough to allow the building of a superstructure above the hull to accommodate a larger number of passengers. The guards of steam vessels are supported by heavy brackets called sponsons.

Origin of Sea Terms.—Many sea terms and phrases and the names of things nautical owe their present form, as recognized by the dictionaries, to sailors' jargon, put into writing by admiralty clerks who were unfamiliar with nautical terms. The word "the" of today, and "ye" of our Colonial ancestors was simply the aspirate sound "th" or "t" in the mouth of the old salt. The aft rail became t'af'rail, which in course of time became the recognized name for that part of a vessel, "taffrail." The hole pin, became t'hole pin, and is now thole pin. Foothooks, the short shrouds by which the caps on the masts are reached and which are the lower supports of the "tops," became corrupted to "futtocks."

The names of the sails and yards of a square-rigged vessel came by a sort of evolution. At first there was but one sail to a mast, and these were known as "foresail" and "mainsail." When another was added it was called the "topsail," as being the highest. Then again the third was given the grand name of "top gallant sail," and nothing was supposed ever to go higher. But even the top gallant was soon overtopped by another, and this was given the highest name known to a dweller under a monarchy, "royal." But when still another was added the plain term "skysail" was given to it. Until about 1870 the topsails were very large and when it became necessary to reef them the weather was such that the work was decidedly hard and dangerous. The topsail was consequently divided by the addition of another yard, giving the upper and lower topsail. Instead of reefing, the upper topsail yard is let down upon the other and the sail furled. We thus have six sails on each mast; the "course," meaning the sail on the lower yard, also known as the foresail or mainsail, the topsail, upper topsail, top gallant sail, royal and skysail. A ship carries no sail below her lower mizzen yard, but has a fore-and-aft sail on the lower-mast, known as the spanker.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOURSELF?

JAMES R. REED.

We are always ready to express our opinions regarding others. We are at all times keenly alive to the looks and winks and nods of the public. Indeed, if we were to analyze our motives we would find that the greater part of our actions are prompted by external influences. We are more sensitive to public opinion than we are to the demands of our inner self. Our ideas of etiquette and taste and refinement are formed more by what others think of us than by what we think of ourselves.

We should hold in high esteem the opinions and faculties of others; but I believe we place too low an estimate upon our own soul powers. We look upon the accomplishments of others as being far in advance of our possible attainment, and we push duty upon others because we think they are better qualified than we.

If humanity always would have felt nothing but its weakness and would have allowed the feeling of its insufficiency to predominate and would have courted continually the thoughts of the wretchedness of unrestrained passion, the great movements that have reformed the thoughts and deeds of mankind would never have been set on foot and consummated. There is a work for you to do that you can do better than anyone else. The very fact that we are human beings, endowed with Divine attributes, involves us in an obligation as members of the common brotherhood of mankind; these duties if left undone by us must be performed by some one else; but the surroundings and the conditions peculiar to every man and every woman place them in a position to meet their obligations more satisfactorily than any other person.

It is wrong for anyone to brood over his errors and seeming misfortunes and apparent incapacities till he is unmanned for life's usefulness. The station we hold demands that we place a high estimate upon ourselves, and demands that we really feel that certain things will not be done right unless we do them. Even the man that has fallen as far as a depraved morality will allow, has great respect for some of the lost virtues

of his manhood, and will resent with an air of debauched dignity any reproach upon his name.

This respect and due appreciation for one's own soul powers is that which gives men and women confidence in themselves. It is by habitually entertaining the idea of their total worthlessness that they raise the poison cup or aim at their own brains the suicidal bullet. How unjust to pluck the flower of one's own life and cast it into the dark Lethean stream of eternal oblivion when it may bloom and shed its fragrance to perfume the atmosphere of the spirit world.

You may never have become so despondent as even to contemplate taking your life, but are we not all guilty of the crime of disrespecting self and of keeping from the world that which God and human society demand at our hands?

I ask you not what do you think of somebody else, but "What do you think of yourself?" Can you stand before the mirror, look into the eyes of your own image and truthfully say: "I have been strictly honest with you." A voice answers: Through these eyes look into your own soul; in the lines of this face read the record of your own thoughts; in this form see the counterpart of your own physique. Are you interested in the history of lives, hear the voice from the mirror; for in that commonplace thing is written your own autobiography. Unconsciously, whether we will it so or not, our eyes and face and actions are betraying to the world our very thoughts; and in our features their record is being kept. We are being read by those with whom we come in contact. Why not save ourselves being exposed to a merciless public by a critical analysis of our own hearts?

How often do we hear it said, when persons are called in question for the improper use of themselves: This is my body. This is my mind. I can use my powers as I choose.

Ah! we are not our own to lock up ourselves from the pleasurable experiences of life; willfully to close the avenues of usefulness. If I were to stand on the bank of a pool and idly flip diamonds out into the murky water to hear the gurgle of the disappearing gems and to watch the widening ripples, you would cry out: Stay your hand; those jewels are too precious to be sunk into the mire of a mudhole for wanton pleasure. But do we not see young men and young women every day throwing the jewels of their lives into the filth of worldliness merely for the pleasure of the moment? Why do you not cry out: Stop, your soul is too precious to conceal its virtues beneath the slime of sinfulness. The pearl down there in the refuse among the crafty forms of darkness, shut out from the sunlight, is just as precious as the agate in the queen's crown; but its recovery is almost impossible.

I would not need to stand alone in my idle sport; around this pool is a great throng. Amid the gay laughter of those who are making the air radiant with gleaming missiles are the curses of those who have found themselves disrobed of all their personal decoration. Let us look closer. There comes a charming maiden. She is attracted by the disconcerted crowd. She makes her way to the front and is allured by the display of colors and by the sham transparency of the everywhere agitated surface. She snatches off one jewel after another. In go pearl, emerald, ruby, sapphire, jasper, opal, and diamond. Her voice is mingled with the jolly huzzas of a multitude of other youths as merry as herself. But look again. She has come to the last precious ornament, and in one desperate, heedless act dispossesses herself of all womanly charm, and turns, as she becomes aware of her uncouth person, to unite her curses of regret with the wail of a host of other wretched victims. The course and end of that young woman is the course and end of all that place no value upon their virtues.

What do you think of yourself? My young friends, hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Whatever elements of trueness, honesty, sincerity, love, and talent enter into the makeup of your individuality, dearly prize, cherish, foster and maintain; for the whole story of wrong-doing is a laugh, a glimmer, a gurgle, a ripple, a curse; but the story of an honest, useful life is perpetual radiance, unbounded ecstacy and never-ending praise.

The Mountains

Jennie Taylor

The mighty hills, half-veiled in purpling mist,
Whose towering peaks are crowned with eternal snow,
Rise firm, immutable, majestic, grand. The glow
Of shimmering sunlight lingers on their crests,
Long since the glorious day has run its course
And left the vale below. Among their heights, the source
Of bounding torrent is, which, first by rosy morning kissed,
Supplies the trickling stream that feeds the earth.

About them play the winds with wild yet sacred mirth,
While on their cloud-capped summits, earth and sky do hold their tryst.

Great strongholds, guarding shore and plain, are they—
Seem ever to have been through all the years of time,
And ever through the ages hence, to stand
Like faithful sentinels, enduring and sublime.

Tipton, Iowa.



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapted XVII.

THE settler's first care, after landing, was to shelter his family. This he did by building a hut, the sides made of logs, and the roof of bark, unless he could procure boards, which but few could; a wall of stone was laid up for a fireplace, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, and to let in the air; the floor, if any was had except the bare ground, was of small trees, and boughs. The walls were plastered with clay or mud in the spaces between the logs, and caulked with moss to keep the cold out. The settler's first home was near the shore which was more convenient than farther back, there being less distance to transfer articles of food. The bark used for roofing could be easily peeled from the trees during the months of May, June, July, and part of August, but at other times could not be obtained for that purpose. This was only a temporary home, for when he had opportunity, he would build a log house of more convenient size, and when he could get boards they were used for roof and floors. The chimney made of rocks was carried up through the roof and topped out with sticks and clay, and also a few squares of glass were a great improvement in admitting light into these houses. In time these houses gave way to framed ones, as sawmills had been erected upon the streams, and lumber could be had. We who live in comfortable, roomy, and some even elegant, homes, can hardly conceive how they could have lived in such places as they did, or upon such coarse fare. A more robust and healthy people was produced in those times than are now, many of them being remarkable for their physical strength and power of endurance.

The next task of the first settler was to clear the land for his crops. If he arrived in June it was the time to fell trees, and a few acres could be cut down in the summer, and when the trees were down the limbs could be "lopped" so that the brush would be near the ground. In the early fall, when dry, the limbs were burned. The trunks were then cut into proper lengths to be piled and burned. They were burned before the fall rains came and all consumed except the stumps, and the next year the ground was ready for the seed—among the stumps. Corn was generally planted as the first crop, as it was easily grown, the land being new and the ashes from the burned trees being a powerful fertilizer. But few potatoes were raised, as they were not so highly esteemed as at present. There were no grist-mills for many years after the first settlers came. Corn was the favorite crop, being easily prepared for food by being pounded in what was called a "samp-mortar," made from a hard-wood log, the end being hollowed out, and the corn placed in this and pounded with a heavy pestle into the end of which nails were thickly driven to break up the corn more thoroughly. This was in those days called "samp" and when prepared by boiling, was a valuable addition to their other foods. They would cook it while whole with beans and make succotash.

It took many years to clear the land for the plow, it taking a long time for the stumps to rot so as to be taken out. Generally when the stumps were dry enough they were set on fire, and when sufficiently burned were taken out. Cattle were procured as soon as fodder could be raised, and the cow was a very valuable animal to them. Sheep were also kept as soon as possible, wool being necessary for making clothing, and flax was also raised for the same purpose, and the cloth was durable if not fine. The implements used in making cloth are now nearly out of existence. They were the flax-wheel and hand-card, the spinning-wheel and hand-loom.

With the passing of years, the early settlers would clear more land and grow larger crops, increase their stock, and therefore their means of living. Mills were built where corn and grain could be ground, also mills where logs could be made into lumber. Upon every lot were logs—which could be converted into lumber—which could be drawn by oxen to the shore and towed to the mill. Cord-wood was sold and carried to Boston and other places, and exchanged for the necessities of life. Before he was able to keep oxen the settler would draw his logs on hand sleds to the landing. This was a very slow and tedious task, but it was better than burning it upon the ground, for it brought in something. After he could keep a team he could chop and haul his wood out during the winter in large quantities. The price was very small, at times being only one dollar per cord, for the best hard wood, yet it was a little help. At one time the best hard wood delivered at the landing brought only fifty cents per cord, and

at the same time cloth known as India Cotton was fifty cents per yard.

In those days there were no roads. The settlers built near the shore, and traveled mostly by water. There were foot-paths through the woods where the shore could not be used for a road, and "spotted trees" were used to mark these paths. If a person had corn or grain to take to mill and could not go by water, he was obliged to carry it upon his shoulders. In the earliest days of this section there was a man who had at one time three bushels of corn to carry six miles to mill. This he put into two bags, and starting with one would carry it until he became tired, then he would set it down and walk back and get the other and carry it until he was tired, then rest and start on with the other; in this way he would proceed until he had carried the corn to mill, and in the same way would get his meal home.

The chief food from the first was the clam which was very abundant along the coast of New England. Many times it was the only food of the Pilgrims, and at times saved their lives as it also did of many others. The clam was considered of so much consequence that in 1641 the colony of Massachusetts passed an ordinance that, "Whatever right the owner of the land had to the flats left bare at low water, in front of his land, he had no exclusive right to the shell-fish that might be taken from them; nor had he a right to prevent any one from taking fowl, these being considered a right which others had in common with the owners of the land, and this is the law of our State." It has now become a large business, the clam being taken for bait, and for canning. They were then not considered fit for food during the summer months, but now are eaten at all seasons. Fish were also very abundant, and in one day's time one man could load his small boat.

Salt was hard to get, Fort Point being the nearest place where it could be had, until the British took Bagaduce in 1779, and market was opened to all. Previous to this and for some years after, salt was made by boiling sea water of which only two per cent is salt. Large kettles or iron pans were set up near the shore, the water pumped up at high water and carried into these kettles by spouts, and then boiled. It was a very slow process, for one bushel of salt would require four hundred gallons of water. Jonathan Eaton for years manufactured salt in this way, and sold to the settlers on the Merrimac River. It brought never less than one dollar a bushel, and was claimed to have been equal to the Liverpool salt of the present time.

Fish of all kinds were taken. Weirs, made by enclosing the mouth of the creeks or coves by brush woven between stakes set or driven into the flats above low water mark, were set for herring. The tops of these weirs were low enough to admit the fish at high water, but upon the ebb of the tide they were detained within the enclosure, and taken out when the flats became bare; the larger ones were salted and put in casks, and the smaller ones cured by being smoked. The frost fish was taken in the winter. These were caught in large quantities.

Seafowl were also shot as an article of food. Everyone who could get a gun and ammunition did so to enable him to procure them. They were also caught by spreading large nets upon the flats, fastened to stakes, in a manner to rise and fall with the tide; when the fowl swam near the shore, as they usually did, they would dive under the net becoming entangled, and could be easily taken. Large quantities were caught and when not needed for present supply were salted for future use. The feathers were considered valuable for beds, a large bird supplying one pound of feathers. Another method of catching seafowl was by what was called "duck-driving." For a few days in August they would be shedding their quills or larger feathers and people would come from all around Penobscot Bay to go ducking. A circle of boats was formed so as to partly surround them, boats being stationed to prevent them from going in the wrong direction. The fowl were driven into this enclosure of boats, beginning at the upper end of the bay and driving them on, narrowing the flock as they went, when they would be driven into the mouth of the harbor and up to the head of it. When the fowl reached the shore they were killed. They could swim quite readily, but when they came to the shore and tried to walk they could be easily taken. Wild geese were also shot.

TEACHING SCHOOL, MY FIRST TERM.

W. G. EISENBISE.

I TAUGHT my first term of school before I was twenty-one. I had been attending the winter terms at our district school and was getting to the age when I realized that my school days were nearly completed. My teachers during the last three or four terms of school that I attended, were constantly trying to make a teacher of me, but the thought of teaching didn't strike me very favorably as I had no desire to teach school. By constantly talking about it to me they, however, succeeded in interesting me in the art of teaching to the extent that I too thought it was the thing I ought to do, especially so, since my parents were not able to send me to college.

Along in the spring of 1898, I appeared before the County Superintendent of Stephenson County, Illinois, as an applicant for a certificate. I passed a satisfactory grade and was granted a certificate of the second grade good in Stephenson County, Illinois, for one year. I felt that the effort I had put forth was fully

repaid and was encouraged to enter the ranks of the teachers of that county.

One day in the summer following, I started out to try to secure a school for the coming winter. A former schoolmate of mine was then teaching about three miles from my father's home, and as he had told me that he was not going to teach during the coming winter, I resolved to try for this school. On the way I met one of the board of directors at work on the highway and ventured to ask for the school; he gave a satisfactory answer, so I passed on to where another member of "the board" was at work in a cornfield. After some talking in regard to the matter, to satisfy him that their present teacher wasn't intending to teach during the coming winter, I finally succeeded in getting him to leave his team of mules and get into the buggy with me to drive to the schoolhouse to see the teacher who told him as he had told me before that he did not intend to teach the coming winter. I now insisted on Mr. Director going along with me to see the third member of "the board" who by the way was a lady. After endeavoring to excuse himself for some time, he went with me. I soon succeeded in making her understand that I was a "new" teacher out after a school and would like to teach her school the coming winter. The two directors agreed to engage me if satisfactory to the member of "the board" that I met first on the highway. I had gained my point I was certain, although a meeting of the entire board was yet necessary to make my engagement legal.

One day in early November I received notice that school was to open on the following Monday morning, and so the next Monday morning saw me walking down the railroad track in the direction of my school, armed with a school-teacher's outfit. Visions of success and failure were following one another in rapid succession on that ever-to-be-remembered morning. I almost wished that I wasn't going to teach school. All the unfavorable reports about the school came to me now; I could see boys bigger than the teacher getting the better of him, angry parents and a dozen other discouraging features, but I trudged on and reached the schoolhouse, went to a near-by house for the keys, built a fire, and arranged the room to teach school if any pupils came.

Soon pupils began to come. I greeted them kindly and tried to compose myself as well as I could. Nine o'clock came. I rang the bell and the pupils went to their seats. After reading a chapter from the Book of books and repeating the Lord's Prayer, I took the names and ages of my pupils, after which we tried to organize which was done somehow or other before four o'clock the same day.

My school consisted of thirty-four pupils, representing seventeen homes, and were for the most part either English or German. I rather liked to stand at the head of these boys and girls and try to instruct them, but I did not like the discipline part of the teacher's life. I did not want to be cross, but then here were boys and girls from seventeen homes, mischievous, tricky, and full of fun; moreover I had been told by the board of directors to keep order on the start or they would get the upper hand of me as they had done in the case of the other teachers. I gave but one rule to start with, "Do right," at the same time stating that swearing, whispering, lying, and fighting were not right and could not be tolerated. I suppose I was severe in my demands on these points for it was here the trouble came in.

After teaching perhaps six weeks, one day one of the directors told me to notice little ribbons pinned to the lapel of some of the boys' coats, at the same time stating that it meant a secret movement to oust "the teacher," providing I attempted to punish any one of their number. Whether they really meant business I am unable to say. At the time it raised my ire and at the close of the day before dismissing I suppose I surprised the boys by telling them what the ribbon movement meant, but not telling them how I found it out. I simply said: "Boys, you can have the privilege to try your plan tonight before you leave for your homes; either put your plans into operation at once or keep still about it hereafter, but look out." Here were boys as tall as their teacher and enough of them to have accomplished their purpose if they wanted to, but they were all in a hurry to start for their homes on that particular night, and the teacher wasn't ousted. I very much regretted this little incident in my first term; the truth is it worried me not a little, but being young and inexperienced I have always felt I got out of it the best way that I could.

One of my former teachers had loaned me a key to the textbook in arithmetic that we used in this school, for the purpose of saving labor and time in working out the long problems; some of the pupils said, at least so I heard, that I had the key "because I couldn't work the problems." Then the experience with the pupil that thought he knew better than I where he belonged as to his grade was not lacking, the pupil that would tell me what the others said about me, whether pupil or parent, was also there; some things said were amusing and many a time I wished I were where I might relieve myself by laughing. Notes were sometimes handed in signed by the name of the pupil's parents; but which were sometimes a forgery, to scare me, I suppose.

But lest you get the wrong impression as to our school, I must say that really the Louisa School was not such a bad school after all, and considering the mere stripling of a boy who acted as teacher, we got along together very well. I never found one of my pupils to disregard my orders in the least. Many kind

words of encouragement were given me by parents, and also our County Superintendent in his publication, "The Teacher."

After being in the schoolroom for four months, one day in March I walked out of the room a free person, and promised myself to engage in other work more to my liking; but the next winter my services were wanted in the next county west of us, in the Garfield District, where I taught four months. Not liking teaching any better than the previous winter, I resolved to give up teaching entirely and take up the more independent life of farming.

My plans were soon changed in a way that I never dreamed of; I became a farmer, but a call, I trust from God, through the church, to the ministry called louder, and like the missionary Carey who said his business was to serve God, but he made shoes for a living, so I, too, try to serve the grandest cause, but farm for a living.

Lena, Ill.

Western Logging and Lumbering

H. D. Michael

Part III. An Oregon Log Drive.

MUCH of the timber now easiest of access in the Oregon and Washington logging woods is that back on the small streams where there is not sufficient water to float logs in the summer while they are being logged. Here the logs are rolled from the landings along the creek bank into the creek bed, in great ranks or tiers. Often near the logging camp is some deep hole where a few logs are placed that the men may practice riding



A Log Raft on the River.

them and working on them so as to be able when winter comes to go on the log drive and be of some value. It is needless to say that on a stream that is swift and dangerous a person with no experience or no ability at riding logs is not a desirable one for the drive. On these logs in the deep part of the stream the men practice at their leisure all summer through. They start a log spinning then tread it and see how fast they can make it spin. It is no uncommon thing to be able to spin a log fast enough to draw four to five inches of water over it in a solid sheet. Most any tenderfoot can start a log and spin it some but it takes a good man at it to spin one so fast, then "cuff" and stop it and still come out on top. Often a ducking is the result of the first trials but the water is warm and no one cares. "Practice makes perfect" 'tis said, and it holds good here if the person has the required agility, good judgment as to what to do and the nerve to try try again when he at first fails.

When the first rains come and the freshet seems near the new hands that have had the log-driving practice but none of the actual experience of a drive are on their mettle to begin. The water rises fast when the hard rains come and then the men may be seen starting to the log jambs each with a pike pole or peevy on his shoulder. If the tiers of logs are in such a way as to be very hard to loosen, a team and rigging,—blocks, lines and grab hooks,—will be needed as well.

The logs are worked apart one by one. Any loose one is slid or rolled out that can be, to give a better chance to break others loose. Sometimes a donkey engine is needed to pull them apart. When the landing jambs are once all broken down the drive proper begins.

Some of the men ride the last few logs while others walk across country to where a jamb is apt to be farther down the stream. When one is found it must be loosened by working out the logs that hold it so that all may again go on their journey. Sometimes a bad jamb is formed by a long log getting turned crosswise in a narrow place and catching behind some stump or tree along the stream's bank, for remember the water is high and wild at this time. Then when the log gets crosswise another swings in and is held by the first. Soon dozens more are piled in against the first ones and if it is where the water is quite swift a genuine jamb is the result. The accompanying illustration can show it better than any words can describe. The force of the water takes those logs that are from

sixteen to sixty feet in length and two to eight feet in diameter and forces them beneath the others or out on top. Sometimes they are up-ended and fall with a crash onto the others near.

If you can imagine those large logs piled up from three to ten logs deep you can partly understand the dangerousness and hardness of the work. Such a jamb is too hard to work apart by hand so either a donkey engine is used or a box or two of giant powder is carried to a selected place and set off. When the explosion occurs the logs are loosened up though many are blown to kindling wood. For that reason powder is used only as a last resort. Though the powder loosens them, the men must be there ready to rush to the place as soon as any begin to tighten, to work them loose by pinching with their peevy over one or back of one into another with the pike, to help move them along. The men may be working along all right when a log from beneath boils up, rolling the logs the men are on so quickly as to get them into the water if each man is not on his guard. It often requires the greatest presence of mind and some very quick movements to get out of a dangerous place in safety. Once on a log drive it was only by putting forth all my efforts that I could get to a man and pull him out just in time to save him from being crushed by the logs we were working on.

When a man gets thrown or rolled into the water as is often the case, the only thing to do is to work the harder to keep warm till night when the crew goes to the nearest farmhouse (if too far from camp), and the wet ones of the party, and that is nearly all, as a general rule, may dry out before the large fireplace. The foreman of the drive has made arrangements with those living near the streams to board the men but to provide dry clothes is seldom done. In such experiences you can see the hard life of the "lumber jack" and it seems little wonder they are considered a rough class though often such is not the case.

After the logs are all driven out of the smaller streams into the larger rivers the log drivers follow with boats to sack the banks and pick up all the stragglers and take them on to the booms at the mills where they are next to be converted into lumber.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter VIII.

DOUBTLESS most of our readers will recall the fact that lengthy discussions by the State Legislature and the daily papers preceded the passage of the Parole Law which went into effect July 1, 1895. Many doubts were expressed as to whether or not the measure would prove effective in a reformatory way. With only a reasonable number of exceptions it has proved a success and as conducive of good results as did the Good Time Law of 1872. The preamble to the laws as well as the laws and rules themselves will prove interesting and we quote from them for the benefit of those who may not have read them:

"Prior to July 1, 1895, the laws of the State of Illinois governing the sentencing to the penitentiaries of people convicted of crime, provided that, upon conviction, the offender should be given a sentence of not less than a certain minimum term, nor more than a certain maximum term. The judge or jury fixed the sentence. On July 1, 1895, the new Parole Law went into effect. Since that date all prisoners convicted and sentenced to the penitentiaries are given an indeterminate sentence of not less than the minimum term nor more than the maximum term formerly provided. The exact length of confinement is now determined by the State Board of Pardons. If a man is sentenced for burglary, for example, he must serve the minimum term of one year and may be required to serve the maximum term of twenty years. After serving one year, he may be released upon parole at any time in the discretion of the Board of Pardons, except that he shall not be confined beyond the maximum term. His release upon parole, however, will not occur until the Board is fully satisfied that he is thoroughly desirous of becoming and remaining a good, law-abiding citizen, and that he is able to become and remain such. This conclusion is based upon his record previous to conviction, the circumstances of his crime, and his record as a prisoner. His record and history are carefully examined into. When convinced of the above facts, the Board will order him released upon parole. As soon as he shall have secured the promise of satisfactory employment he will be released. This promise must be in writing by some preson of good standing and engaged in respectable business, wherein the prisoner will not be subject to unusual temptations to drink or associate with disreputable people. From the above it will be seen that little or nothing can be done by a prisoner's friends toward securing his release until he has

"*First.*—Completed his minimum term;

"*Second.*—Maintained during said term a satisfactory record as a prisoner;

"*Third.*—Convinced the Board of Pardons that he is able and determined to lead an upright life; and

"*Fourth.*—Secured favorable action by the Board to the effect that he be paroled to some reputable employer."

After his release the prisoner must observe the following:

"*First.*—The prisoner must proceed at once to his place of employment and report to his employer.

"*Second.*—Upon reporting to his employer he shall immediately make out a written report and send it by mail to the Warden, announcing his arrival, and this written report must be endorsed by his employer.

"*Third.*—He must not change employment nor leave employment unless by order of, or permission from, the Warden, first obtained in writing.

"*Fourth.*—He must make a written report to the Warden on the first day of each month for the month previous. This report must state how much money he had at the beginning of the month; how much he earned during the month; how much he expended and for what, and how much he has on hand at the end of the month. If the prisoner has been idle during the month he must state the reason. He must also give any other information that will throw light upon his conduct and success during the month. This monthly report must be endorsed by his employer.

"*Fifth.*—He must abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor IN ANY FORM. He must avoid evil association and improper places of amusement.

"*Sixth.*—He must respect and obey the laws cheerfully and conduct himself in all respects as a good citizen.

"*Seventh.*—In the event of sickness or the loss of position through any misfortune whatever, he must immediately report the fact in writing to the Warden, or have this report made for him.

"*Eighth.*—A violation of any of the above rules forfeits the Parole Contract on the part of the party paroled and renders him liable to be returned at once to the Penitentiary to serve out the maximum sentence.

"The Board of Pardons and the Warden of the Penitentiary have a lively interest in the subject of this parole. They will counsel and advise him as he may need, and will assist him in any reasonable way to reestablish himself in society. They will vigorously follow and rearrest him in the event he wilfully violates the conditions of his parole, sparing neither time nor expense in doing so. If he does right he need have no fears of being rearrested. If he does wrong he must expect the inevitable penalties.

"And nothing contained in any of these rules shall be construed as in any manner modifying the provisions of the statute relating to the legal custody of the prisoner, or the retaking and reimprisoning him by the Warden of the proper penitentiary, and it shall be the duty of such Warden to enforce these rules in harmony with the provisions of the statute."

As an illustration of the futility of a prisoner's jumping parole or escaping from the penitentiary with the expectation of making good his freedom we need but recall a recent event.

In a Chicago daily of March 27, 1909, the following announcement was made in bold print:

"TO POLICE EVERYWHERE."

(Then was inserted a front and a side view of an escaped parole breaker.)

"ARREST THIS MAN

"Wanted in Chicago

"Joseph A. Joice, alias Otto Anderson, alias Joseph Otter, escaped convict wanted on seven charges of passing worthless checks and burglary. Fugitive from justice as result of violation of parole from Joliet penitentiary. Said when he left Chicago he was going to San Francisco or Oakland, Cal., but believed to be hiding near Chicago.

"Habits:—Likely to be found frequenting cheap poolrooms and associating with yeggmen and confidence men.

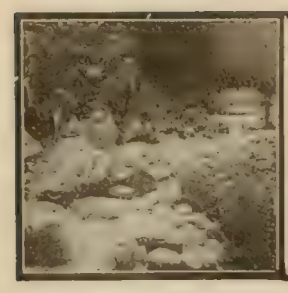
"Description:—Age 20, height 5¼ feet, weight 135, medium build, black hair, florid complexion, light blue eyes, one lower left tooth out, humped nose, tattooed on right forearm in red and black ink an American eagle, a rising sun, a shield, dagger piercing heart, the word 'Love,' a spreadeagle and five stars and a woman's head."

Despite the fact that a friendly officer of the law perjured himself by encouraging him to escape and committed a crime by trying to cover his tracks, detectives soon run him down on the Pacific coast and in less than three weeks the would-be illegally free man was safely lodged in the Cook County jail awaiting trial and recommission to the penitentiary. Surely this once big world of ours has grown so small that neither man of worthy note nor culprit can find a place of safe concealment.

PROFESSOR SHALER ON HUNTING.

In his interesting "Autobiography," Nathaniel Southgate Shaler tells his own experience in hunting, with observations and conclusions that are significant:

"I soon wearied of this sport and lugged my bag back to the camp with the conviction that butchering animals was no longer amusing to me as it had been in my boyhood. I have never been able to reawaken the motive which was innately strong. I am inclined to think that it is a primitive emotion, which normally does not survive the passing of the childish state of mind, which in many ways is savage in its propensities. When men retain the ancient cruel spirit which leads them to slay with pleasure, the reasonable conclusion seems to be that they have failed to grow to the stature of the civilized man."



NATURE STUDIES



Among the Stars

John H. Nowlan

THE writer of this article makes no pretense to the title of astronomer; not even to an extensive knowledge of the stars. But in my early childhood my mother and an older sister taught me some of the constellations and the planets. Since then I have added a few to the list on my own account.

It is a source of satisfaction to know the names of some of the stars, and I have also found a *practical* side to the subject. By means of the stars we can find our direction in a strange country, tell the hour of the night with reasonable accuracy, and locate a meridian for the purpose of testing a compass or the lines of a survey. Thomas Carlyle has said, "Why did not somebody teach me the constellations and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?"

Let us notice a few of the more important ones. The north star and the relation of some of those near is an interesting study. The north, or Pole star, is almost overhead at the pole, while the dipper circles around it once in almost twenty-four hours. The bowl of the dipper is always open toward the north star. Four stars compose the bowl of the dipper and three the curved handle. The two outer stars of the bowl are almost in line with the north star. At nine o'clock January 15, the bowl will be east of the north star (Polaris), the bowl opening toward the west, and the two outer stars (the pointers) about on a level with it. Three months later, April 15, the bowl will be above Polaris at the hour specified with the opening downward. You can use these stars for a clock. They reach this position about four minutes earlier each night, and they travel in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock. Thus, at nine o'clock now they point about east. At three o'clock they would point up and down. More than once when camping out and none of the party had a watch have I told the company the time in order to get an early start, in order that we might be first at the trees to get the fallen nuts, watch for the early squirrel, or trail the turkey to his roost.

The little dipper lies nearer the north star than does the great dipper; in fact the north star is the end of the handle. The dippers open toward each other or, as one has said, they "pour into each other."

Looking across from the great dipper we see a group of stars in the form of a W. This is called "The Lady in the Chair" or Queen Cassiopeia's Chair. One of the stars in this constellation is sometimes used in taking observations to ascertain true north.

If you are teaching mythology you have of course



learned that the dippers are known as the Great and Little Bears. Then you will want to know the myth of Queen Cassiopeia and that in turn will call for the story of King Cepheus. This group of stars is in the shape of a diamond or lozenge and is in front of Queen Cassiopeia, taking the order in which they appear to move.

In front of King Cepheus and with its tail between the two Bears is the Dragon. Nine stars compose its body and four the head, the two brighter ones in the head being the eyes.

These are the principal constellations near the pole, and they are principally on one side of the circle around Polaris. In the vacant space is one bright star known as Capella.

The early mariners used the stars for their guide at

night and a careful study of them will reveal much of interest aside from the myths connected with them; but these myths may be obtained from almost any book of ancient myths.

THE OSPREY.

THERE are a great many interesting people trotting about the world wherein we live, as we all know, but what we do not know quite so well is the fact that in the land of birds can be found some of the oddest little chaps that you ever heard about.

One of these is the Osprey, a fat little body that sails about through the air just as fast as a pair of very big and very beautiful wings will carry him.

Mr. Osprey is a great lover of the sea, and usually his home is built close to the beach, so he can go a-fishing at all times o' the day, and the night, too, should he so choose.

He is a dark-brown bird, nearly two feet long, with a soft white shirt front and vest, and a pair of the wildest, brightest and most brilliant eyes that were ever placed in a bird's little round head. He also has a very powerful beak, curved just right for giving terrible blows, and a pair of feet that are the pride of his life. They are clad in bright blue boots, each toe ornamented with a sharp claw, and the soles stuck full of keen points. These enable him to cling fast to the most wriggly fish, while not even the very squirmiest eel can hope to escape, once those spiked talons close upon him.

Mrs. Osprey is dressed very much like her handsome mate, and at the nesting time she is just the busiest little lady bird to be found anywhere, for she has a larger house to keep than any of her neighbors. The Osprey nest is sometimes placed upon a high cliff, but a tall tree is preferred. And if the tree is dead, with few branches left, it is all the dearer to the Osprey heart.

On top of this lofty perch they erect a nest that is a wonder of bird architecture, the sticks being piled together until a mass is formed that looks big enough for an ostrich to keep house upon. These sticks are interlaced with twigs and grass and sea weed of various kinds, making a stout wall to hold the wriggly Osprey babies.

The same nest is used year after year, being repaired each spring. And, as it is filled with bones of all kinds, as well as pieces of china and tin brought from various rubbish piles to amuse the babies, it presents a truly remarkable appearance.

Vast colonies of these unwieldy structures are sometimes found in isolated spots, the birds seeming to have a very friendly feeling for each other, as well as for various other feathered creatures. This kindly spirit is shown by the curious fact that often a pair of grackles will keep house in one corner of a big Osprey nest, the two couples living together in a state of harmony that human neighbors might copy with benefit.

Mr. Osprey is a great fisherman, and to see him plunge headlong into the sea after his prey is a thing never to be forgotten. He goes in with a mighty splash, emerging almost instantly, a gleaming fish in his talons, and his own glossy coat all a-gleaming with water drops.



He gives himself a sharp shake as soon as he leaves the water, then away he sails with his dinner. As he flies he cocks his bright eye down at the wriggly prey he holds, to see if he has caught it according to the fishing rules that prevail in Ospreydom. No well-trained Osprey ever takes a fish tail foremost; and if, by chance, one is so caught, the captor deliberately turns it right about in midair.

These interesting birds have a dining room, each Osprey always perching upon some favorite point to eat his fish. After it is devoured he sits in solitary state for hours, lost in thought, either meditating upon his sins, or else trying the new method, now so prevalent, of perfect quietude after eating.

He loses his dinner sometimes, does Mr. Osprey, and the way of that sad catastrophe is this: The Bald Eagle has a wonderful love for fish—he is also constitutionally lazy. So he perches him afar off among the rocks, where he can see all about him.

By and by he spies Mr. Osprey start a-fishing, and, like unto Mary's little lamb, he goes, too, right after him. And when the smaller bird comes up from his dive with a plump catfish, down swoops Mr. Eagle, carrying off the prize.

This will occur over and over, until at last, indignant and hungry, the Osprey calls all his neighbors. They come at once, sweeping upon Mr. Eagle, and with wild hoots and flops and pecks drive him away.

The Osprey usually lays three eggs, which are singularly beautiful, being marbled in all shades of rich purple, green, red and yellow. They are much prized by egg collectors, not alone for their beauty, but because of their rarity, few eggs being so hard to obtain.

(Continued on Page 240.)

THE INGLENOOK

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A WAR ON DIVORCE.

IN a Lenten pastoral issued to the priests of the Rockford, Ill., diocese, Bishop Muldoon of the Catholic church calls attention to the divorce evil and the importance of preaching against it. He says:

"The Lenten season is one of the most appropriate of the entire ecclesiastical year for imparting instructions to the faithful. Permit me to suggest that during Lent you instruct your people about the sacrament of matrimony. The record in the divorce courts in this country during the past twenty years is something appalling and requires the serious attention of not only every priest but also of every loyal and patriotic citizen. Although Catholics know the firm and determined position of the church against this social evil, still they are human and even unconsciously, at times, are injured by prevailing loose notions, and hence most appropriately at this sacred season may the priest speaking with authority warn against this corroding sin and caution his flock against the worse than pagan ideas so prevalent today."

Those who have some idea of the degrading influences of loose divorce laws will agree with Bishop Muldoon that present conditions require the serious attention of every loyal and patriotic citizen. Present conditions may, in part, be traced to a lack of teaching on the sanctity of the marriage vow and societies and churches which have firmly established principles relating to this subject, as for instance the Church of the Brethren, are in duty bound not only to fix these principles in the hearts of their members by plain teaching but they should make their stand plain to the world. There is a tendency to hide the light we have under a bushel and some day we shall have to suffer for it.

People do not agree on how the divorce evil is to be remedied. Some say the remedy lies in stricter laws governing permissions to marry. Some argue that the divorce laws should be more strict. It is evident that either one would have an influence over the other. The Scriptures, however, draw the close line on the divorce side. If the One who "made them male and female" would prevent abuses and keep the marriage tie sacred by this means, we may be sure that we can find no better way. On a number of questions concerning affairs in different ages people have rejected the way of Jehovah and taken their own way as being "more suited to the times" only to come back after much blundering and acknowledge that after all his ways are best suited to *all* times. We can help the world to come to this conclusion in the matter of divorces if, in addition to its bitter experience with loose divorce laws, we fearlessly teach what our Lord has said on the question.

IN THE TEMPERANCE FIELD.

THOSE who have given the subject serious thought know that the present temperance movement is more than merely a burst of enthusiasm that will soon spend itself as its enemies predict. It is really one of the steps in the forward march of the race and is as permanent and as sure of further advance as is the adoption in the business world of improved machinery and the striving for still greater improvements. We may as well look for our farmers to go back to the scythe and the flail as to expect the people to go back to an indifferent tolerance of the saloon when once the anti-saloon order has been given a fair and honest trial. The present age is much concerned about improving the race and the conditions under which the work of the world must be done and it finds the drink curse one of the greatest hindrances to such progress. That is why we find intelligent, earnest men and women of all classes coming forward and joining the fight against this evil. They realize that when once intoxicating liquors are put out of the way much of the crime, pauperism and insanity will disappear as a consequence. The temperance movement, then, is in reality a fight against a number of evils that are clogging the wheels of progress, and with the spread of this fact the temperance forces are increasing.

THE saying that "silence gives consent" is never more truly so than when one keeps silent and does not vote when the question, saloons or no saloons, is put to him. It is impossible for a citizen—a man who has the right to vote—to "have nothing to do with the question politically" when it is thus put to him. If he refuses to vote and the saloon interests win in the contest, he must be said to have given his consent to the saloons. No temperance advocate can so emphatically give expression to his convictions as when he votes the no-saloon ballot when the question is at issue.

THE Chicago temperance workers are not conducting the present campaign as though they were fighting for a lost cause, or even a losing cause. And, indeed, they are not. They have the opportunity of doing some effective teaching and whether they win at the polls or not they may win many side victories which in the future will together drive the saloon from that great city.

Two years ago Rockford, Ill., a city of about fifty thousand people, voted on the saloon question and by a small majority decided to do without the saloons. Owing to the size of the city and the small majority by which the victory was won there has been some trouble experienced in enforcing the law but nevertheless some of the citizens have gotten a pretty fair idea of the value to the city of a no-license law. The question, however, is to come up again this spring, as the saloon element was not satisfied to leave the place without making another fight. In his desire to have the temperance people win, one of the leading business men has given them one thousand dollars to help carry on the present campaign and another business man who two years ago gave two hundred dollars to help the saloon men has now doubled his contribution and given it to the anti-saloon forces. This is the attitude of business men who have had experience under both conditions. It most effectively refutes the strongest argument of the saloon element, that the anti-saloon regime is death to business,—that no saloon means no business. The Christian man and woman, of course, do not need the testimony of these business men to persuade them to use all their efforts against the saloons, but when one must come down to argue the question from the standpoint of business it is bound to have some weight with the shrewd business man.

CHRIST said, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Suppose we adopt this golden rule in the temperance work and see how surely it will lead us to do all in our power to rid the land of the liquor curse.

PLANNING.

IF the farmer and gardener have not yet completed their plans for the work of the coming season, it is time they were about it. A lack of careful planning argues a lack of real interest. Either of these alone is of sufficient influence to affect the harvest in large measure, and when combined, and that as negative quantities, the results are likely to be such as will drive the worker to hunt "some other job that pays."

But other jobs are subject to the same requirements that govern the successful farmer—unless the worker chooses to be a mere machine or tool. There are few tasks in the world that do not demand forethought and a live interest in exchange for their successful accomplishment. And all work, however mechanical, is the better done if the worker first arranges it in his mind and is thus prepared to take advantage of any turn to improve speed or accuracy.

Even if one is engaged in work not altogether to his liking, he should force himself thoughtfully to lay it out beforehand in every detail. This is almost sure to bring about one of two things: either the resulting proficiency will open up to him other work that is more congenial, or he will find new interest in the work and will desire no other. The person who loves his work always plans for it and thereby doubles his enjoyment of it. At the same time he increases his skill and his capacity for greater enjoyment.

A WARNING.

I WARN my countrymen that the great recent progress made in city life is not a full measure of our civilization; for our civilization rests at bottom on the wholesomeness, the attractiveness, and the completeness, as well as the prosperity, of life in the country. The men and women on the farms stand for what is fundamentally best and most needed in our American life.

Upon the development of country life rests ultimately our ability, by methods of farming requiring the highest intelligence, to continue to feed and clothe the hungry nations; to supply the city with fresh blood, clean bodies, and clear brains that can endure the terrific strain of modern life; we need the development of men in the open country, who will be in the future, as in the past, the stay and strength of the nation in time of peace.—*Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook.*

COULDN'T SEE THE USE OF IT.

Says a writer in an exchange: "While sitting with Grant at the camp fire late one night, after everyone else had gone to bed, I said to him: 'General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation.'

"'Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear,' he replied. 'When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps arouse a man's anger, and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary, if he keeps cool, always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.'"



THE HOME WORLD



A Blackboard in the Home

Hattie Preston Rider

"MILDRED does love dearly to draw pictures," said Mrs. Crosby. "I brought down that old slate I used to have in school, and hunted up a stump of a slate-pencil for her, the other day. She was delighted, and spends half her spare time with it. But it is rather small, for the extended work a child likes. She often sketches out stories for Elsie,—something that she has learned at school, you know—but she always lacks room at the margin to finish her pictures."

"Why don't you get her one of those Chautauqua blackboards?" asked Mrs. West. "Florence bought one for Raymond, at Christmas;—though I confess he has never seemed to care very much for it," she added.

Mrs. Crosby drew down her brows in a comically apologetic pucker.

"Chautauqua boards cost money," she declared. "Well,"—as her friend laughed—"I know that sounds miserly in your ears, Amy, even as well as you know how dearly Henry and I love our children. But school outfittings cost a good deal. There's part of Elsie's doctor bill, yet, to be paid, and the interest and another payment on the mortgage, which must be met this spring. You see I have to count the little leaks, and stop them wherever I can."

Mrs. West looked at the speaker critically for several moments, and then she smiled.

"You must have hold of the right end of things," she remarked. "Lots of women complain so of those little deprivations, they fairly disgust me. When one carries a burden as if it were a bouquet, it ceases to be a burden, doesn't it?"

"The idea!" Mrs. Crosby laughed. "Being careful isn't a burden, Amy. I rather enjoy it. Henry is always so appreciative; besides, it sharpens my wits."

"Well, you're sharpening mine," her friend returned, quickly, "for I've just been 'stricken' with a bright idea, as Florence would say. You may not endorse it, however." She laid down her sewing and rose, half-hesitatingly. "Isn't your kitchen wall painted, Emily? May we go and look at it?"

Mrs. Crosby got up also, with suddenly brightening face. "I believe I know what you are thinking of, Amy!" she said, heartily. "I almost thought of it before, myself. Come on!"

She led the way to the kitchen. Mrs. West followed, and the two glanced eagerly around the tidy room, with its warm-gray tinted walls. Three of the sides, between cupboards and sink and cellar-way, were wainscoted to the height of a common chair-back; but between the outer door and the window that looked on the piazza, was a plastered space about five feet in width, and running from ceiling to baseboard. Mrs. West pounced upon it, figuratively speaking.

"The very place!" she exclaimed, in delight. "I've a smaller one just like it, in my own kitchen, where Floyd and the girls would love to write and do their problems. I tell you what let's do, Emily! We will get a little can of paint,—I guess the decorating people will know what kind is best—and *make* our babies a big generous blackboard apiece, that can contain all the 'margin' they want, for pictures, or anything else! We can go in partnership for the paint, and a big box of crayons. Who cares if they do make a little muss! I guess if the schoolteacher can stand that of thirty children, we can endure it for three! And chalk-dust is easily cleaned up."

Mrs. Crosby's eyes expressed their pleased approval, even before her lips did so. As a matter of fact, the soul of the artist that was daily finding expression in her little daughter, had its dumb counterpart in her own breast. Unconsciously, her fingers ached for the training and opportunity to put sundry beautiful dreams on paper or canvas. But, like countless others of her generation, the cravings of her soul had necessarily been denied all her young years. She looked at those things sensibly, however. "If there is no use crying over spilt milk," she often said, jokingly, "there is certainly none in mourning for milk that one never had to spill." She and her husband were warmly agreed on one point, however; their children should have all the education which it was possible to obtain for them, and along the lines of each one's natural bent.

The plan which Mrs. West had conceived was carried out at the earliest opportunity. On inquiry at a paint-shop they found that a can of "flat black," such as is used for blackboards in the public schools, and which cost twenty-five cents, was amply sufficient for

what they required. A large box of white crayons at fifteen cents made, when the total was equally divided, the expense to each but twenty cents. They put the paint on with a common small brush, being careful to line the top, about five feet above the baseboard, with a straight edge, and running the black surface over the entire available space. At the end of three days the work was pronounced by the respective fathers to be sufficiently dry for use, and the delighted children, not one less so than Mildred herself, proceeded to enjoy it. A damp cloth served for an eraser, till one stormy day Mr. Crosby found an opportunity to make a couple of better ones, by gluing some thick pieces of felt securely to small oblong blocks of wood. He also bought Mildred a dozen colored chalk crayons, one day when he went to town, and some of the drawings she made with them were really beautiful, especially for a child of ten years.

"I wouldn't have believed it possible for children to get so much good out of one simple thing," said Mrs. Crosby, proudly exhibiting the blackboard to a neighbor one day. "We have no place for a special playroom, such as are built in large houses. Besides, I don't want my children put off by themselves in a distant part of the house. Children love to associate with the rest of the family. And as for that blackboard, the variety of uses they find for it would astonish you. Not only Mildred's drawings, but Nelson does his problems there, and a sort of outline of his other lessons. Little Elsie loves to 'make w'itings,' as she calls it, and all three amuse their friends there in a dozen different ways. As for myself, I find it better than a memorandum book, for the shopping list, messages that are left for Henry, or any little bits I wish to remember. Yes,"—coloring and laughing a little, as the neighbor glanced curiously at a sentence neatly lettered on an upper corner of the board—"I wrote that, and it's a great comfort, when I'm tired or discouraged: 'They go from strength unto strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.'—Mrs. West has the credit of the blackboard idea, Mrs. Martin. You had better fix one in your kitchen. You can't imagine what a help and economy it is!"

FAULT-FINDING.

THERE are certain rocks on which home happiness, if it strike, is very likely to split. One of these is faultfinding. The habit of grumbling is fatal to family peace, and, if indulged in habitually by any single member of the household, is sure to disturb the harmony of all the rest. Like most bad habits this is formed insensibly, and many inveterate and fretful faultfinders are so unconscious of their besetting sin that in their own eyes they are models of amiability. "If," they say, "so and so were done, we would never complain, but"—

Alas! in most houses there are "ifs" and "buts." The most delightful and lovable people are only human after all, and have their nervous days and their forgetful days. Very many people have their sharp points, which must be avoided, and their weak places, which are getting in the way. To live with people in the familiarity and the complete unreserve of domestic life, and to live so gently and pleasantly that no one's foibles are made manifest, no one's feelings wounded, and no one's personality unjustly invaded, implies tact, unselfishness, and almost saintly patience on the part of all concerned. There are homes where love is so completely the motive power, and courtesy so unfailingly the custom, that a ripple of trouble rarely disturbs their calm. Unfortunately such homes are not in the majority. In far too many houses there are often undignified and unnecessary scenes at breakfast, dinner and tea, which are not quite quarrels, but which are probably worse in their effects.

"But there are legitimate occasions for fault-finding, are there not?" inquires somebody. Very likely, and when such arise meet them, as it is the best way to meet every difficulty in life, fairly, squarely, and bravely. Say the act is wrong in plain words, and have done with it. It is one thing to reprimand or reprove where reproof or rebuke is a duty; it is quite another to keep up a scattering fire of small shot in the way of sarcasm, innuendo, and complaint for half a day at a time.

The true remedy in nine cases out of ten, when circumstances are contrary, is to accept the situation. The most aggravating servant, the most provoking neighbor, the most willful child are not proof against serene self-control and generous kindness; while faultfinding sows seed that comes up in a harvest of new antagonisms. Accept the situation, whatever it is, with courage and cheerfulness, and remember that neither nerves, temper, carving knives, nor coffee, were ever in the slightest degree improved by scolding. —*Selected.*

MY AIM.

SELECTED BY GRACE E. MOATS.

Not graved on shafts of marble,
Nor writ on scrolls of fame,
But in the hearts of others
Would I inscribe my name.

Not for the world to see,
Or tongue of men to praise,
But for humanity
Would I direct my ways.

Not while I linger here
To be a pampered one,
But just to hear my Savior dear
Say unto me, "Well done."

Forever this my prayer,
And all my thoughts employ
To mind not earthly care,
But seek for Heaven's joy.

JUST AS YOU SAY, DEAR.

"JUST as you say, dear."

I heard the words on one of the downtown streets that radiate from Wall street. They were uttered in gentle tone by a kindly-faced old man to a somewhat worried old woman of his own age. Both were white haired. Both had faces in which long life had graven deep its characters. Both had slight figures bowed by the weight of years, and probably of trouble. They were plainly dressed. The most careless eye could see that wealth was not theirs, but it was apparent, too, that poverty's hand lay not heavy upon them.

They seemed to be what they doubtless were—simple, kindly old folk, who had a life of hard work and economy behind them, a few peaceful twilight hours before. One could see in the background of their lives a plain little home, some growing children, leaving one by one the little home, and perhaps the group broken by the mystery which had filled a grave or two on the green hillside. That is what one saw in the old couple who stood on the street corner. What one heard were the words, "Just as you say, dear."

The question in the woman's face may have been, whether they should take the next train to their suburban home, or the train after; whether they should finish their spring shopping today or come back the next week; whether they should lunch in a downtown restaurant or wait until they had reached the little suburban home for their midday meal. Whatever the commonplace little problem of everyday that confronted them, it was solved by the words I overheard as I passed:

"Just as you say, dear."

The worried look disappeared from the old woman's face. Her brow cleared. Together they walked to where the side street poured its thin stream of humanity into the giant flow of Broadway. They were lost in the crowd of raw-nerved brokers, of pale clerks, of hurrying stenographers, of slower-footed, commonplace couples like themselves. They went back from the larger world to their own small one, leaving behind them no trace but the echo of the kindly old man's words: "Just as you say, dear."

Those five monosyllables are the gilding upon the ugly corners of life. They are the green spot in the desert; the light in a dark way; the music in the silence; the song that sings on in the heart after other sounds are stilled.

A man would better say those words as often as he can. They will make for the peace of the home, for his own happiness. A wife's clouded face will clear quickly at the sound. The shadow of care that was fretting at the beauty of her face will pass away before them.

The expression of a woman's face is her husband's certificate of character. If the face be a happy one, it is a flattering testimonial to her spouse's general decency. If it be a miserable one, one instantly suspects the husband of dark deeds, and the suspicion is usually well founded. That is the reason some husbands flee the home where lives the wife whose face is drawn and unhappy. The face is a symbol of his conscience. He cannot bear its reproaches.

"Just as you say, dear."

They are good words from a husband, bridging many a difficult situation. But husbands have no exclusive rights to them. They may well be spoken now and then by the wife.—*Ada Patterson, in Woman's National Daily.*

KEEP THE RESPECT OF YOUR CHILDREN.

MANY a mother lessens her children's respect, honor, and, I believe, love, by undervaluing herself—by making herself too cheap, if I may be allowed the expression. In her excess of maternal love she is willing to deny herself all comfort, and lavish every care and thought upon her children, requiring nothing in return but that they look like and appear as well as or better than other children of their circle. As a result, she has growing up around her a family of selfish youths and maidens, who treat her as though she was their inferior, filling the place of servant to all their wants, instead of the most honored and beloved mother whom it is their delight and comfort to serve. Mothers, do you know that much of the neglect and disrespect shown you is of your own nurturing? It will surely bring sorrow to you and your children later. See, then, that you cause them to feel ever that you are their loving benefactor, and for all the good gifts bestowed, they owe you a loving and obedient homage. —*Selected.*

THE CAUSE OF "HARD TIMES."

STATISTICS show that more than one-half of the income of the people of the United States is spent for food and food accessories. Yet, to look at the waste of this material, not alone on the farm, where food value is seldom counted, but in cities and villages where every morsel has a money value, one would think it the most inexpensive thing in the world. To realize the reckless waste of foods one has but to look into the backyards of many people in the country places, or in the outskirts of cities where a system of garbage collection is not in vogue, or into the garbage cans where it is, to see how very large a part of the family income is thrown out in this form. On the farm, the family that throws such materials out in the yard generally has a dog, or several dogs and other animals that act as scavengers, and the waste is not so noticeable; but a great deal of it also goes into the slop pail to go to animals at the barn yard. We all know the story of the woman who told the garbage

collector that the family ate the garbage; but we do not all take the lesson to heart. Nearly every scrap of left-over could be re-dished in some attractive form, and again served to be eaten. But a better way would be to have as few left-overs as possible. Girls and boys should be taught that the throwing away of the crust of bread, or the half of an apple, etc., is just throwing away that much money. Unhappily, men nor women are taught very strict laws of economy, and they will go on wasting their hard-earned wages until the end. Many of them look with scorn on the saving of the fragments, as marking them as "stingy," or "close." —*The Commoner.*

TO RAISE FINE SWEET PEAS.

PURCHASE the variegated variety. Dig a ditch nine or ten inches deep and the desired length. Place rich fertilizer in the ditch, fill it half full of earth, then sow the seed very thick. Many make the mistake of planting the seeds sparingly. Cover seeds with one inch of fine dirt. Protect the sprouts if there is frost in the air. As they must be planted in early March, it may be necessary to cover them with pieces of old carpet at times. When the shoots are two or three inches high, partially cover the young plants with earth. In a week or so fill the ditch and you may rest assured the young plants will have good strong roots. They demand an abundance of rich soil, plenty of water and a great amount of sunshine. To have continuous bloom, pluck the flowers daily. Cut them from the vines, otherwise the vines will be ruined.—*Selected.*

MAKE A HOTBED THIS SPRING.

A NEW JERSEY market gardener tells how to make and care for hotbeds, in the special gardening number of *The Fruit-Grower,* St. Joseph, Mo., and when one appreciates how simple is the operation, it is a wonder that every farmer or even the city man who has a garden does not have one. Lettuce can be started in the hotbed and later transplanted to the open; or one can finish the crop of lettuce in the hotbed if desired. Tomatoes should be started in hotbeds in order to get early fruit; in growing tomatoes in hotbeds one should transplant them several times, in order to make the plants stocky. Some gardeners even start onions in the hotbed and transplant. This is a tedious job, of course, but it is also a tedious job to weed the onions which are planted directly in the field, and much of this work is saved when the onions are transplanted.

The article in *The Fruit-Grower* will be a revelation to one who has not tried them, in showing how useful a hotbed can be in connection with any garden.

WE all perceive that unless religion is converted into terms of conduct, that holy thing becomes a mockery.—*Frances Willard.*

"IN a lamp, the light from a kerosene burner properly shaded is the best. A green shade is preferable for work; some of the decorated shades are an abomination so far as causing eye-troubles is concerned. To use the eyes for reading by the light of a gas burner several feet away is very injurious; if one must use gas, the burner should be at a proper distance, with the flame protected, as the flicker is most trying to the eyes. A ground glass shade is recommended for an electric light; the unprotected incandescent lamp is apt to work much harm."

THIS is the time of year to give your fruit trees a good thorough spraying of strong kerosene emulsion, to fix the San Jose scale. Of course a better remedy is the lime sulphur and salt wash, but that is more trouble to apply, and the kerosene emulsion is fairly effective if put on strong, as it can be without harm before the foliage starts. The addition of a pound of ordinary potash lye to five or six gallons of the emulsion will also help."

The Children's Corner

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have
  Who, five in a row,
Upon either side of you,
  Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
  They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
  They see that you're fed;

They wake up your dolly,
  And put on her clothes,
And trundle her carriage
  Wherever she goes;

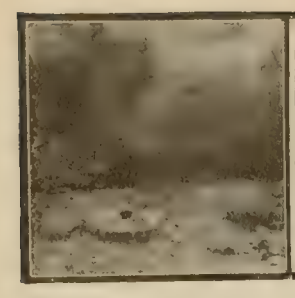
They buckle your skate straps,
  And haul at your sled;
Are in summer quite white,
  And in winter quite red.

And these ten tiny fellows,
  They serve you with ease,
And they ask nothing from you,
  But work hard to please.

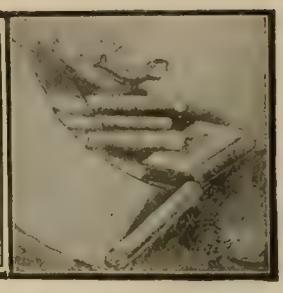
Now, with ten willing servants
  So trusty and true,
Pray, who would be lazy
  Or idle? Would you?

Would you find out the name
  Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
  Of each little hand.

—Selected.



THE QUIET HOUR



KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

J. O. BARNHART.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Do you hear him, do you care?
Is your heart so full of sin,
That you can not let him in?
Will you let him stand and wait,
Knocking, knocking at the gate?

Knocking, knocking, waiting still!
Oh, how can you treat him ill?
He who gave his life for thee,
That thou mightst from sin be free,
Will you let him stand and wait,
Knocking, knocking, at the gate?

Standing, standing, sad and lone,
Pleading in such tender tone,
Let me in to sup with thee,
And thou mayst sup with me,
And new life thou wilt receive,
Pardon I will freely give!

Oh, let him in, oh, let him in.
He comes to cleanse your heart from sin.
Refuse no more; ope wide the door,
And let the loving Savior in.

Kemp, Ill.

Self and Others

S. S. Blough

We may look at the great world of men from many angles and each look brings its own vision and teaches its own lessons. In one sense there are but two parties in the world, self and others. These two sustain a more or less close relationship to each other. The kind of treatment that others receive from self depends largely upon the disposition of self. This is easily understood, but its truth and importance are not sufficiently recognized and considered.

It is said that General Booth of the Salvation Army at one time desiring to send by telegram and cablegram a New Year's greeting to all the Salvation Army posts in the world sent the single word "others," as his message. This could be interpreted to mean, "Live for others, be kind to others, pray for others, preach the Gospel to others, save others, do good to others in any way you can." No one can deny that this was a very fruitful message to a Christian mind, and was surely intended for such by this man of God.

Now this same message may come to each one. Surely our lives, actions and words, have a great deal to do with those who are about us. But sometimes this message falls on deaf ears. There is no kindly response. No one receives the benefit of the suggestion and it becomes vain. These have self so thoroughly entrenched in their hearts that they can find neither inclination nor time for others. Every plan must be made for the welfare of self, every benefit is received to enhance the wealth and pleasure of self. Such a one is like a sponge, always receiving and never giving out. This is a class of persons one does not want for associates. On the playground they want their own games and these must be played in their own particular way. When there is a good thing to be had they are always there for the first serving. If there is a best seat they are in it, or if a first table they are there. They are as some in Christ's time, sitting in the highest seats of the synagogue or standing on the corners of the streets to be seen of men, simply to satisfy self-ease or self-pride. They have no respect, or at least show none, for the feelings of others, unless it will accrue to their own advantage.

There is a class of persons, however, whose hearts quicken with this same message. Holy impulses are created which result in noble action. These are always willing to give up their own wishes, plans and rights in their desire to do a good turn for others. They are always happy in their self-sacrifice even when the selfish would think there is nothing left to bring happiness. These have caught the spirit of Christ and his self-sacrificing life. Even though he was carrying out his conception of being about his Father's business, he did it largely by what he did for others. He fed the hungry, comforted the sorrowing, healed the sick and taught the Gospel of right living to a wayfaring world. He not only became an example to the world in the relation of self to others, but also taught the same treatment among his followers. When he said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," he laid down his will for us as a strong foundation for correct action to our fellow human beings, which resultant action will be considered acceptable service to him. If, then, the Savior is accepted, his example received, and his word be-

comes our guide, our relation to others will be understood and accepted as right. There will be no uncertain sound in our treatment of others.

We see then clearly that in order that others shall receive from us proper treatment, self must be denied, self must be crucified. But self is such a tyrant that it does not give up easily for others. It may almost be said to have the proverbial nine lives. As long as self has its own way others must suffer. When self is slain and laid on the altar of sacrifice others begin to profit by the change.

Let those who are Christ's followers then learn the proper relationship of self to others that the world which knows not God may see in us this glorious example and thus catch gleams of his righteousness upon the earth!

"Others." Others in the home, others at school, others in the community, others in business, others in the church, others in the world. The poor, the rich; the small, the great; the young, the old; the sick the well; the fair, the homely; the cheerful, the sad; the saint, the sinner; all, everywhere, others, others, others.

POINTLESS PREACHING.

THERE is a great deal of pointless preaching at the present time. After sitting under the ministry of the Word, a person is often led to inquire, "What is all this for? What is the preacher's object? What end has he in view?" so aimless and pointless is the discourse. It cannot be intended to convert sinners, for there is nothing in it to alarm their fears, arouse their guilty consciences, and lead them to repentance. It cannot be the spiritual edification of believers, for there is nothing in it to quicken them into newness of spiritual life, to encourage them amid trial, or to stimulate them to greater Christian activity. It is a sort of abstract, ethical theorizing with scarcely any reference to the soul. No wonder that a person sometimes longs to hear one of the old-time trumpet blasts, when some son of thunder reasoned of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come, and sinners, like Felix, trembled beneath the power of divine truth. A man seldom accomplishes more than he aims to effect. A minister who does not aim in the pulpit and out of it to save souls, will have a barren ministry, and many fruitless regrets at last.—*Methodist Recorder.*

ALL THAT IS REQUIRED OF US.

DON'T you know that all that is required of you is to do what you can, though you fail of perfecting your work here? Life is too large, too wonderful a thing to be compassed in a few short years. Such great things to be accomplished and so little time—but it is as honorable to leave a good work but partly done as it would be to be able to stamp it "finished," if we have been faithful in our efforts until the working days ended.

It isn't how much we have done—but how well we have done it, that counts, and no well done work should ever cause us discouragement, no matter if it seems incomplete, for after all no good thing exists but will find its perfection in that other life, where there will be no heartaches over disappointments—no weary hands, no lagging feet to take up the daily round, for the workers will be immortal, and the ranks will never be thinned, because one by one they fall by the way.

"Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And, whether crowned or uncrowned when I fall,
It matters not, so God's work is done."

—*The Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

THE only life worth living in the long run, is a life of love and service to others. St. Paul said that those he had helped were his hope and joy and crown of glory. It is so of all who live for Christ. They do their part of the world's work, but the real harvest they look for is not in material things, but in the things of life and love. Even in this world the true glory of life is in the good we do to others. Work we do in stone will crumble, but when we teach a great lesson to a child, its influence will last forever; when we put courage into a fainting heart, we may change a destiny, or when we lead a soul to Christ, we save one from death for life. Then the sweetest of earth is that which comes from the consciousness of doing good—comforting sorrow, relieving distress, healing a broken heart, freeing a life from the power of sin, or the bondage of evil habit. In the heavenly life, also, those we have helped on earth will be our crown and joy.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

GUARD YOUR WORDS.

"DOES God really hear every discontented word I ever speak? Does he hear when I grumble about the weather, about the hard winter, about the late spring, about the dry summer, about the wet harvest, about the grub worm and the grasshopper? Does he hear when I grumble about the frosts, about the drought, about the high winds, and about the storms? Does he hear when I scold about my circumstances, about the hardness of my lot, about my losses and disappointments?"

If we could get into our heart, and keep there continually, the consciousness that every word we speak is heard up in heaven, would we murmur as much as we now do? We are very careful of our speech before men. We are always on our guard when we think anybody is within hearing, and speak only proper words. Are we as careful what we say in the hearing of heaven? We are careful, too, never to speak words which would give pain to the hearts of those we love. Are we as careful not to say anything that will grieve our Heavenly Father?—*Selected.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



One hundred families from the night rider districts of Kentucky have recently moved into northern Missouri to raise tobacco. Last year 2,000,000 pounds were raised in Platte County and 600,000 pounds in Clay County. The average profit is $300 per acre; farmers growing five to ten acres.

On account of complaints lodged with the District of Columbia board of education by professional people, teachers in the public schools hereafter must confine themselves to the work for which they are employed, and will not be permitted to practice medicine, surgery and other professions outside of school hours.

The English government has opened negotiations with Russia looking to a joint note to China with respect to her activities in Tibet. Neither England nor Russia cares anything about Tibet itself, but both fear the Chinese expansion into Tibet is the forerunner to an encroachment by China upon the Indian and Russian frontiers.

Orders have been issued to the 600 employes of the Keystone works of the International harvester company located at Sterling, Ill., by Superintendent P. A. Ericson, that any employe reporting for duty in an intoxicated condition or drinking while on duty will be reprimanded for the first offense and discharged for the second.

The fourth annual report of President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation, recently made public, shows that during the year the foundation granted 115 pensions, amounting to $177,000. It is now paying 318 pensions, the cost being $466,000. The professors receiving these pensions come from 139 colleges, distributed over forty-three States of the Union and provinces of Canada.

A new mounting for metallic filament in lamps has been devised in Germany. The mounting provides for the shrinkage of the filament which is not always uniform, and for this reason each filament is supported at its lower end on a small spring which is covered with a paste of finely powdered tungsten so as to prevent it from being consumed by the heat of the incandescent filaments.

After a meeting Feb. 28 of the executive committee of the American exposition planned to be held in Berlin in 1910, a statement was issued by Chairman Herman A. Metz that the show had been postponed until 1911 as the result of "the apparent opposition which has developed in Germany against the American exposition to be held in Germany." There is much doubt that the show will be held, even in 1911, but the present organization will be maintained at least until developments shall indicate what course to pursue.

With a view to economy 200 clerks in the treasury department will be discharged on July 1, causing a saving of $133,000 a year. By the introduction of computing machines the postoffice can dispense with 27 employes.

In recommending that the appropriation for regulating immigration be increased from $2,400,000 to $2,560,000, Secretary Nagel says the expenditure of $100,000 for the stamping out of the white slave traffic would be money well spent.

All the American consuls in Europe have received instructions by cable from the State Department at Washington to prepare and forward forthwith comparative statistics showing the difference in the cost of living in 1900 and 1910. These statistics will cover food, clothing, rents and similar necessary expenses. They are intended for the use of the Senate committee which is investigating the increase in prices.

The people of the Hawaiian Islands are to have a chance to decide for themselves the question whether their territory is to be "wet" or "dry." The U. S. Congress at Washington has been asked to pass strict prohibition laws for the islands, but that body has indicated that the subject will be left to the people to settle for themselves by a special election. This recognition of the home-rule principle is pleasing to all factions.

A bill has been introduced in Congress calling for mail boxes at the door of those persons to whom mail is delivered. It is held that a great deal of time is lost by the postman in delivering letters in having to ring the door bell and wait for the door to be opened. The average is estimated to be about 30 seconds at each door. should the bill become a law, the mail delivery, it is claimed, would be greatly facilitated and the force could be cut down.

The use of the telephone for train dispatching is slowly spreading. The Gulf, Texas & Western Railroad is equipping its line with a telephone system for train dispatching between Jacksboro and Benjamin, Texas. The road connects the Chicago, Rock Island & Gulf and the Wichita Valley railroads. When the telephone system on the Spokane division of the Great Northern Railway is completed there will be 2,100 miles of this railroad operated by means of the telephone.

Eastern railways declare they will not grant their employes any increase in wages because of the steady increase in the cost of operation and the steady decline in rates. The railroads say fuel increased 207 per cent in cost between 1897 and 1907, while freight traffic increased but 148 per cent and passenger traffic only 126 per cent. It is claimed the wage of the employe of eastern roads is $908 a year, against less than $600 in 78 other industries employing skilled labor.

Prof. E. E. Barnard recently obtained a photograph of Halley's comet showing a tail one degree long. The comet is beginning to wake up. Mr. Ellerman will sail for Honolulu on March 8 to observe the transit of Halley's comet across the sun's disk. He is sent out by the comet committee of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America. He takes with him a good 6-inch portrait lens by Brashear and a 6-inch equatorial mounting lent by the Lick Observatory. He is perhaps the best possible man for the work, and will be thoroughly equipped to obtain the best results.

The director of the statistical bureau at Stuttgart, Germany, has issued an estimate of the strength of the religious bodies of the world, in which the Christian religion is given first place. Out of the world's population, estimated at about 1,544,500,000, about 535,000,000 are Christians, 175,000,000 are Mohammedans, 11,000,000 are Jews, and 823,000,000 are of other beliefs. The Confucians lead these others with 300,000,000 followers, the Brahmins coming next with 214,000,000, and then the Buddhists with 121,000,000. Thus about every 346 persons out of every thousand in the world are Christians, 114 Mohammedans, seven Jews, and 533 of other religions.

The announcement has been made by the head of the department of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University that a method has been discovered by which the presence of consumption germs in the human system can be discovered long before the person infected begins to realize that they are there. A vaccine is made of the dead tubercle bacilli, which is called tuberculin. A single drop of the fluid is injected into the skin in almost the same manner as a vaccination. Within the next 24 hours if the tuberculosis is in the system, a red ring appears around the vaccination, called the positive reaction, which demonstrates that there is a tuberculous condition in the body.

Last year 30,000,000 quarts of the terrible poison, absinthe, were consumed in France, or three times as much as 25 years ago. It is not only the older people who take it, but it is even given to the little children, as a great "treat." Out of 50 pupils in one of the Paris schools, 30 stated the other day that they were in the habit of drinking water with absinthe in it. A common custom also is for mothers to feed their babies milk with brandy in it, to "quiet" them. The result of all this is that the vitality of the French race is falling much below par. In Rouen it was found lately that among those who drank no alcoholic liquors the death-rate was only five, while among the same number of those who drank, the death-rate was 46.

Attorney General Stead of Illinois after a conference with the supreme judges in Chicago, has succeeded in securing a stay order in the parole law case. He has filed with the clerk of the court his petition for rehearing in the case, in which he makes three points, namely: That the Supreme Court erred in its definition of the word "provide"; second, that the constitutionality of the parole law of 1899 was not attacked in the lower courts, and third, that while holding the 1899 act void it sustains the old acts of 1895 and 1897, which are not materially different from the act of 1899. The stay order has the effect of leaving the act of 1899 on the statutes and courts will proceed to act under it just as though the Supreme Court had not rendered its opinion of last week.

Challenges have been sent to the Aero Club of America by the British Areo Club for a contest for the Gordon Bennett aviation cup and the Gordon Bennett balloon cup. The British entries are Charles Stuart Rolls, J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Mortimer F. Singer, Maurice Egerton and John Dunville.

Due to the revelations of representatives of the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, who admitted their syndicate was behind the famous Cunningham claims, Senator Beverage of Indiana has offered two drastic bills which seek to conserve the mineral wealth of Alaska. The bills provide for the withdrawal from entry of all Alaska coal lands, and require that these lands shall be leased on royalty, the title to remain in the government and the coal deposits to be handled apart from the surface.

Although in Texas the last Legislature unanimously passed a law to create a leprosy colony and providing that the Governor appoint a commission within 30 days, Gov. Campbell refuses to obey the law. There are said to be from 1,000 to 3,000 lepers scattered over the State, and the county and district medical boards propose to raise $1,000,000 for the establishment of a modern colony for the care and treatment of lepers. James Wilson of Pecos County offers to donate 1,000 acres of land for the purpose.

Provided the students of Antioch College, Ohio, will earn $20,000 by raising potatoes John Bryan, a wealthy soap manufacturer, will give a like amount to the college. Mr. Bryan will set aside 100 acres of rich Miami bottom land for the Antioch students upon which they are to raise potatoes. He says they ought to raise at least 200 bushels to the acre and that if these are dug and handled rightly it will bring the school $20,000. He will furnish the land and seed and implements and the students are to do the work.

Karl Leps of Hamburg says that in April he will fly from Hamburg to America via London and Valentia, Ireland, and St. Johns, Newfoundland. From Valentia to Newfoundland is 1,600 miles which he says he can make in 33 hours. Lep's dirigible is smaller than Count Zeppelin's, but is equipped with eight motors of 125 horsepower each. He claims he has already been in the air three days and a quarter without landing. On all his flights he declares he has had nine men with him. He expects to establish a transatlantic service, carrying 60 to 100 passengers at a time.

The Danes are watching with interest the struggle in the United States against the high prices of food. They have been through the same experience, generations ago. Their remedy for the increasing high cost of living was to cut out the middlemen's profits and prevent combines by marketing their products through coöperative agencies. Land in Denmark is valued and taxed not by its area but by its degree of productiveness, the unit being the "hartkorn," and new valuations being made every five years. Though only about the size of Maryland, Denmark has over twice its population. The soil is not naturally so fertile, but it has been brought up by most careful farming. Danish butter is famous all over Europe as the choicest in the market. Though the Danes have such a small country they produce so much that they have built up a very large export trade; they send about a hundred million dollars' worth of dairy and poultry products a year to England alone, which is their best market.



Among the Magazines



PAY OF WOMEN TEACHERS.

The pay of women school teachers is unjust, declares Grace C. Strachan, president Interborough Association of School Teachers, City of New York.

Suppose a boy and a girl—they may even be twins—have attended the same schools, have been taught by the same teachers, passed the same examinations, and finally have been appointed to teach classes identical in grade and sex of pupils.

Suppose both succeed to the satisfaction of their superior officers, and appear for their reward. Is it not the same for both? Oh, no! The one who was the boy, receives for his first year simply because of his sex a salary $300 higher than that of the one born a girl.

How long would a woman have to teach a class of boys in order to receive the salary a man teaching the same class would receive the first year? Seven years! And not even then would she receive it, unless she had passed the examination by both principal and district superintendent for renewal of license at the end of the first year, again at the end of the second year, and for a permanent license at the end of the third year.

Her record being satisfactory, she would receive an increase of $40 each year, until the end of the seventh year. Her salary would then be $840 and would remain such unless she were rated "fit and meritorious" by both principal and superintendents. The man's salary the first year was $900.

Thus, you see, a woman teacher must teach seven years and pass satisfactorily through four examinations before she receives a salary equal to that a man teaching the identical class would receive the first year. But what would the man teacher be receiving in his seventh year? This is indeed interesting. Instead of an increase of $40 each year he has been receiving one of $105, so that his salary has amounted to $1,530. The percentage of increase in the case of the man is so much larger than in the case of the woman that the original discrepancy of fifty per cent grows from year to year until, after twelve years of service, he receives $2,160, and she for the same work and the same sacrifice of years earns $1,080, or just one-half of what he receives.

WHY CANADA PREFERS AMERICANS.

Americans are the immigrants whom Canada welcomes "with open arms" in preference to the home-seekers of any other nationality, says a writer in the Tour du Monde (Paris) who takes a Gallic rap at Britain while paying a compliment to the United States. England, we are told, is too apt to look upon her colonies as dumping-grounds for "ne'er-do-weels." Canada, however, declines to be the last refuge of incompetent Anglo-Saxon paupers. Even the Swedes are preferred to the British newcomers. Hence the stringent laws on the landing of foreigners, and the regulations in force at every Canadian seaport for deporting the unfit. On this point the present writer remarks:

"The Canadian laws regulating immigration, which are already extremely strict, tend to become more and more so. At the present time every immigrant, man or woman, of eighteen years of age or over, must possess $25 on landing, or at least prove that he has obtained lucrative employment in Canada, or has a home awaiting him or her with honest and well-established Canadians. Even in such cases the admission of such is conditional. If at the end of two years the immigrant can not earn his living, if he lives on public charity or has come into the hands of the police, he is relentlessly expelled from Canadian territory."

The immigration of English contingents and of England's "Submerged Tenth" under the auspices of the Salvation Army has been more to the benefit of England than of Canada, declares this writer, who proceeds:

"The Canadians very much prefer Scandinavians, who are solid and serious in character. The Americans, however, are most warmly welcomed, and are received with open arms. They are, indeed, found to be more enterprising, more energetic, more temperate than the English. Above all they are better adapted to their new environment. It is thus that the natural affinities of the two peoples counterbalance their political divergencies."

The above statements are supported by abundant statistics which are thus stated:

"In 1908 we find that the streams of British immigration into Canada dwindled in volume by 60 per cent. From 1897 to 1908 only 18 per cent of the total immigrants settling in Canada were English, while the Yankees were 43 per cent. With regard to deportation, the figures are in inverse ratio. While last year 880 English were expelled, only 41 Yankees were returned as incapable of earning their salt."

The result of this preference for Americans in Canada is wide-reaching. As this writer puts it:

"Canada is thus being peopled by Americans of the United States. It is estimated that during the year 1909 from 75,000 to 100,000 immigrants crossed the southern frontier of Canada to settle in the Canadian Northwest. They had been preceded, since 1904, by some 200,000 other citizens of the Union. Thanks to immigration the population of Canada has gained a million inhabitants since the beginning of the twentieth century. The increase in commerce has been proportionate, and in the same period of time has recorded an advance of $178,000,000. The production of wool in the three great provinces of Western Canada has shown an increase of 100,000,000 quintals above what it was ten years ago. But as in the same provinces there are still nearly 10,000 acres of fertile lands as yet uncultivated, it is evident that the stream of American immigration is by no means likely to abate."

The favor with which Canadians regard these thrifty,

steady, hardy immigrants of the southern Republic is likely not only to add to the wealth and population of the Dominion but to result in important political consequences in regard to the Mother Country, we are told:

"It is indubitable that such a movement and migration as we have outlined is pregnant with the gravest political consequences. The Canadian population, ceaselessly being swelled by the accession of a non-British element, must become more and more estranged from the Mother Country. Yankees, Scandinavians, Galicians, and the Canadians proper who speak the French language, are gradually growing into a separate and distinct nationality, and are leaving the sphere of attraction presented by the genius and the interests of the Imperial Government. And the more they do so the more swiftly will they gravitate toward that center which is found in the great Confederation of States which is their neighbor."—Translations made for The Literary Digest.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S WATER WAYS PROGRAMME.

President Taft has shown both courage and good sense in his discussion of water way projects, and he gave a brief but thoroughly satisfactory statement of his views in the Newark address where he said:

"I would not begin the expenditure of any money on any project the wisdom of which had not been fully vindicated by experts and the cost of which had not been fully ascertained by the most experienced engineers; but having determined to put through the improvement it ought not to be done by fits and starts, but it ought to be done as one job, and provision for its completion ought to be made by the issuing of bonds, unless the country revenues afford a sufficient amount to complete it within an economical time."

This is not comforting for enthusiasts with impossible water way schemes that would set ocean carriers to sailing through corn fields. It gives no encouragement to persons who wildly applaud some large general plan that has never a detail worked out, or to others who are absorbed with costly, ill-considered deep water way projects that lead nowhere except to the public treasury. It is just a plain business proposition, but it is high time for us to get down to business and to dispel illusions. —Chicago Record-Herald.

TWO OF A KIND.

Where Are the Old-Timers?

Oh, the old school exhibitions! Will they never come again
With the good, old-fashioned speaking from the girls and boys so plain?
Will we ever hear old "Iser," with its rapid roll and sweep,
And, "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there is danger on the deep?"

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old;
Their fleece is not "as white as snow"; they're wandering from the fold.
The boy upon the "burning deck" is not one-half so fine;
He was not born "at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine."

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans;
They've changed the old-time dresses long with the old-time scenes;
They smile and speak in ancient Greek, in broadcloth and in lace,
And you can't half see the speaker for the collar round his face.

Oh, the old school exhibitions! They've gone for evermore;
The old schoolhouse is empty and the grass has choked the door;
And the wind sweeps round the gables with a low and mournful whine,
For the old boys "born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine."

The Old-Time Friends.

Mister "Soldier of the Legion," you are dying in Algiers,
And the boy upon the "burning deck" is shedding bitter tears;
And we're getting closer—closer to the Hohenlinden fight,
And we really fear that Curfew's going to ring tonight!

Sir John Moore will be buried in his ancient soldier's coat,
While not a drum is beating and we hear no funeral note;
And Mary known to all the girls so very long ago,
Will lead us out that "little lamb," whose "fleece was white as snow."

And Cato will tell Plato that he reasons very well,
While Hamlet on the future in soliloquy will dwell;
And we'll hearken on the hilltops and we'll listen in the glade,
To the wonder and the thunder of the charging "Light Brigade."

But come, old friends, and lead us to the meadows far away,
For the boys who rang the Curfew once are getting old and gray,
And Death, the reckless reaper, is thinning out the line,
But in dreams they drift to Bingen—to "Bingen on the Rhine."

—The Western Teacher.

THE TRAINING OF "MAUD S."

On the subject of the humane training of horses, the case of the famous trotter, Maud S., is of special interest, though I think nothing has ever before appeared about it in print.

About two years before the great breaker of the world-record of her time appeared on the track, Mrs. Lena Small, of Wabash, Indiana, determined to buy a horse for use of herself and her two young sons, and went out to the farm of a Mr. Tyner, near Wabash, to look at a colt that he had for sale. She was greatly disappointed in this colt and told Mr. Tyner that she did not care to buy it.

"Haven't you anything else in your stable that you can offer me?" she asked, not liking to have come all that distance with no result. "What have you in your barn here, anyway? What's it all shut up so tight for?"

"Well, yes, I have another colt, two-year-old like this," Mr. Tyner admitted reluctantly, "but I did not wish to sell her. She's in there. I have to keep it shut up to keep her in," he said.

"Bring her out and let me look at her, anyway," said Mrs. Small.

So he entered the stable, which was built with door divided horizontally in the middle in order that the upper half might be open for ventilation and the lower yet closed to keep in stock, and let out the colt. But he did not open the lower half of the door; he simply brought the colt to it, "and," says Mrs. Small, "she lifted her slim, dainty forefeet and came over as lightly as if the obstacle had been only as many inches high as it was feet. And she was just the dearest thing I ever laid eyes on—a beautiful bay, with darker mane and tail, all curves and velvet and steel springs, as graceful as a fawn and as playful as a kitten."

She was evidently very fond of her owner, who put her through a lot of evolutions, and finally picked up her forefeet and held them one on each side of his waist, walking ahead and leading her thus, behind him, "wheelbarrowing," he called it, and he said it was her own pet game, that she liked better than anything else. He said he had played with her ever since she was born, and petted her until she would follow him everywhere, like a dog.

"She has just one fault," said Mr. Tyner, "and I attribute that to the strengthening of the muscles of her hind legs through so much romping of this sort with me; I cannot keep her shut up anywhere except in the barn there, with both parts of the door tightly closed. She'll jump a ten-barred, staked and ridered fence, and wander off at her own sweet will."

He told Mrs. Small that the mare was of excellent stock, sired by Poem and with good blood on her mother's side also. Mrs. Small was so delighted with the beauty, docility, and light-footedness of the little mare that she said she'd take her if Mr. Tyner would sell. He thought it over for a few days, the rest of Mrs. Small's family going out to look at the colt in the meantime, and all coming back as delighted with it as she; but finally, being in pressing need of money, he decided to take Mrs. Small's offer, and the colt changed hands for a hundred dollars. Mr. Tyner had already named her Maud, and Mrs. Small added the "S" from her own name. All the family petted her.

Mrs. Small let her two boys put Maud into harness for the first time. She was away, when they did it, and did not see the event; but when she returned, she was met with the report: "You won't have any trouble with that horse. Why, she went as if she was used to harness—never made the least attempt to run and wasn't frightened at all."

Very soon Mrs. Small tried driving the colt herself, and she says that, from the first, the marvel of the animal was her lack of fear and the absence of all bad tricks in conjunction with her wonderful speed.

"She'd go like the wind, and she wouldn't let anything pass her," says her former owner, "but she never shied or showed temper, never seemed to lose her head with fright or with the excitement of racing, and however great her speed, always responded to the slightest touch upon the reins. She appeared to have absolute confidence in her driver. She was a little naughty sometimes—liked to slip out of the hands of the boys and race around over the front-lawn terrace. The boys couldn't catch her, but she'd come at my call and go with me without a halter. I simply threw my arm over her neck and led her to the stable."

After owning the beautiful mare for about two years, the Smalls were obliged to part with her for a nominal price. In less than a year thereafter she had broken the world's record and was sold for a big sum.

Mrs. Small, who is a great lover of animals, has cured several horses of vicious habits by gentle treatment. The family owned one horse, used for delivery purposes in her husband's grocery business, which was so ugly that everyone was afraid of it, and its harnessing became a problem. But one day Mrs. Small's youngest boy, a child of seven or eight, walked up fearlessly to the horse, and the animal received him without show of ugliness. Mrs. Small tried aproaching it in the same spirit—and the animal was conquered from that day. In a very little time, fearless and gentle treatment had corrected all the vicious tricks.—*C. M. Williams, in our Dumb Animals.*

THE OSPREY.

(Continued from Page 227.)

Both birds sit upon the nest, and attack any who approach their vicinity so viciously that it is very seldom they are molested.

The young Ospreys are very greedy, and are about the queerest little chaps to be seen anywhere. Their wings are much longer than their fat little bodies, and they flop and wobble about the nest in a manner that is highly amusing to the onlooker, though Father and Mother Osprey chatter and squeal as though they considered their babies' efforts the very acme of grace.

These little hunters have blue feet, with long, cruel claws, the soles being full of sharp spikes, which enable them to cling hard and fast to a fish, once it is caught.

The family name is Falconidæ, the wise men saying their name came from the Latin word *Ossifraga.* That means, literally, "bonebreaker," and was, no doubt, applied to the little chap on account of his habit of smashing the bones of a big fish when he is ready to eat it.—*Living Words.*

Among Neighbors.—"Well, how true it is," sighs the visitor, "that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

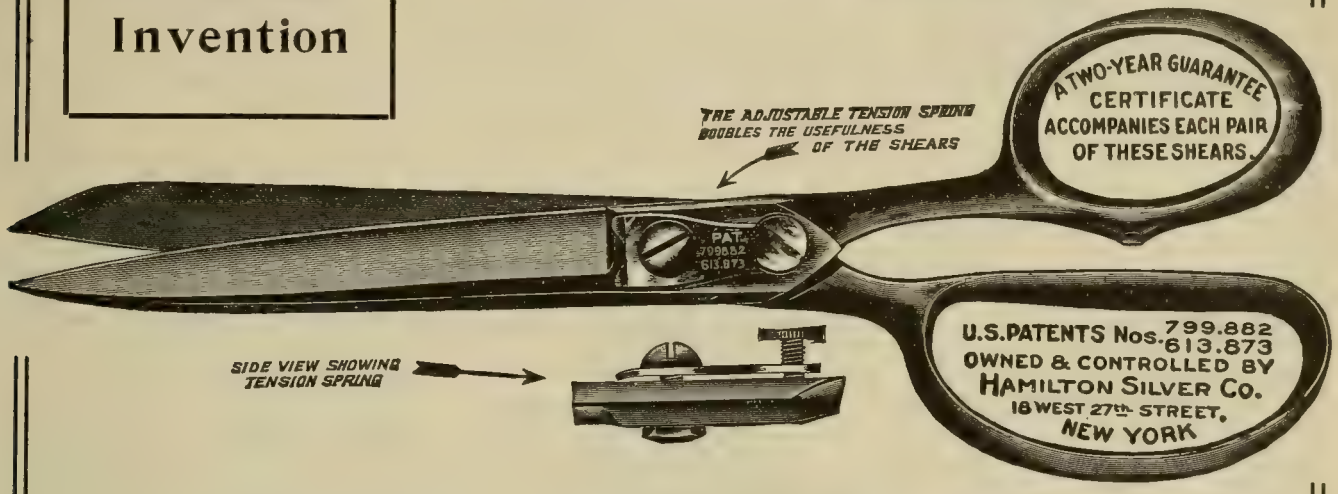
"That may be true of the world in general," replied the native. "But it doesn't apply to this town."—Chicago Evening Post.

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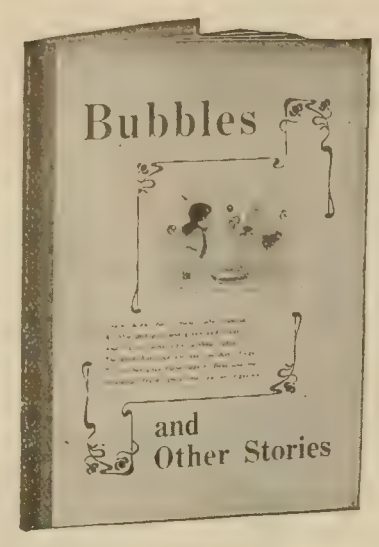
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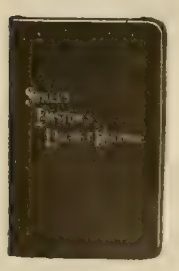
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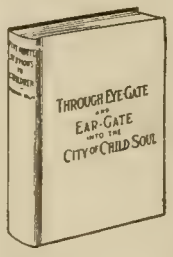
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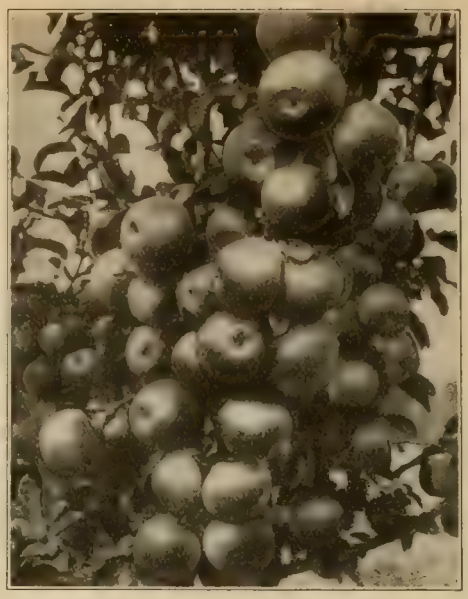
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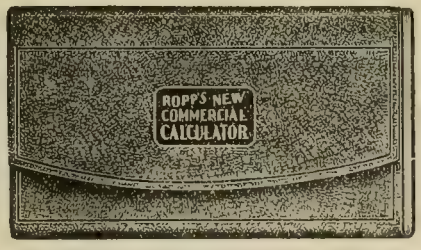
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

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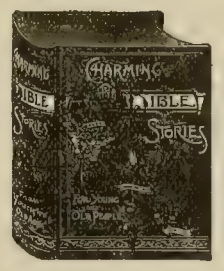
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. March 15, 1910. No. 11.

Character Study With Hawthorne

Prof. Otho Winger, Manchester College, Indiana

VI. Arthur Dimmesdale and the Scarlet Letter.

WHEN Hester Prynne stood on the public scaffold, refusing to reveal the name of her partner in the sin for which she alone was paying the penalty, it was with great reluctance that Arthur Dimmesdale, her saint-like pastor, consented to admonish her. His face was pale and his voice tremulous. Those present read in these expressions the inexpressible grief which he felt because one of his flock had gone astray. "Be not silent," said he, "from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for, believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so, than to hide a guilty heart through life. What can thy silence do for him, except to tempt him—yea, compel him as it were—to add hypocrisy to sin?"

About this time the health of Mr. Dimmesdale began to fail. Some thought that it was due to his earnest devotion to study and pastoral work; others thought that their pastor had become so spiritual that earth was no longer a fit place for him. "His form grew emaciated; his voice, though still rich and sweet, had a certain melancholy prophecy of decay in it; he was often observed, on any slight alarm or other sudden accident, to put his hand over his heart, with first a flush and then a paleness, indicative of pain."

Soon after this Roger Chillingworth became a member of Mr. Dimmesdale's congregation. After his ransom from the Indians he had settled in the town as a practicing physician. His real purpose, however, was to search out and bring to justice Hester's lover. He soon took a great interest in Mr. Dimmesdale, and, at the request of friends, the young pastor consented to have Roger act as his medical adviser. Such an intimacy soon existed between the two that they were lodged together in the same house. They talked on various subjects, the chief of which was sin and the actions of a guilty conscience. The physician calmly and persistently probed into and sought to know the secrets of Arthur's soul, declaring that in order to heal the diseases of the body it was necessary to know the malady of the soul. Arthur resented this, and Roger further noticed the action of the minister in placing his hand upon his heart as if in great pain.

On the night of Governor Winthrop's death Arthur Dimmesdale could not sleep for thinking upon his past and his present hypocrisy. He attired himself and started for a walk. When he reached the public scaffold he ascended the steps. Here he stood in the silence of the night where he should have stood seven years before with Hester and little Pearl. All of his sins rushed upon him and the pain over his heart became very great. He uttered forth a pitiful cry which came very near waking the people of the town. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, who had taken an active part in punishing Hester and in trying to discover her lover, passed by in the dark, going home from Governor Winthrop's deathbed.

Arthur then pictured to himself how he would appear to the townspeople should they find him here. The horror of the thought caused him to break forth in a great peal of laughter. It was echoed by a childish laugh, which he recognized as little Pearl's. Hester and her child had been at the deathbed of the Governor and were on their way home at the hour of midnight. Arthur invited them up to the stand where he was. Little Pearl, precocious far beyond her years, begged of her father that he would stand with her and her mother on the scaffold at noon the next day. But Arthur Dimmesdale was too weak morally to confess openly the sin, the secret keeping of which was burning a scarlet letter upon his own breast.

While standing here a light from a blazing comet lit up the market place and revealed the picture of these three upon the scaffold. There was, however, but one other present to observe the scene. It was Roger Chillingworth who was on his way home from Gov. Winthrop's bedside. He now led his patient home from his strange experience. The next day Arthur Dimmesdale preached the most eloquent sermon of his life to his congregation.

"Roger Chillingworth was a striking evidence of a man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil, if he will only, for a reasonable space of time, undertake a devil's office. This unhappy person had effected such a transformation by devoting himself, for seven years, to the constant analysis of a heart full of torture, and deriving his enjoyment thence, and adding fuel to those fiery tortures which he analyzed and gloated over." Hester knew what Roger was doing, so she sought an interview and begged him to have mercy upon the unfortunate minister. Roger then reviewed his former life and showed how all his prospects of success had been blighted by Hester and Arthur's sin. A fiend he knew he was, but he would play that part to the end in order to plague the man who had ruined his happiness.

Hester could do no more with this stony heart so she determined to reveal the situation to Arthur. She met him in one of his forest walks. Concealed, as they thought, by the dense forest, they talked heart to heart. With an effort she told him that Roger Chillingworth was her husband. Arthur burst into a fit of rage, declaring it impossible for him to forgive her for not telling him sooner. But he could not long resist her pleadings for forgiveness. "I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both! We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!"

There in the afternoon shadows they talked over their situation and what were best to be done. At Hester's suggestion they finally decided to leave the colony and fly beyond the seas, where they could live happily together and free from the haunting footsteps of old Roger Chillingworth. But they were not talking in secret. Roger had heard their plans and was ready to thwart them.

Arthur hurried homeward from this forest meeting. Some evil temptations by the way showed that he was not yet safe from the tempter's power. He went to work at once on what was to be his last sermon—the Election Sermon. The highest honor that could come to a New England clergyman was to be invited to preach the Election Sermon, when the newly-elected governor was to be inducted into office. This honor had now come to Arthur Dimmesdale. He seemed inspired for the work. Never before did he write with such ease and eloquence. Hour after hour he continued the work until the morning hours found his eloquent sermon ready for delivery.

The day for the Election Sermon had come. It was a public holiday. All classes of people were out to see and be seen and to hear the Election Sermon. Hester and Pearl were there too. Pearl seemed more attractive and more brilliant than ever before. Hester had made arrangements with the master of a foreign ship for passage for three. Only a few more hours and they would leave that place of sorrow, and she would fling the scarlet letter into the ocean. Then unexpectedly, and to her dismay, she found that old Roger Chillingworth had also engaged passage. The dream of the sinful lovers was not to be realized.

Arthur Dimmesdale never preached so eloquently as upon this occasion. His praise was upon every lip. He had reached the highest pinnacle of fame. He left the church with faltering steps. When he reached the scaffold in the Market Place, he met Hester and Pearl. He stretched forth his arms and said, "Hester, come hither! Come, my little Pearl."

The child flew to his arms. The minister, supported by Hester, ascended the steps amid the tumult, wonder and dismay of that great throng. Roger Chillingworth tried to prevent it, but Arthur spurned the old man. "Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late! Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!" "Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said Roger, "there was no place so secret, —no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me,—save on this very scaffold." The minister thanked God for his deliverance. He whispered to Hester that this open confession was better than their intended, disgraceful flight. Then turning to the astonished multitude he said:

"People of New England! Ye, that have loved me! —ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered! It was on him! God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger. He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you, that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but a shadow of what he bears upon his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With these words he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. The Scarlet Letter was revealed, but the spectators afterward differed in their testimony as to its appearance. Arthur sank upon the scaffold. Hester supported his head against her bosom. Little Pearl kissed his lips. Hester and Arthur exchanged a few parting words of tenderest sorrow and the minister's soul took its flight to the great beyond.

THE SOCIAL, MORAL AND CIVIL DELUSIONS OF THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

E. E. ESHELMAN.

Liquor license is government contradicting itself. It sanctions with one hand what it condemns with the other; it permits with one law what it restricts with another. It is a statutory authorization of a part of the traffic and, in theory, a statutory limitation of another part. License policies are maintained toward some good and useful business, and rightly too, because of the danger of these enterprises to the public life, health and wealth, but in licensing the liquor trade the great mistake is made in failing to note that intemperance and the attendant evils are inherent in the product sold, in the alcohol itself; and license does not, as in the other case, protect the individual and society from the dangers which originally suggested the license. Thus the government sanctions, while apparently condemning, an evil trade which cannot and will not work to public advantage.

License gives the traffic legal protection. It makes it a legal trade and, as such, subject to the fostering care and protection of the law. The license granted to a man by a borough or city gives that dealer permission to sell, under stipulated restrictions, his drinks to the citizens of that corporation, regardless of results, and protects him in doing it. Though a man crazed by liquor leave the dram shop and go to his home, maltreat his children, abuse his wife, and in a drunken rage strike her down dead,—his wife who, when he is himself, is his dearest friend—and though for this unconscious, semi-involuntary, and abhorred crime he be taken and by authority of law hanged until dead, that man who sold the unwilling victim the demonizing drink, that inflamed his brain is protected by law. He who in very reality is the cause of the murder and thus an accomplice to it is considered legally irresponsible. Criminal inconsistency, vile hypocrisy!

Even with the restrictive measures usually added, there is in this grant sufficient to legalize the sale of enough liquors to corrupt society, injure health, peace and morality and encourage crime. While the legal theory may be to eliminate these evils, in practice it is impossible, because the evils are inseparable from the trade; and while judicial interpretations of laws aim to show that the saloon owner is given no extra privileges, at the same time the Supreme Court declares that "there is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors at retail."

License, therefore, results in giving the traffic a place which it did not have before. It gives it a right equal to that of any naturally legitimate business. It gives the dealer an exaggerated idea of his rights and privileges. He feels that he is in a business that is legally justifiable and glories in his legal status. It gives the public a higher feeling of respect and responsibility toward the saloon and its keeper, for "Law and government are the sovereign influences in human society. What they sanction will ever be generally considered innocent and what they condemn is thereby made a crime." The license law teaches that the traffic is right and honorable if the price is high enough.

The function of government is to protect the life, liberty, happiness and property of the people. Any government that fails in these particulars is not fulfilling its duty and mission, and any trust, combine or organization that endangers the life, curbs the liberty, hinders the happiness or destroys the property of the people, either directly or indirectly, falls under the ban and condemnation of a just government, and when that government ceases to oppose that evil but, in turn, fosters and protects it, it not only does not do its duty but turns traitor to its true cause. We maintain that the liquor combine is such an institution, that the rum traffic endangers the life, liberty, happiness and property of the people and that any government—national or State, that grants license for the sale of products of said traffic is party and accomplice to this trade.

The liquor trade is the source of a large per cent of crimes committed and arrests made. It produces directly and indirectly more crime and crime conditions than any other single cause and many indications seem to show that it causes more crime than all other sources together. The Superintendent of Cook County Reformatory, Chicago, reports that seventy-five per cent of the men of that institution came there through drink. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor under direction of Carroll D. Wright reports that 14,386 or eighty-four per cent of crimes committed in Suffolk County, Mass., which includes Boston, were clearly due to liquor. Commissioner Wadlin's report to the legislature of Massachusetts shows that ninety-six per cent of adult criminals became so by drink, that forty-five per cent of adult paupers were made thus by drink, that fifty-one per cent of adult insane were thus because of drink. The land, material and labor for its construction were that out of 9,182 prisoners, ninety-five per cent were under his care for alcoholism and out of 5,727 who were summarily convicted there was not one who was not a victim of the alcohol habit. Rev. Mr. Clay, Chaplain of the House of Correction, Preston, England, says: "I have heard more than 15,000 prisoners declare that the enticements of the beer and ale houses had been their ruin. And if every prisoner's habits were inquired into it would be placed beyond a doubt that nine-tenths of English crime arise from an English sin which the English law scarcely discourages." The committee of fifty after the most extensive and careful investigation ever made reports forty-nine and ninety-five hundredths per cent of all crime due to drink, while the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor

(Continued on Page 251.)



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XVIII.

Parties all along Penobscot Bay wishing to marry were obliged to go to Fort Point to have the ceremony performed, Dr. Wm. Crawford, chaplain of the garrison, being the nearest preacher, until 1773 when resident ministers were elected.

We who now talk of poverty should compare the conditions of the first settlers of New England with the conditions of today. The poorest today can procure what to the people then would have been luxuries. Their food at best was scanty and coarse; their clothing would now be considered insufficient to protect us from the cold. We little consider that we are enjoying the fruits of their labors, for they cleared the fields we now cultivate, and laid the foundation of *all* the privileges we enjoy.

Castine was taken by the British in 1779 who began erecting a fort. All the inhabitants within their reach were required to work upon it for a certain number of days. I understand they never received pay for their labors. It was called "working out their tour." It was not safe for any man to refuse to work unless a reasonable excuse could be given. The work was hurried on. The Americans fitted out an expedition to retake the place, but failed. The British obliged the inhabitants of all Penobscot Bay to take the oath of allegiance or neutrality. It was not safe either for any to refuse to take the oath, as it would render the person refusing an object of suspicion and he would be liable to arrest. Some would not take the oath and left their homes, returning after peace was made. A Mr. Page, who refused to take the oath, was notified that if he "did not come, a file of soldiers would be sent to burn his home." To this he replied: "Come on, for I have two loaded guns in my house, and two at least who come will never go back again." He was not troubled.

Those persons who were loyal to the British would make occasional visits to Castine, and were suspected of giving information in regard to those settlers who were considered as friendly to the American cause. A person who was suspected was liable to arrest and subject to most cruel punishment. Mr. Jonathan Eaton was informed against and arrested by a file of soldiers, in the evening, who were guided by the informant. They started to carry him to Castine, and on their way the road was near the top of a high bank near the shore, which was thickly covered with trees. Upon arriving at a certain place upon this bluff, he, being a very powerful man, shook off those who held him, jumped down the bank and escaped in the darkness. He soon returned to his home, and taking a few things, went to an island nearby, not returning until the danger was passed.

The mode of punishment was terrible beyond description. The prisoner was tied up and lashes laid upon his bare back, sometimes by the hundred, with a whip called a "cat-o'-nine-tails," having nine lashes, and each lash having nine knots in it. When this punishment was inflicted in the open air the screams of the victim could be heard for a very long distance. A bullet was often placed in the mouth of the victim to prevent him from chewing his tongue in his agony. A surgeon stood near to say when it was unsafe to carry the punishment further, and if the whole number of stripes had not been given, he must, after the wounds healed, receive the remainder. It would have been far more merciful to have shot them at once, for that would have ended their pain. That would have been murder, but this was worse than any murder ever committed. The subjects of such punishments forever after felt the effects; their sense of manhood was crushed out of them, and they became dispirited and morose.

When Cornwallis surrendered in 1781 the news was carried to Castine by a woman, Mrs. Colby. There came into the harbor of Isle an Haut an American vessel, the captain of which had a few "handbills" for distribution announcing the event in detail—one was given to Mrs. Colby. When she went to Castine to trade she took the bill with her, and upon landing she was politely asked by the officer in charge: "Well, madam, what news, this morning?" She replied: "Not much, only there is a rumor that my lord Cornwallis has surrendered." He instantly checked her, saying, "It will not do to bring such news here." Being asked for her authority she drew out the paper; after reading it, he requested her to loan it to him for an hour, promising to return it; and soon a messenger was sent requesting her to go before the officers, who, after they had read the paper, said: "We fear the news is too true!"

One great cause of annoyance was that of plundering the people along the coast, by persons who went about in boats for that purpose. They would land, and visit the houses, steal whatever they could lay their hands upon, which would cause great distress among the settlers, as they had but little, and that they needed very much. It was needless to make complaint for no redress was to be had—the British held possession. At one time a boat landed and the party entered a house and stole the only gun the man had. Upon his arrival home he discovered his loss, and remarked that he had rather have lost his best cow, as a gun was more necessary for procuring a living by shooting fowl and game. These acts were not wholly confined to the coast, however. One man had his oxen stolen by a party of Tories, and the next spring he was compelled to dig up his ground with a hoe to put in his seed.

There was but one cruel act, that we can find, committed upon a Tory by the Americans, and that was terrible beyond all description. This Tory was forced to go into the main-top (on board a ship) where he was fired at with the intention not to kill, but to see how near to him the bullets could go and not hit. His terror while the shooting was being done was so great that it caused insanity. It was a most cruel and cowardly act.

Many of the earliest settlers were very religious people and several were members of churches in the places from which they came. In 1773 a sufficient number of members were called together to organize a church, and at a meeting held August 23, 1785, the folowing call was sent to Rev. Peter Powers:

"We, the inhabitants of Deer Isle, in the county of Lincoln, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, having been a number of years destitute of the ordinary means of grace, are sensible of the supineness, ignorance, etc., which prevails among us, and would therefore view it out indispensable duty to God, ourselves, and our children, cheerfully and willingly to contribute toward the settlement and support of a gospel minister among us. And as we are well satisfied with the qualifications of the Rev. Peter Powers, his wisdom, prudence, etc., we therefore, ... do earnestly, call and invite him to settle with us in the office of the ministry; to take upon him the care of our souls; to be our guide in the way of the gospel truth; and to be our pastor and teacher in the Lord. . . . And as it is consistent with the divine institution that those who labor in the Gospel should live for it, we, therefore, the said inhabitants, hereby covenant and agree with the Rev. Peter Powers, on his accepting this, our call, and becoming our teacher, then to give to him, his heirs, and assigns forever, one hundred acres of land on said island, being at the easterly line of that land called the 'parsonage,' and running across half the front; then running back to concurrence with the other lines until one hundred acres are included. Also, to build him a dwelling-house twenty by thirty-four, one-story, and finish the same in such manner as such buildings are commonly finished in country towns. And for yearly salary one hundred pounds, namely, eighty pounds in specie at the market price of this place, and twenty pounds in cash. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this 23d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five."

(Signed by seventy-six male citizens.)

The following is Rev. Mr. Powers' reply:

"DEER ISLE, SEPT. 17, 1785.

To the Church of Christ, on Deer Isle:

"DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—You having invited and called me to the pastoral oversight of you in the Lord, and it appearing to be of God, after mature deliberation and prayer, I now publicly return you the answer in the affirmative. I ask a daily interest in your prayers for the gracious fulfilment of that great promise: 'Lo, I am with you even to the end of the world.' Amen.

"To the inhabitants and good people who have concurred with the church in the call and liberally offered for my support, I thankfully accept it, and promise through the grace of God to serve you all, the poor, as well as the rich, according to my poor ability. You will, I trust, strive together with me in your prayers to God for me that I may be enabled to be faithful until the death, and present you and your dear children faultless before the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming, with unspeakable joy. Finally, brethren, be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. So prays your pastor-elect.

"PETER POWERS."

MY FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL.

J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

THE recollections of our childhood are more vividly impressed on our minds than those of recent events in old age. Looking back nearly threescore and ten years, to "my first day in school" the impressions of that day stand out in bold relief. Being the oldest child, I had never heard of the wonders of school life.

In company with neighboring children, I walked two miles and blistered my feet with my shoes. The forenoon was spent mostly in taking observations and wondering, "what next?" My only book was a little paper-backed primer. My first lesson was spelling in two syllables, of which total and tulip were the first words. How I learned the letters, and to commence to spell I have no recollection, but my parents told me that when they were reading, I would point to certain prominent letters and say, "What is that?" With my

playthings—strings, sticks, etc., I would form and name letters as I learned them.

When noon came I had forgotten about my "dinner," as it was then called, or more probably, I had not fully comprehended what it meant. I said to some of the boys, "I want something to eat." Their reply was: "We have nothing for you." The teacher soon got me and my "dinner" together, and I soon got on the right side of it, and felt wiser.

The schoolhouse was one of the pioneer type; built of logs, on a lot taken out of the corner of two farms. The land, material and labor for its construction were donated by the people before the advent of free schools in Pennsylvania. The writing desks were boards, fastened to the wall on three sides of the room,—hence the pupils faced the wall instead of the teacher. The seats were slabs without backs. The windows, were low and made long and to open horizontally. Later on those who had built the house were offended at some action of the school authorities, and asserted their powers by closing their house against the school. As a result the school board rented, and fitted up an abandoned old log residence, by an abandoned old tanyard. Oh, the good times we children had playing around that same old tanyard, and all without a single mishap or accident of any kind! The next term we were back in the old log schoolhouse again and everybody was happy—I beg pardon for this digression, for this was long after "my first day of school." But that evening I had many things to tell my parents and little brother about the *events* of this most *wonderful* day—thus far of my little life.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter IX.

Old-time ideas concerning the punishment of convicts produced not only revolting prisoners but brutal officers. For no man, however kind and sympathetic of nature, can often repeat an act of enforced cruelty toward a fellow creature without gradually turning into a human brute. Fortunately some man conceived the idea of prison reform which has been growing and spreading slowly but effectively for well on to two centuries. Gradually, one by one, the barbaric ideas were dropped, kinder men were appointed to fill the places as prison officers, better conditions and kind treatment were productive of such good results that in the present age each succeeding Warden tries to outdo his predecessor in these lines.

Judging from the remarks and questions asked by most persons at the mention of the word "convict," the mind pictures to itself shaved heads, prison bars and striped clothing. One of the barbarities so recently abandoned that few outside people have apprised themselves of the fact, was that of the ugly striped clothing. Except for punishment of grave offenses no prisoner is obliged to don the repulsive garb. Neat, bluish gray uniforms, such as may be seen worn by the conductors of some of the street railways of Chicago, now form the habiliments of nearly all the men. Special insignia on the coat sleeve proclaim to the visiting world that the wearer is a first-class prisoner. Plain sleeves show that the wearer is only medium or has yet to prove himself first-class. Stripes tell you that the one thus arrayed has been a bad boy who has good reason to be ashamed of himself. This means that the men now look more respectable than in stripes, feel more respectable and as a consequence have more respect for the laws and the officers under whom they must serve.

The abandonment of the lock-step has been another welcomed innovation. The lock-step gang was a sight which, once seen, one never forgets. It was ridiculously ugly, pitifully comical, creating a creepy sensation like that caused by the sight of a striped worm. It was the old idea of keeping marching men in a compact mass so that none could easily break away. The men were crowded in single file as close to each other as possible, each one with his right hand on the shoulder of the man in front. When marching, each pair of feet paddled along, in short steps, simultaneously with all the other pairs; giving the whole line a wriggling, creeping motion like a huge caterpillar. Now the men march two abreast, not crowded but often a yard or more apart, in orderly procession,—just a lot of tired working men going to dinner or to rest after a day's hard work, like self-respecting laboring men.

The big dining hall is now the pride of the institution. Men no longer carry their meals to their cells excepting on Sundays when the old method is more convenient and not at all objectionable because of the variety caused by change of program. When the dining room idea was being discussed by our law-makers, grave fears were entertained lest the assemblage of so many might encourage attempts at an old-time "rush" against the officers. But no trouble has ever resulted from the adoption of the idea. The men show the

highest appreciation of the change. The building is of stone with cement floor with the inevitable whitewash on the inside walls. The tables are of unvarnished oak, scoured almost as white as the walls. They resemble school desks, each one accommodating six men. The individual seats are lowered as each man takes his place. Between meals the regular table equipments are water glasses, pepper and salt and catsup bottles. Beneath his place at the table is a hook upon which each man hangs his cap. The meal is brought from the serving room by waiters before the eaters are marched in from the wash rooms.

Pork and beans served in vegetable dishes, one to each two men, was the chief ration for the noonday meal on the day of our visit. An early table of over two hundred consisting of waiters, cooks, bakery men and those of similar occupations had completed its meal in time to clear up the tables and put them in order for the twelve o'clock meal at which over twelve hundred were seated. The gangs of working men, accompanied by their keepers, walking to the right of their men, enter the dining hall and go to their designated places. At the keeper's signal the men seat themselves. After all are seated the Deputy Warden or the next officer in rank, by a tap of his cane on the floor, signals for the meal to begin. The tinkling of passed water-glasses and subdued noises incident to the meal are the only sounds to be heard. No word is spoken by officers, guards, waiters or men.

Each man is served with from twelve to fourteen ounces of meat at a meal. The amount consumed at one meal is one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds of roast beef, one thousand three hundred pounds boiled beef or one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds of plate beef. Fifty bushels of potatoes are cooked for the noon meal. At one breakfast forty bushels of onions and five hundred pounds of liver are consumed. Each day the men in the prison bakery turn three barrels of flour into bread; each meal uses an average of one barrel of flour. All kinds of vegetables are cooked or served. It requires sixty bushels of any kind of green vegetables to supply enough for one meal. The cooking apartments are fitted with large ovens for baking and roasting, huge caldrons for steaming of vegetables and all modern conveniences for doing the great amount of work required to provide for so many eaters. All the convict cooking is done in the men's kitchen for both prisons. Special cooks and waiters cook and serve the meals in the Warden House for the officers.



Lockstep.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

PATRICK A. COLLINS, mayor of Boston for a number of years past, believes that a boy's word is worth listening to. Recently complaint was made to him that a saloon was located too near a certain public school. The politicians and others interested in keeping the place open, urged him not to interfere with the resort. The school authorities desired it closed or removed.

After the mayor had listened to arguments from both sides, he said:

"Well, I'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place. Send me," he said to the principal of the school, "half a dozen of your brightest boys. I'll listen to them."

The next day half a dozen of the boys, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked the mayor squarely in the eye, and gave as his reason:

"My school gives me a chance to be mayor of Boston some day; the saloon can't. I think us boys ought to have all the show we can get to be mayor. That's all I know about it."

The mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then, straightening up, he said to the last spokesman:

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be mayor. That saloon will have to quit business at once."

The boys gave the mayor a hearty cheer, and marched out of his office. They had conquered, and were consequently happy and triumphant.—*Congregational Work.*

Western Logging and Lumbering

H. D. Michael

Part IV. Where Our Lumber Is Manufactured or Sights at a Sawmill.

THE great sawmills of today do not look as though they evolved from the ones used a few generations ago. Great changes, have taken place in their equipment since the old upright saw was used,—the one commonly known as "the up in the forenoon and down in the afternoon saw." Though that is slightly a misnomer, in many instances the name was well earned. The source of power was a water wheel and the other gearings were rudely constructed. Necessarily they were geared to run very slow, else the rest of the machinery could not have stood the strain.

Now to walk into a mill whose capacity is 250,000 board feet daily a different scene is in store for the onlooker. The careful observer will go at once to the rear of the mill to see the full journey of the log from the mill-pond or boom to its place among the various piles of lumber in the yard.



A Small Mill at Bridal Veil Falls, Oregon.

The first thing we see is the man riding his log, pike pole in hand, and working it to the chute at the rear of the mill where the large endless chain slowly revolves, making the circuit up into the mill then beneath the chute and on around. On this chain at regular intervals a sort of grab hook can be seen sticking out like spines and onto this the log is caught.

Some mills have instead of this arrangement, grab hooks, log dogs, or cable chokers to attach to a line that when the lever is drawn pulls the logs up into the mill by means of a large bull-wheel. Most of the up-to-date mills though have the endless chain.

When the log reaches the log deck up in the mill it is rolled over off the endless chain and is then ready for its initiation into the lumber world. No oaths need be taken though, sad to say, they are often heard as the log is rolled onto the carriage, which is a solid built frame on low wheels and runs on a track.

The head sawyer now draws the lever that starts the feed and the carriage starts at a speed to surprise one. The log soon comes in contact with the double-act band saw and a slab is cut from its side as it passes. The sawyer then signals what thickness of board is to be cut next. In an instant the ratchet setter has worked his lever that crowds the log over in the line of the saw. The carriage with the log then starts on its return while the double-cut band saw, true to its name, is sawing another board as it does so.

When enough is sawed from that side of the log it is turned or canted by the strong arms or levers known as "niggers" that are raised up out of their position beneath the level of the floor. This canting is done to square the other side of the log and is repeated until all four sides are squared.

The large cants or squared timbers that are then left are sawed into boards of whatever thickness are required to fill the order that is being sawed. For instance, if a large order were placed for two-inch by twelve-inch planking these cants as much as possible

would be cut into two-inch thicknesses. The exception being that all the good clear logs, free from knots and pitch seams would be cut into lumber for making flooring or stepping because of its not being a paying proposition to waste good timber on this rough planking.

Some may wonder how a log of eight to nine feet in diameter is handled. The machinery is so strongly built that they are handled with comparative ease. In the mills that handle the large redwood logs some have a pair of circular saws set at right angles to one another so as to cut out one quarter of the huge log to make it possible to cut it with their band saws.

To return to our sawing we see the sawed slabs fall onto the rollers arranged for that purpose and off the slabs start on their journey. These rollers are known as "live rollers" because of being kept in motion by their cog gearing.

When the slab is far enough to be out of the way of the band saw that just cut it, the next we will see is its being run through another machine, the gang edger. This is a massive machine with from four to eight circular saws so set as to be movable.

When one of those two-inch slabs comes that we watched sawed see how the edgerman arranges the saws. As he glances at the slab his eye measures it, say at twenty-eight inches clear, inside the wayne edges. He would then set the first two saws to cut two of the twelve-inch planks needed while the next he would only set the four inches on and get a two by four scantling as an extra. This extra is then placed on the yard as yard stock for subsequent orders.

In the woods from four to eight inches has been allowed on each log for squaring and as the lumber emerges from the edger it is again on live rollers to go to the trimmer saw. Here it is squared and boards with pitch seams or otherwise unsound ends are cut off farther back and only the good is saved.

It next passes before the lumber grader who marks each kind so that the yard men know just where to take it. The tallyman also scans it with his "eagle" eye, then tallies each piece so as to know just what amount is sawed and where each board or timber goes.

The rough lumber now goes on its straight course out to the yard but the lumber to be worked into mouldings, flooring and such like is run across to that department while the lumber to be simply planed or surfaced is sent to the planer for that purpose.

As we see the rough lumber being fed into the machine and coming out in pretty smooth moulding or flooring fit for a king's palace, it is wonderful to think upon how the rough material is changed and made fit for higher and better service and it can be seen then more plainly how we as the rough material in God's hands can be shaped and brought out bright and shining and fit for a higher place if like the lumber we yield to the Moulder's design.

Now that the lumber is ready for shipment and use, let us consider the waste products. The sawdust has been carried by endless beltings or a wind-blower apparatus and fed into the furnace to furnish steam for more sawing, while the slabs of no value for lumber or lath are cut into wood at the slab saw.

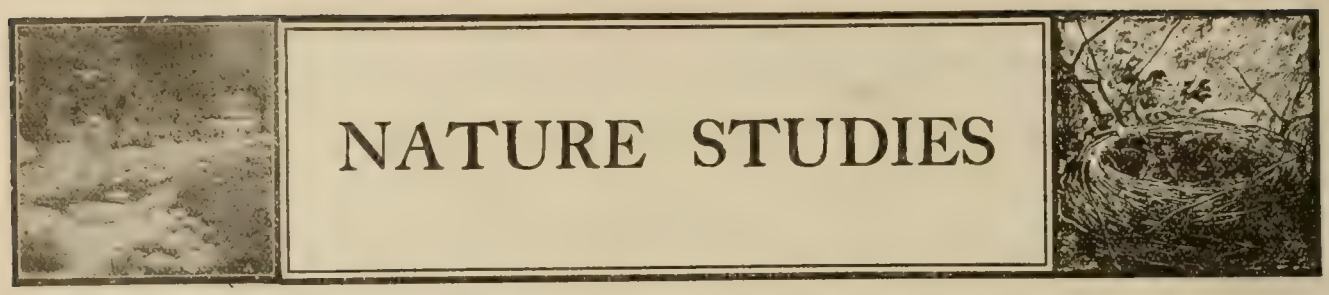
The lumber which is shipped to all parts of the world by rail and by water is often handled with extreme rapidity on the steam schooners built especially for lumber hauling. A recent record of the fair-sized and well-equipped steam schooner by the name of "Nann Smith" will serve to show something as to the speed of its handling of lumber. The cargo of 1,600,000 board feet of lumber was loaded at Marshfield, Oregon, taken to Bay Point, California, a distance of 450 miles, unloaded and the return trip made all in less than five days. As she has all the latest and best ideas combined in her appliances for rapid handling of lumber, 75,000 feet per hour can be loaded into the hold and 100,000 feet per hour handled in unloading.

TWENTY-FIVE WAYS OF SAYING THE SAME THING.

PERHAPS there is no single line of poetry in the English language that will admit of the transposition of its wording without affecting the sense equally with the following well-known and beautiful picture line of Gray, taken from his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." All are nearly equally beautiful and each expresses the poet's original thought:

The plowman homeward plods his weary way.
The weary plowman plods his homeward way.
The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.
His homeward way the weary plowman plods.
His homeward way the plowman, weary, plods.
The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
The plowman, weary, homeward plods his way.
His way the weary plowman homeward plods.
His way the plowman, weary, homeward plods.
His way the plowman homeward, weary plods.
His homeward weary way the plowman plods.
Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.
Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way.
Homeward, his way the weary plowman plods.
Homeward, his way the plowman weary plods.
Homeward, his weary way the plowman plods.
The plowman, homeward, weary, plods his way.
His weary way, the plowman homeward plods.
His weary way, the homeward plowman plods.
Homeward, the plowman plods his weary way.
Homeward, the weary plowman plods his way.
The plowman, weary, his way homeward plods.
The plowman plods his weary homeward way.
Weary, the plowman his homeward way plods.
Weary, his homeward way the plowman plods.

—*Scrap Book.*



Some of Our Oaks

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles[1]

THE oak is perhaps, more widely distributed over the world than any other tree of our forests. It forms one of the largest, most diversified and most beautiful of the tree families. There are three hundred or more recognized species, fifty of which are native to America; half being found in the eastern and central regions and half on the western slopes. No eastern species is found west of the Rocky Mountains and vice versa. No European, Asiatic or American species is found outside its own country, only as it is carried by man.

The oaks are distinguished from all other trees by their fruit—the acorns. No other tree bears a one-seeded nut set in a cup. The acorns and cups vary in shape and size in the different species. Nearly all oaks begin bearing fruit by the time they are twenty years old.

The staminate and fertile flowers are separate, yet grow on the same tree, and are found on the shoots of last year's growth. The staminate flowers hang in clusters of slender drooping catkins. The pistillate flowers are solitary or in small clusters near the tips of the new growth. In the latter part of April or in May, according to latitude, the oak trees are covered with a silvery vail slightly tinged with pink. This is the result of the delicately tinted young leaves which are densely covered with white silken hairs which soon dry up and fall off, leaving the leaf smooth and leathery.

The oaks are divided into two classes, the white oaks and the black oaks. The acorns of the white oak division mature annually, while those of the black oak group require two years to mature. The leaves of the white oaks have rounded lobes, and the bark is a pale gray. The leaves of the black oaks have lobes that end in angles tipped with bristly points. If these two points are kept well in the mind there need be no difficulty in at once deciding to which group a particular tree belongs.

There is a lasting quality about the oak that one recognizes when viewing a well-grown specimen. All of the oaks are long lived, but not all of them are of slow growth. The white oak, the largest of the genus, and the most valued for lumber, is a slow-growing tree, and probably lives hundreds of years. When growing in the open it develops a broad dome-shaped head supported by rugged boughs, quite different from the tall, straight trunk that grows in the forest. "With its great age, immense size, and slow-growing properties, the white oak might properly be called the tree of posterity." This is the type of the white oak group.

The bur or mossy-cup oak belongs to this group. It is readily recognized by its rough, thick and shaggy bark and its profuse branching. The wood of this group is counted of the highest quality, and the wood of the bur oak is the best of its group, when grown in rich soil. The wood is hard, strong, tough, close-grained, and when quarter sawed the blotches formed by the medullary rays are conspicuous. This species is often called mossy-cup oak on account of the moss-like scales that fringe the edge of the cup.

Lumber of the live oak of the South ranks very high among the oaks. It is also one of the handsomest trees in cultivation. It is a rapid grower, and is easily transplanted. It is becoming scarce in the forests of the South and it should be carefully guarded in the future. Nothing has been found that makes such satisfactory braces for the sides of ships as "oak knees" when they can be found of sufficient size.

Live oaks stripped of their draperies of the long gray moss would present quite a different aspect; and there is a great difference of opinion as to whether the moss adds to or detracts from the beauty of the tree. But whether covered with moss or not, as a shade tree this oak deserves especial attention.

The black oak is the type of the black oak group. Its thick, brown or almost black bark is broken into ridges and deep furrows. The inner bark is yellow, and is often used for coloring purposes. It is often mistaken for the red oak, but if it is remembered that the inner bark is yellow, it need not be confused with any other species. The bark is rich in tannin and is much used for tanning, and the wood is hard, strong and coarse-grained.

The scarlet oak is one of our handsomest forest trees. Its form is more graceful in outline than the sturdy black oak. Its leaves are thin, smooth and shiny, fluttering airily on long petioles. The autumn color is not a scarlet when looking from the sun, but when the tree stands between you and the sun, the

tree is a blaze of color against the duller reds and browns of the other trees. The wood is not distinguished commercially from the other oaks and is used for the same purposes.

The common red oak is a model of massive strength. The branches are heavily clothed throughout summer with shining green leaves which in autumn turn red and drop early. When the tree is in bloom just below the catkins are last year's acorns, half grown. They grow in pairs on short stems and ripen the second autumn. In the second spring the acorn is almost enclosed in the saucer-shaped cup, but when growth begins the acorn elongates until when ripe not more than one-third is covered.

This species has been much more appreciated as an ornamental tree in Europe than in its native country. But we are beginning to realize its beauty. State Boards of Forestry are recommending that it be more frequently planted as a shade or lawn tree, as well as for forestry purposes.

A DOG'S GRATITUDE.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

My attention was recently called to a case of favoritism in a dog. The animal's owner and the owner's father came home to their meals from opposite directions, and while, like a dutiful pup, the dog always ran to meet his master and licked his hand affectionately, a change was noticed when the older man came in



sight. The dog bounded towards him, wagging his tail and barking a joyous greeting, keeping up the demonstration until they reached the door. The explanation was found in the fact that the younger man often dealt harshly with the dog, the whip and boot-toe being frequently used. The father always treated the dog kindly, never using kicks, blows or harsh words, but ruling with a kind, though ever firm hand.

THE SOCIAL, MORAL AND CIVIL DELUSIONS OF THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

(Continued from Page 243.)

reports 50.88 per cent, figures so close that they virtually prove each other. I reiterate that the license system supporting the liquor trade fosters and protects a business that is a positive evil and a menace to the life, liberty, happiness and property of the people, and that the system is deluding in its nature relative to its pathological results.

The liquor traffic is the source of the greatest and most terrible social evils of the day. It attacks that very citadel of national liberty and happiness, the home. The place of all places which should be the sanctuary of human virtue, the center of true human joy, the type of heaven, the paradise of true love, the place where peace and contentment should rule, is by drink transformed into a veritable hotbed of vice, a very personification of misery and debauch,—a scene of brawls and strifes. Can a nation stand upon a foundation of this kind? Nay, verily!

Thus the license system is civilly, socially and morally delusive. While it tends to lessen direct taxation, the people are called upon to support the prisons, penitentiaries, reformatories, asylums and orphanages which the liquor trade necessitates. While the government endeavors to make its citizens prosperous, the liquor traffic makes them paupers; while the law aims to prevent crime, drink causes it, and while the government seeks to advance social welfare the liquor traffic degrades and demoralizes society. No one can impartially examine the facts of the liquor trade without coming inevitably to the conclusion that the liquor business is incarnate anarchy, that it is a crime against the laws of God and man alike; that it is a continual violation of every fundamental principle of the Federal Constitution and, as such, is a handicap to "a more perfect Union"; prevents "the establishment of justice"; forever mocks "domestic tranquillity"; renders null and void all provision for "the common defense"; weakens, not promotes, "the general welfare" and, for many, it blights the hope of securing for "themselves and their posterity," "the blessings of liberty," and a true and just government is constantly failing in its duty till it declares through all of its courts, in the words of Judge Artman of Indiana, "That the State cannot under the guise of a license, delegate to the saloon business a legal existence, because to hold that it can, is to hold that the State may sell and delegate the right to make widows and orphans, to break up homes, and the right to make murderers, the right to produce idiots and lunatics, the right to fill orphanages, poorhouses, insane asylums, jails and penitentiaries and the right to furnish subjects for the hangman's gallows and electric chair."

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Sometimes the only thing that keeps happiness away is a too keen memory. We cannot forget things that should be forgotten.

"Trees Famous in Fact and Fiction" is the title of a very interesting article that has come to us for publication. Trees have played a large part in the affairs of men and this write-up of the subject will be read by the historian as well as the student of nature who regards the tree as one of man's best friends.

Where did people get the idea that when winter is dealt out to us in big and continuous doses there will be an early spring with no belated visits from winter during the season? According to such reasoning there is only a certain amount of cold weather to be had each year. Better not lay many plans on this supposition.

AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES AS COOKS.

Evidently every class of people in the United States,—workers as well as idlers—will come in for a share of the blame for the present high prices before the question is satisfactorily disposed of. This time it is the American cook, and the one who makes the charge,—that American housewives are poor cooks—is no less an authority than Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, head of the chemistry bureau of the Department of Agriculture.

It is not necessary to explain to our readers how poor cooking can have anything to do with the cost of living. All are familiar with the saying of how a woman can throw out with a spoon more than a man can throw in with a shovel. And besides this loss there is, in the matter of *poor* cooking, the impaired health of the family to be added to the account.

Of course allowance must be made for the fact that Dr. Wiley is not acquainted with the good cooks of the Inglenook family and does not know of the fame of the *Inglenook Cook Book*. Otherwise he would likely have modified some of his statements, though he might still have stuck to his assertion as to extravagance. For it must be confessed that, while our cook book gives undisputed proof of the ability of our cooks to prepare good, appetizing meals, the materials required for their preparation would impoverish the purse of the average workingman, at the present prices of butter, eggs, cream, etc.

But here are some of the things Dr. Wiley said. They are full of sound sense and we want you to think about them. After making the statement that American housewives are not good cooks, he added that they "are too willing to leave cooking to domestics. The women of this country have yet to learn that the preparation of a meal is an art, not drudgery. When they understand this we not only shall live more cheaply, but we shall be a greater nation."

Dr. Wiley then referred to cooks and cooking in other countries and said that cooking in France and most of the continental countries was much better than here. "A French meal has taste," he said. "The cooks of France understand how to incorporate in the dishes they prepare delicate gradations of flavor which we do not comprehend even remotely. Marketing is a subject in which every French housewife worthy of the name is trained from childhood. The women there know how to buy. They know, for instance, that an article of food is not necessarily good because it costs a great deal, a thing that American women apparently do not understand. French meals, therefore, in addition to being excellent for the stomach, do not rest heavily on the pocketbook. A French woman will take a cheap piece of meat, dress it and cook it perfectly and put it on the table a dish fit for a king. She understands how to use spices. She gets good meals from only fair materials because she puts into her cooking that thing which is more than money, the fine art of cooking.

"I believe that as an economic proposition, this country cannot afford to overlook the subject of cooking. Napoleon, I believe it was, said that an army travels on its stomach. The same is true of a nation. An ill-fed race is a weak race—weak mentally and physically. Give us the best cooks in the world and this country will long continue the greatest nation on the globe."

Speaking directly about the cost of living, Dr. Wiley claims that "one can eat almost as well and as cheaply now as he could ten years ago if he is willing to look about him. The trouble is that in these times, when everybody has money, the expensive restaurants are patronized and the cheaper ones deserted." And in the selection of foods for the table at home extrava-

gance is again shown in buying ready-prepared foods which might be prepared in the home much more cheaply and also made more wholesome. For instance, the price of a bushel of wheat is ten times as great after passing through the breakfast food makers' hands as it was when it left the farmers' granary. "Plain cracked oats or corn meal," said Dr. Wiley, "would be more wholesome, more nutritious and a great deal cheaper than any of the new-fangled sawdust foods." And we pay for other ready-prepared foods at about the same rate we do for breakfast foods. None of these food-preparing concerns is in the business merely for the purpose of accommodating the careless or too busy housekeeper. Their aim is to make money, and often they pile it up by the millions, with the aid of our housekeepers who after thus assisting the manufacturer have almost more than they can do to make ends meet.

The field for improvement for the housekeeper is a large one and if, pressed by the present high prices, she makes good use of her opportunities we may see the day when we can look back upon these same prices as a blessing in disguise.

IMMIGRANTS SENT TO THE COUNTRY.

ACCORDING to the reports from a bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor, there is hope for improvement in the country in the matter of help for the farmer. And the conditions are such that it is probable the help will be permanent, the helpers making the country their home and adding considerably to the food-producing class.

Three years ago when the courts decided that the efforts of the southern States to divert immigration to that section were unlawful, Congress authorized the establishment of an information bureau under the supervision of the Commissioner of Immigration for the purpose of giving advice and suggestions to immigrants as to conditions and advantages offered them in different parts of the country. By this means they have not only been saved from the clutches of private employment agents, who charge the ignorant immigrant exorbitant prices for their services, but they have been given an opportunity to make a wise choice as to location and labor.

Keeping in mind the need of labor on the farms and knowing that foreigners are more easily Americanized and more likely to make loyal citizens if they are scattered out instead of being allowed to settle together in some large city, the bureau has endeavored to find employment for the new arrivals in the country and small towns. The bureau is coöperating with State boards of immigration and it also receives encouragement and support in its work from the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the Revolution both of which organizations are especially interested in Americanizing immigrants and inculcating in them patriotism and loyalty to their adopted country. On the other hand the bureau is bitterly opposed by the private employment agencies and finds a drawback to the successful working of the plan in the fact that many immigrants find it impossible to accept positions because of a lack of funds to reach the place. In order to overcome this in some degree it is planned to have branch offices at Chicago and St. Louis which are nearer the fields most in need of laborers.

The bureau has put itself into direct communication with the farmer by means of the rural delivery. The rural carriers left a double post card at every farmhouse on their routes, inviting the receiver to send in his application. As a result nearly two million communications have passed between the bureau and the farmers of the country and the former is in possession of the actual positions of which the immigrants may avail themselves.

According to the report, during 1908, the first year after the organization of the bureau, 840 aliens were directed to employment, and 4,168 during 1909. Of these 2,565 received employment as farmers' laborers, 1,215 as common laborers and 269 as household domestics. This, it seems to us, is a very good beginning. As the farmers as well as the foreigners become better acquained with the bureau and its reliability and as the latter becomes more thoroughly organized and arrangements for getting the applicants to the positions are more nearly perfected, we may find some of our present problems largely solved.

In the work reported forty-one States and territories are represented in the list of employers and forty-five nationalities are represented in the distribution. "Many of those applying for help express a preference for certain nationalities or races. The division has therefore included in the list of questions submitted to prospective employers one which gives them the opportunity to state whether they have a choice in the matter. Those coming from northern Europe are preferred by perhaps a majority of applicants for farm labor. As the value of the southern European as a fruit grower becomes known the demand for his service grows in volume."

While this bureau is doing much good and will undoubtedly do more when it is more thoroughly organized and its value more fully known, it is to be regretted that the present Commissioner of Immigration has seen fit to nullify the law except that part of it which pertains to giving information to those seeking positions as farmers and housekeepers. The common laborer should have the advantage of reliable and free information also, so that he may escape the unscrupulous employment agencies and find work without loss of time.



THE HOME WORLD



A Virtuous Woman

Catherine Beery Van Dyke

"Who can find a virtuous woman?" While we study a part of this wonderful thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and while this question is before our minds, let us think of it in a somewhat different and more careful way than we sometimes do. "A virtuous woman?" You have lots of them in your mind yourself, no doubt, among the others. We usually think of a virtuous woman as one who has not committed any open or secret deed of immorality against herself or with others; one who, to all appearances, at least, has kept her body free from sexual contamination. Solomon was a fearfully wise man and if ever there was a man capable of discerning between good women and bad he surely was the man. Hear what he says upon the subject:

"Her price is far above rubies." Some one has said that every man has his price. I believe this saying will hold good only with those people whose hearts are not possessed of God. To those who belong to God Christ has given eternal life and they shall never perish neither shall any man pluck them out of his hand. But there are men some of whom would not go down on five hundred, but a thousand would get them. There are some women who would stoutly resent an open and vulgar insult, but would allow themselves gradually and stealthily to be won to the Devil's side by offers of love, wealth or an easy time. These people fail to perceive that the wages of sin is death. But the price of a virtuous woman being far above rubies, we take it, in the first place, that she is one of those whose physical and mental purity is intact, whose souls repose in the life of Christ out of whose hand no man can pluck them.

How logically the next verse follows this one! "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." The best wedding gift a husband can give to his wife—and a wife to her husband—is a clean, healthy body governed by a sound mind based on Christian integrity. But alas! out of every one hundred men, in the cities particularly, about eighty have already defiled their bodies—perhaps the number of women is in the reverse proportion. Women, do you realize what a splendid return you get for "being nice" when the hearts of your husbands do safely trust in you? How comfortable it is for both of you! How exemplary to the children is such a life! What a life "above board" all the family can live when such a state prevails! We take our husbands away from their mothers—to them, by far, the best women that ever lived till they saw us. We must not forget that they have a right to expect to trust in us as safely as they did in their mothers. Marriage is not taking the affections of the husband away from his mother, but it is necessarily shifting his base of operations and now he looks directly to his wife for the comfort his mother used to give him. Marriage is certainly a twofold relationship, that of parent and companion.

"So that he shall have no need of spoil." No need of sitting on store boxes to while away the time; no need to make excuses to be away from home; no need of the bowling alley, the pool and billiard rooms, no need of liquor to drown sorrow; and, finally, the "resort" through utter recklessness, because things are crooked at home. The virtuous woman does not reign in a "crooked home," and human nature turns as friendly toward those who desire and work for our good as the growing plant seeks the sunlight. While she is doing him good and not evil she is not constantly, sentimentally complimenting him. "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands." And I want you to observe something about "working willingly with her hands." Some time ago I belonged to a Health Class in which our teacher told us that as women and housewives, we erred in giving out the sweeping, scrubbing, washing, ironing and other motion duties, to hired help while we kept the sewing-machine and other less active services; that our hired help got both the money and the muscle and we kept the backache and other pains. To me that was rather a new way of looking at the matter, for, as our girls were getting big enough, I had almost wholly relinquished any claim to the broom and the wash-up-cloth in their favor, for, sweeping, especially, did not seem to agree with me. I put the matter to a test and find that I can wash, iron, sweep and wash up without sustaining any permanent physical injury. So much depends upon the will!

You have heard of drudgery. It is not found in a virtuous woman's house. For "she worketh willingly" and drudgery exists under entirely different cir-

cumstances. "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens." She is unselfish and ministers to her servants as well as to her own family. A willing worker creates an atmosphere of courage and good cheer. Then even servants are not imposed upon.

"She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar." She does not circumscribe her selection of stuff for the household but communicates with the outside world and brings to her home such variety of food, clothing, furniture and books as will broaden the usefulness and improve the power of her family. She is original in her views of life as well as resolute in the execution of her plans. I imagine that a certain State's Governor's wife was like her who, when moving to the capital, continued to send her children to school clothed in homespun materials. She was criticised by her society friends and was advised to dress her children more in harmony with her high station as wife of the Governor. She replied with a tone of having the situation well in hand: "I didn't come here to follow the fashions; I came here to set the fashions." I have no reason to believe that she did not win out.

1525 Hastings St., Chicago.

THE COLD GUEST ROOM.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

It is a shame and a cruel wrong to put a guest—especially a delicate, or elderly or in any way feeble, person,—into a cold room to sleep between icy sheets. This is frequently done, often without the precaution to lay an extra cover upon the foot of the bed.

In cold weather, the guest room should be warmed if possible. If not, the bed may at least be warmed. An extra pair of blankets or other warm cover should always be within easy reach of the guest; also, an extra pillow or two. If the guest has been out in the cold, he may be so chilled through, that it will require hours for him to get warm A cold bed may result in permanent injury or death from cold, catarrh, pneumonia or consumption: at the very least, a night spent, shivering between cold sheets in a cold room, with insufficient cover or pillows, is a night of torture. The hot-water-bottle, filled with hot water and placed in the foot of the bed, is the best preventive of suffering from the cold. If it can not be had, a hot smoothing-iron (the old-fashioned kind is best, and the larger the better—so as to retain heat longer) well wrapped in several folds of paper and then in an old cloth, will do very well. A hot stone or brick or stove-lid, wrapped and placed in bed, does nicely.

If one really cares for her guest's comfort and cannot afford a hot-water bottle, the best substitute and the least expensive (costing nothing) is a quantity of sand. Make a bag of some stout material, such as a remnant of bed-ticking, and another a trifle larger of any kind of cloth. At night, heat the sand over the fire or in the oven, in a pan, pour into the stout bag, close and place in the other bag and put this in the bed. It will never burn anything, and the double bag should insure cleanliness. Next summer let the careful hostess gather her sand from the river where it is clean.

But suppose the guest finds himself unprovided with any convenience for warmth! If the room contains a kerosene lamp, he need not despair. Turn the light rather high a few minutes before retiring, secure a towel or other cloth, remove the chimney (or lamp-flue), wrap this in your towel and place it in the bed before extinguishing the light. If an old shawl or any kind of cloth be at hand, it may be warmed by wrapping about the lampflue before it is removed, and this wrapped about the feet. The flue will retain heat a half hour or longer,—and if the guest is vigorous, he may be able to keep warm after that.

It is well for those who must often rest under the roof of strangers to carry a hot-water-bottle with them, and beg a little hot water of their hostess. If no suit case is carried, at least carry a muffler.

A LETTER TO DAISY.

I just said to my wife, said I,
Daisy will write to us by and by.
But then she looked so funny at me
That I thought I'd better write, you see.

So you think I'd better take my pen
And just sit down and write to them?
And then she said, "That's what I'd do,"
So I've started to write to John and you.

We wished so long to hear from you
But you see our wish, it never came true.
You know it doesn't seem quite just,
That you should never write to us.

You know I used to write letters to you
That took you a month to read them through.
Now don't you think 'twould be in style
For you to write just once in a while?

You see when we don't hear from you
We worry and don't know what to do.
Sometimes 'tis for your health we fear
And only wish that you were here.

Wilmerding is always happy and gay
And calls his dad da when dad's away.
He plays and walks around at the chairs
And folds his hands when we say our prayers.

I'll not write much to you tonight,
For really it's your turn to write.
So, Daisy, as soon as you have time,
Just take your pen and drop us a line.

Indeed I don't think you should delay,
But just sit down and write today.
If you would write just now, you see,
We'd be as glad as we could be.

This leaves us well and happy too,
As we hope 'twill find both John and you.
Now wishing you God's greatest blessings tonight
I'll close right now and hope you'll write.

I still remain, as 'twill be seen,
The same old nuisance, I. P. Dean.

HOW TO GIVE A SWEAT.

Of all home treatments, in cases of sudden illness, a sweat, when properly given, is the most effective. There are so many cases where its need is indicated, and where it would prevent a long illness, that it is a pity there are not more housewives who know how to give it. In country homes where modern conveniences have not been installed it is more trouble to give a patient a sweat than it is in a home where one may make use of the bath tub with its supply of hot and cold water; but it is by no means an impossibility, and it may even be done more effectively by one who knows how than by the owner of the bath tub, who does not know how.

I once ran into the home of a neighbor whose children were down with measles, and found her trying to obey the doctor, who had prescribed a sweat for one boy who was slow in breaking out. She had him in the bath tub, about half covered with warm water, and in just the condition to take a cold from which he might not recover.

I had her bring a blanket in a hurry, and then I covered the tub with the blanket, leaving the patient's head above the blanket. I put a cold compress on his head and turned on the hot faucet until the tub was full of water as hot as the patient could bear. In three minutes the perspiration was running over his face in streams. Then I helped him to his feet, wrapping the blanket around him as he arose from the water, so as to prevent chill, and put him into bed, blanket and all. When he ceased perspiring, I rubbed him all over with a dry towel, but without exposing him to the air at all, and then we put on his pajamas. In less than two hours he was broken out with the measles from head to foot, and felt much better.

I did not rub him with alcohol or cold water, because I did not want to close the pores; but in ordinary cases the alcohol rub should always follow a sweat. After the rub with alcohol or cold water, there is little danger of taking cold; but when one gives a sweat in cases of eruptive fevers, the greatest care must follow for at least 24 hours, that the patient does not take cold.

If the house does not have modern conveniences, put the patient into a large washtub, with his feet in another receptacle, unless he is limber enough to curl himself up in the tub. Cover him with a blanket large enough to be pinned around the neck, and to fall to the floor all around the tub. Put a cold compress on his head. A towel is good for that purpose, for it can be wrapped around the head in such a way that it keeps the base of the brain cool as well as the forehead. This should be frequently wrung from cold water. It is not as good to use crushed ice as to use cold water, for the perspiration that exudes from the pores should be rinsed from the towel. For the same reason, it is not as good to give a patient a sweat by placing hot water bags between the blankets, as it is to put him into water. The water washes off a secretion that is poisonous, and should not be reabsorbed.

It is a good plan to buy blankets that are a mixture of cotton and wool, and keep them to use when giving a sweat, for they are easily washed. The patient should always get into bed with the blanket around him, and be allowed to lie there until he has stopped perspiring, and then the blanket should be washed before it is used again.

Add hot water to that in the tub as frequently as the patient can endure it, stirring it with the hand to prevent it from scalding. Keep him in the tub until the perspiration runs in streams down his face, for, to be effective, the pores must be well opened. When he perspires freely, let him step from the tub, but be sure that the blanket is so wrapped about him that no draught of cold air can strike him. When you rub him with alcohol, after he has ceased perspiring, be sure to keep your hands well under the clothing, and do not let cold air strike him in any spot until he has been bathed with the alcohol.

In case the patient does not perspire as readily as he should, give him hot sage tea to drink, while in the tub, or ginger tea, or hot lemonade, or even red pepper tea. I once helped care for a very sick patient who could not be made to perspire in any of the usual ways. He had had convulsions, and we feared another, unless he could be made to perspire. Finally I gave him an enema of water, as warm as I could bear my hand in, and that started the perspiration and prevented the convulsion. Hot water taken internally is an excellent remedy for colds, and, taken every day, as hot as can be borne, will prevent obesity.—*Nurse Woods, in Farm and Home.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IN NERVE FORCE.

Most of us, through ignorance, put our physical and mental machinery to much unnecessary strain. We push and drive and force, wasting double the energy needed on just the simple things of routine living.

I once watched a friend of mine, who had been nervously run down for several years, getting a Sunday night tea when the maid was out. We had the whole evening before us, but she hurried from pantry to kitchen, down cellar for the canned fruit and up, into the dining room and out as if her life depended on sixty seconds. Not one motion did she make without

using more force than she needed. She fretted about the shortcomings of the girl as she worked, and did not enjoy the dainty meal because an unimportant bottle of olives had been forgotten in the Saturday ordering. After supper she hurried through the dishes at a pace that made me breathless, so as to join the rest of the family in a song. But by the time she was ready she had tired herself out completely and had to go to bed instead. The most casual observer could see that she had come by her nervous exhaustion honestly.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SELECTED HELPS.

A SPOONFUL of mustard stirred into a gallon of water will kill insects in the soil of potted plants.

To mend rubber gloves, turn the gloves wrong side out, press the rent together and coat the edges with automobile gum. Cover with a piece of adhesive plaster. When dry the gloves may be turned and will be found as good as new.

To clean silverware, take very warm lard, rub all over the silver and then dust all over with common baking soda. Set this aside for an hour, or until you get ready to clean it. Then take tissue paper and rub thoroughly all over, and your silver will look like new. This is a very easy way.

THIS is said to stop toothache: Fill a small cup with boiling vinegar; dip a piece of raw cotton into the vinegar and rub the gums; let the vinegar be as hot as can be borne, but not burn; fill the cavity of the tooth with cotton dipped in the hot vinegar. Sometimes two applications have to be made.

CLOTH that has become shiny may be restored to its former appearance by being rubbed with turpentine. Use very little turpentine, and rub the cloth very hard, going over and finishing a small portion at a time. The smell will soon evaporate by exposure to the air. A weak solution of ammonia will have the same effect, but it is apt to turn the cloth brown.

To remove scorched places from linen, take half a pint of vinegar, the juice of one large onion and two ounces of fuller's earth. Boil for five minutes, strain and cool. Rub the spots with a rag moistened with the liquid making several applications.

CLEANING PIE DISHES.—To clean the edges of pie dishes use wood ashes. These can be stored in a small wooden box, or shallow tin. Keep a piece of soft flannel in the box ready to wet, and rub on the ashes. Then wash the dishes as usual, and the burnt places will disappear.

The Children's Corner

THE TROUBLES OF THE LITTLE BROWN ACORN.

A BEAUTIFUL smooth brown acorn fell from a giant oak to the ground. His gray cap had been tumbled off by the fall, and he lay wondering what he should do. The thought made him very anxious.

Suddenly a bright-eyed squirrel whisked down from the very tree in which the acorn had ripened, and scampered away with him toward his home in a hollow tree.

"What dreadful thing is going to happen to me now?" he wondered. "Can it be possible that I have grown so strong and big and beautiful only to be used for a winter dinner for a hungry squirrel?"

At this moment a sound startled the squirrel, and he dropped the acorn and scurried chattering away. It was a horse running by which had frightened him. The horse did not know what a fright he had given to the little fellow. Neither did he sees the acorn. His hoof struck it sharply and it flew through the air and dropped into the brook with a splash.

"Oh, dear, I shall surely be drowned," mourned the acorn. But the waterdrops only laughed as they carried him along with them. Soon, as they rushed swiftly around a sharp little bend, they tossed him well up on a leafy bank where the warm earth held him, and ran laughing on their way.

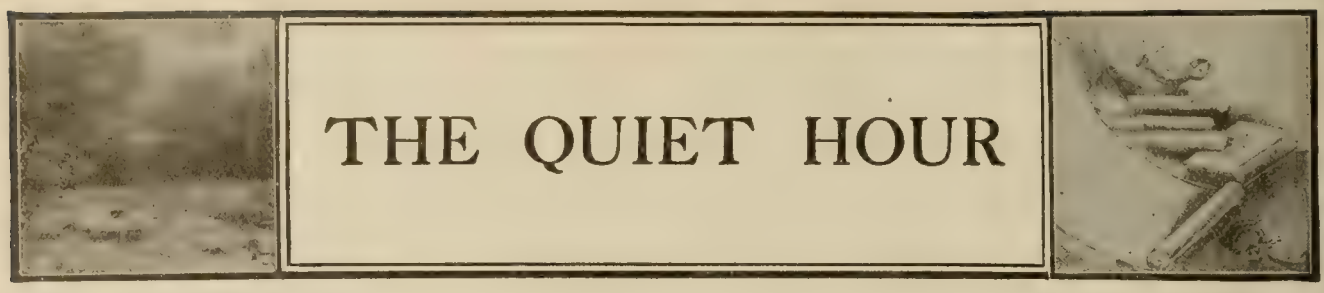
"This is better," thought the little brown fellow. "I shall lie here on this leafy bank and rest." As he nestled down a heavy foot pressed him down, down, down into the soft earth. He lay there many days, sighing over his troubles. The leaves fell from the trees and covered him. The snow fell and covered up the leaves. Long, dark, cold days followed, but at last the sunshine filtered down upon his bed, the snow melted, and the little brown fellow so long shut in the dark felt the light and began to feel alive.

He put forth a tiny hand and reached toward the warm light. Days passed in joy and brightness. Each day found him feeling a little stronger, and each day he sent forth new leaves or enlarged the ones already out—and still he grew and grew towards the sky.

Years passed.

He became one of the giants of the forest, and when he heard the acorns murmur when he scattered them upon the hard ground, he seemed to smile in the sunshine, and shake his leaves.

But he said never a word.—*Alice Cook Fuller.*



The Light of the World

Paul Mohler

I AM sitting by the south window in the sunlight. Even though the cold north wind is blowing, the sun's bright rays are warm. I am appreciating right now to a certain extent, the value of the sun. If the sun had not risen this morning, my light would still be burning, and my chair would be drawn closer to the stove. If it still refused to come another day, my labor and expense would be increased; and should it fail to come at all, life would soon be insupportable. How many days do you think we could live without a sun? "Not many," you say, and you are right. We simply could not think of living in this world without a sun, a source of light and heat.

The sunlight ministers to my body; my body could not live without it; but my body is not all of me; it is not even the most of me. My soul life is so much more than my physical. And my soul, too, must have its light. Ever since I have been conscious, I have longed for light. I have always been a pestiferous enquirer. As a little fellow, I "asked too many questions" to suit the older people. I am not quite so bad now, except at times, but I do like to find out about things, especially spiritual things. I want to know all about the reason for things, the way God works, and how to work and live with him.

I have always been able to get some light, for I have lived in a Christian home, and the longer I seek, the brighter it grows. And this light is from Christ. He is indeed the light of the world. It is true, I admit, that I received much light from other people, parents, teachers, and good authors; but it all comes from Christ, even as the moonlight comes from the sun. I am grateful for the reflectors who have shed so much of the light divine, but my thanks must reach a higher source; I must thank the Light himself.

And how much the Light does mean to us! How many, many mysteries are opened up for us by his blessed words of truth! Hidden things, kept from the best of men, even from the angels, have been declared by him. The veil of the future has been withdrawn, and the glories of the spirit world revealed. Today, no man need be in doubt one single step of his way, for "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." If your duty is not clear, bring it to The Light; it will appear.

Light is the great revealer. If my hands are not clean, the light will tell the story. Men who sell defective goods, hide them in darkened storerooms. It is so in spiritual things. If I keep the light out of my heart, its evils may escape from view, but let the light of his blessed truth shine in, and all its hidden secrets must appear. Is not that the reason men love darkness rather than light; because their deeds are evil?

Sunlight is the greatest germicide in the world; few germs can withstand its powerful antiseptic rays. It is so with Christ and sin. He is the great sin-destroyer. Let Christ in your heart, and sin must go. Oh, if the whole world could be bathed in his blood, that all its sin might be destroyed!

The sun gives light even though its face be hidden by the densest clouds. Some light still filters through, enough for men to grope their way. If men had never seen the face of the sun, this cloud-screened light might seem to them quite bright, and the moon might seem to them a sun.

So men who have never known the Lord, think they are walking in the light, because some rays have filtered through their clouds of ignorance and sin. And seeing some bright man whose life is bathed in heaven's light they think that they have seen a sun. Thank God that he has given to the world some men for lights along the way.

And we too can be bright lights. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." He came that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly. Christ in our hearts becomes a light which shines for all within the house. His Holy Spirit, fed to us as freely as the breath of life, enables us to shine with light divine. "Ye are the light of the world" was not spoken idly; these words are heavy-laden with most precious truth. If all the hearts that claim the Lord as King, would let their lights so shine that men might see their good deeds and glorify their Father which is in heaven, what a blaze of glory there would be!

Finally, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we

have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:6, 7.

TO THE BEREAVED.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

When the giant Reaper noiseless
Glides among us, and with stern,
Unrelentless hand he calmly
Claims a loved one fair and dear:
Steals it from its mother's bosom,
From the father's fond embrace,
Oh! the terror of that moment,
And the agony it brings!

When the ashen form is being
Lower'd into Death's silent vault—
Loveliest of all creation,
Dearest to the mourning souls—
Oh, the bleeding hearts that follow
Baby to his resting place,
And now lie there, torn and broken,
None to comfort nor console.
God have mercy! Grant thy comfort
Now, to hearts that thou hast rent.
When lo! a tear free and unbidden
Falls upon the coffin lid,
Sanctifies that quiet chamber
And the form within it hid.

When the fierce and mighty tempest
Desolate has made your soul,
And you turn, bewildered, shuddering
With a thought that chills you through,
Look you up. Your white-robed darling
In a brighter, better world,
At a grander, nobler calling,
Royal service now awaits.
And he hands the precious jewel
Which he found while on his way
To his Lord, the while his beauteous,
Lustrous eyes do proudly say:
"'Tis my blessing, given to me
By the ones I've left behind";
And in love the Lord makes answer
In compassion, mercy, free:
"Blessed be the sorrowing donors,
Holy, whom the gift received;
Thou henceforth their guardian angel
Till they, too, shall cross the bar."

THE SECRET OF SOUL WINNING.

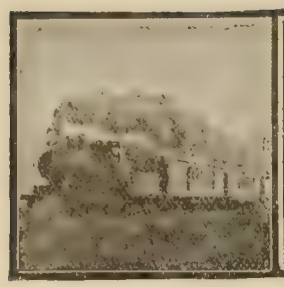
THERE is a great mystery in the success of soul-winning. We see men of great ability and fine educational qualifications whose ministry is comparatively barren of results. Again we see men of very moderate abilities whose labors are greatly blessed. And at times we see men without education, without the long preparatory training commonly required, around whom the most wicked and the lowest down gather, and under whose words they are quickened by the Spirit and saved. And at best the preaching of the Gospel by ordinary men seems altogether inadequate to the end in view. To the wise it is foolishness, but in fact it is the power of God.

Of course, success comes from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, but the Spirit uses men who are adapted to the work. Chosen men they are. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." But there is qualification; there is somewhere a secret of power. We may find it if we go back to the shore of the sea of Galilee and hear the words of Jesus to certain fishermen: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." The word was fulfilled. The men of lowly degree who were with Jesus became men of wonderful power, men whose influence was felt by all classes, men whose preaching made the foundations of the world tremble. In the fellowship of Jesus is the secret of success.

Jesus had a deep compassion for men. He saw them as a sheep without a shepherd, he knew the guilt of sin and the terrible depth into which men have fallen. All who have great success in winning souls have this sympathy. They feel the soul-needs of men and are deeply moved. They see the maimed, the crippled, the blind, the outcast and their burden is to deliver and save. They are inspired by the love of God for men, and, in the fullness of heart, tell the glad message to their fellow-men. This sympathy of Jesus led him into touch with all classes; his words awakened responses in the hearts of those whom no man regarded; the despised of men crept close to him if they might touch his feet. This deep, all-controlling sympathy is one of the secrets of power. When there is added a like sense of the love of God, we are not able to set the bounds to the winning power of the name of Jesus.

The disciples were in the companionship of the Holy One. The holiness of Jesus filled the people with awe. They saw and reverenced him as one sent from God. That holiness which is found in personal relation to Jesus is a great power. The world does indeed set up a cross, but when one lives in the fellowship of Jesus, his life is a witness to his words, and opens the door to the hearts that feel the burden of sin.

In a word, the power to win men is from Christ. Jesus said that he would make them fishers of men. The message of the Gospel is from God; it has a divine power, the power of the presence of Christ in the soul. When men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, when Christ is manifest in us, in our lives, in our love and sympathy, in our services even unto death, they will hear, and our words will be the power of God unto salvation. There will perhaps, be many a night in which we toil all night and catch nothing, but in the morning, if we obey the words of him who stands on the shore watching for the favorable moment, the net will be filled.—*United Presbyterian.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Since January 1, when William J. Gaynor's administration, as mayor of New York City commenced, a saving of $2,000,000 a year, has been effected. Mayor Gaynor has just ordered a reorganization of municipal affairs and a new system of paying lawyers which will further reduce expenses $750,000 a year.

Charging that public lands, amounting to one-fifth of the total area of Wales, have been "grabbed" by aristocratic freebooters in the last century, representatives of the Carnarvonshire county council have arrived in London to ask governmental aid in recovering the property which they say has been despoiled.

Not more than 60 per cent of the corporations filed schedules with the internal revenue office as required by the publicity clause of the new corporation tax law. Of the schedules filed 85 per cent were accompanied by protests. Practically 200,000 corporations have ignored the law. The penalty is a fine of from $1,000 to $10,000.

A remarkably long wireless transmission was recently recorded by the steamship "Tennessee," five days out from Honolulu, which succeeded in catching a message from Table Bluff on the coast of California. The message was a weather report, which was afterward verified by the Navy Department. The distance of transmission was 4,580 miles.

Representatives of Costa Rica and Panama have arrived in Washington for the purpose of submitting facts to Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court by which he will be able to act as umpire in the boundary dispute between the two countries. President Loubet of France acted as umpire at a former hearing, but no satisfactory decision was reached.

In 1847 the population of the Emerald Isle was nearly 9,000,000 souls; today it is but little more than 4,250,000. Each year about 50,000 of the best people of the Irish emigrate, 95 per cent of them going to America. During the past century 90 per cent of the Irish emigrants went to the United States, so that today in America there are at least 20,000,000 persons with Irish blood in them.

The first prosecution by the United States under the clause of the pure-food statutes relative to "bleached flour" has been directed against the Aetna Mills and Elevator Co. of Wellington, Kans. One of the unique features of the case was the testimony in the shape of exhibition loaves of bread baked by chemists of the government laboratory at New Orleans. A number of prominent officials of the U. S. department of agriculture are in New Orleans to attend the trial, and attach great importance to its outcome. It will indirectly affect bakers throughout the country.

In an effort to secure the next convention of the National Educational association for Mobile, Ala., young women school teachers of the Alabama city presented the men delegates at Indianapolis with cigars, with the words "Smoke on Mobile." Horace Cummins of Salt Lake City was applauded when he declared none of the teachers in the schools of his city smoked. The cigars were refused by the teachers.

The Interstate Commerce Commission points with pardonable pride to the saving of life and limb which has resulted from the operation of the safety appliance law. In 1893 one out of every 349 men employed in car coupling was killed, and one in 13 was injured; whereas in 1908, one out of 983 was killed, and one out of 62 was injured—an increase in the factor of safety against death of 181.6, and against injury of 377.

A recent number of the Electrical World describes a very interesting electrical installation on an Illinois farm. The power plant consists of a gas-producer installation supplying a 25-horsepower two-cylinder gas engine, to which a 16-kilowatt 125-volt direct current generator is belted. The engine also runs a pump which supplies an elevated water tank. The current is used to light 150 lamps, which are used in the family residence and a tenant house, as well as in various barns, corncribs, and other buildings.

A new type of long-distance telephone was recently tested successfully over a circuit extending from New York to Chicago, by way of Pittsburg, and return. The distance was 1,825 miles. The system, which is the invention of Dr. Tardieu of Arles, France, consists in raising the pitch of the message two octaves and a third by means of a combination of drums. At this high pitch the waves are sharp and short, and can be transmitted over a greater distance than is possible with the sound waves of ordinary conversation. At the receiver the pitch is again restored to normal.

With nearly all the constructive legislation, except primary, asked by Gov. Deneen in his call for a special session last December killed one way or another, the Illinois Legislature adjourned March 2. The poor showing made by the Deneen deep waterway bill has caused the anti-waterway men to decide to organize thoroughly to prevent at any future time the expenditure of the $20,000,000 bond issue authorized by the last general election. Of the twenty-four subjects mentioned in the Governor's call the only important question acted upon affirmatively has been the primary. The new mining laws got through with an effort even in the face of the Cherry disaster. The new election laws, the commission form of government and the proposed investigation of express companies, all went by the board.

Chancellor of the Exchequer David Lloyd-George, the former Carnarvon coal miner, is the "man of the hour" in England to day. There has been no formal transfer of the reins of government from the hands of Premier Asquith to Lloyd-George, but there is not one who heard the momentous debate in the House of Commons who is not convinced that Lloyd-George is the real power in the Liberal party and will henceforth be so recognized. The real assumption of the leadership by Lloyd-George will probably come shortly after the Easter recess, when, according to the best political opinion, another general election will be inevitable. This election will be forced by the expected resignation of the ministry following the King's probable refusal to swamp the House of Lords with enough Liberal peers to insure the passage of the government's House of Lords reform measures, after their initial rejection by the Lords. It is now admitted that there will be no budget passed this session and already the financiers are showing the greatest alarm.

The "occupation" question in the United States census population schedule to be carried by the enumerators during the thirteenth census, beginning April 15 next, applies to everybody living in the United States on the date mentioned, and all the population schedule questions relate to it openly. In its printed instructions to enumerators the census bureau holds that the occupation followed by a child or woman is just as important, for census purposes, as the occupation of a man. Therefore the enumerators are told never to take it for granted without inquiry that a woman or child old enough to work has no remunerative occupation. It is pointed out, however, that only remunerative occupations are to be reported. By this is meant any employment, work, profession, or vocation by which the person working regularly earns money or its equivalent. The fact that a person has no gainful occupation is to be noted on the schedule. If a person is only temporarily employed the occupation that person usually follows is to be reported. If a person has two occupations, the enumerator must return only the more important one—that is, the one for which the person gets the more money. As an illustration, the enumerators are told to return a man as a "farmer" if he gets most of his income from farming, although he may also follow the occupation of a clergyman or preacher, but they must return him as "clergyman" if he gets the more income from that calling.

"WHO KILLED JOE'S BABY?"

SELECTED BY JACK LLOYD ELBERINK.

[The following selection has proved one of the best and most touching temperance pieces used by the readers of today. It has been a universal favorite in almost every oratorical contest where it has been read. Miss Bernice Bing, a promising young reader, whose voice and expression has and is being carefully developed under the training of Dee Vivien Schramm Elberink of this city, lately won her gold medal on it. She is the youngest reader in the State of Illinois possessing both silver and gold medals and her work shows marked signs of the ability of Mrs. Elberink as a teacher.]

THE scene is laid in the cozy, happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lane. Joe has just returned from work. "How's work gone today?" Norah asked, as big Joe sat down by the baby's crib.

"Fine. The new hotel is 'most done. We are finishing the woodwork in the office now. I've had all the fixtures to make. It's been a good contract for me, sweetheart."

"Is that all?"

"Lambert spoke to me today about making some special furniture for the hotel. Of course, I wish Lambert would run the hotel as the old one has been run. If he just puts in a bar, that's his own lookout. I



Bernice Bing.

can't refuse to make it for him. It's at least fifty dollars for us, and we need it with our growing family, Norah."

"But it's against the law."

"But the new mayor and council are against it, too. But when it comes to being against anything, I'm off my reckoning, if they aren't against the side of the bar as often as anywhere when it once goes in. What difference will the law make to them?"

"Dear Joe, do you love me?"

"I don't love any one else but you and the children, Norah."

"Then for the love of us, don't have anything to do with—with the making—"

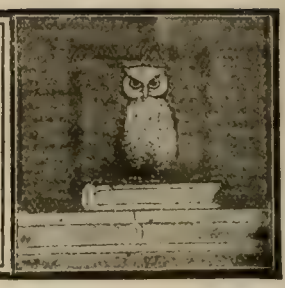
"I don't see that has anything to do with the loving of you, Norah."

"Then, if you won't promise me that, Joe, will you promise me, or—or—the baby—will you promise the baby that you won't ever go near the place when it is finished? Oh, Joe, you know we came here on purpose to get away from the thing. And we've lived six happy years here now. And you have not had the temptation before you, and you have grown so strong

(Continued on Page 263.)



Among the Magazines



BEEF SUPPLY FALLING BEHIND DEMAND.

However, the fundamental causes of the increase in the price of beef to the consumer are the decrease in supply and the increase in population. The Government estimate of the number of cattle, including cows, in the United States January 1, 1910, as compared with that of three years previous, shows a steady annual decrease. The figures are as follows:

1907, ...72,533,996
1908, ...71,267,000
1909, ...71,099,000
1910, ...69,080,000

The report of the Department of Agriculture for February showed a decrease in production in all of the great beef-raising States, as compared with the figures of a year ago, with one exception. There was an increase of 10 per cent in the number of beef cattle in Wyoming in January 1, 1910, over the number at the beginning of 1909.

The report showed a decrease of 7 per cent in Texas, 7 per cent in Oklahoma, 11 per cent in Arkansas, 7 per cent in Montana, 2 per cent in Colorado and Arizona, 4 per cent in New Mexico, 4 per cent in North and South Dakota, 6 per cent in Iowa, 7 per cent in Kansas, and 5 per cent in Nebraska. There was an increase of 3 per cent in Florida and of 1 per cent in Delaware and South Carolina, but the latter States raise few beef cattle.

The falling off in beef cattle in the past year has been more than two million head, a ratio of decrease amounting to almost 5 per cent. The causes in order of importance may be set forth as follows:

1. Disappearance of free grazing land.
2. Breaking up of the great cattle ranching outfits.
3. Increase in value of pasture land in the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri Valleys to such an extent that it is hardly profitable to pasture cattle.
4. Increase in the price of corn and similar fattening foods, amounting to 300 per cent, in the past twenty years.
5. Abandonment of the cattle-raising industry by farmers in favor of other pursuits, such as dairy farming, fruit raising, and the cultivation of vegetables upon a scientific basis, with better returns upon the amount of capital invested.—From "Our Beef Supply as a Great Business," by Walter C. Howey, in the American Review of Reviews for March.

POSTAGE ON SECOND-CLASS MAIL.

Though it seems to be a settled idea in some minds that the government loses on second-class matter, we are inclined to believe it is all a mistake. And does second-class matter really cost eight and two-third cents per pound?

Let us make inquiry: In 1901 the total weight of second-class matter was 429,444,573 pounds, and the deficit was $3,923,727.48; by 1909 the total weight had increased 294,161,297 pounds. Now if this increased weight had cost eight and two-thirds cents per pound, the deficit should have been $28,435,591.06, but it was only $17,479,770.47. Now we have high authority for the statement that the rural delivery system involved a loss of $28,000,000. It will not do to charge the loss against second-class matter and against free delivery too. If there really was a loss of $28,000,000 on rural delivery then there was no loss at all, but a gain of $10,520,229.53 on second-class matter.

Again, the total weight in 1907 was 712,945,176 pounds; in 1908 it had fallen to 694,865,884, a matter of 18,079,292 pounds; yet the deficit was $10,219,242.52 greater than in 1908. This is ascribed to an increase of salaries, chiefly for rural carriers, but even allowing for that there was an increase of deficit, while 18,079,292 pounds were shut out of the mails.

Then we have the testimony of the Postal Commission to the effect "that within the radius of average newspaper circulation and possibly within the radius of average for periodical circulation for bulk subscription service, the rate of one cent a pound is approximately adequate compensation."

In Canada the postage rate is only one-quarter of a cent a pound, recently reduced from a half cent, and second-class matter goes free within a radius of forty miles, recently increased from twenty miles. The Dominion is widely extended and sparsely settled, yet the past year shows a surplus for the postal service of $293,700. From the above evidence I think we will have to conclude that second-class matter does not cost eight and two-thirds cents per pound. It can be demonstrated in other ways, but this seems scarcely necessary.

For our part we have not the slightest doubt that if all second-class matter was withdrawn from the mails, and not distributed in some other way, the deficits would be double what they are now. Intelligence and advertisements are the chief producers of postal revenues.—Farm Journal for March.

CAUSES OF THE PARIS FLOOD.

There appears to be a consensus of opinion among the French scientists that the causes of the recent phenomenal rise of the Seine, when it reached the record height of 31 feet 2 inches, are to be found more in geological than in meteorological conditions. The basin of the Seine and the streams that are tributary to that river consists of a light absorbant soil; and, as the slopes are gentle, any sudden precipitation is ordinarily absorbed by the ground. In winter, when the soil is either frozen or saturated by the rains, there is a risk that the run-off of a heavy precipitation will be so large and sudden as to overtax the capacity of the river channels. These conditions obtained to a marked degree during the recent continuous heavy rainfall and flood. Meunier, the

geologist, is of the opinion that the heavy rains preceding the flood found the soil of the Seine watershed so thoroughly impermeable because of saturation, that the water ran off as swiftly as it would from the surface of an asphalted or cemented street. Furthermore, it seems to be generally agreed that the denudation of the forests in the higher regions of the watershed has been a contributory cause to the flood. Not only do the trees assist evaporation, but the forest undergrowth also exerts a material influence in retarding the flow of the water.

Referring to the question of the prevention of future floods at Paris, there is an alternative plan to that of dredging or widening the channel and the removal of river piers which, were it not for the enormous expense involved, would afford an absolute safeguard against future disaster. We refer to the heroic measures employed by the Austrian engineers to prevent the flooding of the city of Vienna by the river Danube. This consisted in cutting an artificial channel entirely around the city through which, after the river reaches a certain elevation, all the surplus waters are diverted and discharged into the river below the city. It would be possible to create a similar by-pass around the city of Paris; but the cost due to the great value of the land which would have to be condemned, would probably be found to be prohibitive. —Scientific American.

PENSIONS FOR TEACHERS.

A man cannot teach successfully all his life any more than can a woman, although his active years may be more. There should be a pension system established whereby every teacher, on reaching the age of fifty-five or sixty, may retire on a comfortable income—not to go into idleness, but to perform other duties for society. One cardinal difference between the government of this country and that of Great Britain is that in the latter every man who has secured a competence is expected to take an interest in politics and public affairs generally and to give of his time and money to the state. With us it is wholly different. We look upon politicians as a separate class, and not a very high one at that. We expect few services for nothing, and those for which we do not pay are usually worth little. That is one reason why the public schools are not better managed.

A large number of retired teachers in any community would furnish a most desirable element. With a position and income assured, they would not only feel like doing something worth while, but would be highly useful in many ways. We have already too many of the idle rich. In this country most men, no matter how prosperous, prefer to die in harness, would rather wear out than rust out. This is because during their active years they have become so engrossed in business that they are good for little else. When the day comes for leisure they are restless. They have not stored up riches of the mind to enjoy in their declining years. The saddest set of people in America is the old, of both sexes and of nearly all financial conditions. It is only those who have been truly educated and who are cultured, who find light at evening time. The retired teachers would have their social, intellectual, and moral values beyond their compensation.

It is true that in a few cities teachers receive small pensions after many years of service, in most instances simply the result of assessments on their own earnings of the past—a sort of compulsory insurance. There is not much cause for public pride when a teacher's monthly pittance is taxed so that she may be saved from starvation after she is sixty years old. Otherwise there is almost no provision for the old age of teachers in the public schools. We treat our soldiers better.

How often are parents heard to say: "That woman is too old to teach. She ought to be dismissed." Yet that same teacher has probably paid out a large share of her earnings through life for the care of dependent relatives; such a condition has come to be almost the rule, and few are able to save much, if anything—certainly not enough to live above the level of the proletariat. It is not the teacher's fault that at sixty and even at seventy he or she is struggling along in harness. When the public begins more fully to understand that education is not synonymous with knowledge, they will be ready to welcome changes. Then we shall see that the mental and moral instructors of the youth are not left penniless in their old age.—From "What is Wrong With Our Public Schools," by Joseph M. Rogers, in March Lippincott's.

"WHO KILLED JOE'S BABY?"

(Continued from Page 260.)

and brave, and handsome, and good—Joe, oh, why will they permit this wrong here now? Are men's hearts of stone and their consciences all seared by greed, that they do not care for broken hearts? Remember, Joe—do you remember—the hell in which we lived when little Joe was born? I believe I really hated you then. The drink made you a devil, Joe. You will never know—"

"Don't, Norah! You are tearing open old wounds—"

"Promise the baby that you won't ever touch a drop of liquor as long as you live. I don't want you to promise me. Promise him and God. If you promise him, you can't break it. He is so innocent, so dear to us. Think how much we love him, Joe!"

"God bless the little fellow! I promise you, little fellow, I will never touch a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Say, 'So help me, God.'"

"So help me, God."

In a few days Lambert's hotel bar was in full swing. In fact, it was one of the most popular places in town, and gradually became a permanent institution. The sheriff walked by the hotel a dozen times a day, and kept his own counsel, nodding affably to Lambert as one of the enterprising citizens who had attracted good business to town.

One day Joe was coming out of the shop after a half-day's surly idleness in it, when he was met at the door by one of the principal business contractors of the country.

"Hello, Joe! Just coming in to see you! Got something for you."

They went back into the shop, and in a few minutes closed the contract, which meant several weeks' good work for Joe.

"Come on down to Lambert's and let's have a drink to bind it."

Joe drew back. "I can't. I've promised not to drink any more."

"Just a glass of beer. That's all I ever take. Come on, old man; 'twon't hurt you."

"I'll go in and see you drink."

"All right."

Arm in arm they walked down to the hotel and went in. Norah was sitting up when Joe came home that night. He entered the house; she knew at once the whole of the worse. He stumbled into the room and was reeling blindly over toward the place where the baby lay, when she rose and stood up in front of him.

"You—Joe!" All her love for him on the instant was swept out of her at the sight of him. "Don't you dare go near that baby! Oh, God! Have mercy on me! Have mercy!"

"Mush shee baby," he muttered, and, staggering to the baby's bed, he stooped over it, and before Norah realized what he was going to do he had taken the baby up and had him in his arms.

Her heart stood still as he came back to the bed and sat down on it, still clasping the baby to his breast.

Then Norah went up to him, and, trembling all over with indefinable fear, cried: "Give him to me, Joe! You'll hurt him."

"No, won't; we're going to sleep together."

Norah suddenly felt her puny weakness and the horror of his drink-crazy power, and she ran out, screaming, into the other room, flung open the door and shrieked "Help!" running as far down the yard as the little walk to the road. It does not sound like a long time in telling it, but while Norah was gone Joe had fallen back on the bed and rolled over, still clasping the baby, and as he fell he unconsciously clasped the baby's neck in his great fist.

When she came in, Norah tore at him like a wild beast and rolled him over, untwisting the rough, knotted fingers, and when she had the baby at last in her arms she could not believe even then what had happened. But as the truth dawned upon her, she shrieked as she ran into the other room: "He's killed the baby! Oh! my God! He's killed him!"

The sheriff strode in at the open door and somewhat roughly pushed by her. One look at the baby told him the story. Joe still lay full length on the bed. Two or three other men came in and helped the sheriff get Joe to his feet.

The county jail was just one block beyond Lambert's hotel. The sheriff, with two deputies, finally succeeded in getting Joe down there.

In the morning the sheriff went and sat down in the corridor in front of Joe's cell.

Joe had waked up quite sober after a very long sleep.

"Good morning, sheriff."

"Morning."

"I 'spose I'll get out pretty soon?"

"Don't know. People that kill other people don't get out very soon."

"Kill other people?"

"That's what I said."

"Did you say, kill other people? Good God! Bowe, tell me what you mean! I've been crazy drunk—tell me—what I did."

"You rolled over on your baby and—"

"No! Oh, God no. Not that! I didn't—I couldn't do that!"

"You did, though—ask your wife. You choked your baby to death."

"Not dead, sheriff! Not dead?"

"Yes, he is."

"Sheriff, God knows—God knows, of course, it was an accident. But tell me—tell me—and Norah?"

"Your wife is in the hospital. Brain fever."

"The drink crazed me. The drink made me do that! I was all right before Lambert opened up. We had a happy home, wife and children. Oh, God, I shall go mad!"

Early next morning they found Joe in the farther corner of his cell, quite dead. He had torn a bar out of one of the fastenings of his bed, had fixed it in the corner, and by tying the bedclothes into a rope, had strangled himself.

Joe and the baby were put in a coffin together. Joe's arm lay about the baby protectingly, and the little face looked peaceful as it lay on the big father's breast.

But, who killed Joe's baby?

Stand up before God's judgment seat, all ye officers of the law who have sworn to enforce it and have perjured yourselves, and answer.

Stand up, all ye men who, for the lust of gain, sell and buy the stuff that turns brains into murder and tortures love of man and wife into hatred, and leaves to children the heritage of lifelong shame.

Stand up, ye business men who claim the advantages of the liquor traffic as a commercial factor.

Stand up before God Almighty and tell us who killed Joe's baby.

Stand up; yet, stand up, Joe, yourself, and give answer to God, for your share in the death of the sweet life you said you loved.

Stand up, ye men who vote and work with party interests through thick and thin, regardless of the character of the men whom ye elect.

Stand up, all ye moderate drinkers, who claim your personal liberty to drink, regardless of the weaker brother.

Stand up, all of you, in church and out of it. Make answer before God Almighty—"Who killed Joe's baby?"

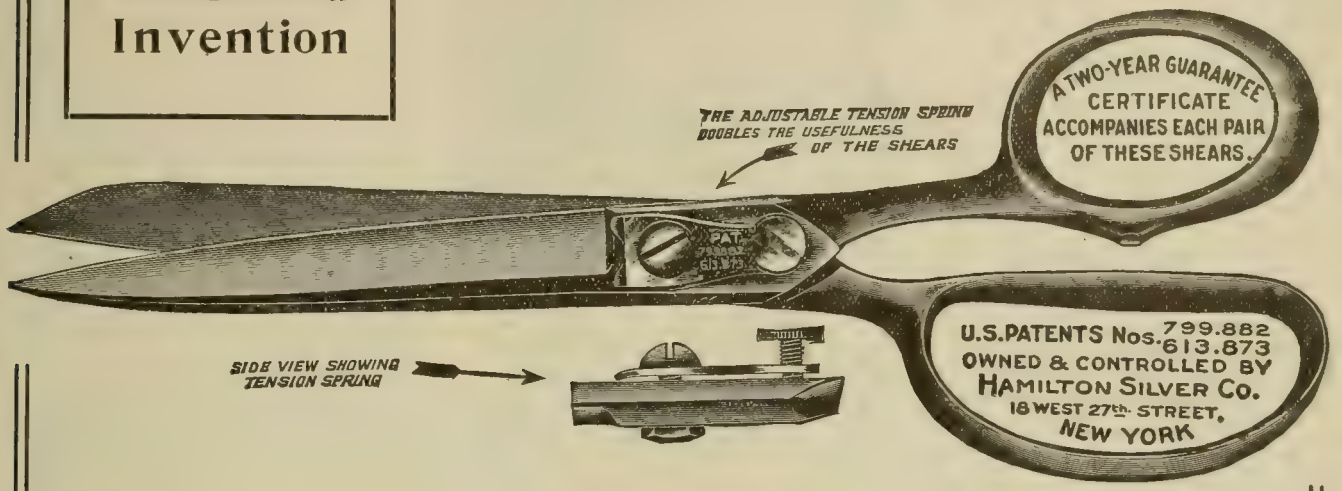
Elgin, Ill.

These Patent Tension Steel Shears FREE= To INGLENOOK SUBSCRIBERS

The Latest and Most Useful Household Invention

THE cutting edge on these shears is indestructible and will never wear dull. They will cut anything and everything from wet tissue paper to a heavy horse blanket :: ::

NOTE THE PATENT TENSION SPRING It Does Away with Resharpening Entirely. The Illustration Shows Patent Tension Shears. Eight inches Long.



EIGHT-INCH PATENT TENSION SPRING SHEARS

THE shears being distributed by the Inglenook are manufactured of the very highest grade steel, perfectly tempered and heavily nickel plated on a highly polished surface. The patent tension spring takes up all the wear on the rivet, so that the cutting edges will never wear dull. A simple turn of the little thumb screw will adjust the blades to cut anything from the thinnest and most delicate fabric to the heaviest material. Every woman who has had the exasperating and trying experience of attempting to cut with a dull pair of shears will appreciate the value of this new invention.

READ THIS GUARANTEE—We guarantee the quality of the material and the workmanship in these shears to be first-class in every respect. That the tension spring doubles the usefulness of the shears and does away with the necessity of resharpening. A printed guarantee certificate accompanies every pair and contains the following: "If this pair of shears breaks or becomes defective in any way within two years from the date delivered it will be replaced with a new pair free."

HOW TO GET A PAIR OF THESE SHEARS FREE—The Inglenook wants 10,000 more subscribers within the next few months, and in order to get them we are making the following exceedingly liberal offer.

To every person sending us $1.00 before April 1st, we will mail the Inglenook for one year and we will also send you postpaid one of these shears.

The Inglenook is one of the best weekly magazines published and should be read by everyone. Just the paper for the home.

This offer holds good to either new or renewal subscribers. Do Not Delay—Cut out this Coupon and mail it today.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

Enclosed herewith please find $1.00 for which please send me THE INGLENOOK one year. Also send me at once, free, postage paid, one pair of Patent Tension Shears, as advertised.

Name_____

Town_____

R. F. D. or Street Address_____ **State**_____

Christian Workers' Society Outline Booklets

A full page of suggestions on each lesson of the first half of 1910. The outlines in this booklet have been prepared by Eld. J. G. Royer. Splendid topics! Helpful outlines! Timely suggestions! Order a booklet for each member of your society.

January-June 1910

PRICES.

For less than 25 copies, each, 4 cents
For 25 copies or over, each, ..3 cents
For 50 copies or over, each, ..2½ cents
For 100 copies or over, each, ..2 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six, ...15 cents
Two packs, ...25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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BRETHREN SECRETARY'S MINUTE BOOK.

New and revised edition. Contains 2 pages for report of each Sunday of the year besides 2 pages for the Annual Report and each of the Quarterly summaries. Bound in paper with reinforced back. Size 4x7 inches. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

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Elgin, Illinois.

Late and Early Card

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. On one side may be read the words "I am Late"; on the other "I am Early." Printed in three colors on heavy card board. Size, 5½x8½. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

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The Tabernacle of Witness

Every teacher or Bible student who desires to have the proper conception of the tabernacle should have this picture. The price is so low that many will want one for each member of their class. This picture is taken from a model which cost thousands of dollars and years of study and research. Shows the



linen hangings of the Court, suspended from silver tipped pillars, set in copper sockets. Within the court are found the Brazen Altar, the Laver and the Tabernacle. On either side may be seen the tents of Israel, the location of each tribe being designated by a banner. Size of illustration is 6 x 9 inches. Printed on heavy calendered paper.

Price, single picture, ...15 cents

Two copies to one address, ...25 cents

Ten or more to one address, each, ...10 cents

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BEN HUR

A TALE OF THE CHRIST
By Gen. Lew Wallace.

If there is a person in this great land of ours who has not read "Ben Hur," they should read it now and enjoy one of the greatest literary treats of the century. Cloth.

Price, ...$1.45

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

NEFF'S CORNER

I was told the other day of a gentleman whose 14-year-old crop of Eucalyptus sold for $14,000 per acre. The trees were large enough and tall enough for use as wharf timbers, were wanted for that purpose and so brought a good price. If the price had only been $1,400 per acre it would not have been bad. Do you think so? But you perhaps do not know what it costs to produce it. Or some may think that these good things are only for Californians and we cannot share them. Or you may say if I must wait 6 to 10 or 15 years for a crop, I'm not interested.

But listen to me, I've issued a little folder that tells how you can realize on a Eucalyptus grove in a year or two, how you can own one and have it cared for, no matter where you live, the size of groves for sale and the price at which they can be bought. The folder is free for the asking. And if you want it I will send you a pamphlet containing pretty and instructive pictures and more information.

You can invest in Eucalyptus by making a small payment down and balance on time. For full information address,

JAMES M. NEFF,
Altadena, Cal.

EMPIRE COLONY

Good Reports from the Empire Colony, California.

Since our last announcement the Church of the Brethren has more than doubled its membership at this place, it now numbers over seventy, and others will move here soon. Being located so near the center of the District of N. Cal., with good railroad facilities, it should become a large and prosperous congregation.

New Churchhouse.

Arrangements are being made to build a Churchhouse at Empire in the near future. The colonists seem well pleased with this section of Cal. Stanislaus County is in a growing condition, it has gone from the rank of the 13th, to the second county in the state in dairying within the last six years, due to the fine crops of alfalfa grown here, often yielding from six to ten tons per acre, annually.

New Motor Railroad.

The new railroad connecting Empire with Modesto, the county seat, is about completed, which will add much to the convenience of the Empire section. An electric line is under contemplation from Modesto to Stockton, this when completed, will connect Empire with the entire electric system of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

New California Homes.

Persons looking for homes free from the chilly blasts and long cold winters, will find it to their interest to investigate the Empire section. California has passed the experimental stage, it has a fine climate, good soil and other conditions that enter into the making of fine homes, producing a greater variety of crops than any other state.

The mild climate, rich soil, fine irrigation system where the water belongs to the land with sure crops and nearby markets make this a good place for an **Ideal Home.** For fuller information write to

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION CO.,
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North Manchester, Indiana.

Our Bureau of Information.

We are constantly in touch with the leading Sunday-school workers of the International field and are therefore in a position to answer all inquiries as regards Methods of Work, Helpful Devices and Sunday-school Requisites.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

OUR 1910 EASTER LINE

Easter Post Cards

A carefully selected line of the latest designs. An inexpensive remembrance that will be appreciated. We purchase in large quantities thus enabling us to quote you lowest prices.



7577. Four Beautiful Designs of chicks and ducks. Printed in many colors on a silver card. These cards are the size of a regular post card and may be used as such. A wreath of flowers, either of forget-me-nots, violets, daisies or four-leaf clovers. Each card with Easter greeting.
Price per pack of 10 cards, 20 cents

114. Sunken Panel. An Easter card that will please. The colorings being white, green and purple. The designs are very appropriate for Easter, showing a gilt cross and Easter Lilies with Scripture verses or Rock of Ages and the light breaking through the clouds with the Lord's Prayer. Five designs. May be used as a postal.
Price per pack of 6 cards, ...10 cents
Price for two packs, ...15 cents

556. A Handsome Blue Tinted Card. Heavily embossed, with fine coloring and a pretty egg-shaped bangle, in the center of which is a beautiful landscape. Sprays of forget-me-nots, violets and lilies. A post card in four designs.
Price per pack of 4 cards, ...10 cents

8083. A Handsome Postal in colors. Printed in many colors on a green metallic finish card. A little chick is standing on or near an eggshell. Assorted designs of violets, forget-me-nots, daisies and clovers. Each card with Easter greeting in white. Six designs.
Price per pack of 4 cards, assorted designs .....10 cents



7715. Silver Crosses. Printed on a dark green card with a silver border. In center of each card is a silver cross, entwined with violets. An embossed postal. Easter greeting on each card. Six designs.
Price per pack of 6 cards, assorted, ...15 cents

1161. A Very Pretty Series. Absolutely new. A large white or blue cross is entwined with passion flowers or Easter lilies. A very pretty landscape or an open book is pictured in the center of a cross. Easter greeting on each card. Embossed post card in 6 designs.
Price per pack of 6 cards, 6 designs, ...15 cents
Two packs, ...25 cents

1909. Quality Post Card. A fine white linen finish post card, with an Easter greeting or motto printed in violet with green initial letters. The green letter being on a gilt cross, which throws its rays over the card. Border is embossed in white and gold. The sentiments appeal to all lovers of fine postals. Must be seen to be appreciated.
Price per pack of 2 cards, ...10 cents

8079. Floral Beauty. An artistic border of white on a green metallic background. A profusion of violets, lilies and leaves. An appropriate Easter greeting printed in white on each card. Size, 3⅝x5½ inches. Three designs.
Per pack of 4 cards, assorted, 10 cents

9006. An Attractive Card. Unique designs consisting of brightly colored Easter eggs, rabbits, etc., interspersed with trees and plants. Four very pretty designs. Absolutely new.
Per pack of 4 cards, assorted, 10 cents

9002. A Daintily Embossed Card. Fluffy little chicks are emerging from tinted eggshells. Surrounded with sprays of violets, wild roses and forget-me-nots. Four attractive designs. Regular postcard size.
Per pack of 4 cards, ...10 cents

Easter Cards

We offer a choice assortment of cards at prices that are within the reach of all. Place your order early. Do not wait until our line is nearly exhausted and then expect us to fill your order satisfactorily.



356. Crosses. A Text Card cut out in the shape of a cross with bright flowers entwined about the cross. Assorted, four designs. Size 2½x4 inches. Texts: "He Is Risen," "Christ Died for All," "My Redeemer Liveth," "In Him Was Life."
Price, 12 cards in box, ...25 cents

1153. Four Elegant New Designs of Easter cards in many colors, heavily embossed, showing a wreath of flowers. At the bottom is a chick just peeping from a colored egg. Easter greeting in red. A card that will please the children.
Price per pack of 4 cards, 4 designs, ...10 cents

Easter Booklets

The following numbers have been carefully selected from a large variety of the best folders and booklets published. You will be delighted if you order from this list.

302. Peace Abundant. A booklet of eight pages and cover. The cover is heavily embossed with clover blossoms in beautiful colors and gilt. The inside has two colored pictures, and a beautiful poem entitled "Abide With Me." Tied with a silk cord. Each in envelope. Size, 3½x6 inches.
Price, each, ...18 cents

2400. Easter Peace. A very pretty illustrated booklet of eight pages with two beautiful colored pictures. Delicate cover design of white flowers. In the center is a pretty landscape with a church in the foreground. The subject of the poem on the inside is "The Risen Lord." Tied with a silk cord. Size, 3½x5½ inches. Embossed.
Price, each, ...20 cents
Three for, ...50 cents

4619. The Lord Is Risen Indeed. A handsome booklet with a richly embossed cross of violets, in center of cover. The cover has a beautiful embossed border of lavender. Tied with a silk ribbon. A booklet of eight pages containing colored illustrations. Size, 3½x5¼ inches. Each in separate envelope.
Price, each, ...20 cents
Three for, ...50 cents

4995. A Holy Easter. An artistically finished booklet of eight pages and cover. Tied with a silk ribbon. A beautiful cover embossed in colors, with a pretty cross in center that is outlined in silver. Three colored illustrations. Size, 3½x5¼ inches. Each in separate envelope.
Price, each, ...20 cents
Three for.....50 cents

Bookmarks

Aluminum Heart-Shaped Book Marks. Easter Greetings, The Beatitudes, Twenty-third Psalm, Lord's Prayer, Prohibition pledge, Christian Endeavor Pledge. 4 cents each, 40 cents a dozen, or $3.00 a 100, postpaid.



Actual Size.

A New Celluloid Bookmark. In Exquisite Colorings and Design. This souvenir can be used to excellent advantage as a bookmark. It is one that will be highly appreciated and treasured by both old and young, being entirely new and original.



Actual Size.

4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or $3.00 a 100, postpaid.

Easter Offering Envelopes

A beautiful white envelope, size 2⅜x3⅝. Beautiful design of Cross and Crown with Easter Lilies. Lithographed in four colors. Appropriate Easter and Giving texts on front and back. Contains blank for name of giver and amount enclosed.
Price, per 100, ...30 cents

Easter Services

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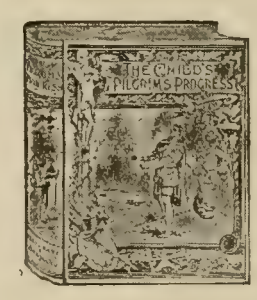
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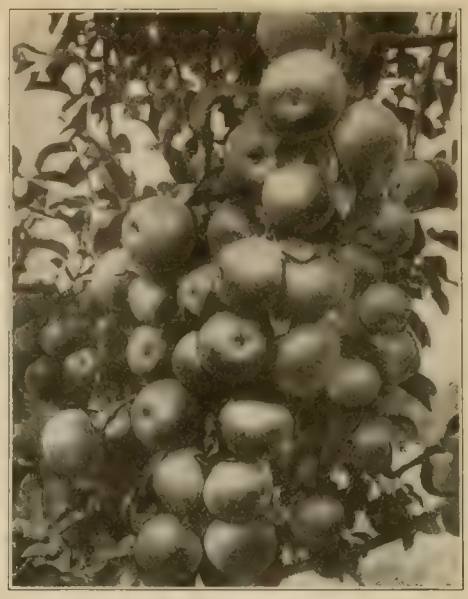
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Easter Number

THE INGLENOOK

Resurrection

J. O. Barnhart

Ring, O ring, ye Easter bells!
Sweet the joy your music tells.
Now once more your joyous peal
To all lands God's love reveals.
When the Savior came to earth,
Angels' songs proclaimed his birth;
Born a king fore'er to reign
O'er the lives and hearts of men.
But a greater joy today
Wakes a grander, sweeter lay,
For a conqueror now is he,——
Raise your songs of victory.
Every enemy is slain,
Even Death has low been lain,
And this morn beholds him rise
To the triumph of the skies.
Unto us, I hear him say,
"Old things all are passed away,
Behold, I now make all things new,"
Rejoice, rejoice! his word is true.

Rejoice, rejoice! for earth today,
Shakes off the bondage of decay,
And all divine created things,
Into new life and beauty spring,
While Nature's hallelujahs roll,——
Join, join the chorus, O my soul,
And swell the anthems of the skies
Whose sweet melody never dies!
The dawn has come! Death's night
is o'er,
Weep over buried hopes no more.
The past is dead, but every day
Some angel rolls the stone away,
And from the coldness of the tomb,
Out from the darkness and the gloom,
New hopes and new resolves arise,
Which duty waits to vitalize.
Then lift thine eyes, its glory see,
The Easter morn has dawned for thee!

Kemp, Ill.

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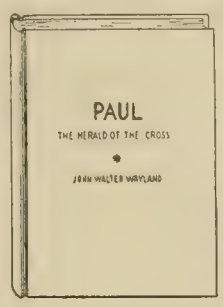
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

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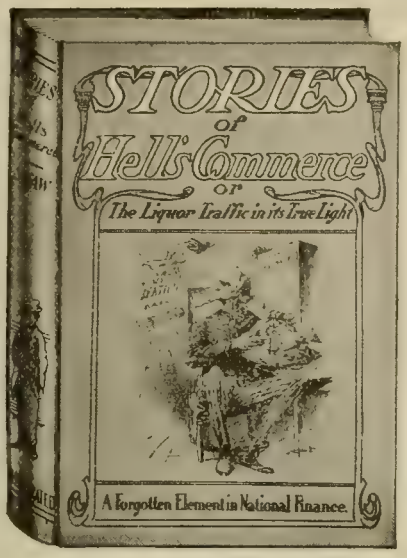
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. March 22, 1910. No. 12.

Early Easter Observance

O. H. Kimmel

EASTER in its beginning designated the festival of Christ's crucifixion. Later, it meant both the festival of the crucifixion and the resurrection, and after the fourth century it was limited to the festival of the resurrection. It cannot be truthfully said that the observance of Easter can be traced back to the Apostles, neither can it be said that the Apostles ordained its observance. Yet we know that the Apostles ordained the anniversaries of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost and it is not improbable that it is their will that this great joyful day to the Christians is so well observed, and has always been so well observed.

At any rate, the key of the observance is set in the joyous assurance of the statements of the Gospels, in the exultant strain of Paul in some of his epistles. Among other things he said: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which slept in Jesus will God bring with him." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God. And the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

Paul also says in that glorious hymn of the Resurrection, the 15th chapter of First Corinthians:

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." "He must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet."

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality." "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

As I stated, the above gives expression to the joyous hopefulness of Paul and it certainly gives the key for the observance of the Easter day, and it has been, beyond doubt, observed by the Christians since the fourth century, and in all probability in some form or other it may have been observed even far back into the first century.

The time of observing the day, early began to cause great controversies in the church. Different communities lacked uniformity as to time and method in Easter day observance, and as each community was equally zealous and often tinged with a little savagery, perhaps, it was quite unusual for one to give way to the other, for each community felt that it had the right time and that the others had the wrong time, and that they would be committing almost an unpardonable sin to change their time of observance. The controversy arising from the time of observance was finally settled in the year 325 A. D. by the Council of Nice. From that day Easter has fallen on the Sunday immediately following the full of the Paschal moon, which happens at, or on, the first Sunday following the vernal equinox. It took a long time for all the Christian communities to fall into the habit of observing the festivities of the day on this date, but after a time the traditional time of celebrating gave way to the established time and a uniform date was fixed.

The observance was not always known by the name of Easter. It is thought that the term Easter was first used when Christianity was introduced into England, though this is rather a mooted question. It may be that the appellation springs from the name of the Saxons' goddess of spring, Eostre, and it may have arisen from the word "East," thus giving the day an appropriate name quite significant with its meaning.

Easter among the early people received the same zealous attention that the early Christians gave to all the early rites and practices. It was the custom in primitive times, upon Easter morning, when the Christians met, to salute each other by exclaiming, "Christ is risen," to which the friend would reply, "Christ is

risen, indeed," and would often add, "and hath appeared unto Simon.

This custom is said to be still practiced by the Greek church.

Other customs prevailed. In England in the early times it was a common practice for sweet-voiced singers to go about in the early morning on Easter and awaken the populace or the strangers within their gates by their sweet singing, awakening them to the fact that the time had come for the Easter games on the village green or the time for church observance.

They had their egg feasts too. Once—so goes the myth—a great large egg fell from heaven. A great large egg. An egg of immense size. This happened long, long ago,—so says their myth. The egg rested upon the banks of the Euphrates and white doves, droves of them, flocked to it and hatched it, when out from it arose the beautiful goddess Easter or Venice; and that explains why eggs are a favorite food during the festival season of this lovely deity. When the early Christians came to England conquering for Christ they preserved this feast but changed its application. "We will maintain your feast and celebration," said the conquerors, "but henceforth it shall mean the resurrection of Christ." And that explains why it is that the joyous Christian festival, Easter, carries with it the egg feast. The egg feast, as retained, was a part of the old pagan custom, as a compromise in order that the independent Saxon would not reject the new religion, and that he might receive that joyous hope of the Christian untrammeled. This is certainly a custom that brings with the Easter rites added joy, joy more abundant each succeeding year. It is as symbolic of Christ too as it was of Easter or Venice, for from the shelly stone-like sepulchre there issues forth life and beauty; it was easily made to fit in finely with the Christian faith in the resurrection of the dead.

Easter in the early church was observed quite extensively. At first the Easter service differed from the other services of the church only in the number of the worshipers. On Easter service day everybody went to church. The honor paid to the "Feast of the Resurrection" was quite marked, and all the people took pains to do their part. All labor ceased on this day and the while people attended service to pay tribute to the risen Lord. All trades were for the day suspended. The gardener and the farmer attired in new garments went to the services. The laborer was present even if he was compelled to borrow some clothing of his more wealthy neighbors. The tavernkeeper suspended his profitable business for the day, and was seen at the services. The shop-keeper, the smith, the tanner, the sandal-maker, the sailor, all were there. All the children were present in newest attire. So were the women. The rich, the poor, the people of all classes were all there at the service to do homage to the one who had risen from the dead and thus given this joyful hope to the world. All were attired in new clothing and appearing in their best in order to pay the highest tribute to this risen Christ. What a grand congregation this must have been. All assembled together as one family, all attired in their best, all appearing their best, all joyous and happy on this great day of joy. Thus it may be seen that the custom of securing new clothing for Easter is not a new one but that it dates back at least 1,500 years in the Christian era.

On this day the people were reminded that death was only a sleep with nothing fearful in it, though the opposite doctrine was frequently preached the other three hundred sixty-four days in the year. On this day they were reminded that Christ freed human nature from the dominion of human nature and brought it back to its original dignity. They were told that on this day none, rich or poor, should be dejected, for this was a spiritual feast. They curiously divided time into two parts. The first was the time before Easter, and the second the time after Easter. Just where one of these times ended and the other began is a problem. The time before points us to the conflict of the present life, and the time after Easter to the blessedness which may be attained through Christ.

As time went on the church gave more attention to the Easter service. The gaily-attired people continued to gather at the churches on Easter day as the centuries passed away, and gradually the church gave this day more and more attention. We cannot tell exactly the nature of these earlier special services, for no one knows just how they were conducted, but enough is known to prove that before the fall of the Roman Empire these services became quite elaborate.

After the fall of Rome for some two or three hundred years the church continued in its efforts to keep together its observances and improve their condition, and about the year 1000, A. D., it is known that an attempt to dramatize the Easter ceremonies was in vogue. This fact in itself is proof that the church was, all along through the ages zealously observing the Easter day rites and ceremonies. It is proof that they observed the day with extraordinary humiliation and sanctity, for out of this observance grew a new art—that of dramatization. This art was known by the Romans but was lost after the fall of the Empire until invented and taken up by the Christians in their Easter and Christmas observances. The church thus, in order to attach greater dignity to the Easter and Christmas observances gave birth to the modern drama. The going of Mary to the Sepulchre was about the first observance dramatized. Other scenes followed as the years sped on, and finally this kind of observance became very elaborate, and it attracted to the church people who were capable of performing in the acts in

dramatization and gradually the drama was given life and the playright was given a livelihood. At last, as one might expect, the church lost control of the dramatized service and the church drama became less truthful and less reliable and in the end became rather immoral. Then the drama was prohibited in the church, and the playright was driven from the church. Then they began their career without the aid of the church.

We readily glean from this that the Easter service, from the earliest time, has done much, not only for the past and present of the church, but that it has done much toward shaping the policies of the civilization past and present. It has taught all generations since its first observance the good in devotion. It has taught all generations that joy and hope that marks the Christian everywhere and among all people. It has taught that there is realization in faith. It has helped round out Christianity and civilization into its present state and has come down to us in the full vigor of life which its very observance typifies, so that we may enjoy the hopes and joy and blessings that it means to all of our generation, and it must go down to the succeeding generations as a striking, living, and perpetuated observance that has outlived nations, stormed the dark ages and still typifies the rising of the One who is greater than creeds and nations and worlds.

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

According to the traditions of ancient Greece, Prometheus and Epimetheus were brothers, two young giants of wondrous strength and skill, to whom the All-Father committed the task of making man, as well as the lower animals, and of providing them with the faculties necessary for their preservation and comfort.

Epimetheus undertook the work, and Prometheus was to inspect the work when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded with enthusiasm, bestowing upon the different creatures various powers and gifts: courage, skill, strength, swiftness, sagacity: wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third; and so on. But when finally he came to provide for man, who was to be superior to all the others, Epimetheus was at a loss. He had exhausted all the desirable attributes and powers at his command, having been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left that was fitting to the exalted station of man.

In his perplexity he appealed to Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up into the heavens, lighted a torch at the chariot of the sun, and thus brought down fire to man. With this wonderful gift man was easily more than a match for all the other inhabitants of the earth.

Later on, as the story goes, Epimetheus took to himself a wife. She was a woman of matchless gifts. She was made in heaven, and every great one there contributed something to her perfections. Apollo gave her music, Mercury persuasion; Athena instructed her in the household arts, and Venus gave her beauty.

In prospect of the marriage, Prometheus warned his brother that he had better get rid of a certain box he had in the house. In this box, which was fitted with a tight lid, were various undesirable gifts, such as gout, colic, and rheumatism, envy, spite, and revenge. Epimetheus had had no use for these in making man and preparing him for his new abode, but he had never destroyed them.

"You had better get rid of that box before your wife comes here," said Prometheus.

"No use of that," Epimetheus replied, "but I will hide it."

So he did.

But it is needless to say that his wife, whose name was Pandora, found the box. Being endowed with all gifts, for that is what her name means, she of course had the desire for knowledge, and wished to know what was in the box. Accordingly she raised the lid just a little, and peeped in; when, in spite of her caution and care, all the noxious ills escaped, and have been abroad in the world ever since. Moreover, men have since been disposed to call woman's desire for knowledge under similar circumstances curiosity, which is hardly fair.

To be sure, Epimetheus censured his wife, and put the blame for the whole misfortune on her, which was hardly fair either, since the trouble resulted from his own carelessness and neglect.

Now Prometheus was Forethought, and Epimetheus was Afterthought: their natures are indicated in their names. Prometheus was considerate and thoughtful, while Epimetheus was wise only after the event.

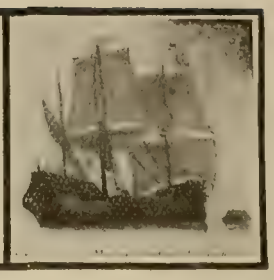
In concluding this story, it may be of interest to note that both Prometheus and Epimetheus have descendants living today in the United States. The boy who left the coal scuttle standing at the head of the stairway was a son of Epimetheus. If his sister had not taken it away before dark a serious fall for some one would likely have been the result. The girl was a daughter of Prometheus, although she bore the same family name as the boy.

A daughter of Epimetheus shot her lover, and then went insane, because she did not think the revolver was loaded. She had been warned in time by a son of Prometheus, but she neglected the warning, true to her ancestry. A simpleton rocked the boat, with the natural result; another lit a cigar, although large placards bore the words, "Strike no matches here"; half a dozen more rushed chattering into a public library, blind apparently to all signs of "Silence," notwithstanding these signs could be read at a hundred feet. Who were these people? Children of Epimetheus, every one of them, and they all lived in the United States.



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XIX.

Among the supporters of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, mentioned elsewhere, was a sincere and courageous, but incoherent man named Samuel Gorton. In the denunciatory language of that day, he was called a "proud and pestilent seducer," or as he would be called in these days, a "crank." We have his own writings from which we may form our own opinion as to his character and views. His writings were not clear, and it was not always easy to get at what he meant in his argument; but he had some points of contact with a sect which was established in Holland in the sixteenth century known as the Familists. These people held that religion consists not in the adherence to any particular creed or ritual, but in cherishing the spirit of Divine love. The value of the Bible was to them not so much in the literal truth of the text as in the spiritual meaning; and by believers becoming united with Christ, they shared in the perfection of the Godhead. He maintained equal rights of laymen with clergymen to preach the Gospel. He set himself up as a preacher without being ordained, and called himself "Professor of the Mysteries of Christ." He cherished that doctrine of private inspiration which the Puritan abhorred.

From the title page of one of his books we may get some idea of the belief and character of Gorton:

"An Incorruptible Key composed of the CX Psalm, wherever you may open the Rest of the Holy Scriptures; Turning itself only according to the Composure and Art of the Lock, of the Closure and Secresie of that great Mysterie of God manifest in the Flesh, but justified only by the Spirit, which it evidently openeth and revealeth, out of Fall and Resurrection. Sin and Righteousness, Ascension and Descension, Height and Depth, First and Last, Beginning and Ending, Flesh and Spirit, Wisdom and Foolishness, Strength and Weakness, Mortality and Immortality, Jew and Gentile, Light and Darkness, Unity and Multiplication, Fruitfulness and Barrenness, Curse and Blessing, Man and Woman, Kingdom and Priesthood, Heaven and Earth, All-Sufficiency and Deficiency, God and Man. And out of every Unity made up of twain, it openeth that great two-leafed Gate, which is the sole Entrance into the City of God, of New Jerusalem, *into which none but the King of Glory can enter;* and as that Porter openeth the Doore of the Sheepfold, *by which whosoever entereth is the Shepherd of the sheep;* see Isa. 45:1; Psa. 24:7, 8, 9, 10; John 10:1, 2, 3; or (according to the signification of the word translated *Psalme*) it is a Pruning-knife, to lop off from the church of Christ all superfluous Things of *earthly and carnal commandments,* Levitical services or ministry, and fading and vanishing priests, or ministers, who are taken away and cease, and are not established and confirmed by Death, as holding no Correspondency with the princely Dignity, Office, and Ministry of our *Melchisedek,* who is the only Minister and Ministry of the Sanctuary, and of that true Tabernacle which the Lord pitcht, and not Man. For it supplants the Old Man, and implants the New; abrogates the Old Testament or Covenant, and confirms the New, into a thousand Generations, or in Generations forever. By Samuel Gorton, *Gent.,* and at the time of penning hereof, in the place of judicature (upon Aquethneck, alias Rhode Island) of Providence Plantations in the Nanhyganset Bay, New England. Printed in the year 1647."

Gorton's temperament was such as to always keep him in a strife. He was persecuted on account of his belief and driven from place to place. Roger Williams complained of Gorton that he "bewitched and maddened poor Providence." Gorton succeeded in founding the settlement of Shawomet, in spite of the treatment of the people.

About the year 1644 there was brought to Capt. Keayne, of Boston (a rich man who was considered hard and overbearing), a stray pig, whereof he gave due public notice through the town crier, and no one came to claim it until after he had killed a pig of his own which he kept in the same pen with the stray. Some time having passed, a poor woman named Sherman, came to see the stray. Not recognizing it as hers, she claimed the one he had killed. The case was brought before the Boston church and it was decided the woman was mistaken. Mrs. Sherman then accused the captain of theft and brought the case before a jury, which exonerated the defendant with £3 costs. The captain then sued Mrs. Sherman for defamation of character and got a verdict of £40 damages, which was a big sum to assess a poor woman. The warlike Mrs. Sherman appealed to the General Court. No

decision was reached, but after a year of discussion the verdict was for the woman.

A Mrs. Rowlandson, who was in captivity among the Indians for a long time, gives the following as to the lives of the Nipmucks: "Skunks and rattlesnakes, yea, the very bark of the trees, they esteemed as delicacies. They would pick up old bones and cut them in pieces at the joints, then boil them and drink up the liquor, and then beat the great end of them in a mortar and so eat them." One day, having made a cap for one of Philip's boys, she was invited to dine with the great sachem. "I went," she said, "and he gave me a pancake about as big as two fingers. It was made of parched wheat, beaten, and fried in bear's grease; but I thought I never tasted pleasanter food in my life."

The way the Puritans taught their children is shown in the following, where one man taught his daughter of only four years: "I took my little daughter Katy into my study and there I told my child that I am to Dy Shortly and Shee must, when I am Dead, Remember every Thing, that I now said unto her. I sett before her the sinful condition of her Nature and I charged her to pray in secret places every day. That God for the sake of Jesus Christ would give her a New Heart. I gave her to understand that when I am taken from her She must look to meet with more Humbling Afflictions than she does now she has a Tender Father to provide for her."

No age was too young for remarkable exhibitions of religious feeling. Phebe Bartlett was not quite four years old when she passed through her ordeal of conversion. The "pious and ingenious Jane Turell" could tell many Scripture stories "before she was two years old (?)," and was set upon the table to "show-off," the same as many children are today. "Before she was four years old she could say the greater part of the Assembly's Catechism, many of the Psalms, read distinctly, and make pertinent remarks on many things she read. She would ask many astonishing questions about divine mysteries." It is truly ridiculous and comical the way her father closed his pious instructions to her: "And as you love me do not eat green apples."

There is but praise to be said of the conduct of the Puritan children toward their parents. Every word, and deed, every letter, every record shows that the young Puritans truly honored their fathers and mothers. It was well for them to obey their parents, for if they did willfully disobey, the law of the land was that they should be punished by death. We do not find any cases where this penalty was ever carried out. We do find the following in Judge Sewall's diary: "November 6, 1692,—Joseph threw a knob of Brass and hit his Sister Betty on the forehead so as to make it bleed; and upon which, and for his playing at Prayer-time and eating when Return Thanks, I whip'd him pretty smartly. When I first went in (called by his Grandmother) he sought to Shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the Cradle; which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage."

Nathaniel Mather wrote in his diary the following: "When very young I went astray from God and my mind was altogether taken with vanities and follies: such as the remembrance of them both doth greatly abase my soul within me. Of the manifold sins which then I was guilty of, none so sticks upon me as that, being very young, I was *whittling* on the Sabbath day; and for fear of being seen, I did it behind the *door*. A great *reproach* of God! A specimen of that *Atheism* I brought into the world with me!"

Young Mather died when only nineteen years old. No more painful examples of the Puritanical religious teaching of the young can be found than the account given in the *Magnolia* of various young souls in whom the love of God was remarkably budding, especially this Nathaniel Mather. His diary gave dismal groans and self-abasement: he wrote in detail his convictions with God. He laid out minute rules and directions in his various religious duties. He lived in prayer three time a day, and "did not 'slubber' over his prayers with hasty amputations, but wrestled in them for a good part of an hour." He even prayed in his sleep. He would write long lists of his sins, and things forbidden, and then "fell a-stoning them." He "chewed much on excellent sermons." He would not only read the Bible, but "obliged himself to fetch a note and prayer out of every verse," as he read. In spite of all these preparations for a joyous hope and faith, his life was one of deepest despair; full of blasphemous imaginations, and horrible conceptions of God; he was dejected and wretched. Indeed, as Lowell said, "soul-saving was to such Christians the dreariest, and not as it should be the most cheerful life."

* * *

PUPILS VERSUS THE BOARD.

THERE was a revolt among the pupils of the Denver schools, because the school board had required the pupils to sign a paper obligating themselves not to belong to frats and sororities. An injunction was sought to resist the board's action, but the court refused to have anything to do with the application, and thus it spoke:

"There would be less trouble in our schools if parents would take the position that the school board is right. If boys had been taught to respect authority—the authority of the home, the school and of the law—there would be fewer inmates in our penitentiaries, our reformatories and our jails."

That is good doctrine. When a parent takes sides with the pupil against a teacher or school authority, he is running a great risk. In nine cases out of ten, at least, the pupil is injured when the parent does this. To learn to respect authority is one of the highest purposes of the public schools. It is more important than Latin, history or algebra. If a boy comes out of school mastering these branches, and having no respect for the powers that be, he is sadly educated and the money spent in his education is worse than thrown away. The most important thing the public school can teach today is obedience to the law.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter X.

THE hospitals and the sick are under the direct care of the Prison Physician, Dr. W. R. Fletcher. All cases of illness are treated by him either in the hospitals or in the cells. Convict nurses do duty for those who must lie abed. As in the outside world, diseases are varied, but forty-seven per cent of those resulting in death are some form of tuberculosis, brought on by dissipation while in freedom and further developed by unaccustomed confinement.



From the Physician's second biennial report to the Board of Commissioners of the medical and sanitary department for the two years ending Sept. 30, 1906, is taken the following: "Your honorable board will be pleased to know that the general health of the inmates of the institution is good, and that during the two years we have had but twenty-three deaths, out of a daily population of one thousand four hundred and eighty.

"The sanitation of the prison grounds has been so thoroughly and zealously seen to in preserving immaculate cleanliness, that we have escaped any and all epidemics, that might be caused by unsanitary conditions.

"The cells and cell houses have been repeatedly whitewashed, the cells disinfected and every precaution taken to prevent disease.

"Tuberculosis, the great plague for which the scientific world has sought in vain for centuries for some specific medication, has caused forty-seven per cent of the deaths. Three things are necessary to produce a case of tuberculosis, namely, the seed, soil and season, and since I am impelled to acknowledge there is no known medication to counteract the action of the seed or bacillus, it is necessary to make the soil as unproductive of the bacillus as possible, with the aid of diet, sunshine, fresh air, and the very best sanitary conditions. A favorable soil is produced by bad hereditary, immoral and intemperate habits and indoor living with poor hygienic and dietetic conditions. We have endeavored to make the dietetic conditions as nearly perfect as possible by erecting a large, well-ventilated dining room where inmates are given ample time to eat their meals, which have been improved by the erection of a new kitchen supplied with the latest and most modern appliances and utensils for the proper cooking of food.

"The tubercular wards in the hospital are large, having over one thousand five hundred cubic feet of air, well ventilated and much sunlight, and while the death rate is forty-seven per cent from tuberculosis, yet in comparison with the prison population, this is practically nil.

"There have been 25,275 visits to the hospital to attend sick calls, each case has been dealt with as an individual case, and I have endeavored to impress upon the minds of all that they shall not want for medical aid when ill."

Then follows a tabulated report of every case treated.

When a death occurs, if the deceased has given the name of any friends, they are informed of the death and upon request the body is turned over into their care. If for any reason the Physician wishes to make a post-mortem examination he has the right to do so before the body is removed. Frequently convicts refuse to give names of friends or report themselves without friends, in which case the only way open for the prison authorities to dispose of the body is to send it "up on the hill." And one of the saddest places in the world to visit is that cemetery up on that desolate hill! No marble stone or granite shaft, emblems of loving remembrance, stands in all that lonely spot. Burial there means a friendless death. No funeral cortege attends the body on its way. No prayers, no songs, no tears. Six feet of earth as a resting place and a head-board bearing name and convict number is all that the world has for him. For even so much the poor, unfortunate might be grateful if he knew that Mother Earth would forever hide his form from an unsympathetic world and spread her kindly veil of green over his lonely mound. But often, very often, not for him awaits such rest, for no night guard watches over that cemetery on the hill. No locks or iron bars keep the prisoner in or keep out the thieving world and ghouls come out and rob the grave of its pitiful dead. And science reaps the benefit.

A dying convict, a consumptive, was lamenting the prospect of death. His complaint was, "O if I only thought they would give me a decent burial! Do you think they will?" The kind old night guard knew too well the only sort of funeral the State affords friendless convicts, but hoping to ease the mind of the sufferer at the risk of disturbing his own, replied, "O yes, I think they will."

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

The world was dark
With sin; and human hearts
Were filled with sorrow and despair.
  Taking with them rich spice
  And perfume sweet,
Friends went unto the sepulcher—
He was not there.

The heavy stone
Was rolled away. Their deepest grief
Was changed to anxious fear;
  They knew not whence their Lord
  Was gone, but hark!
"Why seek ye him among the dead?
He is not here."

"The Lord is risen!"
The tidings came, and human hearts
Had gained their greatest need.
  The darkness of despair
  Began to break, and those
Who sought him made response—
"The Lord is risen, indeed!"

Glad Easter morn!
When Christ went forth
Triumphant over all his foes,
  Deep sorrow, grief,
  And anxious fear
Gave place to joy, for light had come,—
The glorious morn of Hope dawned clear,
When Christ arose.

Tipton, Iowa.

TRACES OF THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

THE ancient dwellers in Scandinavia, or Norway, Sweden and Denmark were called Northmen. They were men of venture, visiting the English coast as early as 787. In 860 they discovered Iceland. In 874 they settled there. In 876 or 877, they discovered Greenland and in 983-5 a colony was planted there by Eric the Red. In 986 one of their number, Bjarin, son of Herjulf discovered the American continent.

About 1001, Leif, the son of Eric the Red, set sail with thirty five men to follow up this discovery. He visited Helluland (Flatstone land) supposed to be Newfoundland, Markland (Noodland) supposed to be Nova Scotia and Vinland, supposed to be the coast of New England. In Vinland he built houses, wintered and loaded his vessels with timber for Greenland.

About 1002 his brother Thorwald went to Vinland with thirty men and wintered in the same place, which is thought to be Mount Hope Bay, Rhode Island. In the following year he sent a party to examine the coast. They were gone all summer.

In 1004 he explored the eastern coast and was killed in a skirmish with the Indians. In 1005 his party returned to Greenland.

In 1007 a rich Icelander by the name of Thorfinn Karlsefni came to Vinland with three ships and one hundred and sixty men and some cattle. With his wife he passed three winters on the coast of Massachusetts where a son—Snorro—was born. Karlsefni was obliged to return home on account of the hostilities of the natives.

Traces—supposed traces, at least—of the Northmen's visits to America are still discernible, the best known of which is the "old stone mill" of Newport, R. I., which is generally believed to have been built by these early explorers five hundred years before the arrival of Columbus.

On the Charles River where the bridge connects

Newtown with Watertown are to be seen the remains of an old dam, supposed to have been built by the Northmen.

At Norumbega Park on the banks of the Charles River, stands a tower which has been erected to mark the site of the "Norsemen's" fort which was erected in 1007.

Much of the mythology of the Northmen has been preserved. Their melodies were sung by the Skalds or wandering minstrels of the Northlands. Later the songs were collected and handed down to us in what is called Eddas, the elder Edda being in poetry, the younger Edda in prose.

One in speaking of this gives the following account of the belief of the Northmen as shown by their Eddas:

"To him in those first wakings and cogitatings primal nature was a bottomless, limitless, seething chaos of mist; such as, in fact, he must often have seen in the dawning of the day, when the sun-rays played upon the ice-clad mountains; a universe of mist ('Niflheim'), through which flows an absorbing fountain (hmergelmer), or as some have it, 'Bergelmer', a sort of dim centre of the mist, and perhaps, later personified as the only ice giant, who survived the early struggles and slaughters, drownings of the giants, and the gods. Thus from the elder Edda, and apparently embodying both ideas.

"'Winters past counting,
Ere earth was yet made,
Was born Bergelmer:
Full well I remember
How this crafty giant
Was stowed safe in his skiff.'

"From this heart or fountain of the mist flow numerous liquid streams, which after flowing their destined way, harden and freeze to ice; thus flowing and freezing, the ice mountains are formed.

"Besides the nebulous region of cold mist thus forming the mountains, there is a nebulous region of fire ('Mispelheini'), the warm rays of which falling upon the ice-filled region melt the ice, the drops from which become living by the power of the Unknown, and from these melted drops sprang Ymir, the Ice Giant, first tangible result of the conflict of the forces thus far.

"From Ymir's left side in due time and miraculous way grew a little man and woman—a pair of ice dwarfs; from his legs, in like manner, was begotten a son; from these sprang a race of ice giants, dim, earliest mythic children of the cold Northern nights and days. From the same primal combinations of ice and heat, central forces of the mist and fire, grew the first animal, the cow Audumbla, from which ran four perpetual streams of milk; for your ice giants, as all earlier or later children, must be fed.

"The cow Audumbla for subsistance licked the salt stones of the ice, and actually lived thereby, it would seem. One day, in the evening of the day, human hair was found growing out of one of these stones, and on the third day said stone had grown into an entire man. Bure they called him. In ways unknown Bure got a son, Bor, who marries Belsta, daughter of the giant Mountain-Gate, and by her begot Odin, Wile and Ue, the early gods of the Norsemen.

"From Ymir, in ways referred to, proceed the ice giants. From Bor and his wife Belsta, daughter of the ice giant mentioned, proceed the race of Norse rulers and gods.

"The children of Bor, as a rule, are good; the children of Ymir are bad. On all sorts of pretenses, real and imagined, the royal, say aristocratic, children of Bor, representatives of capital and culture, are at war



Tower, Newport, R. I., Marking Site of Remains of Northmen.

with the ice giants and their children, representatives, say of labor; and so in those long dreary winter centuries amid the flux and conflux of nature's chaotic forces of ice and fire, the first dim children of the North wage perpetual conflict. Many heroes are slain; but in the catastrophe Ymir, the ice giant, father of the race of giants, is slain and drowned. From his drowned life, however, chaotic nature seems to imbibe vitality, and begins to shape itself into a world. From Ymir's blood flow the rivers and seas; from his flesh, the earth; from his hair, the grass; from his bones, the rocks; and from his teeth, the stones. From his skull the heavens were made; and his brains, flung into the air, formed the clouds. Austre, Westre, Ludre, Nordre were the four cardinal points of heaven, at which points were placed dwarfs, who from sparks that flew from Mispelheim, formed the countless stars. From the giant Darkness (Niorwi), Narfi, proceeds a

daughter (Nott), night, who is thrice married, and from whom springs (Nagelfari), Air, Ether, and (Audur) Matter and Jörd, the Earth (Dellingar), Twilight, and (Dagur) Day. The Alfadur now presents Nott and Dagur each a horse; Night rides first on her horse (Hrimfxi) Blackmane, the foam of whose mouth each morning covers the earth with dew. And the horse (Dagur) Tknifaxi, Thiningmane each day, illumines the earth and air with his mane. From Mundelfari, mover of the axis, proceed two beautiful children (Tool and Maan) the Sun and Moon."

IN SCHOOL

WHAT M. C. I. IS DOING.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

AGAIN will we give the NOOK readers a few choice thoughts from our various branches of study. A number of classes changed their line of work at the middle of the session. The "Sophomore Mathematics" class has completed Trigonometry and is now pursuing General Astronomy. The preparatory Biology class is now working with Botany, having completed the required work in Zoölogy.

In History we are now carefully considering the "Decline and Fall of Rome." Her government became republican in form in 509 B. C. During the latter years of this Republic, the morals of its people very rapidly declined. This degeneration continued until 27 B. C., when the moral conditions became so desperately low that the Republic could no longer exist as such. Augustus was then placed upon the throne as a Republican-monarch. This limited monarchy continued from 27 B. C. until 193 A. D. From 193 until 284 the government is transitional in form, *i. e.*, it is passing from a limited to an absolute monarchy. From 284 until her fall in 476 Rome is governed by a monarch of absolute power. Under the emperor, Trajan (98-117 A D.), the territory of Rome reached its broadest limits. She likely reached the zenith of her glory during the same reign. The empire first became Christian under Constantine the Great (306-337 A. D.). Prior to this time there were ten great persecutions instituted against the Christian church as follows:

Date of Persecution.	Emperor.
1. 64 A. D.,	Nero.
2. 95 " "	Domitian.
3. 107 " "	Trajan.
4. 163 " "	Marcus Aurelius,
5. 202 " "	Septimius Severus.
6. 235 " "	Maximin.
7. 250 " "	Decius.
8. 257 " "	Valerian.
9. 274 " "	Aurelian.
10. 303 " "	Diocletian.

In Astronomy the earth, as the home of man and one of the planets is first studied. The following important facts, concerning our orb, have been determined by the most careful mathematical calculations;—1. The earth is a great ball 7918 miles in diameter. 2. It rotates on its axis once in twenty-four hours. 3. It is flattened at the poles, the polar diameter being twenty-seven miles less than the equatorial. 4. It has a mean density of about 5.5 as great as that of water and weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. 5. It is flying through space in its motion around the sun, at a rate of about nineteen miles per second.

The subject of will and action has greatly interested students in Psychology. The doctrine of determinism has troubled many thinkers in the past. This theory states that man is determined or, in other words, there is a certain course of action which he is pre-destined to follow. It is true that our heredity and past experience has a wonderful influence upon our character. However, reliable psychologists everywhere accept the doctrine of freedom of the will. By this is meant that man always has two alternatives from which to choose. He never need to do wrong. He may take a drink of alcohol; or he may let it alone. He may indulge in all forms of debauchery; or he may abstain from such vicious conduct. Man's will is free. We are responsible for our own conduct in life.

The class in physiology has especially studied the system of circulation. Using the cat as a specimen, both the veins and arteries were traced out. The arteries carry the pure blood, which is of a bright red color, from the heart to all parts of the body. Small capillaries connect the terminal arteries and veins. The veins bring the impure blood, dark red in color, from all parts of the body to the heart for purification. The subject of bacteria has been studied. Organic bacteria are necessary for soil foods. They convert nitrites, matter unfit to be used by plants, into nitrate, soil food, and thus cause decomposition. In this they are very useful to man. Bacteria of this type are not injurious to the body except to some extent they infest the alimentary canal. They are plants and are also considered in Botany.

Students in Physics have recently completed the study of light. A ray of light travels in a straight line with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second. However, in passing from a rarer to a denser medium, it is bent downward. Thus a ray from one of the heavenly bodies, in entering our atmosphere, is always bent toward the earth. We look out through a straight ray and thus the body always appears higher in the sky than it really is. At the zenith there is no refraction. The

(Continued on Page 277.)



NATURE STUDIES



ON THE DEATH OF A SQUIRREL.

Long time ago a murderer was I;
Red-handed in the woods I slew my friend;
I saw him on the sod lay down and die,
Lift to the heavens his eye,—and then the end.

Besprinkled was with blood the grass, like leaves
Are splashed with red, or berries in the fall;
While o'er him, as he lay, the south wind grieves
A noiseless requiem for his funeral.

I buried him at foot of greenwood tree,
Bright poet of the beechen groves,
Whose motions swift like limpid lyrics be,
So soft, so gay o'er bending bough he roves.

I dropped a tear upon his pretty corpse;
I cursed the impulse that had done the deed;
And, moved by pity, stricken by remorse,
I vowed this one the last by me should bleed.

No other of God's ornaments of earth;
No innocents of air, or sea, or sky,
That fly, or leap, or swim in guileless mirth
For sport should ever by my weapon die.

I've kept the faith. I reprobate the gun,
And him who carries it, save hunger led;
Whose hounds the panting, wretched victim run,
Who shouts with pride when that same victim's dead.

What heart is that that joys in other's pain?
What man would emulate the tyrants old,
And follow after those who tortured men
To torture creatures of the woods and wold?

No, let the forest doe in ambush lie;
Let songbirds trill their melodies in peace;
Let the great moose salute the misty sky
Unsought on pasture grounds of ancient lease.

No more their rustical domain invade,
Nor loudly detonate the leafy bowers;
Let the long snipe the shallow runlets wade,
And the small corn-crake cry in summer showers.

Ye mighty Nimrods of pot hunting fame,
Bold slaughterers of birds too tame to fly,
And furry innocents, I cry you shame;
Stop this pursuit of things too good to die!

Soon, soon this lovely, looted land of ours
Will listen for the songbird's note in vain;
Will look and long in summer's sultry hours
For birds to shield the insect-eaten grain.

And with the dodo and the bison, too,
Will hasten fast to the Elysian fields
All the wild, woodland life that charms us so,
And transport now to nature lover yields.

—Edwin R. Sullivan.

THE HORNET.

J. HENRY NOWLAN.

THE hornet is a native of the forests of America where it makes its home. The hornet is like the wasp. Its legs are not like those of the bee, made for collecting pollen, and are longer than those of the bee.

Hornets are of a dark color, varying from brown almost to black. They fold their wings flat on their backs in the honeybee fashion. The females and neutrals have stings but the drones do not. The drones may also be told by the fact that they have white faces.

They build a house of true paper of their own manufacture, made from saliva and fine tissue of vegetable origin, secured mostly from dead wood. This house is cone-shaped, small end down, with a single hole left for entrance, and is fastened to a limb of a tree.

Inside this house the queen builds a few cells in which she lays eggs—one in each. These soon hatch into grubs which are fed by the queen on digested food till they are large enough to take care of themselves. When they grow till they fill the cell the queen seals them in and then they change to perfect hornets. As soon as they get out they help to feed the other young ones. The food of the hornet is chiefly spiders and insects.

Naturally, hornets are not fierce, unless disturbed, then they are savage and if continually disturbed will be so cross that they will have to be gotten rid of.

Last summer they built a nest near our schoolhouse and I had an opportunity to watch them at work until we had to burn the nest to keep them from stinging the girls. Some of the boys teased the hornets so much that they were watching for anyone to pass.

In building they would come in loaded with pulp, place it on the nest with their jaws and spread it out smooth with their front feet.

Their stings are very painful and are often severe enough to ground a person when stung, but the poison decreases with each sting. They will go straight for the eye of the enemy, as they seem to know that that is the most effective place.

They live through the winter in cracks, crevices, in trees, buildings, fences, stone walls, and even in hollow logs. Only queens do this, as the neutrals and drones die when winter comes.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE horse-chestnut or buckeye is a native of Constantinople, and was brought here more than three hundred years ago. The nuts were used for medicine and for food for horses. It is claimed by some that that is why they are so named. But there is another reason for the name. Along the twigs of the branches are ridges. If you take a penknife and cut around one of these ridges you will find that it is in the shape of a horse's foot. Within the center is a dark spot which corresponds with the frog of the animal's foot, and along the edges are spots resembling in size and number the nails in a horseshoe, and still farther up is the bend for the horse's knee. This seems a more natural source from which the name came.

Chinook, Montana.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The railway train was rushing on
One February day,
It bore me o'er the gleaming rails
From friends and home away.

The setting sun was shining bright
The window up I threw,
When from the southward meadow came
A distant "Boom, Boo, Ooo."

My thoughts went back to "Auld lang syne,"
Back to my prairie home,
Where, years ago, through sun and snow,
I o'er the fields would roam.

When came the balmy days of spring
Or autumn's frosty morn
The prairie chicken loud would call
From field of wheat and corn.

Now when I wander in the fields
In early spring or fall
It makes me homesick when I hear
The prairie chicken call.



The Prairie Chicken.

THE ALMOND TREE.

WHEN spring begins to stir among the pleasant hills of Palestine, the almond tree, bare yet of leaves, bursts suddenly into rosy bloom. The almond flourishes not only in the carefully kept gardens on the verdant hillslopes, but they spring up in the wilderness wherever circumstances favor their growth. Spring comes earlier in the Holy Land than with us, and in January sometimes the almond hangs out its pink promises of springtime.

As perhaps you know, the tree belongs to the rose division of the plant family and is a relative of the pear tree and more intimately related to the cherry, plum and peach trees, with which it has many points of resemblance. The flowers are solitary, or grow in groups of twos or threes, without a flower stem, and clasped by a cup-shaped calyx, so gracefully formed that Bezaleel, the master workman who, under Moses' direction, constructed the furnishings for the Tabernacle in the wilderness, made it the model for the bowls of the golden candlesticks. Like the other members of the rose family, the almond blossoms have five petals. The stamens, numbering about thirty, are attached in two rows at the inner margins of the sepals. The lance-shaped, saw-toothed leaves grow alternately upon the stem and the bark of the tree is a light purplish brown.

The almond nut is the stone of a fruit which replaces the early flower. The flesh of the fruit soon shrivels and splits, exposing the rough, shelled almond, which forms so delicious a food. The almond tree is a native of Syria, Persia, Turkestan, and Morocco. In other places where it is found growing wild, as in Greece and Sicily, it has probably only escaped from cultivation. Its culture is very profitable in the East. Efforts made to grow the tree for the nuts have so far not proved successful in this country, even in California. The best kinds for table use are the Jordan, Valencia, Sicily and Barbary almonds. Of these the Jordan almonds are the sweetest.

Jacob, when he sent his sons to Egypt, during the terrible grain famine, against which his lost son Joseph had so far-seeingly protected his Egyptian benefactors, advised his sons: "Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts, and almonds" (Gen. 43: 11). And of the rod of Aaron it is told: "Behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds" (Num. 17: 8).

The Hebrew name for the almond tree means "wake" or "watch." It was so called because it so early wakened from its winter sleep. Knowing this, very clear is the sometimes puzzling vision of the melancholy prophet, Jeremiah: "Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou has well seen; for I will hasten my word to perform it" (Jer. 1: 11).—*Caroline Wetherell in Sunday School Advocate.*

THE INGLENOOK

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LIFE FROM DEATH.

All around us we see evidences of returning life. They find a quickening response in our own being and confirm the hope that has possessed us ever since we witnessed the many deaths and burials that took place in the world of nature some months ago. We felt then that our good-byes were for a short time only,—that leaf and flower and grassblade would again appear with new luster and fresh beauty and renewed fragrance. To be sure, we were sorry to see them cut down, to look upon the desolation following their passing away, but out of the depth of our being sprang that thought of immortality—of an existence spanning the bleak, cold, deadly winter, and bursting forth into vigorous life, and we did not sorrow hopelessly.

The hope that comforts us during the bleak days of winter is but a faint expression of the larger hope that disregards all the restrictions of time and finds the answer to its yearnings in the great beyond. The return of springtime with the reawakening of nature has confirmed the former hope over and over. But for all the thousands of times it has been thus fulfilled it is no more firmly established than is the larger hope by the resurrection of our Lord. Even the added thought of the larger hope, that the things of sense shall no longer restrict us, has been fully verified in the resurrected body of the Lord which was in no way subject to these things of the earth.

"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body," says Paul in his wonderful discourse on the resurrection, and in our life experiences we can see the working out of this truth in matters which though less important than the resurrection have not a little to do with that final glorified change. Our lives are made up of continuous deaths and if we are to advance so that at last they shall usher us into the life eternal, each one must raise us a step higher. Our life must be death to the lower thought, the lower deed, the lower ideal, that there may be room for the higher and better with their vivifying principle that leads on and on to the glorious triumph at the end of life.

With this growth away from earth and that which is perishable toward heaven and that which is eternal with its true estimate of what the world has to offer, we can well say with Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" We will then have little concern for the "hour and article of death," but will give much thought to "dying daily," to being crucified with Christ, that the life which we now live in the flesh we may "live by the faith of the Son of God."

EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGES.

Last week we said something about the efforts of our government to help the foreigners coming to this country to find employment and especially to direct them to the country and small towns. Now we learn of a similar experiment being undertaken by Great Britain. Of course in this case the work is to be carried on in the interests of the unemployed in general. Great Britain does not have on hand the problem of wisely directing a constant stream of immigrants, but it has on hand an even greater one in the thousands of unemployed that roam the streets of the cities in discontent and in the direst poverty. While the present undertaking does not presume to attack the problem of the unemployed, it does aim to improve conditions by keeping the unemployed in touch with the needs of the employer without charge, and systematizing the work so that employers may find suitable help without loss of time.

These places where employers and employees are brought together on an official basis are to be called exchanges. There are to be clearing-houses or central agencies established in the eleven leading cities, which will be the headquarters of those industrial districts and reports will be made regularly to them by the subordinate exchanges. These reports will be made daily and between the subordinate exchanges as well as to the headquarters. In this way workmen who cannot find employment in one locality will be advised as to the outlook in other districts. "In case employment is offered by responsible parties, the railway ticket will be furnished workmen of good character to such places and the cost collected from their second month's earnings."

At each exchange there will be separate rooms for skilled and unskilled workmen, for those looking for clerical positions, for women, and for applicants under twenty years of age. Special efforts will be made to find employment upon farms for boys whose physical condition will permit them to do manual labor. Those who are unfit for such labor will be sent to hospitals

and sanitariums where they can receive proper treatment.

The success of the enterprise will depend altogether upon the degree to which the employers patronize the exchange. If they ignore it, it will be useless for the laborer to make application through it. Some of the labor unions are opposed to it because of the ability of the agency, when in successful operation, to supply any number of laborers and mechanics at any time they may be needed for any purpose. They fear its power to defeat any strike on short notice, but the law establishing the exchanges expressly stipulates that strike-breakers shall not be furnished by them. On the whole the plan appears to be a very good one and it ought to have a fair trial.

TRAINING OF A NURSE.

At different times we have had inquiries concerning the life of a nurse and the training she receives preparatory to entering upon that profession. In answer to these inquiries we have endeavored to have some one who has had actual experience give our readers an account of it, but up to a short time ago we had failed in our efforts. It was, therefore, a most agreeable surprise when several days ago we received two articles of a series devoted to a description of the life of a nurse during the period when she is in training written by one who has had the actual experience.

The articles are written in the form of letters to a friend by the one taking the training. This adds not a little interest to a subject which of itself is extremely interesting. After the series is completed we are planning to have this same writer discuss a number of practical subjects that come within the nurse's field.

ARBOR DAY AND BIRD DAY.

Those who are interested in the conservation movement as well as the movements for promoting the beauty and attractiveness of our already fair land will find cause for hopefulness in the work that is being done in the way of educating the children along these lines. Many of the States have set aside a day, by law or by the proclamation of the governor, which is to be observed by the public schools in educating the children as to the beauty and the usefulness of trees and in creating and fostering sentiment that will lead to their protection and increase. Some States have gone a step farther and created a bird day through which the children may learn to estimate the real value of these feathered friends and lend their efforts to checking the influences that would ruthlessly destroy them. If we would save the trees and extend their benefits we must save the birds and if we would save the birds and profit by their usefulness we must save the trees. They are friends to each other, but they are no more dependent on each other than we are on both of them.

In Illinois April 22 and October 21 have been set aside as Arbor and Bird Days respectively. Following the custom of sixteen years the Department of Public Instruction will publish an Arbor and Bird Day annual for use in the public schools of Illinois. "It will contain materials relating to bird and tree life such as are calculated to engender in the hearts and minds of boys and girls a better spirit and attitude toward these two friends of man. The circular for 1910 will contain many literary selections and the following topics especially prepared for this annual:"

School Grounds, by Superintendent J. K. Stableton, Bloomington.

West Park, by Simeon H. West, LeRoy.

Arbor Day, by T. J. Burrill, Urbana.

Some Night Birds, by T. L. Hankinson, Charleston.

The Forestry Experiment of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School, by E. N. Transeau, Charleston.

Birds on the State Game Propagating Farm, by J. A. Wheeler, Springfield.

More About My Suet Box, by Mrs. Rebecca H. Kauffman, Oregon.

It is to be hoped that the public schools of the State will make use of this available material and see that the children are thoroughly impressed with the importance of the subjects.

NOTICE!

The offer of the Patent Tension Steel Shears free with a year's subscription to the Inglenook is to be withdrawn April 1, as announced. *Only nine more days in which to take advantage of the offer.* Many have already secured this premium, but doubtless there are more who might profit by it and the year's subscription to the magazine. Tell your neighbors and friends about it.

WHAT M. C. I. IS DOING.

(Continued from Page 273.)

nearer the body approaches the horizon the greater the refraction becomes. When the sun of any body first appears above the horizon, in reality it is below.

The botany class is now experimenting with seeds. The food properties of seeds were tested. To test for starch the seed is first cut in two parts. Some iodine is poured upon each part. If starch is present, the seed will turn to a blue color. The necessary conditions of seed germination were also found by experiment. As a result of our work we learn that the principal requisites are heat, moisture, and air. The seed will not germinate without a good supply of each.

Union Bridge, Md.



THE HOME WORLD



Home Economics

John Woodard

IN many of our universities Home Economics is classed as a subject in the agricultural department. But this does not imply that it is only for the women who expect to live in the country. The problems of the home are not confined to the country. However, country conditions place more responsibility on the country woman and she needs a better training for this work than the city woman.

Just as there are some farmers that scoff at the idea of going to school to learn how to farm so there are probably some women who would scoff at the idea of going to school to learn how to manage their homes. Some women will probably say that they didn't have to go to school to learn how to keep house. Perhaps they have done all the work without help. It is true that many women have managed their homes exceedingly well under these conditions, but that doesn't necessarily imply that they could not do better. If it now takes them all day to do their work and if a little study would make it possible for them to do the same work in six hours, it would pay them to study so as to gain a few hours' leisure. The man does his work systematically and uses labor-saving appliances so he is able to do the maximum of work in the minimum of time. The woman, on the other hand, often does not work systematically and very often she does not have labor-saving appliances. The reason man has labor-saving appliances is because he has studied his needs and he has found that labor-saving machinery pays. Labor-saving machinery will pay just as well in the home as on the farm. When the women learn this they will have labor-saving appliances.

The problems of the home may be classed under three heads: health, economy, and pleasure. The first of these is very important. It is not sufficient to have plenty of food. The food must be wholesome and must furnish the proper proportion of the different food elements. We take a great deal of pains to feed our animals a balanced ration, but we seem to think that man doesn't need a balanced ration. This is a mistake. Man needs a balanced ration just as much as the animals on the farm but, of course, he should get it from different kinds of foods. Then the dwelling house should be placed in a healthy location and everything that would endanger health be kept away from the house.

A saving of labor is just as important as a saving of money. It costs more to install a small water plant and pipe the water into the house than it does to have a mill and pump near the house. But the saving of labor in the former is very great. The same is true of other improvements in the kitchen and other parts of the house. It is surprising how much labor some people will do to save the expense of labor-saving machinery. It is poor economy. A woman's health is too important to be endangered by overwork when a small outlay will reduce this work very much.

Then it is woman's duty to make the home pleasant. When boys loaf around the street corners, in saloons, or railroad stations, it looks like things are not as pleasant at home as they should be. Perhaps the trouble is that the women are so busy looking after their home work that they have no time to make home pleasant for their own children. The women ought to have time to have a little fun with the children once in a while. Probably she wants to but there is the sweeping and the dusting and other work and she doesn't want the children in the parlor, for they will damage the furniture. Children are more valuable than furniture and it is better to lose the furniture than the child. But it is possible to get furniture that is not easily damaged and the children will not do so much damage if their mother can be with them. The woman needs time to read and to direct the children in their reading. The father should also assist in this. The woman should be able to decorate the home and beautify the surroundings.

Up to the present time it seems that higher education for women has not been altogether a good thing. Too many of the educated women have not married. Education has opened up opportunities for them as teachers, stenographers, etc., and many have preferred a single life to the drudgery of housework. The trouble is that they have been taught to abhor the drudgery instead of being taught to remove the drudgery. That has been the result of the old teaching, but the new teaching (Home Economics) shows them how to get rid of the drudgery. It is essentially a study in home improvement. The students are studying about the

home and home life, so the home life naturally appeals to them. They could not be satisfied with boarding-house life. They want a home of their own to run.

Home Economics, as taught in our universities, is a science. Other sciences are necessary in order to understand it. Chemistry, botany, bacteriology, zoölogy, physiology, psychology, and sociology are the most essential allied sciences. Home Economics deals with house sanitation, the furnishing and decorating of the home, the selection and preparation of foods, a study of clothing, and the administration of the home. It is not necessary to give a detailed description of the various courses. This can be found in catalogues and further information may be had from the professors of Home Economics. Home Economics is a popular course and is gaining in popularity every year. The growth is so rapid that some institutions are unable to accommodate all that apply for instruction.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.

MOTHERHOOD.

Dear heart, overburdened with work and care,
Such as loving mothers must ever bear,
Longing for one little day of release,
To pluck from hurry, one day of peace,
In which to quiet the heart and brain—
One day to be free from the terrible strain
On nerve and temper, away from the noise
Of your romping, rioting girls and boys,
May you, every day, of the dear Lord ask
Strength to be patient with your great task;
For the time may come when the empty walls
Will echo but sound of your lonely calls;
When you'd welcome the footprints on the floor,
The marks of fingers on wall and door,
And the streaks and smears on the window pane,
If only the little ones came again.
The time will come when the little feet
Will find their way to the luring street;
Or the busy hands may be folded—still,
Never again to provoke your will.
Thus, or so; they will come no more—
Never the children that went before.
Ask, then, for strength and patience sweet
To guard the hearts and to guide the feet.

—L. D. L.

A RUG PROBLEM.

GRACE WOOD CASTLE.

Given a discarded ingrain carpet, an empty pocketbook and a bare floor crying out for a rug. The material would make a good woven rug but this would require the outlay of several dollars which no amount of search can find in the flat pocketbook. Courage, there is a way. Perhaps a third or more of the carpet is in good condition; if so, plan your rug for about that size. Probably considerable piecing will be necessary to bring the best parts together. Do it this way:

At each piecing match the figures exactly, allowing an inch on each piece to be folded back and cross-stitched down on the wrong side. Join the pieces with "over-and-over" stitch, using good carpet thread of the right color. This comes in skeins and is very cheap. Dampen and press. If carefully done the piecing can be seen only on the closest inspection.

From the very best portion cut two strips five inches wide using the selvage for one side of each strip. Each must be as long as the width of the proposed rug with an inch or two allowed at each end of the strips for fastening securely. Turn once on selvage edge and hem down. Fringe the strips, using this hem for a heading. They are to be sewed—using over-and-over stitch—to the ends of the finished rug. Instead of this you may buy fringe, one variety of which has a duplex heading which forms a substantial binding. Perhaps by much mending, enough material may be secured from the remainder of the carpet to line the rug; or burlap may be used. The lined rug is much more comfortable and durable and looks much better than an unlined one.

For the home-keeper with more time than money at her command this method has proved an excellent one and the result very satisfactory.

COOKING CORN MUSH.

AMANDA WITMORE.

Paul Mohler did make at least some of the housekeepers laugh a bit by coming to the front and telling how to cook corn mush in a late Inglenook. It is rather humiliating to the gentler sex that the men folks must tell them how to do cooking. It reminds me of a stereopticon view I saw sometime ago representing a woman who was dressed in rather a masculine garb with business papers in her hands ready to go out on business and was giving her husband a few directions as to some housework that was to be done while she was away. He was at the washtub and was wearing an apron. It showed that things are reversed somewhat to what they were in my day.

The editor has well said that scores of our mothers, wives or daughters might give aid to the work of the Inglenook in the home department. We appreciate what the men are doing, but let us lend a helping hand and make our paper helpful to each other.

I especially appreciate "*How to Cook Corn Mush,*" contributed by Paul Mohler; he makes very good points, and I have no criticism to offer only that I look at it from a little different standpoint.

As to wasting the good mush sticking to the kettle and the kettle being such a serious task to wash, true it is, in many cases. He told how his mother cooked mush and it is much the same as my mother cooked mush. She had an iron kettle round-bottomed with legs to it to keep it off the stove and the crust that

formed in the bottom of the kettle is just what we children most liked; it was *crisp* and *brown* and not hard to get loose from the kettle after the mush was dished awhile and the kettle left on the back of the stove. There was but little waste of the good corn mush and the kettle not so hard to wash, though it was usually left till morning when it was easy to wash. We never wasted much extra fire cooking mush, as it was not often cooked in the summer time. We did not consider it so good in summer as the corn was old and the milk not so good as in winter time. We gathered the new corn in the fall after it was ripe and put it in the large out oven after bread baking and had it well dried or kiln dried, which gave it a little parched taste. Then with three hours' slow cooking (which was the rule) the mush was finished to perfection. I think I can yet taste the delicious luxury of the good corn mush that we seldom get at this day of fast cooking and fast living. This mush with good sweet milk, not skimmed, was a dish not soon forgotten. I must say here we have the milk and rich cream in this valley if we do not have the old-fashioned cooked mush, but I must try it in the fireless cooker.

Now as to the fireless cooker, he is right about doing its good work. In this valley where it is such a continuous summer, a fireless cooker is quite a convenience and many a housewife has one which is a great saving of fuel and heat as well and does the work quite satisfactorily if once understood. The salesmen have them for sale in the stores in this country, but many make their own cooker, which is just as good if made right.

As to frying the mush, he has given a good method I know, and I shall try it for a crisp brown mush is always the most palatable and we are always looking for ways that make the best and require the least work to do it. I am told of another way: Have a deep kettle of lard or whatever may be used (we use sueteen and find it very good); then lay the slices of mush in a wire basket not too much at a time and dip it in the hot grease until the mush is brown and crisp. It is said it will not be as greasy as the old way of frying.

Now who will be the next to come to the front and give lessons on cooking?

El Centro, Cal. Former address McPherson, Kansas.

DON'T DO IT.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

In the household department of the periodicals we occasionally see advice that should be applied with caution or avoided altogether. For instance:

"When the top of a fruit jar sticks turn it upside down and light a piece of paper under it. The heat loosens the top so that it may be unscrewed."

The heat will also probably break the jar and spill the contents.

"Keep stirring custard for at least five minutes after it has cooked, and the objectionable skin will not form on top."

This will give five minutes' extra work, would do no good and would spoil both the appearance and taste of the custard. If the custard is properly cooked the "objectionable skin" can be easily lifted off, if desired, after it becomes cool.

A writer recently advised taking a whooping cough patient to the gas works to inhale the fumes when the retorts were opened. It might break up the cough, but it would be much more liable to kill the patient.

"To remove the burned edges of cake rub with fine sandpaper as soon as the cake is set."

The burned crust will come off all right, but sand from the paper will get into the cake, an addition that will be a doubtful one even to a burned cake.

"When a small hole comes in a paper bag cover with a piece of court plaster and save waste and bother."

The court plaster to mend one hole would cost more than half a dozen new bags.

A writer tells us to make artificial driftwood, taking a pailful of water, 12 ounces of sulphate of copper, a handful of coarse salt and a teaspoonful of nitrate of strontia. Soak bits of wood three weeks and then let it get thoroughly dry.

As driftwood is the poorest of all poor fuel, without a single redeeming quality, the idea of making an imitation of it is amusing.

The following is going the rounds as a "simple remedy" for insecure picture hangings:

"Enlarge the hole made by the screw of the picture knob and thoroughly moisten the edges of the plaster with water. Fill the hole with dampened plaster of paris and press the screw into the soft plaster. When the plaster has hardened the screw will hold very firmly."

This has two objections either of which would prove fatal to a heavy picture trusted on such a fastening. A screw "pressed" into soft plaster will make a hole the size of the outside of the threads, and the screw will pull out as easily as it was pressed in. Again, plaster of paris is very weak and brittle, and a screw, even if properly screwed into it would hold nothing, as the plaster will crumble away very easily. The only reliable way to put up a picture knob is to be sure that the screw is firmly set into a stud or other solid woodwork.

FAMILY EXPENSES.

In seeking to locate the cause of the increased expenses of living, many thinking persons are looking very closely at the housekeeper's methods, and not a few are expressing the conviction that she is largely to blame in the matter of a shortage of the family income as regards meeting the outlay. If one talks to these women, they are quick to assure you that "they live just as cheaply as it is possible to live, and keep expenses down just as low as it is possible." But old, trained housewives, slowly and silently shake their heads, and ask to see the expense book. But the new housekeeper—at least the housekeeper of the new generation, seldom has an expense book, and if she does attempt to keep one, it is done spasmodically, and is in no sense a guide to the regular outgo. Then, too, the average housewife has little knowledge of kitchen work, marketing and cookery in particular. Unfortunately, she was not taught to look upon cookery as anything except drudgery, to be shirked as much as possible, as almost everything can be bought ready cooked, or to be warmed over, and she cheerfully pays the price of the tin can, glass jar, or paper carton, only to throw them away when emptied, and serves to her family only the warmed-over-in-some-shape contents of the cans or packages, not questioning the "safe and sane" policy of so doing. Many a girl would like to learn the art of housekeeping, and especially good, wholesome cookery, but she does not know how to go about it, for the mother is seldom more wise, not having been taught in her own girlhood. The schools of domestic economy are few and far between, and cooking schools are expensive pastimes, and not always teaching practical methods that will serve in the "everyday" kitchen of the ordinary home. Then, too, in the matter of family wearing apparel—extremely few girls know even how to patch or darn, or repair the garments to keep them even wearable; while the art of "making over" seems to be one of the "lost" arts of a past age. Who is to blame?—*The Commoner.*

SELECTED HOUSECLEANING HELPS.

Tack rubber to the bottom of the step ladder to prevent it from slipping.

Wipe walls with a clean cotton mop on a long wooden handle.

Use ammonia plentifully. It is an excellent disinfectant.

In cleaning a house just vacated for your use, use a good amount of carbolic acid.

All porcelain yellowed with iron sediment may be cleaned with muriatic acid.

A raw onion may be used to clean brass picture frames.

Remove all gold and silver from rooms in which sulphur is burned.

Clean rust off with sand paper, after applying rancid oil to cut the grease.

The Children's Corner

HOW DID YOU KNOW?

Oh, how did you know, pretty lily,
That Spring is here once more?
Did you listen and hear the raindrops
Soft tapping at your door?

Pray how could you see in the darkness,
The way you ought to go?
Did the bright little sunbeams tell you,
And lead you from below?

Who gave you the wonderful secret
That life was yours, not death?
Did the Spring winds carry God's message,
Upon their perfumed breath?

I know you could tell me a story,
Of that love that never dies,
Of glorious, endless Easter,
Above the sunlit skies.

—Lizzie DeArmond.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

Oh, we're the pretty butterflies
With color bright as sunset skies,
And fluttering 'neath the heavens so blue
A message we have brought to you.

Not long ago we could be found
Just humbly creeping on the ground,
And none of us could be so wise
To think we'd turn to butterflies.

Then all about ourselves we wound
A silken cover 'round and 'round;
No longer then you see us creep,
For we had all gone fast asleep.

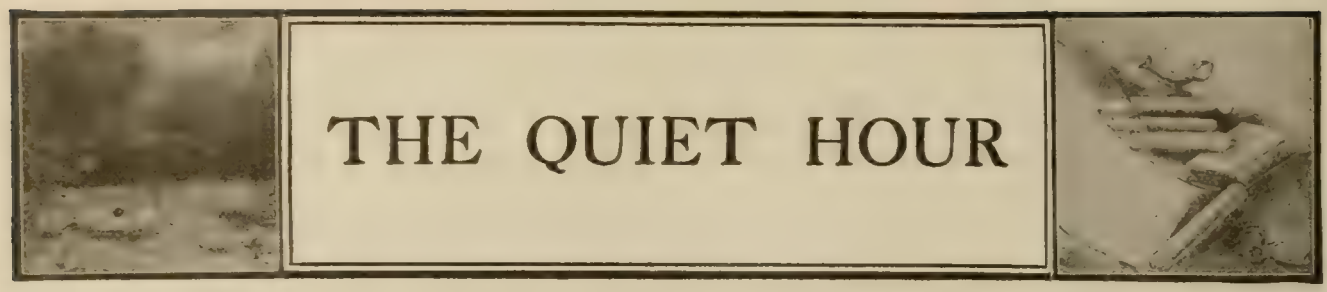
But on a balmy springtime day,
All in our beautiful array,
We fluttered forth beneath the skies—
A band of happy butterflies.

The butterflies are sent to you
To bring a message sweet and true,
In lowliness on earth to creep
Then in a shroud must go to sleep.

But though 'twould seem that we were dead,
We come forth from our graves instead;
Not in lowly, humble guise
But radiant, happy butterflies.

So when your life on earth is past
And in the grave you rest at last,
You shall not always sleeping stay
But on the resurrection day
You shall come forth in glory bright
To dwell in everlasting light.

—Elsie Duncan Yale.



The First Easter

Frank B. Myers

Black was the scene with deepest gloom,
From earth, hope's last faint ray
Was buried deep within the tomb
Where our dear Savior lay;
The Sun of Love had lately set
Beneath a world of sin;
The powers of Life and Death had met,—
It seemed the grave would win.

But hark! the sound of angel wings
That awful silence breaks;
With strains of hope creation rings,
The Mount of Olives quakes;
Almighty God, the King on high,
Ere dawned that holy day,
Bright angels sent from farthest sky,
Who rolled the stone away,

That had been sealed so firm and sure,
At Rome's supreme command;
Fore'er they thought it would endure,
And any power withstand;
But Heaven's force is soon displayed,
The seal asunder rent,
The royal guard is sore afraid,—
Prostrate to earth is bent.

The Lord arose, by power divine,
Triumphant from the dead,
The Sun of Love again doth shine
With glory 'round his head.
No longer in the grave is kept
The Savior of our race,
But of the saintly ones who slept,
His is the foremost place.

O sacred hour! O blessed thought!
That fills our hearts with joy,
When life and hope to light were brought,
This truth our minds employ;
And calm be all our doubts and fears
Which in our souls arise,
By him who dried the flood of tears
From Mary's weeping eyes.

May Easter be a time of cheer,
Arising from the tomb
Of sin and self and death and fear,
Dispelling every gloom;
In every heart may love-birds sing,
And bloom hope's brightest flowers,
May sweetest melodies e'er ring
Through heaven's peaceful bowers.

Chicago, Ill.

CONCERNING THE LAW OF GOD AS RELATED TO MAN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

(A sermon preached by the writer.)

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.—Psalm 119: 54.

STATUTES are about the last things in the world you would expect to find, set to music. Music is that one of the fine arts best adapted through the universal language to express the elemental passions of the human breast. Men have always been moved to sing of war, of chivalry, of grandeur, in nature, and especially of love. Men have rarely, if ever, been moved to sing about statutes, whether of Justinian or the United States Senate, or the laws of any country. Nor have we any authority to think that the statutes referred to by the Psalmist were the individual prescriptions and proscriptions of the Mosaic code. What he did sing about was something immensely bigger than the five books of Moses. He no doubt looked upon them as the completest expressions of Jehovah's will, but behind the separate statutes, he saw the Author himself; behind the laws, he saw Law, and that Law was the veritable expression of a God, whom he knew. This is why he sang. Men always sing of persons, rarely of things. Not statutes in general, but *Thy* statutes are his theme.

The entire psalm, the longest in the Psalter, is a hymn of praise to God's law, and taking each letter of the Hebrew alphabet, after the fashion of an acrostic, the Psalmist with endless variety elaborates his theme. We are not, however, so much interested in the psalm itself, as in the attitude of mind of which it is an expression. Fortunately, it is not our duty to write acrostics, or to dabble in verse, but it is the task of each one of us to define our attitude toward the laws of God. For this reason, the Psalmist's attitude toward law as summed up in the keyword of the text is of the deepest interest.

There are three common attitudes toward law, and it is of these I wish to speak.

1. "Thy Statutes have been my *Scourge.*" Thus the Psalmist might well have sung, and thus he probably did sing when he was a child. The first knowledge of law comes in the nursery. Through a long and painful process the infant learns that there are some

things he cannot possess, and some things he cannot do. He may have his teddy-bear, but not his mother's new hat, not the moon, nor his grandmother's spectacles. He may play with his toys for an hour, but with the lengthening shadows he must put them away, and start for Counterpane Land. Of course he cannot see the reasons for these very arbitrary regulations of his conduct, which, to him, are utterly unreasonable. Day by day, his will is interfered with in the most outrageous manner, and in his mind the law of the household is a tyrant. He learns the law of *meum* and *tuum* through floods of tears. To be sure, the administrators of law are those who love him most in the world, and this sometimes takes away the sting of punishment, but more often adds to it, as he cannot see why love should interfere with his desires. For the most part, the law of the house is a *scourge.*

As children become older, they encounter a larger experience of law personified in blue coats and brass buttons, and, as sometimes happens, when a window is broken by a baseball, or some petty offense is committed, the wider law of the community becomes a very real terror.

We never get quite away from this first impression of the character of law as a scourge. As represented in the civic authorities, it always partakes of this external character. It is a hand stretched out, ready to strike. "The arm of the law" is not a mere figure of speech to the evil-doer. It is something, which, disobeyed, will bring swift and sure retribution.

Thus the law becomes, as it happens so often, something to be evaded or avoided. Legislatures enact laws and great business corporations employ attorneys to get around them. A society leader tries to evade the paying of duty on a work of art, or a small property owner makes a deal with the assessor to reduce the valuation on his house, or a woman fails to pay her carfare because the conductor did not happen to come around to collect the same. A laborer, working by the hour, may stretch out to five hours what might have been done in three. The public may be offered *potted chicken* that never peeped, but squealed when it was alive. So far as such practices become common, just so far it becomes easy to regard law as something to be avoided. It is an enemy, rather than a friend. So long as the scourge has not fallen, the wrong-doer is safe.

II. "Thy Statutes have been my *Sighs.*" This is the second common attitude toward law. Most of us get beyond the first attitude toward law. We see the reasonableness of obedience to law, and we decide to obey. But our obedience is a calculated one. We feel the irksomeness of law, and often we sigh at the thought of the necessary obedience.

Look, for example, at the laws of a liberal education. Just as the hand must be trained to handle certain tools, so must the mind be trained to think. There are ways of doing this for most people, but it is a fallacy of the worst sort to imagine that institutions of learning are the only avenues to a trained mind. The University of Hard Work and the School of Friendship have turned out many an accomplished thinker. But one may have a trained mind and not have a liberal education. One may train the mind by acquiring the habit of observation, in a limited field of knowledge. The laws of a liberal education require a comprehensive knowledge in several fields—history, science, language and philosophy. The road is no easy one. It means months and years of patient, steady toiling through infinite details. It means grappling with roots, and irregular verbs, with difficult mathematical formulae, with abstruse and perhaps absurd philosophical propositions.

Another illustration might be found in the laws of technique in any of the fine arts. The laws of technique must be so thoroughly learned that obedience becomes mechanical. You have heard of that great tenor who spent five years in singing nothing but scales. When his time was up, he could sing the most difficult music in the world. Yet many parents pester the music teacher to death, because their children do not learn to play pieces. The royal road to a piano technique is first five-finger exercises, then scales, and arpeggios, and octaves, and so on. No wonder that the young ladies sigh, and the neighbors sigh, and perhaps do more than sigh. But these are the laws which exact obedience before that freedom is acquired which will enable the player to interpret such a composition as Chopin's Concerto in G Minor.

It is equally true of painting. Some noted authority said, somewhere, that "Art is limitation. The essence of every picture is the frame. If you draw a giraffe, you must draw him with a long neck. If, in your bold, creative way, you hold yourself free to draw a giraffe with a short neck, you will really find that you are not free to draw a giraffe. The moment you step into a world of facts, you step into a world of limits." So, one of the first things in learning to paint is the laws of linear and aerial perspective. These are not readily grasped. The early Italian artists were many years in discovering them. Only by a long and arduous process may we hope to learn the laws of technique in any of the fine arts.

What is true of the fine arts, is equally true of *that fine art,* the art of housekeeping. Many are the sighs and tears of the young housewife who is patiently learning the laws of chemistry as applied to cooking. Before she has mastered them, the bread will refuse to rise more than once, and many will be the failures for which she cannot account. Whether it be the technique of piano playing, or of painting a picture, or of

(Continued on Page 288.)



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



By a vote of 67 to 24 the Maryland Legislature defeated the bill giving to women the right to vote in Baltimore city. The measure had come in with a favorable report, and while its advocates did not expect it to pass, they looked for a much better showing.

By unanimous action the Senate committee on foreign relations recommends that hereafter no American diplomat shall be allowed to accept decorations from foreign nations, though they may accept gifts in the way of jewelry and other "testimonials of affection and esteem."

Following the lead of Great Britain steps are being taken to equip all new battleships with auxiliary oil-burning apparatus and the smaller craft will be equipped to burn oil exclusively. The United States now has six battleships which use oil in connection with coal. This country has a great advantage over England in that the British must secure their oil from this country.

Business and political leaders of Louisiana, 55 in number, have left New Orleans for Washington to lay before President Taft and Congress the New Orleans plan for a world's fair to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. The plan for the exposition involves an outlay of $35,000,000. The idea has met with great favor throughout the South and in the Central American Republics.

Knud Rasmussen, the explorer, will sail in June for Greenland on an expedition which will consume four years. The ethnographic study of the Eskimos is the purpose of this expedition. One year will be spent at Cape York and a year each at Hudson's and the Crown Bays. After the navigation of Baffin's Bay, Rasmussen expects to circumnavigate Alaska and to sail to the Aleutian Islands and return via San Francisco.

According to B. S. Pearsall, member of the Elgin board of trade, the investigation by the Senate into the cost of living did not bring about lower prices of butter. Mr. Pearsall says prices were so high the average person could not afford butter and purchased oleomargarine, consequently stocks had to be reduced. The result was a drop from 36 cents to 30 cents a pound, which again brought butter within reach of the average consumer.

Many persons know that among the cities of the United States Kansas City ranks first as a farm implement market, third as a producer of flour, second as a meat packing center, and so on. But not so many persons know, outside of that particular business, that this city is the second largest primary hide market in the country and one of the largest in the world, and that in the number of individual shipments of "raw" hides received, it ranks first in America.

In his message to the next Missouri Legislature Governor Hadley will recommend the creation of a State reformatory as an intermediate institution between the State reform school for boys and the State penitentiary. The Governor has found there are 500 boys in the penitentiary who are too old to be sent to the reform school, but who are first offenders. He wants this class separated from criminals and taught a useful trade.

Appearing as a witness in the arbitration of the wage controversy in Chicago between the switchmen and the railroads George C. Henshaw, assistant attorney general of Oklahoma, said railroads in Oklahoma are making more money under the 2-cent law than they did under the 3-cent rate. He says the Oklahoma roads were carrying almost five times as many passengers per mile as were carried in Texas, where a 3-cent rate prevailed.

Emperor Nicholas has adopted an entirely new line of conduct. Instead of keeping himself shut up in his palaces, or only showing himself under the protection of a strong guard of soldiers, he has lately been riding out freely in an open carriage, without escort. His idea, it is understood, is to make himself more popular with his people and to throw himself on their protection, instead of showing so much fear of those who would take his life.

Prominent among the many helpful and commendable activities of the department of agriculture is a searching investigation of the liquids known and sold as "soft drinks." The whole bottled soda water industry, with special reference to the labeling of flavors and carbonated beverages, is to be the subject of a public hearing before the board of food and drug inspection of the department on March 26, at 10 A. M., in the bureau of chemistry building.

Prof. E. E. Barnard of Yerkes Observatory informs us that on Feb. 27th last he obtained with a one-hour exposure a photograph of Halley's comet, showing a faint tail of two degrees, equivalent to a length of about fourteen million miles. This is rather important in relation to the question as to whether the tail will reach the earth on May 18th. From these photographs, taken so far from perihelion, it seems that the tail will be amply long enough to reach the earth.

Investigation and a number of experiments made in Southwest Texas have shown that the eucalyptus tree, or blue gum, thrives better nowhere than there. A large plantation in the Rio Grande Valley has exceeded all expectations and will result in the afforestation of large tracts. Both the climate and the soil have been found to be admirably suited to the tree, the semiarid stretches being almost exact duplicates of the interior districts of Australia, which are the native habitat of the tree.

In reply to a newspaper query as to the status of American-Japanese affairs, Count Komura, foreign minister, cabled as follows: "I am convinced there is nothing in American-Japanese relations to cause uneasiness. The real far eastern interests of the two powers are not inconsistent or antagonistic. War is inconceivable. It would be a crime without excuse or palliation. My conviction finds ample support in the understanding of 1908."

The commissioner of pensions estimates that it would cost Uncle Sam $107,779,777.48 this year to pay all of the Union veterans $1 a day. This would bring the total up to approximately $270,000,000. The revenues last year were in the neighborhood of $600,000,000. Unless the revenues materially increase this year, the proposed increase in pensions to all veterans would eat up practically 50 per cent of the national income. The dollar a day pension bills are therefore not likely to receive much attention at present.

Time was when it took nearly six years to build a battleship in private yards in the United States; but the construction of the "Connecticut" at the government yard at Brooklyn set a pace which has steadily accelerated. The "Mississippi," whose trials took place as recently as October, 1907, took 44 months to construct. The "New Hampshire," December, 1907, was built in 36 months; the "North Carolina" (cruiser), January, 1908, in 36 months; "Michigan" (battleship), 1909, in 34½ months; the "Delaware" (battleship), October, 1909, in 27 months.

Vast improvements are being made in the Trans-Siberian Railway which, in addition to being double-tracked, is being largely relocated with a view to the elimination of grades and the shortening of distance. When the work has been completed, the distance from Paris to Peking will be 6,300 miles instead of 7,500 miles over the present line via Harbin and Mukden, and the fourteen days now consumed on the trip will be reduced to nine and a half days. The value of these improvements will be as great from the military point of view as they will from that of passenger and freight traffic.

Members of the House of Representatives are hearing from constituents in a manner sufficient to impress them with the popularity of proposed postal savings bank and parcels post legislation. Letters are beginning to pour in upon them and a deluge is promised before the storm of sentiment subsides. There is a disposition among the leaders of the House to hold up the postal savings bank bill pending developments. These developments, so far as petitions and individual letters in favor of postal savings banks and parcels post are concerned, are coming fast, and Congressmen will have every reason to believe that the measures are popular at home.

On April 1 the new regulations governing the movement of cattle from the area under quarantine, on account of Texas or tick fever, will become effective. Cattle moved must be properly dipped under federal supervision. The new regulations provide an arsenical dipping fluid as well as crude petroleum. The territory under quarantine for Texas fever embraces the whole States of Louisiana, Alabama and Florida and parts of California, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. The area under quarantine has been reduced by more than 80,000 square miles within the last three years as a result of the campaign waged against the fever tick.

Edward Payson Weston, quietly celebrated his seventy-second birthday at a point near Kinsley, Kans., after having covered a mile for each year in his life in a walk. Weston is now six days ahead of his schedule in his walk from Los Angeles to New York. At Kinsley the people presented him with a gold watch and Weston proceeded on nine miles further so as to make his 72 miles for the day. He says he is in excellent condition.

Announcement is made by Emile L. Boaz, general manager in New York, that the Hamburg-American line will inaugurate a steerage service to New Orleans. This new service is expected to relieve the congestion of the northern cities and bring immigrants to more desirable sections of the country at a low rate of fare, as the newcomers will save the railway fare from New York to southern points.

The House of Representatives increased the appropriation for rural routes $1,000,000 over that suggested by the postoffice committee. Under the appropriation bill a large number of rural routes will be established, because the people want them and Congress is fully aware that rural routes are a good thing. The best mail service of the country is not to be confined to any one section, and the whole postoffice department is going to be operated for the benefit of the people.

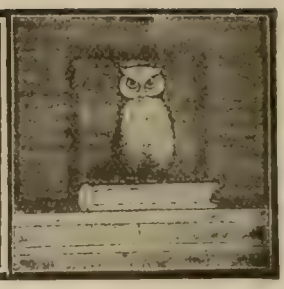
Declaring it of the utmost importance that the thirteenth decennial census should be a complete and accurate report of the population and resources of the United States President Taft has issued a proclamation. In it he urges everybody "to answer promptly, completely and accurately, all inquiries addressed to them by the enumerators or other employes" who will be engaged in the taking of the thirteenth decennial census, which work will begin on April 14. The President emphasizes the fact that every employe is prohibited, under heavy penalty, from disclosing any information which may come to his knowledge through the census.

To every potato grower in this country a circular recently issued by the agricultural department, giving an account of the "wart disease," a new enemy of the potato crop, which is attracting considerable attention in Europe, will prove instructive. The disease is spread by using affected potatoes for seed, and, as this country imports large quantities of potatoes every year, there is danger that it may be introduced into the United States at any time. It affects the tubers, forming large, rough, unsightly warts, and, in severe attacks, completely destroys the crop. Once the fungus gets into the soil it is practically impossible to grow a crop of potatoes on the land for several years.

Several questions of importance are scheduled to be brought up before the sessions of the Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, which begin in Mount Vernon Place church at the national capital, March 23, and continue for a week. It is noteworthy that for some time past the trustees of Randolph-Macon College have been in favor of accepting the conditions of the Carnegie fund, thus making that institution nonsectarian for the purpose of sharing in the valuable financial benefits arising from the fund. This is likely to be settled by the conference. Many of its members are decidedly opposed to the change, and are firmly of the opinion that this progressive educational institution should remain for all time a Southern Methodist establishment.



Among the Magazines



THE WHITE SLAVE FIGHT.

The secretary of commerce and labor has asked the House of representatives to include in the bill making appropriations for his department an item of $100,000, the money to be used in "stamping out the white slave traffic." In support of his request the secretary says:

"The expenditure of $100,000 a year in stamping out the white slave traffic would be money well spent."

Indeed it would, but neither $100,000 nor the secretary of commerce and labor can stamp out this traffic. The United States government, great and powerful as it is, can not stamp it out. If Uncle Sam decides this year to expend the amount which Secretary Nagel has asked that he spend, or if he decides to spend any part of that sum, or a much larger sum, the money will not go, as the secretary seems to think, toward the stamping out of the traffic. It may be used to restrict the operations of the white slave traders, but it will not be so used and can not be so used as to eliminate them.

As has been previously asserted in these columns, or rather, in their shorter and narrower predecessors, the white slave trade is based on the modestly named but diabolic social evil. The responsibility for the social evil rests with local communities. It is a waste of time and energy to rail at and work against the slave traffic in women while immoral houses are allowed to exist undisturbed. The exposures that have recently been made in Chicago, New York and other large cities are lacking in practical value if they have not opened the eyes of the people to the necessity for waging constant warfare, locally, against the established forms of evil on which the procurer feeds and waxes fat.

It is the height of folly to expect Congress or the federal government to cure this social ill. The remedy is already in the hands of the people. Changes in the laws are not essential. New laws are not needed. The failure of the people to hold local officials to accountability for their neglect of the dives and resorts which the white slavers provide with victims is the cause, and the sole cause, of the existence of the procurer. The responsibility does not rest with the government, either State or national; it rests on the shoulders of every man and woman in whose neighborhood or community dens of immorality exist. Uncle Sam can not reach this local vice, but the people can. When they do—when they pull the foundation from under the white slave traffic—there will be no occasion for Uncle Sam to spend $100,000 or any amount for its "suppression."—Woman's National Daily.

WHEN TEACHERS ARE AT THEIR BEST.

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard University, in a recent speech announced it as his opinion and that of educators generally that for women the ages between twenty-five and forty-five alone are of high value in the schoolroom. This is the exact period of woman's full maturity, and though the normal woman gives these years to motherhood, by the same token they are the best for any sort of service. No woman over forty-five should be called upon to perform services requiring constant physical or mental application. Nature seems to have set aside this period as one of rest for women. This country is filled with nervous wrecks of the female sex because women of forty-five years and older are still working hardest at a time when they should have rest, and there is no task in the world which bears harder on women both mentally and physically than teaching.

The woman who at twenty-five can control the minds and bodies of forty boys or girls, or both, is an admirable specimen of humanity. Aside from mere technical training and experience, the qualifications necessary are self-possession, administrative ability, an almost hypnotic influence, a clear mind, and a broad sympathy, with the logical faculty well developed. Aside from these, she must possess a strong physique, a lack of "nerves," and an amiable and equable disposition. To get such qualities at from six to fifteen dollars a week is, in a sense, a triumph of civilization; but it is also a disgrace to civilization, that it should demand so much and pay so little. The ideal teacher is seldom found, but there is a vast number of them who measurably approach the ideal—so nearly do they approach it that they are being constantly drafted by men to become the wives and mothers of the race. It is a melancholy fact that mothers who have been teachers are often the most carping critics of the schools, and especially the teachers of their children, and their criticisms are not wholly of a constructive sort.

No mother needs to be told how important is personal attention to detail in the life of every child. In these days we look upon the mother of eight children as a marvel. Mr. Roosevelt looks upon her as a patriot, and most persons look upon her with pity. But the mental and physical strain of rearing eight children is not so great as that of caring for forty in the schoolroom if the teacher performs the tasks which are expected of her.—From "What is Wrong with Our Public Schools?" by Joseph M. Rogers, in March Lippincott's.

THE LAST REFUGE.

When a great popular movement for an important reform is ready to reach the stage of legislation, when every argument has been weighed and the balance is strongly in its favor, then the last refuge against it is loudly presented—it is not within the express grants of power to Congress under the Constitution. This objection has been presented over and over again, generally without success, though occasionally, as in the case of the act taxing incomes, the Supreme Court has sustained the objection.

Just now it is the developmeint of the postoffice that is suffering from this objection. The country wants what

every other leading country has, postal savings bank service, and postal express service. Everybody knows we ought to have them as well as Great Britain, France and Germany, and even the little countries have them; but the big corporations object. They want their profit continued. Express companies are strong; so are banks; and they fear the loss of the profits which go to their big owners of stock individually, but which ought to go to the people as a whole. So as the last argument, an argument of despair when hope begins to fail, they tell us that the Constitution gives no such power to Congress.

The Constitution was not devised to stand in the way of the public welfare; in fact it specifically provides that Congress shall have power to provide for the "public welfare"; and in case of stress or necessity this power would and properly could be exercised. Indeed it has been exercised in the past, and it is only a question how great is the emergency, and whether it should be exercised. The word centralization has an ominous sound, and it is made much of as a bugaboo, but with the unification of the country by railroads, trolley lines, telegraphs, interstate commerce and the postoffice, State lines become obliterated and State interests identified, so that one cannot tell, from any social or political conditions, when he passes from one State to another. What differences of interest are there between New Hampshire and Vermont, or between New York and New Jersey?

So the claim of States' rights reserved under the Constitution becomes a difficulty, if not a menace, at times when it becomes desirable to adapt legislation for the whole country to conditions of civilization and commerce never dreamed of when the Constitution was framed. The control of corporations belongs to the States, but we had to take advantage of indirect and implied powers under the constitution when we enacted legislation to control them on the claim that they engaged in interstate traffic. In this case the Supreme Court sustained the law and routed the objectors.

Now it is the development of the postoffice that is in question. The Constitution puts the postoffice and post roads under the control of Congress; and we may as well admit that it never occurred to the framers of the Constitution that the postoffice could become a banking institution or a general express company. They thought of it as a convenience for transporting letters and a few newspapers. But as intercourse increases the meaning of the word postoffice enlarges of necessity. The first Postmaster-General had only one or two clerks in Washington; now there are tens of thousands all over the country. If for the convenience of the people the postoffice could then carry a newspaper, why not a book; and if a book why not a pound of tea; and if a pound of tea why not a bag of flour or a day's marketing as in England? To be sure the Constitution says nothing about express business, and the express companies, with their enormous profit, remind us of it, but what difference is there in principle between carrying a newspaper for a man's convenience and carrying other packages? And when the rural delivery has been so enlarged, and the service is by wagons, why cannot the wagons carry packages with the letters and papers, for the benefit of the people and the profit of the department?

And so of postal banks. Already we have the money order system. But that is an initiatory banking system. A postal order is a bill of exchange, for which ten cents is charged. In these late financial disturbances not a few people, afraid of private banks, have used it as a bank of deposit, making the order in their own names, to keep their money safe. Why not extend the system so that this can be done regularly and with profit for the people? But the bankers complain of the payment of interest and the redepositing in other banks of money collected from the people. But if the department does a service for the people, it must be paid therefor; and it is no worse to sell bills of exchange, as is now done, and charge for it, than it would be to accept these deposits and pay a small interest thereon.

It is not respect for the Constitution, but regard for their own profits that the banks are concerned with. People that want a fair interest on their deposits will still patronize the savings banks. But over much the larger part of the country there are no secured savings banks such as we have in a very few Eastern States. In the West and South there may be a savings department in many banks, but they are far less secure than is the deposit in a true savings bank. The people need a place to put their savings that will be absolutely safe. It is to the public advantage that they have it. The word postoffice is a bigger word than it was a century and a quarter ago, bigger the world over, as the country is bigger and the world is bigger. And even the Constitution has a broader meaning than it had, the Supreme Court being witness.—The Independent.

RAILROAD VALUES MEASURED BY OPERATING RESULTS.

When it is once clearly understood that railroad property is normally and essentially property in motion, and that its value depends primarily on facts connected with never-ceasing action, the starting point has been found for arriving at a true valuation of railroad securities.

If we say that a good piece of railroad mileage, extending from New York to Buffalo, which cost $2,000,000 to construct fifty years ago, is now overcapitalized because it carries bond and stock issues aggregating $150,000,000, then we must agree that the whole industrial world is in a state of "overcapitalization." But if we measure railroad values on the basis of operating results, which is the only true way to measure them at all, we will reach a very different conclusion. A line of road stretching from New York to Buffalo, but which is not operating railroad trains and transporting passengers and freight between these points today, would be worth but little more than it was fifty years ago. Whatever increased value it might have now over that of 1860 would be in the mere right of way which it held. But under such conditions it would not be a railroad, and whatever value it might have would not be railroad value, but realty value.

If, however, we measure the value of the railroad by its demonstrated ability to pay interest or dividends on its issues of stocks and bonds, we then get at once at the kernel of the capitalization question. Putting our hypothetical railroad to the test of the earning power of fifty years ago, we would probably find that on a capitalization of $50,000 per mile it earned hardly 6 per cent. But if we put the same line of road to the test of its earning power today, we would be likely to find that on a capitalization at least ten times as heavy per mile it might be earning far more than 6 per cent. In the year 1863 the Lackawanna Railroad reported a total gross capitalization (stocks and bonds) of about $50,000 per mile. On this capital the net earnings of that year were but little in excess of 7 per cent. But in the year 1907 the same railroad reported a net capitalization, including the issues on its leased and controlled lines, and after deducting in-

vestments from its balance sheet, of something more than $148,000 per mile. On the latter figure the total net income of the road in the year 1907 was more than 18 per cent. Now, if we estimate the capitalization of the Lackawanna on the basis of earning power or net profits we will find that in 1863 the road was overcapitalized to the extent of more than 250 per cent, as compared with the figures shown today, while to put the Lackawanna capitalization on the basis of that of 1863 we would have to increase the present-day figure to over $420,000 per mile, or nearly three times the present net capitalization.—From "The Real Key to Railroad Investment Values," by John Moody, in the American Review of Reviews for March.

CONCERNING THE LAW OF GOD AS RELATED TO MAN.

(Continued from Page 283.)

bread making, or of anything else, its laws are often irksome and monotonous, and our obedience is obtained only with many sighs and despair.

III. "Thy Statutes have been my Songs in the Days of my *Pilgrimage*." Thus the psalmist sang. This is the highest attitude toward law. Law is a scourge to the rebellious, a sigh to the toiler on the highway of learning, but to those who have mastered it, law becomes a *song*. The artist loves his limitations. They constitute the very thing he is doing. The truant hates his books, and the unwise teacher only increases his antipathy for them by the use of coercion. But, let a skilled pedagogue, once awaken within him a new enthusiasm for knowledge, and no legislation is needed to force knowledge into his unwilling mind. When external character of the law disappears, a song must come from within. A voice may produce a series of words rhythmically and in a succession of harmonic intervals which we call a melody, but it does not become a song until it springs from within the soul.

We speak of a "law of liberty." These terms are not contradictory. "To be free" is not the opposite "to be bound." The largest freedom is found in obedience to law. Fidelity to the technique of the piano will release the player's fingers so that they become the freest instruments of expression in representing the whole gamut of human passions. Love is the most bound of all things. It imposes serious restraints. We say of one in love, that he is captivated. He is a prisoner, but his prison is of his own choosing. Not for all the treasures of India would he break the bars! But he is a prisoner of hope! New light and life have burst in upon him in his cell. Through his narrow window streams in the golden light of a larger world and he becomes freer than ever before, freed from the narrow interests of a self-centered life, and free to pour out his own life upon another. Blessed prisoner!

"O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight and my counselors; sweeter also than the honey and the honeycomb." It is a great thing thus to be able to set God's laws to music! Only those who are *mastered* by law can do it! It is not the law-breaker, but the law-keeper who is free.

In the penitentiary the prisoners listen to a sermon every Sunday, but they do not care to listen to the chaplain's discourse. You may be, because, when it is over, you are free to go to your homes. And you are free, just because you have been bound—to the law. To the felon, in his cell, the laws of the land are a scourge, and justly so. To you, they are a song.

This is what Jeremiah means in that passage where the Old Testament comes nearest to the New Testament, where the old prophets come nearest to the Greatest Prophet. "But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith Jehovah; I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." This is where God's law ought to be—IN THE HEART. Then obedience will come, not through compulsion, but through impulsion; the law will not then be irksome, but gladsome; not a dirge but a melodious song.

The religion of Jesus Christ is not without law, but it is not legalistic. The religion of the prophets was a religion of the spirit, but in course of time it became encrusted with forms and degenerated into ceremonial. Jesus came to fulfill the law, not to destroy it. His was a law of the spirit of life. Subsequent ages, to be sure, yielding to an almost universal human tendency, turned the spirit into the letter, and made religion once more a matter of externals. But the words of Jesus are always spirit and life. His yoke is easy, and his burden is light. He said: "I am the truth." He also said: "The truth shall make you free." The law was given by Moses, that external code, by which the social life of God's chosen people was regulated. But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. It is Christ, more than all beside, who sets us free from the law and sin and death. This was the burden of Paul's preaching. It is the follower of Christ, who, beyond all others, can find in him that living illustration of the law of love. So it is, that Christ's law to them that love him becomes neither a scourge nor a sigh, but a *song*. This is the highest attitude we can take toward the law of God:

"Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

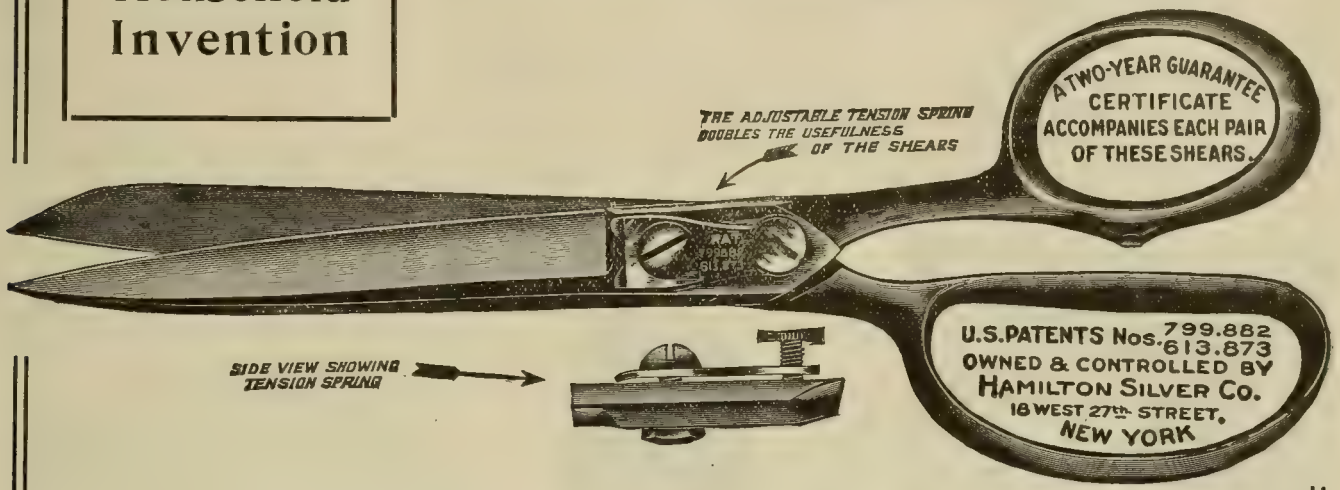
"My highest hope to be where, Lord, thou art,
To lose myself in thee, my richest gain,
To do thy will, the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit, my severest pain."

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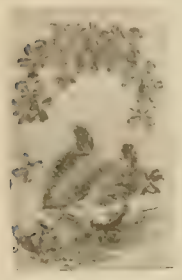
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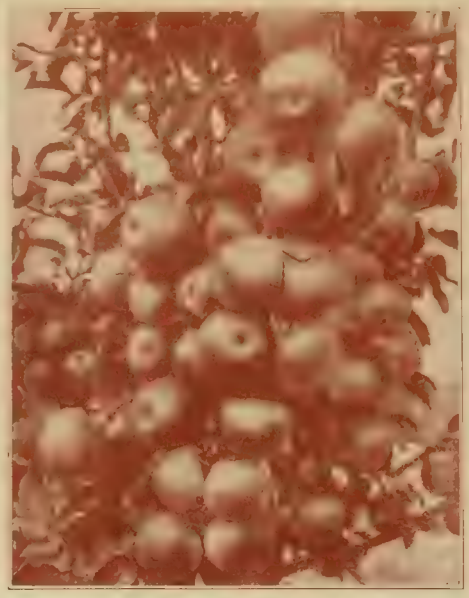
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THE INGLENOOK



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March 29, 1910 Elgin, Illinois Vol. XII. No. 13

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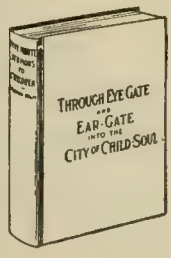
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

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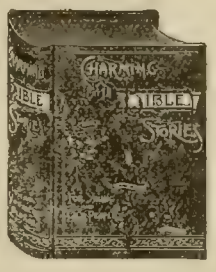
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. March 29, 1910. No. 13.

Character Study With Hawthorne

Prof. Otho Winger, Manchester College, Indiana

VII. The Scarlet Letter.

THE "Scarlet Letter" is, without question, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, novels ever written in America. It had a most interesting origin. In 1846 Hawthorne was made surveyor of the Custom House at Salem. While working here he was one day rummaging through a great mass of old documents stored away in an upper, unfinished room of the building. Here he chanced to find a small package, carefully wrapped in a piece of yellow parchment. On opening it he discovered, among other things, a piece of fine, red cloth, worn and faded, but still showing traces of some very fine embroidery work. The cloth seemed to assume the shape of the letter A. Some old documents in the package gave some facts regarding Hester Prynne. Hawthorne's keen imagination at once began to play upon this slender material.

Had Hawthorne continued to work at Salem, the "Scarlet Letter" might never have been written. But the change in political administration of 1849 relieved him of his position. His wife now encouraged him to write his book. It was promptly written, and within two years thousands of people in Europe and America were reading and admiring the great work.

The central fact of the "Scarlet Letter"—and of nearly all of Hawthorne's works—is sin and its blighting effects upon the individual and society. Hawthorne's Puritan ancestry, and his own refined nature naturally made that theme prominent in all his thinking. Arthur Dimmesdale was a man of many admirable traits of character, but he had one great weakness of human nature, and through that weakness the tempter overcame him. Then he was too weak to own his sin before men, thinking that it might remain unknown if only Hester Prynne concealed his identity.

But Arthur could not hush the voice of conscience. It was a real thing in his life. The more he hid his sin the more his conscience lashed him. Every sight or memory of Hester's scarlet letter burned its impress upon his heart. The inner thoughts were outwardly manifested. Arthur at least believed that a scarlet letter was visible on his own bosom over his heart.

An unconfessed sin will have one of two results: It will either cause the conscience to become hardened, and dead to the sense of sin; or it will gnaw continually at the wounded conscience and make life miserable for its victim. The last condition was that of Arthur Dimmesdale. Such gnawing remorse has caused murderers voluntarily to confess their crimes, and profess to feel relief in doing so. The flight that Arthur and Hester had planned would not have given him relief without his first confessing his sin. Had he confessed his sin at first, he could have lived those seven years at ease, if not in popularity.

Society cannot demand of men to be perfect; but it can demand of them to reveal their true selves. As Hawthorne has put it: "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, some trait whereby the worst may be inferred. To do less is to be a living lie." A man who accepts such confidence from the people, as Arthur Dimmesdale did, when he is wholly unworthy, is the vilest of hypocrites.

Hester Prynne was no saint, and the world knew it. Arthur Dimmesdale, however, was far from being as good as she was, but the world knew it not. Her life, though sorrowful, was not one of inner remorse. And as the years passed she gained in strength of character and her nature sweetened and broadened. "Here, she said to herself, had been the scene of her guilt, and here should be the scene of her earthly punishment; and so, perchance, the torture of her daily shame would at length purge her soul, and work out another purity than that which she had lost; more saint-like, because the result of martyrdom. . . . Walking to and fro, with those lonely footsteps, in the little world with which she was outwardly connected, it now and then appeared to Hester that the scarlet letter had given her a new sense. She shuddered to believe it, yet could not help believing, that it gave her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts."

Roger Chillingworth is the most active and independent character in the story. His situation is the familiar one of the wronged husband, with his erring wife and her guilty lover in his own power. Instead of a double murder and a suicide, he adopts a most peculiar plan of revenge. He leaves his wife to the sorrow and disgrace of the scarlet letter, while he secretly feeds upon the remorse of the delicate conscience of Arthur Dimmesdale. For seven years he pursued his vindictive course. If ever Arthur's conscience became easy Roger pricked open the wound, and added fuel to the fire, while at the same time he betrayed no sign by which Arthur could suspect him. He not only got revenge once but revenge a thousand times; for Arthur endured the agony of as many deaths.

"Better had he died at once! Never did mortal suffer what this man has suffered. And all, all in the sight of his worst enemy! He has been conscious of me. He has felt an influence dwelling always upon him like a curse. He knew, by some spiritual sense,—for the Creator never made another being so sensitive as this,—he knew that no friendly hand was pulling at his heart-strings, and that an eye was looking curiously into him, which sought only evil, and found it. But he knew not that the eye and hand were mine! With the superstition common to his brotherhood, he fancied himself given over to a friend, to be tortured with frightful dreams, and desperate thoughts, the sting of remorse, and despair of pardon; as a foretaste of what awaits him beyond the grave."

Thus Roger described to Hester his method of punishing Arthur. He believed Arthur to be a lost soul, and he knew that he himself was. He was living only to wreak revenge on the man he hated. A murderer he was in the true sense of the word. When death released his victim from his tortures, he had nothing further to live for. "This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge; and when, by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it, when, in short, there was no more Devil's work on earth for him to do, it only remained for this unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his Master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly."

Little Pearl is one of the most remarkable child characters in fiction, ranking well with Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin or with little Oliver Twist. Her remarkable precocity, prodigal tendencies, dramatic experience and uncertain fate make her a study of constant interest.

A word remains to be said about the Puritan multitude that stands in the background of the story at its opening and close. "They were, doubtless, good men, just and sage. But out of the whole human family it would not have been easy to select the same number of wise and virtuous persons, who should be less capable of sitting in judgment on an erring woman's heart, and disentangling its mesh of good and evil, than the sages of rigid aspect toward whom Hester Prynne now turned her face." It is true that they later forgave her after her years of suffering, but it was due to none of their help that the woman did not die of despair which their unsympathetic hearts and taunting remarks agitated.

On the other hand, after the minister, by his own confession, fully revealed his guilt, there were still some who asserted his innocence, claiming that "the minister, conscious that he was dying,—conscious, also, that the reverence of the multitude placed him already among saints and angels,—had desired, by yielding up his breath in the arms of that fallen woman, to express to the world how utterly nugatory is the choicest of man's own righteousness." We have not yet ceased to be partial in viewing and forgiving the same sin in man and woman; and this partiality accounts for many of our social evils, which, in the words of Victor Hugo, "society must look upon since it creates them."

Much may be judged concerning the elegant language of this masterpiece of literature from quotations interspersed in these articles. The dramatic power shown by Hawthorne is of the highest order. The plot largely centers in bringing all of the principal characters together at the scaffold in the opening scene, the midnight vigil,—the climax of the story—and the closing scene.

The Comet Halley

I. J. Rosenberger

I HAVE had my attention called at different times to the fact that Halley's comet is again to be visible to the naked eye this year. As there is a very large observatory at the University at Denver, my curiosity was soon awakened on arriving in Denver to see Halley. Brother Shively, one of the professors in the University, invited me to call, and he would take me into the observatory with the class to see the returning visitor. At 8 P. M., January 18, we entered the large observatory, found a suitable portion of the cowl roof drawn aside, and the huge mounted pipe at an angle pointing to the starry firmament.

I learned that stars are of two kinds: fixed stars and planets. Fixed stars are believed to be suns, some of them much larger than our sun. The smallness of some of the stars is due to their distance; 6,000 of these are visible to the unaided eye. Planets are bodies revolving around the sun, eight in number, the earth being one of them. Their luminous properties are due to the reflected light of the sun. The professor turned his huge telescope on Saturn, a most beautiful sight. It is

said to be nine times as far from the earth as the sun, and is about eight times the size in diameter, having eighty-two times the surface that the earth has, and its years are equal to twenty-one of ours. Saturn is said to have eight moons. The professor then turned his telescope on the returning visitor, Halley, which I gazed at, with its extended tail. The professor told us that "it was 140,000,000, miles distant. It will pass the sun March 23, and be visible in May to the naked eye, just before daybreak." These are startling statements for men to make; and the interesting thing about them is that they seem to come true.

Halley has been visible without the aid of a telescope on each of its former visits to our solar system. As to what Halley looks like upon a near aproach it is uncertain, as it has never been photographed during any of its former visits; at or previous to 1835 there was no astronomical photography. All we have are drawings given by astronomers.

The real discovery of Halley was in a measure strange. There were comets that were thought to be lost, appearing occasionally. Halley with the venerable Sir Isaac Newton discovered that comets moved in closed orbits. This being determined, he went to work with well-nigh incredible skill to trace out the orbit of every comet that had been discovered. Halley has the credit as an astronomer of tracing out the orbit of twenty-four comets. He now comes to the comets that had the record of appearing in 1531, 1607 and the one visible in his time in 1682. Now there were two coincidents in this computation that helped him to the marvelous fact of this comet that received his own name. That is, first, that the comets appearing in 1531 and in 1607, and then in 1682 each moved in one and the same orbit. He at once called to mind the well-know fact that three bodies could not at one time pursue the same orbit. Again he discovered that these three comets, as they were then called, made their visits just seventy-six years apart. This led him to look at these comets from another standpoint, which led him to discover that these three orbits were situated on the same plane in space, and that they were similarly located as related to the sun. He therefore decided that what were known as lost comets were one and the same mysterious meteor reappearing, making its journey in its extensive orbit once in seventy-six years. The facts as to time in the past led the ingenious searcher of the heavenly bodies to predict that the next visit of this member of our solar system would be in 1758 or the beginning of 1759. He knew that he would not be living at that time, hence he left these memorable words as a prophecy, which are given in history: "Wherefore if it should return according to our prediction, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman."

Since Halley's discovery, it has been traced out that this comet has been making its regular appearances in our solar system since the days of Christ. But it was at each time thought to be a lost meteor.

Another very remarkable feature of this comet is its stupendous tail. Some authors claim that its tail is fully 10,000,000 miles in length. As it is approaching nearer and nearer the earth at each visit, it is feared by some that there may be a collision on its coming visit. A writer in the New York *Herald* has this to say: "It is possible that Halley's comet and the new comet that has been so resplendent in the Western sky may collide. Who knows but that we may be on the eve of a celestial event, such as has never before been seen or heard?" Said R. G. Way, the Brooklyn astronomer: "All celestial objects attract each other proportioned to their masses"; he continued, "It is not unlikely that even if the two comets are not scheduled to cross each other's orbits at a grade, even if they are far above or below each other, their mutual attraction may draw each other, and the earth and the inhabitants thereof be treated to a spectacle of celestial commingling and tangled masses in collision, such as has never been witnessed before." Another writer recently attributed the unusual flood and sinking of some of the streets in Paris to the influences of the comet Halley upon our earth. Let this be true or not, the unusual is happening in various ways, in sights, scenes and experiences such as was never seen or known of before.

The information I gather is that 250 comets have been listed since 1600. Only one of these out of five has been seen with the eye unaided. It is seldom that there can not be one or more of these seen at any time without the aid of the telescope. Fifty of the above number have orbits that bring them back to our view.

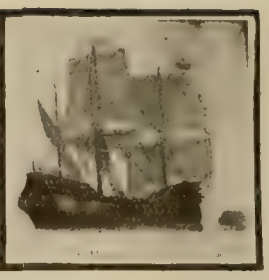
A man whom I met one evening was having a grand sight through his telescope, the clearness and the stillness of the atmosphere being unusually favorable. He stepped across the street and invited his atheistic neighbor to come over and gaze into his telescope. He did so for the first time in his life, and he was struck with awe and astonishment as he beheld, the myriads of heavenly bodies circling their orbits in perfect harmony, each on its own time without collision or even a jar! He gazed, looked and seemed to wonder! My friend asked, who created those bodies, set them in motion and appointed each their orbits in which they move by an unerring law? He again fell in conversation with the man in a day or two; and thought that he could read in his countenance a confused mental condition that led him to believe that his glimpse through the telescope had made and riveted an impression on him that he could not easily shake off!

David well said: "Lord, thou hast set thy glory above the heavens." Surely, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XX.

Bradford wrote of the Puritans: "As necessitie was a taskmaster over them, so they were forced to be such, not only to their servants, but in a sorte, to their dearest children; the which, as it did not a little wound ye tender harts of many a loving father and mother, so it produced likewise sundrie sad and sorrowful effects. For many of their children, that were of best disposition and gracious inclinations, having learned to bear ye yoke in their youth, and willing to bear parte of their parents' burdens, were often times so oppressed with their heavie labors, that though their minds were free and willing, yet their bodies bound under ye weight of ye same, and became decriped in their early youth; the vigor of nature being consumed in ye very budd as it were. But that which was more lamentable and of all sorrows most heavie to be borne, was that many of their children, by these occasions, and ye great licentiousness of youth in ye countrie, and ye manifold temptations of the place, were drawn away by evil examples into extravagante and dangerous courses, getting ye rains off their neks and departing from their parents. Some became soldiers, others took upon them for visages by sea, and others some worse courses, tending to disoluteness and the danger of their soules, to ye greate greef of their parents and dishonor of God. So that they saw their posteritie would be in danger to degenerate and be corrupted."

The state of old-maidism was in colonial days reached at a very early age. We read of an "ancient maid of 25 years." John Dunton gives us an idea of the way in which an old maid was held in Puritan days: "It is true an *old* (superannuated) maid in Boston is thought such a curse, as nothing can exceed it (and looked on as a *dismal* spectacle) yet she by her good nature, gravity, and strict virtues, convinces all (so much as the fleering Beaus) that it is not her necessity but her choice that keeps her a virgin. She is now about 30 years (the age which they call a *Thornback*). Yet she never disguises herself, and talks as little as she thinks, of Love. She never reads any Plays or Romances, goes to no Balls or Dancing-match (as they do who go to such Fairs) to meet with Chapmen. Her looks, her speech, her whole behavior, are so very chaste, that but once (at Governor's Island) where we went to be merry at roasting a hog, going to kiss her, I thought she would have blushed to death."

The following is an account of a wedding in colonial times: "There was a pretty deal of a company present. . . . Many young gentlemen and gentlewomen. Mr. Noyes made a speech, said 'love was the sugar to sweeten every condition in the marriage state.' Prayed once. Did all very well. After the sack-posset sung 45th Psalm from 8th verse to end, five staves. I set it to Windsor tune. I had a very good Turkey Leather Psalm book which I looked in while Mr. Noyes read; then I gave it to the bridegroom saying I give you this Psalm book in order to your perpetuating this song and I would have you pray that it may be an introduction to our singing with the quire above."

The Negroes led noble lives in service, if we may judge from their tombstones. We find this inscription:

"God wills us free; man wills us slave,
I will as God wills, God's will be done.
Here lies the body of
John Jack
A native of Africa, who died
March 1773, aged about sixty years.
Though born in a land of slavery
He was born free;
Though he lived in a land of liberty
He lived a slave.
Till by his honest (though stolen) labors
He acquired the cause of slavery
Which gave him freedom
Though not long before
Death, the great tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And put him on a footing with Kings.
Though a slave to vice
He practiced those virtues
Without which Kings are but slaves."

At Attleborough, Mass., the following epitaph is seen:

"Here lies the best of slaves
Now turning into dust,
Cæsar the Aethiopian claims
A place among the just.
His faithful soul has fled
To realms of heavenly light,
And by the blood that Jesus shed
Is changed from black to white.
Jan. 15th he quitted the stage
In the 77th year of his age.
1781."

The English who first came to this country were a beer-drinking and ale-drinking people. A minister of Salem boasted quaintly in 1629: "Whereas my stom-

ach could only digest and did require such drink as was both strong and stale, I can and ofttimes do drink New England water very well."

Roger Clap writes: "It was not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water." Wood wrote of water: "I dare not preferre it before good Beere as some have done, but any man would choose it before Bad Beere, Wheay or Buttermilk."

In 1634, an ale-quart of beer could be bought for a penny, and a landlord was liable to pay ten shillings fine if he made a larger charge, or his liquor fell below a certain standard of quality. This low price might have been established by the magistrates to prevent the possibility of making a profit out of beer-selling, and so reduce the number of sellers. It was also ordered that not more than one ale-quart of beer "should be drunk out of meal-time."

In 1675 the sale of beer became so common that Cotton Mather wrote that every other house in Boston was an ale-house, and Governor Pownall writing a century later made the same assertion. In 1636 drunkards in Massachusetts were subject to fine, and imprisonment in the stocks, and sellers were forbidden to sell any more liquor of any kind to drunkards. The habitual drunkard was punished by placing a great D made of red cloth hung about his neck, or sewed on his clothing, and he was also disfranchised. Governor Winthrop in 1630 abolished the custom of "health drinking" at his table, and in 1639 the Court publicly ordered the practice to cease, because "it was a thing of no use; it induced drunkenness and quarreling; it wasted wine and beer, and it was troublesome to many, forcing them to drink more than they wished." On each health drinking a fine of twelve shillings was imposed. No man could drink over half an hour or drink at all after nine o'clock at night in Connecticut.

Sack, sack-posset, canary wine, beer, claret, mead, metheglin and cyder, were the leading drinks of the colonists.

A paper in Philadelphia, on July 23, 1788, contained the following: "A correspondent wishes that a monument could be erected in Union Green with the following inscription:

"'IN HONOR OF

"'AMERICAN BEER AND CYDER.

"'It is hereby recorded for the information of strangers and posterity that 17,000 assembled in this Green on the 4th of July, 1788, to celebrate the establishment of the Constitution of the United States and that they departed at an early hour without intoxication or a single quarrel. They drank nothing but Beer and Cyder. Learn, Reader, to prize these invaluable liquors and to consider them as the companions of those virtues which can alone render our country free and reputable.

"'LEARN LIKEWISE TO DESPISE

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS AS ANTI FEDERAL.

and to consider them as the companions to all those vices which are calculated to dishonor and enslave our country.'"

DETERMINATION IN PURSUIT OF A WOLF.

CHARLES O. BJELKSTROM.

THIS story is laid in Stanley County, South Dakota,—part of that Great Sioux Reservation that has been opened for settlement.

Let the reader bring before his mental vision a large stretch of prairie, broken only by small streams several miles apart. Along these streams grew some trees, mostly cottonwood, ash, elm and willow; also some plum trees, cherries and other fruit. The first settlers' homes were near these streams, usually a considerable distance apart. On the prairie between the creeks were no habitations, but it was then the grazing ground for large herds of cattle and horses. Almost everywhere could be seen that skulking beast of prey, called coyote, and frequently one would come across "signs" of gray wolf. As these marauders caused considerable damage by the killing of stock, ranchmen encouraged the "boys" to kill or capture as many as they could.

Most of the "ranch riders" were "dead shots" as well as expert rope men, and in the days when they could ride "straight across" it was usually considered as an opening for some real "live sport," if a "pack" of grays was sighted.

"Staying" qualities were frequently tried in various unexpected ways, and all pioneer experiences inspired perseverance. This is Stanley County, as it was a few years back; in 1908, the time of the following story, the prairie here and there was dotted with "claim shanties" and some substantial buildings too and numerous wire fences.

One February day about noon Messrs. R and S started for the B ranch, afoot, followed by a dog; some three miles from the ranch a large gray wolf joined the travelers (presumably wishing to form better acquaintance with that dog) and followed at a short distance from the men.

After listening to the recital of this story, B proposed a wolf hunt. Mr. S was then armed with a shot gun; Mr. R, with a rifle; B and G mounted a couple of cow-ponies. The plan was for the riders to find the wolf and if possible cause him to run in the direction where the "gunners" were, and for the latter to do the killing. In passing a neighbor this was explained. He too took his rifle and joined the footmen. G found the wolf, and ran him within twenty-five yards of the three "gunners." And although they were watching the rider and wolf coming, the surprise was so great

that only one of them thought of shooting, and he missed it, and the wolf got under a fence and away.

In the remaining part of the story the "staying" qualities were tried as result of lack of skill with firearms. Early one morning shortly after this "hunt that failed," the mail carrier reported seeing a pair of "grays." Myself and Mr. Gabrielson mounted the same cow-ponies and started to find the "grays." After riding about two miles we sighted the pair. I gave chase and succeeded in turning one of them and ran him within range of G's rifle. But again the wolf got inside the same pasture. I then went to a nearby gate, got around the wolf and he then went out on the same side of the pasture that he came in at—but in the meantime G had come through the same gate. Seeing this, I took down the fence and got out, but the wolf had made good use of that time and now followed another hard run and that over some hilly land, too. After running about three miles, I again overtook the wolf that now showed a determination to get to the timber. The horse now nearly out of wind was no match for the cunning dodges of the wolf. Here I emptied my six-shooter but without any other seeming effect than that I succeeded in turning the wolf in another direction, and that G heard where I was, and now got sight of the wolf and followed it at a distance. I slowed up to let the horse get his wind. After a mile or so I overtook G and, knowing that ahead of us was a large flat, we both speeded up for a finish. G took a northeast direction, I a southeast. When the wolf got to the flat prairie he turned south; this left Mr. G at a distance. I soon overtook the wolf. My ammunition all gone, the rope was gotten ready for a throw—but now the wolf objected to being crowded, and made a vicious attempt at the horse, and caution had to be exercised not to get too close to the wolf. The third throw landed the rope around the wolf's neck. Seeing my aim true I turned the horse and gave a sudden spur. The horse responded with a leap. This jerked the wolf off the ground with a bounce and for a half a mile the stiff run was continued, so as to give the wolf no opportunity to snap the rope. Here a fence post was secured and the wolf breathed his last. The wolf proved to be an exceptionally large one, measuring over seven feet. The skin tanned and made into a rug for the "home floor" is often admired by visitors, and my one conclusive remark is, "That wolf gave me a hard before-breakfast ride, but determination won."

Hayes, S. Dak.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter XI. The Women's Prison.

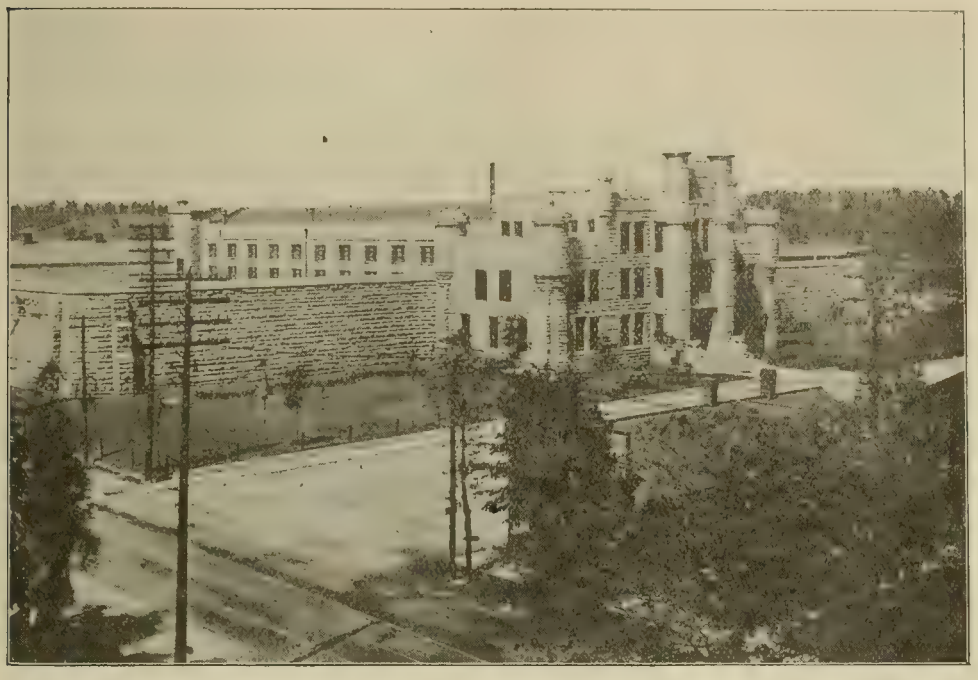
THE building now occupied by the women prisoners was completed in 1896. As previously stated, until that time the women occupied the upper story of the Warden House. Their confinement, though more varied in nature, was more trying than was that of the men, for they were obliged to remain in their elevated home all the time excepting for a brief hour or two each Sunday afternoon when the Matron took them to the prison yard for their accustomed weekly fresh air walk. The need of ampler space and a better location led the State to make an appropriation for the erection of the fine building now occupied by them. Going north from Joliet to Lockport one sees the walls of the men's prison to the left of the street and those of the women's prison to the right. In architecture the latter resembles that of the men's prison. But there are no wall towers or guards. The walls are five feet higher than those of the older prison, being twenty feet. They were so built not because of fears of escapes but in order to afford better protection from the gaze of the outside world. Few persons, and particularly men visitors, are ever admitted into the women's building.

The west half of the large front building is the home of the Deputy Warden and his family. The first floor of the east half furnishes apartments for the Matron and her two assistants, also reception rooms and guest rooms. All are beautifully furnished and scrupulously clean; ideal apartments one would call them but the Matron and assistants live behind the same barred doors as do their wards and their hours on duty are longer than the working hours of the inmates.

The second floor of this part is occupied by the hospital room. Its size is twenty-five by fifty feet, airy and sunny, and has polished hard-wood floors. It had no occupants at the time of our visit.

Extending back and northward from the front building is the cell-house wing or we might better call it the wing containing the living and working apartments for the women convicts, so little is this modern building like a cell-house. The lower floor is equipped with an up-to-date laundry in which many of the women are employed, washing and ironing for their part of the institution. Another room is the sewing room where some are kept busy making prison dresses and light coats for the men cooks and waiters. Another portion is the dining room, similar to that of the men, only

much smaller. On holidays as a special treat, table linens are used instead of the bare tables of other days. In one room, a few women are busy making cane seats for chairs that are manufactured by the men. Another apartment is the kitchen, but in this case the women for once have the decided advantage over the men so far as cooking is concerned, for there is no boiling, stewing, frying or baking in this kitchen to satisfy the ravenous appetites of hungry men. But *vice versa,* the men do all the boiling, stewing and baking in their big kitchen and "our ladies" have their meals sent in ready for serving. Dish washing, making their own tea and warming over food for the evening meal is the heaviest kitchen drudgery in this case. Those not otherwise employed have to do the work of cleaning the various apartments.



Female Prison, Showing Twenty-foot Wall, Protecting Cell Windows from Curious Eyes. Taken from an Elevated Position.

The second floor of the wing contains the twelve bath rooms and the sleeping rooms. Two double tiers of ten rooms each on either side of a wide central hall accommodate the convicts. In size the rooms are seven by nine feet, lighted by a large double window. Steam heat and warm air keep the rooms comfortable in winter. Ventilation is carried on by forcing either warmed or cool fresh air through the rooms, according to the temperature needed. The entering tube for the fresh air is through the wall near the floor and the exit tube for impure air is through the wall near the ceiling above the head of the bed. Each room contains an iron cot equipped with a hair mattress, wire springs, pillow, ample coverings and a white spread. A small dresser, a rocking chair, electric light and private toilet complete the furniture. Many of the occupants very tastefully decorate their rooms with fancy articles presented by friends or made from tissue papers.

The large middle hall serves as chapel on Sundays and assemblage hall for all occasions. A platform, a pulpit and an organ occupy the north end of the hall. At 8 o'clock each Sunday the Chaplain gives his talk to the women who care to attend. The third Sunday of each month the Catholic Chaplain renders his service. At 11:30 on the last Sunday of each month the Women's Christian Temperance Union holds a service and the third Sunday, after Catholic services the Women's Prison League, organized by Mrs. Booth, holds its session.

For many years the number of women convicts has hovered around the mark of sixty. That was the latest count on the day of our visit. The majority have been sent up for murder, and it has been said that in most cases their victims have been husbands or children. Arson, shop-lifting and a few other crimes have sent them there. About half the number are always colored women.

The week-day dress is of blue checked gingham varied on Sunday by blue chambry gingham. A plain waist sewed to a plain, full skirt is the uniform style.

There are solitary cells for punishment of misbehavior, but the only punishment inflicted is that of locking the offender up until better behavior is promised.

With their own prison yard for place of play and exercise, the women are often given free range within their walls, and in seasonable weather enjoy the indulgence in the few games which women regard as available sport. With them as with the men, letters may be received at any time, they may write letters every five weeks and receive visitors every eight weeks.

Very little sickness occurs among the women. The Physician makes his sick calls and deals out medicines according to necessities, but one can well understand why the place harbors no illness when the extreme cleanliness and the sanitary condition of the place are taken into consideration.

While this department does not require the amount of guarding necessary at the larger prison, a guard is

on duty here both day and night. At night the Deputy Warden is within easy call. Escapes are no more attempted. Women would hardly try to scale a twenty foot wall.

Miss Georgia A. Doolittle is the pleasant lady who now fills the office of Chief Matron and the condition of the women's department speaks much for her efficiency.

Some Americans of Achievement

O. H. Kimmel

V. Marcus Whitman, "An Uncrowned Hero."

It was 1836. It covered a stretch of unbroken wilderness for a distance of almost thirty-five hundred miles. The conquest of it was the result of an agreement between two men of religious zeal in old "York State." One with his young wife had become a missionary among the Osage Indians in New York. The other had followed him thither to talk over greater plans in missionary work with him. They talked over a plan to spend two summer seasons on the trail that would at last lead them to the great northwest of this country.

The man who had followed this missionary to the Osage country was none other than Marcus Whitman, a young physician and zealous Christian, at this time thirty-three years old. He had been, in company with Rev. Samuel Parker, on an exploration tour to the far West in 1835. While on this tour Rev. Parker, in a confidential conversation with young Whitman said to him: "This is a great country, and the native needs to know the high ideals of the Christian religion. You are young and energetic, why not you undertake the work?" This set the young man thinking, with the result that when he made a report to the Board of Foreign Missions, the body decided to establish a mission in the Oregon Country and instructed Dr. Whitman to find a colaborer and undertake the great work. In pursuance of these instructions he thought of the young missionary out in the Osage Country and he followed him thither to try and persuade him to join with him in the greater work in the Oregon Country.

Mr. Spaulding, for it was he whom Whitman had followed to the land of the Osage, at once felt willing to go to Oregon with Whitman but the young wife was not fully convalescent from a recent and severe spell of sickness, and was, to all appearances, unable to make the journey. This alone caused Mr. Spaulding to hesitate.

At last in her religious zeal, Mrs. Spaulding entered into secret conversation with the great missionary, and after this, at once announced that she was ready to undertake the journey, and to wend her way with her husband and Mr. Whitman to the other side of the continent, beyond which place the sun finds his bed each day, beyond the widest expanse of water that the world affords. Her husband and Mr. Whitman pleaded with her in vain. Her Keeper had told her to go. She replied to their pleadings at last by saying, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only but also to die on the Rocky Mountains for the name of the Lord Jesus."

After this they pled with her no more not to go, but began to prepare for the journey. Mr. Whitman had delayed his own marriage to find a coworker. Now one had been found. His betrothed was notified to prepare for a hasty marriage and a long bridal tour across the continent, to the Pacific foot of the Rockies.

Soon the wedding came. It occurred in the little church at Angelica, New York. The people knew that the novel journey was to be undertaken at once and that the lives of husband and wife were to be devoted to the cause of God in a wilderness land far away among the savages, thus the wedding was unusually pathetic. The people of the little town were all at the wedding. The pastor announced the hymn:

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connection, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you
Far in heathen lands to dwell?"

At first the whole audience sang. But, one by one the throats swelled, voices gave way to sobs and tears. The faces of the congregation were soon wet with tears, and when the last stanza was reached, all had ceased and stood weeping as Mrs. Whitman alone, with a clear musical voice, sang unwaveringly to the end.

Within a short time the new couple, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding and a party of missionaries covered their prairie schooners and started on their long and perilous journey.

At this time the West was quite new. Fifteen years had yet to pass before the first locomotive led a train into Chicago. Cincinnati was a small place and the first white child born there was barely forty years old. Kaskaskia had not lost all her glory, and Fort Chartres and her great dream were not entirely forgotten.

St. Louis was reached with little hardship, and they found it to be a half American town of many lan-

guages and customs. However, they found the people of the city to be quite hospitable, and they enjoyed their stay with them and were encouraged in their undertaking. From there they journeyed to Liberty Landing, thence to Council Bluffs. At this place they were to meet and join the American Fur Co., but because of delays they reached the place six days after the Fur Company had departed. They determined to, by hard travel, overtake the Fur Company. At last, after some hardships, and some more laughable than serious acci-



Marcus Whitman.

dents they overtook the Fur Company on the Loup Fork of the Platte River.

At this point the combined caravan consisted of two hundred persons and six hundred animals. The Indians in the country were inclined to be hostile and thievish and their traveling by day and rest by night were therefore beset by dangers. But they traveled on slowly and at last reached Laramie, then the South Pass. When they were well through the South Pass and had begun to descend the Pacific slope, they stopped, dismounted and spread their blankets on the ground, lifted over them the American flag and with bowed knee upon the Bible claimed this western portion of the continent for Christ and the nation. It was one of the great scenes in American history and the painting would be worthy of any panel in the rotunda at Washington. It was an act that had much to do with the final settlement of the Oregon question and with bringing into the possession of the United States the great territory of the Northwest, and the six thousand miles of Pacific coast line.

At Fort Hall, not far from what is now Salt Lake City, the party felt that it would be useless to try to take the wagons farther. Dr. Whitman protested, and his wagon was kept on the trail. The Indians, who had never seen such a thing as a wagon, called it a "chick-chick-shani-le kai kash," for they said it goes chick-chick on the soft grass, and shani-le kai-kash, on the rocks and hills. One Indian followed the wagon a long distance watching it intently. Finally the occupants asked the simple fellow why he was watching the wagon so intently and he replied in Indian: "I have been wondering why the big hind wheel does not overtake the small front wheel." "Hind wheel heap big, front wheel heap little, yet hind wheel no catch front wheel." It was hard to explain to him why the "hind wheel" would not catch the "front wheel."

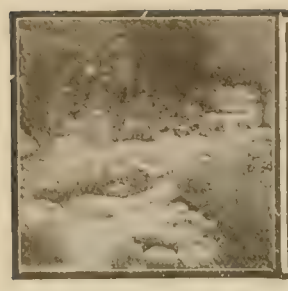
When they reached old Fort Boise opinion became so strongly set against the wagon that Whitman was compelled to leave it for the time being by the side of the trail until they advanced and established the mission. Dr. Whitman had converted the wagon into a cart ere this, but the trail was so rough and so much time was lost in getting the cart over the bad places that the party became disgusted with what they felt was useless delay, so the wagon was abandoned until the mission was established; then Whitman returned and finally reached the mission with the cart, thus breaking the wagon road from New York to Oregon.

Whitman's determination to take the old wagon through was a fortunate thing for the United States, for this was one of the strong factors in the decision that this was to be United States territory.

The Hudson Bay Company had all along persistently claimed that it was impossible for wagons to penetrate the mountains and cross the rivers leading to the Oregon Country. Whitman thus, heroically on his wedding trip, proved that it could be done, and in the year 1834 led from the States a band of eight hundred people, fifteen hundred cattle and about two hundred wagons into the territory. This started the caravan into the Oregon Country, and with each succeeding month the United States' claim to the region became more and more firmly established.

Thus the more than two hundred thousand square miles of territory came gradually into the possession of the United States until it was fixed by treaty. It is an acquisition of territory that has proven of almost inestimable worth, and as time goes on it is destined to become of greater and greater value. Not only are its lumber and mining industries to continue to be of great value to the country but the agricultural worth and the commercial worth are to be heralded in to take no second place. Puget Sound, one of the few natural

(Continued on Page 299.)

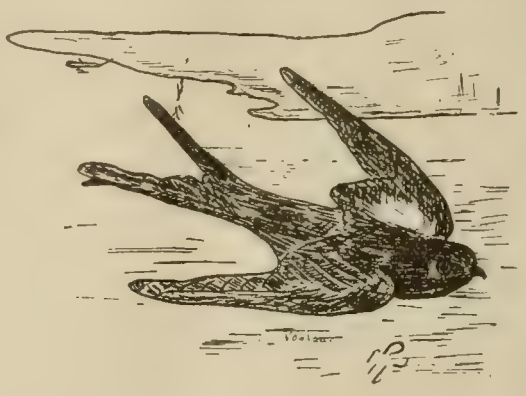


NATURE STUDIES



Swallows.

John H. Nowlan.



The general build of swallows is the same but in the minor details of their bodies they vary. The body is long, slender and graceful, the bird presenting a pleasing appearance as it skims through the air. Their beaks are short but wide at the base. This enables them to open their mouths very wide, and thus catch insects on the wing. As insect destroyers they are among our most useful birds. The tail of the Barn Swallow is long and deeply notched, from which fact we get the expression "swallow-tailed." That of the Tree Swallow is slightly notched, while that of the Cliff Swallow is square. The Chimney Swift, by some called Chimney Swallow, has a tail that not only is not forked, but is rather pointed.

Swallows are among the swiftest fliers in the world. This enables them to feed on the wing. The Bank and Cliff Swallows may be seen skimming over the surface of the water and the Barn Swallow flying over the fields and pasture, catching the insects. Not only do they feed on the wing, but they will fly across the water and dipping down take water in their beaks as they fly.

The old barn on the farm where my boyhood was spent in the early years of my life was a favorite haunt of these pleasing birds. I wondered why the nests built inside the barn differed from those under the eaves. Since that day I have learned that the difference was in the species of bird doing the work.

The Eave or Cliff Swallow.

Before man came and built barns for them to build their nests under the eaves these birds built on the face of cliffs, where they made a gourd-like nest of mud. The opening was in what we may call the neck of the gourd, but if the nest was well protected by the eaves sometimes the bird did not fully complete this part of the nest. Often the nests are built touching each other. The inside is lined with feathers and other soft material. Here, the mother bird deposits her eggs, which are white with reddish-brown spots on them.

Both these and the Barn Swallow are of a blue-black color above, but the former has a cream-white forehead and the latter one of chestnut.

The Barn Swallow.

This species will enter the barn and build nests on the rafters and beams. Its nest is also of mud and lined with feathers, but is only cup-shaped, or rather like half a cup.

Their eggs are much like the former species, but the birds do more "talking" and are somewhat musical. Both parents assist in the task of providing rations. which they continue to do long after the young ones have left the nest.

Early in September they leave for their winter homes, which are sometimes as far south as Brazil.

The Bank Swallow.

This bird makes its nest in a cavity which it excavates in some convenient bank where the soil is loose enough to be removed by its feeble feet and yet not loose enough to cave in. Sometimes, of course, the birds are mistaken and make their nests in banks that become softer when the weather becomes damp. Then the poor birds may lose home and loved ones.

The Tree Swallow.

This swallow builds in hollows of trees, but will thankfully accept a box if one is provided and the English sparrow be chased away. In this case it pays a good rent by catching insects in orchard and garden.

The Chimney Swift.

This bird is not a true swallow though it is much like them. It certainly deserves the name "swift" as it has been known to fly at the rate of 110 miles an hour. Before civilized man came to this country it nested in caves and hollow trees, but with the advent of the tall, old-fashioned chimney it found a more suitable nesting place. Now with the passing of the old fire-place they are reverting to their original habit.

If a chimney is unused during the summer, watch these birds. There they will make the strangest nests it has ever been my good fortune to see. They look like little wall pockets, and are made of small sticks fastened together by means of the bird's saliva. If you can secure one of their old nests use it to illustrate the "edible" birds' nests which bring such high prices in the Chinese market.

These birds seem to be almost always on the wing. They have never been known to alight anywhere except in chimneys or similar places. If you are daring enough to climb to the top of the chimney, light a lantern and lower it inside by means of a cord. Then you may see how the bird clings to the sides exactly as a woodpecker clings to a tree. His claws are sharp and the tail feathers are stiff and pointed.

How to Distinguish the Swallows:

1. Cliff Swallow. Back metallic blue, forehead cream-white, back parts of the body pale brick red, tail square across.

2. Barn Swallow. Back like No. 1, forehead chestnut, no red markings, tail long and forked during flight.

3. Bank Swallow. Grayish above, throat and breast white with a broad brownish band across the breast, tail slightly forked.

4. Rough-Winged Swallow. Similar in habits to No. 3, but the breast is gray and has no band.

5. Tree Swallow. Rather small, back and head blue-green with a metallic lustre, breast pure white with no band, and tail slightly notched.

6. Chimney Swift. Smaller than the swallows, sooty-brown, with gray throat and breast, tail seems a sharp point when flying, making the body appear cigar-shaped.

If any of these show a tendency to nest near your home encourage them, for they are as useful as they are interesting.

SOME STRANGE ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

There are scientists throughout the country who hold doggedly that the special sense of the wonderful ability of cats to go back home is not a special sense, but the result of some sort of observation, although the cat may be blindfolded. They even claim that homing pigeons find their way back by observing "the lie of the country." While this instinct is by no means unerring, and is developed to a much greater extent in some individuals than in others, there seems no justification of the denial to these lower creatures of a faculty of orientation or traversing which man possesses in only a small degree. There are many instances where the return has been made over a route very different from that of the outgoing journey, and could not have been influenced by the topography, even if it could have been observed.

Another instance of a strange instinct is that of the magpie which was fond of rubbing tobacco and its ashes into its plumage, as mentioned by a writer in *Kosmos*. This is of special interest to me, because I had made a similar observation on a bluejay—a relative of the magpie—and had never so far been able to confirm it from any other source. Fortunately as long ago as 1896 I recorded it in my little book "The Story of the Birds," (Appleton) from which I venture to quote:

"I saw him (the jay) engaged in the walnut tree one day in late summer in a manner that made me fear that his bath had not been sufficiently effectual. He would pluck off a leaf, lift his wing and rub it into his plumage. I saw him do it repeatedly; and since walnut trees have a pungent odor and are disagreeable to insects, I feared that he had some guests that he was trying to get rid of. If this theory should be correct, here was a case of a bird using perfumes with at least good intentions." (Page 243.)

It is well known that dogs and other mammals will rub their bodies into or against something that is strikingly odorous, for the sake of the perfume only in which they seem to delight, but these two are the only instances that I know of where birds are recorded as doing the same. It would be interesting to hear from any other instances—if there are any, as is likely.—*Scientific American.*

EARLY SPRING SIGNS.

Ah, hark! in the distance a robin's sweet trill;
A glimpse of the crocus and bright daffodil,
A murmur of brooks from their fetters released,
A warmth in the sunrise, a glow in the east;
O'er the meadows so bare comes a faint tinge of green,
While the daintiest fringe on the maples is seen;
There's a faint breath of perfume, a stir in the wood,
Where sweet pussy-willow is donning her hood.
Then welcome, rough March, though you come with a roar,
A message of springtime you breathe o'er and o'er;
We'll not be deceived by your bluster—instead
We're reading the signal, "Good times just ahead,"
With the sun mounting higher and higher each day,
You bring us bright visions of flowers in May;
Though harsh and discordant the songs that you sing,
You're welcome, thrice o'er, for the good news you bring.

—Katherine L. Daniher, in Farm and Home.

SOME AMERICANS OF ACHIEVEMENT.

(Continued from Page 297.)

harbors on the Pacific Ocean is to become the key to the Orient, and other trade facilities combined with its almost unlimited natural resources shall affect the nation more and more as it increases in wealth and population, and the other nations of earth shall be molded more and more by her influence until we shall be unable to trace the greatest riches of this great stretch of country that came to us through an "uncrowned hero on his wedding journey."

THE INGLENOOK

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Sometimes more strength of character is needed to stand our ground than to advance upon that of the enemy.

Being assaulted on some particular principle which we profess to support results in one of two things: Either we surrender the principle or we gather our strength and defend it with added fidelity. In the former event little, if anything, is lost, for the one who cannot stand the test of opposition is of little service to a cause, while in the latter event the gain is great. Taking it all around, opposition is a good thing. We need more of it in some fields in order to sift the workers and put the genuine ones in better trim.

The young act first and do their thinking afterward, while those of maturer years think before acting. That is one reason why there is more hope of reforming a youth who has fallen into sin than the grown man who has deliberately walked into it.

No matter what the world may say, no one fails completely who has put forth an earnest effort. That which has appeared to be a failure may serve as a stepping-stone to the highest success. Let us not be discouraged by seeming failures when we have put forth honest endeavor.

The one-idea man is seldom popular; he gets a great deal more reproach and a good deal less respect than he is entitled to. We need more such men, not only to head our reforms but to show us the benefits of consecration and concentration in the everyday duties of life. "This-one-thing-I-do" spirit, governing the lives of all good people, would soon bring us into the millennium.

WHY NOT?

Under the title, "A Noteworthy Event," the following item appeared in a recent educational bulletin published by the Department of Public Instruction in Illinois: "When the history of education of this century is written a prominent place should be given to the fact that on the morning of February 9, 1910, the president of James Millikin University in addressing a large audience stepped to the front of the platform with a loaf of bread in his right hand. After discussing the quality of intelligence necessary to produce such a loaf of bread and announcing that a committee of judges had declared the loaf of bread excellent in every way and the maker of it worthy of special mention, he proceeded to confer upon the young woman who made the loaf of bread a scholarship entitling her to free tuition in the Domestic Science Department of the University. So far as the writer knows, this is the first time in the history of higher education that a young woman has submitted a loaf of bread as her matriculating credentials."

We agree with the writer of the above that the event likely stands alone—the only one of the kind—but it ought not to stand alone for long. It is an accomplishment that is highly useful and requires skill and intelligence for its perfection, and why should it not be given recognition in the institutions of higher education? Many accomplishments of less value and calling for less skill have long been earning marks of credit in these institutions and it is surely time they were getting around to a right estimate of things and give honor to whom honor is due.

When other colleges and universities follow the example of the one mentioned above, our housewives may know of a certainty that the solution of the domestic help problem draweth nigh. It lies even now in their own hands, but they do not know it. When housework, especially the intelligent preparation of wholesome meals, is elevated to its rightful place in the social and business world, there will be little need of "help." The housewife will then take as great pride in the household tasks as she does now in her literary pursuits, her painting and her club work. Is it necessary to wait for the industrial schools to bring about that desirable condition? Let each housekeeper exalt her work to its rightful place and we may enjoy some of the benefits of the change even in this generation.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN FOR PEACE.

One of the most effective ways of bringing about a reform is to educate the children in the desired direction and then leave them to effect the change when they grow up. A better method still is to have them begin their work while they are still children. An in-

stance of this method is found in the action of the school children of Japan who have sent a message to the school children of America at the hands of Masuji Miyakawa who is making a lecture tour of this country. The message is wholly taken up with the perpetuation of peace between this country and Japan. Following is the message in full as it appears in the March number of the *Advocate of Peace*:

"*To the Public School Children of the United States:*

"We have been told by our fathers, brothers and teachers that Dr. Miyakawa, through his Japanese pictures and lectures before the American public school children, intends to bring about a better understanding of the more than historical friendship of Japan and the United States. We have, in the meantime, been told that there is a certain sentiment which looks upon war between the two countries as inevitable, just as our older brothers who passed before us in our schools thought war with China and the late war with Russia inevitable. In view of our teachings at school and at home, that 'the American people are the foster-mothers of Japan's present progress and prosperity,' we, the public school children in convention assembled, with permission of our fathers, brothers and teachers, passed the following resolution:

"'*Resolved*, that we, the pupils of the Imperial public schools, shall never raise our swords against, but shall emulate, the pupils of the public schools of the United States as perfect examples of brotherhood and sisterhood.

"'*Resolved*, further, that we ask Dr. Miyakawa to personally hand our resolution to our sisters and brothers of the United States.'

"Y. Matsudaira,

"Delegate, Sixth Grade, Tsukudo

"Public School, Tokyo, Japan."

It seems to us that the school children of the United States cannot do less than reply with a similar message. It is enough that the children of a heathen nation have taken the first action in a movement like this. The children of the United States,—a nation whose religion is based on the life of the Prince of Peace—ought not to be behind in promoting and perpetuating a condition that so fully harmonizes with Christianity.

Let us give more time to teaching the children the principles of peace as well as other such principles that are concerned with our present and eternal welfare. They can be convinced of the righteousness of such things much more easily than can grown people and their work and influence will cover a longer period and therefore be productive of more good. Let us not cease to labor with the grown people, but let us do more teaching among the children.

THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM.

SELECTED BY FRANKLIN ROYER, ELGIN, ILL.

In Two Parts. Part One.

Behold, a sower went forth to sow.—Matt. 13: 3.

THE parable of the sower is one of the most characteristic and suggestive in the New Testament. The sermon of the seed has been preserved in three different versions in the gospel narratives which contain the teaching of the Son of the Galilean carpenter, the great out-of-door Preacher. In the seed nature reaches not only her maximum energy but her transcendent ingenuity, delicacy and beauty. All the wild and fierce forces of nature seem to tend toward the seed. While studying rocks, waves, stones, air and water, we may talk of "blind forces," "purposeless energies"; if we are reckless, even of "chance" and the "wanton play of atoms." The swing of the planets may be but yielding of inert masses to a mathematical necessity. Astronomy is an exact science, because it deals with few, simple, but far-reaching, laws. Weight, bulk, distance, determine the rhythmic motions of the stars and the apparently wayward journeyings of the comets.

But once we come within the realm of organic life, then quality counts, not bulk, texture, nor size. It is not anything that can be weighed, measured or analyzed but an elusive potency, an intangible mystery, the nature of which cannot be discovered, but the existence of which cannot be denied, that represents what we call "life." To the perpetuation of this "Life" all the forces of time and space, the realities that appeal to sense, feeling or thought, focalize. Did "Creation groan," as Paul puts it, to bring forth life? The created will revels in the joy of perpetuating the same. For this purpose torrents are subdued and distilled; the last and highest achievement of water is that wrought by a dew-drop. Tornadoes, hurricanes, mighty trade winds, are tamed and tempered that they may achieve their highest results in the summer breezes that wave the wheat fields into fructifying billows, sway the nodding plumes of corn until they yield fertilizing breath.

It is worth our while to stop on our way to the sowing field, to note the charming variety, the wonderful diversity of the seed. We do not need books, not even a short course in an agricultural college, to make impressive the sermon of the seed. We need but stand in front of any country store at seeding time and note how charming the coloring, how inspiring the variety, how curious the forms of the seed exhibited there. What a lore of curious knowledge the farm wife must possess before she can intelligently buy her two dollars' worth of garden seeds! Can you at a glance tell the difference between parsnip and turnip seed, carrot and lettuce seed, early or late peas, sweet or pop-corn, sunflower, radish, squash, melon and pumpkin seeds?

(Continued on Page 311.)



THE HOME WORLD



Honoring Father

Nettie C. Weybright

THE Bible command is, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but some general observation will show that the father's share is almost wholly ignored as echoed from pulpit, platform, press and pen today, and this is certainly not what it should be. "Mother, Home and Heaven" are sung and read everywhere as "the three sweetest words on earth." I am not denying that, too much cannot be said for it, but when "Mother" is emphasized to the disparagement of "Father," it is wrong and one-sided—neither scriptural nor fair.

God knows we should and do love and prize our mothers. God bless them. A godly mother cannot be too highly esteemed, but how about our fathers? is the question just now. Our self-denying, hard-working, sacrificing fathers, bowed down and weak under the burden and care of rearing their families—us—you and me,—shall they receive no compensation in prose and poetry, in sermon and lecture for their days and years of toil and hardships and privations endured for our sakes? God forbid. We need honor our mothers none the less, but we *do* need honor our fathers more.

Have they not wept bitterly and prayed earnestly for their wayward sons and daughters? Have their solicitations and entreaties been in vain? Have their wise, fatherly counsels been for naught? What advice has been more helpful to you than that of your parents—your *father* and your *mother?* When you started away to school, or when you left the parental roof to go out to make your own way in the world, or to enter a home of your own, did not your father's prayers and blessings follow you as heavenly benedictions? Were his good wishes and "God bless you" of no avail? Did not his memory help you to be careful, knowing the pain it would cause him should his child go into forbidden paths? Out heavenly Father who seeth and knoweth all things, knows that this has helped *one child* at least, to endeavor amid conflicting influences ofttimes to do that which would be in accordance with the will and pleasure of her father as well as her mother. Their prayers and deep concern for her welfare gave renewed hope and courage when striving seemed almost in vain.

How the expression, "You certainly have a good father," fills with joy the heart of a child that *knows* and *feels* the truth of the assertion. And how it pains the heart of a child whom God has thus blessed with a true, Christian father, to hear other sons and daughters speak lightly of their fathers, who even at that very time may be toiling hard, working late and early, striving to educate their children by sacrificing many conveniences and pleasures that would make their own lives happy. It is one of heaven's choice blessings for a child to be able to point with pride (honest pride) and satisfaction to the life of a father who is God-fearing, careful in thought and word and deed, striving always to do good and not evil, a faithful Christian, a real light to the world—a good example for all. We need to appreciate such blessings more.

The following instance is but one of many where praise is given unwisely. A son was away from home in school, and during the revival services there, was converted and received into the church. In his letter home in which he gave his parents the good news, he said, "I could not forget your prayers for me, mother, and your good advice, nor your last words, 'Now, be a good boy while you're away.'" The letter was read to both parents. No mention whatever was made in that letter of the influence of his faithful father, his wholesome and wisely-given counsels, his fervent prayers, the godly example he always set before his children and the world,—for he was truly a Spirit-filled man, a faithful minister of the Gospel for many years. Certainly this good father was happy and thankful for his son's conversion, nor did he mention the slight or thoughtlessness of his statement,—perhaps in his unselfishness he did not notice it, but how much better it would have been, had this son, for whom his father had done so much, given in return just and equal honor to both parents.

True, there are many fathers as well as many mothers who are not worthy the name of parent, but such are not the theme of these meditations, neither are the majority of the parents of those who scan these pages of that class, for the most of us have been given loving, Christian, upright men and women to call by those endearing names, "my father" and "my mother." God help us to give them all due love and honor for their lives by our appreciation of their worth to us. Not while we live, can we give them all the love and es-

teem that they really deserve from us, their children, so let us do our best. Truly, may we pray, "God bless our fathers and our mothers."

Syracuse, Indiana.

WHY I LIKE TO WASH DISHES.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

SINCE it is such a frequent and necessary performance in every civilized family, and since there are so many people who "just hate" to wash dishes, I thought perhaps if I would tell how I did it, it might mitigate somewhat the misery of the ordeal.

Firstly, I have my kitchen table in front of the window, right between the stove on the left and the sink on the right. The outlook is restful, and is an occasional diversion from the task in hand. I have even "thought up" poetry at such a time. My kitchen is small,—just the kind I like. It saves many a step for the weary housewife. My great joy is in having things "handy."

The most satisfactory covering I have found for the table is zinc. A hot skillet can be set on it with impunity. When the zinc needs cleaning, put a little coal oil on a rag and rub over. It licks off everything like magic. If oil cloth is used instead of zinc, it can be cleaned in the same way.

Dispose of all the victuals on the dining-table first, clean off all refuse from the dishes, then stack them up for washing, neatly and compactly, the same kinds together, at the back side of the kitchen table. As I go along, you will notice that I have a strong liking for order and system. I believe this is one secret of pleasure in one's work, whether it be sewing up a dress, making an onion bed, or washing dishes.

If anything has been used in getting a meal that does not need washing, put it back to its place before sitting down to eat. If a skillet must be washed, put some cold water in it, set it on a warm part of the stove, and put the lid on. Granite kettles fill to overflowing from the cold water spigot. In these dump ladles, potato press, etc. While you eat, these things are all soaking.

I do not take very much dishwater to begin with, but make it as hot as my hand can bear. Then I make it somewhat soapy, but do not waste my soap by making the suds an inch deep. I first put in cups and other small pieces that wash readily, and turn them upside down on the tray to drain. Then I put in the dessert dishes, and saucers, and see that every part comes in contact with the water. Now I leave them stand a few moments, while I wipe those on the tray. When these are washed, and draining, I wet the vegetable and meat dishes, set them back, and submerge the knives and forks. Then I wipe what is washed. So also while I am wiping the knives and forks, the plates are soaking. Thus I wash and wipe in sections. Plates are tilted on a cup.

With each new batch I add a little more hot water, and renew the soap when necessary. The milk pitcher I always scald, but do not wipe inside. I always get my milk in a little tin bucket, and when I wash it, I scald it thoroughly, wipe it outside, but not inside, and set it upside down on the stove-shelf, where it must stay till the last drop is evaporated. (Milk, you know, is extremely susceptible to germs; and have you never heard of germs in a dish-cloth? Smell it once.)

I am now ready to attack a sink full of kettles; but when everything washes off so easily I don't mind it. When the dishwater is in the right condition, and the skillets washed perfectly clean, they can be wiped with the same cloth used on the tumblers. I don't like to see people squeeze out the dirty wash-cloth to wipe the skillets with. We eat what goes into the skillet next time. As soon as everything is washed, I empty the dishpan into the sink, rinse it with a little clear water, and leave it stand upside down while I wipe the last pieces. Then I wipe the table with the wash-cloth, also the outside of the dishpan if it needs it.

Then I take clean hot water and rinse the wiping-cloth, if it is very wet. Next I rinse the wash-cloth (I never put them both in the water together), and hang them both up immediately, without wiping anything else with either of them. Then I wipe the inside of the dish-pan and the top of the table with an old dry rag, kept for the purpose. Pans and kettles are put on the back of the stove until thoroughly dry before putting away.

Of course the cloths will need to be washed with soap frequently, and they ought to go to the laundry every week. Be sure to rinse out the soap. In summertime I always hang them out of doors. The sun is such a great purifier.

Incidentally, I never blacken the top of my stove. I just wash it off. Likewise the bottom of my nickel teakettle.

There are many excellent housekeepers who think dishwashing is not properly done unless every piece is scalded. I agree, with the Dutch vender, that "dot ish a goot vay too." If one has a hot water spigot, it is easy. I haven't, but I know that my dishes are clean when I am through.

I should have said at the beginning that the teakettle should be full of water, and liable to be boiling when you are through eating.

The secret of easy dishwashing is to have every piece wet a little while before it is washed. It is not necessary to have water standing in them. One of my abominations is to take a dish from the cupboard and rub my fingers over its rough surface—remains of the past. Another is to begin setting the table and find

drops of dishwater still on the plates. My motto is, "Wash clean and wipe dry."

Because it gives the dishes a better chance to soak and to drain, I would just as soon do the work myself as to have any one help me. Perhaps the size of the job would make a difference, however. A family of twelve or fifteen would be a different proposition from ours—we are only four.

Now it may be that this little preachment will not convert any one to the fascination of scientific dish-washing; but I do believe if every one would be orderly about it, take pains to do it just right, and *not hurry too much,* there would be more content, and even satisfaction, in this generally despised occupation. Since it *has* to be done, we may as well contribute to our own happiness by learning to do it with a good grace.

It has seemed necessary to use the word "I" a good deal in this article, for which I am sorry; but if any one else has a better way,—one that will make everybody fall in love with this interesting dish-pan study, I withdraw all my suggestions.

Huntingdon, Pa.

HOUSECLEANING AS PHYSICAL CULTURE.

I NEVER believed much in the gymnasium for good, honest, hardworking men and I believe in it less now than ever. I always felt that if a man needed physical exercise to keep himself in health, why didn't he do something useful, help to do some of the needed labor of the world—dig a ditch, help make a good road, build a retaining wall for some bank that was always caving in—rather than saw the air with dumb-bells or clubs, pull on strings with weights attached, or hoist himself up on rings above his chin so many times.

The real reason for our going to the gymnasium for exercise is that in our inmost hearts we disbelieve in the dignity of labor. We believe that to work until we sweat at manual labor is to lower our dignity and that at such times we must keep out of the way and not be seen.

In the course of my public life I have written and spoken often about the dignity of labor, until, all at once, it dawned upon me that I was a mere jaw-smith on that subject. If I believed in the dignity of labor, and also in the need of man for physical exercise, why didn't I labor?

When we arrived home from the East two weeks ago, I knew I should unpack all the twenty or more trunks and boxes we had brought back and I was used to that. But the "settling" in the house, and the cleaning, I had not considered as a part of my duties. It was near enough to fall to do the cleaning, so, I soon found out, the ladies (my wife and daughter) were planning to have the house thoroughly cleaned from top to toe. Ah! here was a chance for my energies. Why not do it all myself? So I began, under direction of course.

First I tackled my wife's bedroom. Donning a William Morris blue flannel shirt, and a pair of blue overalls with a "bib" front and back, I set to work and took up the matting. Then it had to be taken out, well shaken, swept and aired and sunned on the lawn. The papers under the matting I took up carefully, placed them in a large iron cylinder we keep for that purpose, and set fire to them. Then I swept the room, took down the pictures, and taking them outdoors, dusted them and washed the glasses in front; after again sweeping the room, I gave it a good mopping. Oh, I forgot, I swept the walls and ceiling and got rid of dust and cobwebs. Of course, before this process I had put the bedclothes and mattresses on the clothesline outside, so that they would get a good long sunning and airing, and had removed the bureau and my wife's writing desk and chairs into other rooms. The bedstead was taken apart and moved outside. When the woodwork was carefully gone over with a damp cloth —"Be sure, my dear, and see that it is not a wet cloth, only damp, or you will take off the varnish," said my wife—and the windows washed (of course, the curtains had been taken down) we were ready to put things back again. So after the pictures were hung, the bedstead set up and the furniture brought in, I helped my wife make her bed, and then I was willing to sit down and rest. (I may as well explain here, in parenthesis, that I usually sleep out of doors, at present on the back porch that leads off from my wife's room.) It had been a hot, a very hot day, and I had sweat freely. I looked dirty, and felt dirty and was dirty. My fingers sore with handling tacks, my hands like nutmeg graters with messing about in the water, my hair and whiskers full of dust and—what do you call that fluffy stuff that will accumulate in bedrooms and in corners everywhere?—and most of my muscles were pretty sore. But what of it? I had done something and more I had learned something. So, after a good hot bath and an evening spent in literary pursuits, I went to bed pretty early—before eight o'clock—and slept until the mocking bird in the orange tree outside called me to see the beauty of the morning star, the milky way and pure blue of the night sky, for it was yet two hours before dawn.

I was well refreshed and felt "fine," and, going to the library, worked hard for over four hours reading the proof of a new book. Then I lit the kitchen fire, put on the "No-Coffee," filled the distiller and the kettles with water, fed the chickens, brought in the morning paper and sat down to a brief rest.

After breakfast I tackled my daughter's bedroom, and gave it about the same treatment my wife's had received, and this took up all the morning and part of the afternoon.

One day I had to go out of town, and another day was Sunday, and on these two days the work had to rest, but every other day, I believe, has been spent in taking a room and putting it in good order. I shall never forget (at least, for a time) the two days I spent in the "front room" and the dining room. In both places there are hundreds of books, and all in open cases. Every book had to be taken either outside, or to the open windows, carefully spanked against, and then well dusted. I'd often seen this done, and once in a while, I'd taken a few handfuls myself to help out. But now I had to do it all myself. First, I began on the case under the front window seat. The books there are heavy—photographic albums, large picture books, etc. I carried them out of doors. That one case (two shelves) made me more tired than an hour's dumb-bell practice. My, how my muscle was rising! I kept feeling of it. Then I tackled the bookcase under the side window. For this I opened the window, propped up the screen, and slammed and dusted the books—bound volumes of the magazines—outside the window.

By this time my muscles were all well "riz," and I was glad when the call came for a rest, from dinner. I didn't hurry back to work directly dinner was over. I was willing to converse and I believe I led the conversation myself and made it as interesting as possible. For the big case of books was now to be considered. There it stood, and how nice the books would have looked if they hadn't been so dusty on top, and I hadn't known a damp cloth was needed, as well as a brush and dustpan to get away the accumulated dust of our absent period. The shelves were each divided into three sections. After I had done one row, I found myself counting those yet to be done. There were still four rows, twelve divisions. I had always thought there were not many books there, but—how they seemed to count up, as one by one they were spanked and dusted! You see I had to handle them carefully, as it wouldn't do to rub their covers one against another and too rough beating would break the backs. I got six divisions done, and my muscles ached to good effect. One more row—three divisions—and I wished I could take a recess. I think I did manage to go into the yard for something or other, perhaps to see if the afternoon sun was still shining, or whether the milky way had come out in the daytime; anyhow it was equally important. Then I boldly struck, when I got back; I wasn't going to carry those heavy geological reports to the window and spank them for anybody. I would take them out and dust them, honestly, and wipe the shelf carefully, but I would pile the books up on the floor as near to where they belonged as possible. My! when I got them back wasn't I glad! I would have enjoyed having some one sing the doxology for me, if I hadn't been too tired to listen. I was rather "subdued" all that evening and went to bed extra early. And how I slept, and how good it felt! Talk about insomnia! There's no cure for insomnia like real physical exhaustion caused by real work.

In the morning, however, my beautiful morning star awaited my inspection, and I awoke as fresh as a lark and as joyous, ready for more work. Before the kitchen duties called me I had written a two thousand word article, and after breakfast I tackled the dining room. It was the same there as in the sitting room. Books until you couldn't rest. But that was done in time.

Yesterday I tackled the stairs. The stair carpet had to be taken up, beaten and cleaned, and the matting in both upstairs and downstairs halls also removed, beaten and then replaced, after the floors had been well swept and mopped and the woodwork carefully "gone over" with a damp cloth. Talk about exercise! I had it finely. We have no stair rods, and I had to tack the carpet down. It had to be even on both sides and straight all the way up. The tacks made my finger ends sore, and they wouldn't drive always just where I wanted them. And yet I found time to reflect a good deal, and now and again I jumped up and went to my desk and wrote a page or so, which fitted into the work I was doing finely. When my wife and daughter came and "passed" on the job, my chest uprose with pleasure, and I was prouder than if the *Boston Transcript* had given me a flattering comment on my new book.

The experiences have been good, all good. I have learned a great respect and sympathy for "women's work." I find that a woman who does this kind of work has to work harder than I had thought; she well earns the paltry sum we sometimes kick at having to pay.

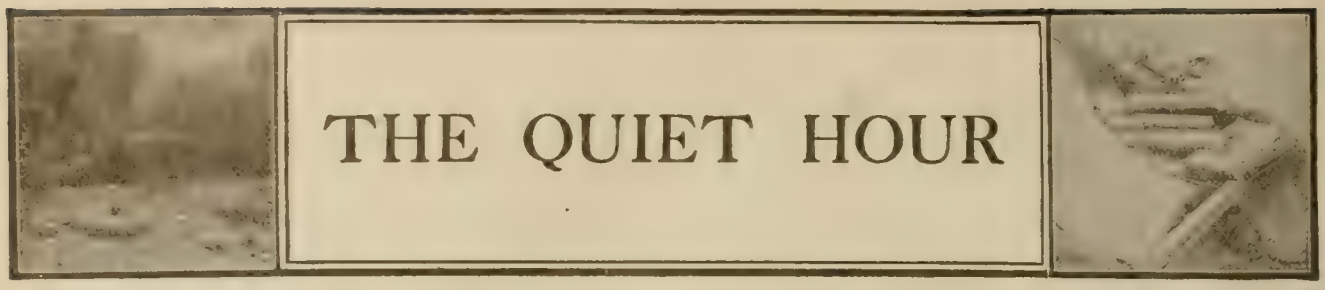
I shall be more careful in future about causing extra work to be done. I know now what it means. I have added a fresh stock of thoughtfulness on new lines into my make-up, that I hope will bring forth good results.

I have demonstrated that a gymnasium has no charms or allurements for me. I've had all the physical exercise I want, and I know where to get more in the future; and in the getting, I have gained a closer sympathy with my own belongings, my own home means more to me than ever before. Every book has a new nearness. I have helped care for it, helped make it look better, helped make it fit into the ruling spirit's idea as to what our home should be.

And this is why I have written these experiences. I want the wives who read what I have written to hand the sketch over to their husbands, and when the men feel like going to the gymnasium for exercise, let them try a hand at home and see how they "pan out."—*Good Housekeeping.*

* * *

COAL oil will soften boots and shoes which have been wet and hardened by drying; rub well into the leather, it will make it quite pliable



Father--Child

Paul Mohler

I AM thankful for some fathers I have known. They are so tender and thoughtful, yet firm and strong. There is no good thing that they withhold from their children, and nothing they will not do for them. It is such a father that God is to us, only so much better, kinder and more loving. Recently I have had a new conception of the fatherhood of God, and it has given me much joy. I wish that all might have the same.

The best father in the world is no blessing to the wrong kind of a child. The child that hates the companionship, the advice, the restraining hand of a loving father, gets no good from his father. The more his father exerts himself in that which he sees to be is best for his boy, the more the boy avoids him and spurns his counsel. So also, God cannot bless some of his children as he would like; they will not let him. But, seeking only to avoid him, they feel nothing but his restraining hand. To such, the fatherhood of God means only correction and reproof. But that is not what God desires to be. He would have us near him, not because we are so good, but because he loves us. He desires our companionship, our love in return for his own. If we could only come to him as my little son comes to me, so full of loving trust and loyalty, what a joy it would be to him! For he first loved us.

And then how he could bless us. Those who do not know him, think he is loath to bless. Nothing is farther from the truth. Why, he blesses everyone that will let him. He sends the rain upon the unjust, gives them the breath of life, feeds and sustains them, gives them protection, and everything they are able to receive. But that is all he can do; they will not, they cannot receive his richest blessings. Clearly they are shut away from his companionship, they cannot receive his Holy Spirit to guide, comfort and sustain them. They shut themselves away from all of this when they turn away from him.

They are unable also to pray. Only loyal children can pray to the Father. Others may ask, but ask amiss that they may consume God's gifts upon their lusts. A disloyal child may persuade an indulgent father to give that which he knows is to his hurt, but that is not a blessing, it is a curse. It is so with God; he does grant much to wicked men, so much that loyal children, having less, sometimes wonder whom God loves the best. But it is no blessing to the wicked; it is a curse and serves to fasten them the surer to their condemnation. God would seem to have given them up to their evil course and destiny. Let no loyal child begrudge disloyal ones the poor swift moments of tarnished joy that God vouchsafes to them. It were a pity they could have no more.

A loyal son is heir to his loving father. When a father names his bequest, he does not measure it by what his son has done for him, but by his own heart of love. It was not that Isaac had served Abraham to so much profit, that made him the heir of Abraham; it was his sonship. So with us, it is sonship that makes us heirs of God. What a blessing it will be to the world when everybody knows that fact! What a contrast to the old Jewish idea that salvation is to be "merited" by a strict obedience to God's commands. What a heartless taskmaster the Jews and many earnest Christians make of God. God has done so much to show that he loves us as a father; how can we any longer doubt?

But notice that it is a loyal son that is made an heir. Isaac was thoroughly proven. No doubt he made mistakes and fell short of perfect sonship, but his will was right; only his flesh was weak. We cannot conceive of a loyal son wilfully neglecting or refusing to do the will of his father. Only careful obedience is consistent with loyal sonship. When I see a professing Christian ignoring God's will in even the most trivial matters, I am very sorry indeed, for I know that he is losing some blessing that God has for his loyal children. Furthermore, he is in danger, for God makes no arbitrary demands; there is a reason for everything. The commands of God bring positive blessings, and at the same time protect from loss. When I neglect them, I not only lose the blessing, but lay myself open to the gravest dangers. It pays to be a loyal son.

The heirs of God are joint heirs with Christ. Even the things of Christ are given to us. His perfect righteousness is ours. What a marvelous gift is that! They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. They that have put on Christ shall be clothed with the wedding garment, the righteousness of saints.

And we shall share his kingship, reign with Christ

the King. But we too must learn obedience through suffering. We cannot expect to reign till we have learned to obey. In the Father's house there must be harmony. A house divided against itself cannot stand. For God to admit a single rebellious son into his kingdom would be to open it to discord. That cannot be. What if this should prove to be but the training school for larger usefulness? If we do not yield our will to him on earth, how shall we be entrusted with the larger liberty of heaven?

And now, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. It is a joy to him to give, where he can bless by giving. I know no greater pleasure than to bless my little son; how much more does my Father rejoice in blessing me, as he is better than I!

Blessed Father, help us to come to thee as simple, loving sons. May our hearts return thy love, as the heart of a flower returns the sunlight to the sun. Through him who brought to us thy love, Amen.

Chicago, Ill.

WALK BESIDE HIM.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Among the great, rocky mountains, we often see a patient prospector walking beside a packed burro (a loaded donkey) along the steep, narrow trails where no wagon could go. We smile as we pass, wondering if the poor man will ever find the riches he is looking for, while a thought of pity and admiration for the faithful beast of burden fills our minds. Man and beast—master and servant—walk together, side by side, day by day, sharing each other's friendship, enduring each other's hardship, brave through every storm, company for each other in the lonely desert, helpful to each other in every trial. Should the owner, undertake to sit upon the heavy load, we should call *him* a beast and condemn his cruelty. But the fellow-travellers do not impose thus upon one another.

In the hard and barren fields of spiritual service, we have many an humble servant patiently toiling along the narrow and rugged path of life, bravely and uncomplainingly bearing a heavy load, enduring many a hardship, accepting the meager compensation of a mere living, thankfully. Fellow-travelers along the narrow pathway, seeking for the riches of eternal glory, do you always walk beside that humble servant comforting him with your sympathy and friendship? Sharing with him your pleasures, encouraging him along the steep places and helping over the hard and stony ones? Let us not be less merciful to God's faithful servant as he toils up the steep hills bearing our burdens, than is the poor prospector seeking for uncertain riches, finding only a little of the gold that will tarnish and vanish away. Is our burden-bearer a faithful teacher, a minister, a deacon, a parent or preacher? Let us walk beside him all the way.

IS OUR CHRISTIANITY WORTH PROPAGATING?

"There is no doubt as to Christianity being worth propagating. The question today for each one of us is—have I a Christianity worth passing on? What is Christ to me? What are my relations to him? Have I a vital interest in Christianity? Have I had such an experience in Christ that I have a message I can give?

"The men and women to whom we are to go with our message may refuse to read our Bibles, they may not listen to our words but they will read our lives. Each of us must ask the question—What is my life? What am I before God? Am I a growing man? The old psychology said a man does what he is, the new thought is a man is what he does. In the short four years of college are you building up a strong personality?

"Another question that we must each ask ourselves is—am I a constructive Bible student? Not do I talk about the Bible to others, join a class or Bible circle, but am I a real student of the Scriptures? Is the Bible to me something dead and dry or a fountain of living water? Is it a fresh blessing, fresh manna and new life to me every day? Another question is, do I obey its teachings? The issue is not do I love the Book today, but did I obey it yesterday?

"A third question that must be answered by us all is—am I a man of prayer? Not do I talk about praying, but is my life permeated with the presence of God—a life fragrant with prayer? Do I get answers to my prayers, or is there some unforgiven sin which hides God's face from me?

"Another important interrogation is—am I a winner of men? Not am I a professional secretary of the Y. M. C. A., leader of a mission class, but have I a deep consuming love that must speak when I find myself side by side with an unsaved soul?

"The last question I would ask each one of you to answer to himself is—have I a victory over sin? Do I realize God's commands in my daily life? Is God able to use me, or am I by some marring sin made unfit for service?"—*Selected.*

UNTIL GOD SPEAKS.

How true it is that, till God speaks to the heart of man, man cannot understand the language of God which is uttered around him, and over him, and beneath him! As there are times when we stand in the midst of nature as if we were in a church, when a joyful song of praise is springing from each breast, and we cannot help but sing also, being drawn into the stream of devotion and carried along with it—so at other times know how mute all creation seems to us, as though all pursued its way alone without a hand in heaven to guide it! All depends upon whether God speaks in us.—*Friedrich A. G. Tholuck.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Recommendations have been made by Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor Cable that governmental examination of all Asiatic immigrants be required before they leave Oriental ports.

In a special message President Taft says something must be done to prevent the "early extinction" of the Alaska seal herd, which had been reduced in numbers in 12 years from 375,000 to 134,000, while the breeding seal had fallen in numbers from 130,000 to 56,000.

During the summer Senator Aldrich will make speeches on the monetary question at Richmond, Atlanta, Birmingham and points in Texas. On June 22 he will address the North Carolina State Bankers' Association at Wrightsville, N. C., and will discuss the central bank proposition.

Without any essential changes the Diet, 238 to 188, passed the government's Prussian suffrage bill. This measure has been vigorously fought by the Socialists who have had several clashes with the police because of it. As passed the bill leaves intact the three-class property system.

Conferees have agreed on the "white slave" bill and the measure is now ready for the signature of the President. The bill seeks to prevent the importation of women for immoral purposes, but the provision making it a felony to furnish a ticket to send a person from one State to another for immoral purposes was stricken out.

The commission appointed to examine the Leaning Tower of Pisa has reported that it thinks its foundations may need strengthening. A spring exists under the tower, the water of which is raised by steam pumps for the use of a local factory. As the bed of the spring is emptied, it is feared, a subsidence of the ground on which the campanile stands will follow.

Missouri will shortly begin action to oust Armour, Swift, Morris and other packing companies from the State on the ground that they have conspired to fix prices, restrain competition and monopolize the meat and provision business. Attorney General Major, who has been conducting an investigation of the packers' methods of doing business, is confident that he now has evidence to warrant ouster action.

At the urgent request of the government of Liberia the United States cruiser Birmingham, Captain Fletcher, has been ordered to Monrovia. The tribes of Greboes, a powerful people inhabiting the region of Cabally River, adjoining French territory to the southeast of Liberia, have rebelled against the Liberian government and are besieging the town of Harper, at Cape Palmas, where there are considerable American missionary interests.

Arrangements are being completed for the removal of the body of the late Pope Leo XIII. from its temporary resting place in St. Peter's church to the magnificent permanent sepulchre in the church of St. John Lateran. The removal will be conducted as unostentatiously as possible. A solemn funeral service will be celebrated following the laying of the body in the sepulchre.

Suit has been brought by the French aviation syndicate to annul the Wright patents in France. The claim is made that the Wrights seek to obtain a monopoly in mechanical flight both in America and France and that the patent granted in France to the Wrights on March 24, 1904, has been forfeited under the law requiring the exploitation of an invention in France within three years of the date of patent.

The Duke of Orleans, in a manifesto to the royalists of France, apropos of the scandal arising from the liquidation of the religious orders, declared that republican institutions are responsible for the corruption of man. The Duke announces that he is ready to come to Paris the minute there is a real chance of overturning the present rule, and he concludes his statement by saying: "Popular disgust indicates that the time is almost ripe."

After a fight of two years' duration, the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs has forced the management of the subway to place street indicating devices in its cars. This apparatus works automatically and obviates the necessity of the conductor calling the streets. There has been much complaint because of the inability of passengers to understand conductors' calls and the device now installed prevents inconveniences on this account.

It is announced by John Berry, the balloon pilot who won the cup at Indianapolis last year, that eight men will be in his balloon party which proposes to fly to the top of Mount McKinley in Alaska. It is the purpose of Berry to find the documents which Dr. Frederick A. Cook says he left on the summit of the mountain. Berry is in correspondence with postmasters at Sydney and other points in Alaska seeking information. A photographer will accompany the party.

One of the most remarkable features of the New York Public Library, now slowly nearing completion, will be the huge stack room, 90 feet wide, 300 feet long, and 60 feet in height, containing seven tiers of stacks. The metal work of the stacks alone weighs about 3,000 tons, and recently, in estimating for the painting contract, it was found that merely to pass once through the multitudinous nests of stacks it would be necessary to cover seven miles of distance.

The foreboding shadow of the American bayonet no longer falls on Nicaragua. The Buffalo, with the marines who have been encamped on an island in the bay of Fonseca for three months, has sailed for Panama, leaving the dominion of Zelaya free of the threat of American armed forces. This is the closing chapter of the ousting of Zelaya by Secretary Knox. President Madriz is not yet in the good graces of the United States but he is considered infinitely better than Zelaya and has so far shown a disposition to observe international obligations.

The penury of the weather bureau has been relieved to some extent and the distribution by telegraph of the 8 P. M. observations, which were recently discontinued on its various circuits throughout the country, were resumed on March 24. The circulation of this data, referring to the temperature, rainfall, wind, weather, etc., of certain cities, had been abolished temporarily because of the lack of funds. By its savings in other directions the bureau will endeavor to carry these observations over its telegraph circuits without interruption until the appropriation for the next fiscal year becomes available on July 1.

The dam across the River Nile at Assuan is the largest structure of its kind in the world and ranks among the most wonderful sights of Egypt, itself a storehouse for the engineering marvels of antiquity. It was constructed for the purpose of furnishing perennial irrigation to the lowlands of the river and of reaching arid tracts in the uplands, which would produce rich crops if water could be got to them. The lake formed by the dam contains 234,000,000,000 gallons and is capable of maintaining a supply of water in the canals in lower and middle Egypt, thus adding upward of 500,000 acres to the land cultivable in summer. It is estimated that this increases the national wealth by $75,000,000 annually. Ex-President Roosevelt visited this dam March 20 and pronounced it the greatest engineering work in the world except the Panama Canal.

Under the terms of a resolution passed by the Senate, the people of Hawaii will be enabled to vote on the prohibition question at a special election to be held July 26. A similar resolution has been favorably reported by the House committee on territories. Friends of the legislation confidently expect the House will pass the resolution without serious opposition. Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, in January, introduced a bill providing absolute prohibition for the Hawaiian Islands. John G. Woolley, who is sometimes called the "temperance missionary to Hawaii," and other prominent "dry" advocates strongly urged the passage of the Curtis bill. The Senate resolution is in the nature of a compromise, but the temperance folks are satisfied with it. In the event that a majority of the voters of Hawaii cast their ballots for a "dry" archipelago, the territorial Legislature is "requested" to pass a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the islands. The word "requested" also is in the nature of a compromise. The original resolution "directed" the Legislature to pass such a law in the event that the voters favor it. The temperance folk are also satisfied with this amendment, as they are certain Congress will pass a prohibitory law for Hawaii if the people voted for one and their Legislature failed to enact it. The temperance forces look forward to victory at the polls in Hawaii on July 26. A vigorous campaign will be inaugurated at an early date.

By a vote of 113 to 94 the House struck out of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill the provision for 60-horsepower automobiles for use of the Vice President and speaker of the House. The insurgent Republicans threw almost their entire strength with the Democrats.

,Henry Caldwell, a farmer near Spartanburg, S. C., broke up an acre of land recently with 800 charges of dynamite, the explosive being used nstead of the plow. Mr. Caldwell claims that blasting land with dynamite is the best method for subsoiling and that it can be done more cheaply than by manual labor. Many persons from the city and the county were present to witness the experiment.

Mayor Busse has signed Alderman Bauler's hatpin ordinance. Hereafter any person wearing a hat in Chicago through which a pin protrudes more than half an inch is liable to arrest and punishment. A maximum fine of $50 is provided in the ordinance. Mayor Bussse had no comment to make when he signed the ordinance, which becomes effective April 1.

To offset the efforts of the suffragists who have been actively working among the women's colleges, a movement is now under way to band together college girls in an anti-suffrage league which will support the contentions of the opposition. Representatives of Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Barnard, Adelphi and other colleges met in New York March 26 to effect an initial organization and launch the movement.

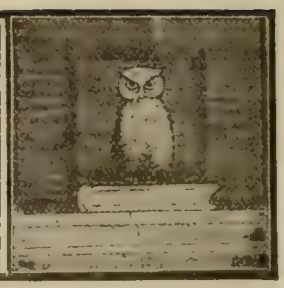
One of the most famous little farms in the world is the one-acre ranch belonging to Samuel C. Cleek and wife of Glenn County, in the Sacramento Valley, California. Mr. Cleek bought this acre some thirty years ago and has not only supported himself and wife from its products, but has put by a considerable competency. His net returns for many years above all expenses have been about $400 a year, which is doing pretty well for a single acre.

It is proposed by Miss Anna Gallagher of Boston to raise by subscriptions of Americans of Irish birth or descent money with which to build a ship to be called the Robert Emmet to ply between the ports of Ireland and America. Miss Gallagher and those who are associated with her intend that the Robert Emmet shall be distinctly Irish, built in an Irish ship yard by Irish workmen and the materials used in the vessel shall be from Irish production or manufacture. The furnishings of the vessel are also to be of Irish make.

A new departure in the county schools which is expected to advance the cause of universal peace has been inaugurated, according to County Superintendent A. F. Nightingale, Cook County, Ill. In the study of the history of the United States in the grades the general details of wars and battles will be omitted. For instance, according to the course of study recently adopted, in the lessons concerning the war with Mexico attention will be paid only to the cause and effect of the war. All colonial wars will be omitted, except the French and Indian War, which will be studied in only a general way.



Among the Magazines



BANEFUL PROPHECIES OF WAR.

We are having just now the usual crop of prophecies of war to which we are treated annually when the navy bill is under consideration at Washington. Our war folks are entitled to be considered double first cousins to their like in Great Britain who were recently, during the Parliamentary election, working the German scare for all that their fertile and unbridled imaginations could make of it.

Washington's birthday seems to have been taken advantage of by some of these war mongers to stir up excitement and thus promote, if possible, a greater army and a bigger navy. Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, said at Morristown, N. J., on the 22d of February, or is reported to have said, that "war between the United States and Japan is inevitable." Gen. J. Franklin Bell, in advocating, at New Haven, a larger military establishment, is reported to have predicted another war "within thirty years," just because we have had one that often in the past! Gen. Francis Greene, speaking on February 23 before the members of the Canadian Club at St. Catharine's, Ontario, declared that "the prospect of war between Japan and the United States is a great deal more likely than official circles in the United States are willing to admit."

The mischief of these groundless predictions is that they tend to revive to some extent the jingo spirit in Japan, and that they make it more difficult to prevent extravagant military and naval appropriations at Washington. That was evidently their purpose, conscious or unconscious. But that they will have any very serious effect is not probable. War, at least, they will not bring any nearer than it was before. The "official circles in the United States" do not believe that there is any risk of war with Japan, and they have the best of means of knowing the real spirit of Japan. Official circles in Japan are just as assured that there will be no war between the two countries. Every wind that blows from the Orient brings us word that Japan is our unfaltering friend. The winds that blow from our shores to hers waft back the word that the American people, as a whole, are thoroughly loyal to the historic friendship between the two peoples, and that the pessimistic speeches of a few military and naval men—a very few—have no appreciable effect upon public sentiment.

There is one encouraging phase of the situation. These predictions of war are much less numerous than they were a year or two ago. Some of the noisiest of the war prophets have in considerable measure hushed up, having been unable, after four or five years of eloquent and frantic effort to bring on the conflict which they were so sure was about to burst upon our western shore. Mr. Shaw and Generals Bell and Greene ought also to cease to prophesy. If they possessed a fair share of the best sort of modern patriotism, they would hesitate long before letting go reproachful words, the mischief of which, when directed against a brave and sensitive people, it is not easy to foretell. They ought to know that no war is inevitable in our time unless it is made so by injustice, falsehood and insolence. If the United States ever again fights another people, it will be, ninety-nine chances to one, because the dragons' teeth sown by such speeches as those which we have cited, have sprung up into armed men across the sea.—Advocate of Peace.

AN ENGLISH PELLAGRA COMMISSION.

Pellagra is attracting serious attention in England as well as in this country, and a commission whose findings may be of use to our own workers in this field has been formed there for the investigation of the disease. It is proposed, we are told by an editorial writer in The Hospital (London, February 5), to send out Dr. L. W. Sambon and, if possible, others, to some pellagrous district—probably in Italy—to work out problems connected with the spread of the disease. Says the paper just named:

"Dr. Sambon is a well-known opponent of the infected-maize theory of pellagra, and has advanced a series of reasons on which he bases the idea that some protozoal organism is the materies morbi. As a working-hypothesis he intends to examine the relation of the various midges or sand-flies to the distribution of cases; a study of their topographical, geographical, and seasonal distribution has shown that there is a marked correspondence to that of pellagra. Whether this correspondence has been observed also in those parts of the United States where pellagra is prevalent is not stated.

"Now, it is not altogether a bad thing to enter upon a difficult research with a definite working-theory to be tested and applied, though the disadvantages of prejudging what is entirely an open question are, of course, obvious and undeniable. If Dr. Sambon can prove that a midge or any other suctorial insect plays a constant part in the dissemination of pellagra his protozoal theory will receive strong support, and he will be very materially aided in his efforts to determine and describe the parasite itself. In such a case the vegetable-fungus theory will probably lapse into oblivion. But, though we do not object to Dr. Sambon holding strong views upon what he expects to find, he must be very wary lest he fail to keep a perfectly open mind with regard to any other factors in the etiology. It has so often happened that investigators who have been filled with enthusiasm for some particular solution of a problem have failed to mark the plain indications pointing to some other conclusion that we feel bound to point out such a possibility. We quite agree that he has made out a case for the testing of the protozoal theory, and we hope sincerely that some definite advance toward the control of this very serious disease may be achieved as the result of the Commission's labors."

In conclusion, the writer suggests that it would be ad-

vantageous to carry out this research in correlation with the work in this country. He says:

"There should be, and we trust the Commission will take care that there is, no avoidable overlapping in the work. Results which have already been thoroughly tested in one hemisphere should be communicated without delay to workers in the other, so that there may be as little duplication of fruitless labor as possible. To this end an organized effort should be made coördinate the various researches."—Literary Digest.

SLEEPING SICKNESS IN UGANDA, AFRICA.

About seven years ago the English officials assigned to posts in Uganda became alarmed by the appalling death rate among the natives. The cause was an absolute mystery, and how to check the progress of the unknown disease, which was mowing down the blacks in thousands, was a problem which they could not solve. Conditions grew from bad to worse, and fears were entertained that, unless steps were taken immediately, the entire native population was in danger of being wiped out. The English government was appealed to for assistance, and responded generously by sending its most noted scientists to the infected district. Professor Koch, of Berlin, the discoverer of the tuberculosis germ, was also sent there, and spent two years investigating this new and destructive malady, which was slowly but surely exterminating the negroes living in Uganda.

Professor Koch was ably assisted by Colonel Bruce, the English scientist, and as a result of their labors the affliction was traced to the bite of the tsetse fly, which in appearance and size resembles the common house-fly. The only discernible difference is in the wings of the tsetse, which are scissors-shape, crossing over the back of the insect. The origin of the disease having been ascertained, to find an antidote was the essential thing, but, after four years of experimenting with every poison known to medical science, the physicians have not been able to save a single case. They are as far from a cure today as when they started—baffled by a parasite infused in the blood through the bite of the tsetse fly. The scientists have inoculated thousands of monkeys, hoping to discover some poison that will kill the microbe, but, like the human victims, all the monkeys have died.

The labors of the doctors have not been in vain, however, as the important discovery was made that a tsetse fly needs three conditions to sustain life: water, shade and bush. Remove any one of these and the fly will die. The scientists also learned that the fly lays its eggs in the scales of crocodiles, which are very numerous in the lakes and rivers of Uganda.

The new malady was given the name of "sleeping sickness," because of the condition of the patient when the disease developed. The first stage is not discernible, except by microscopic examination of the blood, but after two months the victims are seized with convulsions and severe pains in the chest. Then follow wasting and loss of flesh, the patient losing strength daily, and finally going to sleep while eating or talking. Death comes in a state of utter exhaustion, usually when the victim is but a human skeleton. It is a pitiful sight to see helpless children, stricken by this fatal illness, mutely appealing to the doctors for help. And the great physicians are compelled to stand by and see the life-blood sapped out.

In recent years sleeping sickness camps have been established, situated far from the infected area, and thousands of victims have been taken there to die. Such comforts as the government can give are cheerfully bestowed, but to cure is as yet a forlorn hope. The world owes a debt of gratitude to the brave men, scientists and physicians, who are risking their lives trying to discover an antidote which will check the progress of the disease.

Not every tsetse carries the poison, but when a fly bites an infected person it will inoculate a well person by carrying the poison from a victim to the healthy person. A fly by the same name has existed in Uganda for many years, but it was known only as a destroyer of animals. But this newer species, known in the medical world as Glossina palpalis, has only been known about seven years.

It is the intention of the English government to clear the natives out of all of the afflicted districts and to keep them out for a few years, and it is hoped in the meantime the tsetse fly will lose its power to spread the disease. The theory of the scientists is that the microbe infused into the blood by the fly is propagated in the human body, and that, were it not for human beings, the germ would die out. Sleeping sickness must be eradicated, and no stone will be left unturned to accomplish its extermination. Both Germany and England are lending their aid by sending their most learned medical men and scientists to Uganda. Let us hope that the time is near when the telegraph will flash the information to the civilized world that sleeping sickness is under control.—The World Today.

THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM.

(Continued from Page 301.)

Can you tell which is cucumber and which is muskmelon?

But all this is easy compared with the finer art of selecting flower seeds,—convolvulus, portulacca, nasturtium, candytuft, petunias, zinnias, poppies, snapdragons, balsam. No, no, this is expecting too much of a plain farm wife; she must trust to the labels and rest in the integrity of the grower.

And all these are but a few samples out of the millions of distinct individualities which Nature grows on her farm. The hard-shelled nut, the toothsome cherry, the luscious strawberry, the winged maple key, the pine seed, a diminutive aeroplane designed to travel by wind or by water, are all seeds. The toothsome and nourishing element in banana, apple, grape, melon—aye, wheat, oats, corn, hickory nut, cocoanut and all other nuts, are by-products of Nature, incidents, not accidents, on the great highway of life, the trend of which is always to make life perpetual, to keep this old world of ours planted and growing.

So intent is Nature on this end of reproduction, so determined is she not to be balked, that she has loaded her dice. In order to be sure of doing it, she has tremendously overdone it.

Here my sermon breaks down for want of adequate knowledge. Who can state in a paragraph the splendid fecundity of Nature as shown in the awful fertility of a fern frond? John Muir estimates that one of the great trees of Mariposa, the Sequoia Gigantea, will ripen annually millions of seeds, and that the seed prod-

ucts of one of the main groves of the Sequoia in a fruitful year would suffice to plant all the mountain ranges in the world.

To one trained to the close thrift of a New England farmer, there is an appalling wastefulness of Nature in these directions. The wastefulness becomes aggravating, distressing, when we note how determined Nature is to fill the cornfield with fox tail; how hard one must work to keep "pusley" out of the garden, "Jimson weed" out of the barnyard and burdock out of the roadside.

But even here Nature knows what she is about. Her dirt is most profitable when worked up. The new material of the back yard is more available for the next transformation in the posy bed of the front yard.

Nature knows what she is about. What she may not have garden room for comes handy to feed her stock, which includes worm, bird, squirrel, fox, deer, moose and man.

But Nature's passion to breed, her determination to grow things, would be baffled and defeated were it not for her wonderful ingenuity in seed sowing.

Here we come upon the most unexpected surprises, the unspeakable ingeniousness of the great farmer.

In thinking of the skill, energy, patience, here displayed, we somehow unconsciously change the sex and Nature becomes masculine. How ingenious, marvelous, diligent, are his methods of sowing and planting! The winds and floods, birds and creeping things, are all drafted into the service. To some of the seeds, wings have been given; to others keels; to others, arms; to still others, thorns and briers,—anything to get themselves scattered. Sometimes the plant shoots its children away and sometimes it drags them down.

Henry M. Simmons entitled his wonderful sermon on the seed, "An Old Parable Extended." He tells us, —"Sowing is the work, not only of half the human race but of the whole plant world and a large part of creation." He shows how the dandelion lifts its head when the seed is ready to spread its parachute, that the wind may carry it into the next county; how the thistle head guards itself until ripe, then unfolds its silken sails that the wind may sow one of its seeds in Michigan and its neighbor in Maine.

Says Henry Thoreau:

"I feel highly complimented when Nature condescends to make use of me without my knowledge, as when I help scatter her seeds in my walk, or carry burrs and cockles on my clothes from field to field. I feel as though I had done something for the common weal, and were entitled to board and lodging. I take such airs upon me as the boy who holds a horse for the circus company, whom all the spectators envy."

Thoreau noticed that in December the winged seeds of the birch were blown over the thin-crusted snow, spreading for many thousand miles a table for the birds. He noticed further that the pine groves of Massachusetts grow crescent-shaped, indicating the circle of the wind-sowing, while the oak and the hickory, which must trust to the squirrel and other animals for their planting, spread irregularly. He distrusted the old theory of the long-surviving germ that lay dormant in the earth, waiting for the proper conditions to sprout, and was inclined to think that the oaks that follow the pine were planted by Nature's seed-bearers after the cutting; or, rather, they are ever being planted and they are ever growing, but the dominant pines doom them to short life until they are removed. He tells us that if we look through a thick pine wood we will detect many little oaks, birches, etc., springing from seeds probably carried into the thicket by squirrels or blown thither by the winds, but which are soon over-shadowed and choked by the pines. This planting he thinks may be carried on annually and the plants annually die. But when the pines are cleared the little plants survive and grow to be an oak forest. This close observer further reminds us that we have not made sufficient allowance for the work of the squirrels and the birds in dispersing seeds.

Down in Tennessee, in the heart of the cedar country, I bemoaned the day when all the cedars would be gone, but the old liveryman called my attention to the fact that along all the old fences there were hedges of young cedars growing up, planted there by the robins which fed on the cedar seeds and dropped the germs along the fences upon which they alighted.

My forestry friend in Wisconsin insists that the persistency of the black oak and the scarcity of the white oak in many sections are due largely to the fact that the squirrel, finding the black oak acorn bitter, plants it hoping it may sweeten in time for winter use, but the white oak acorn, being very toothsome, is eaten on the spot by the little gourmand. Like the thriftless farmer, the frolicsome little prig makes no provision for seeding time.

Thoreau further calls our attention to the fact that the cherry is so hung on the tree that the bird planter cannot pick it on the bough; it must gather it on the wing and consequently fly away with it, enjoy his delicacy and drop the pit where it will have a chance. Thus, says he:—

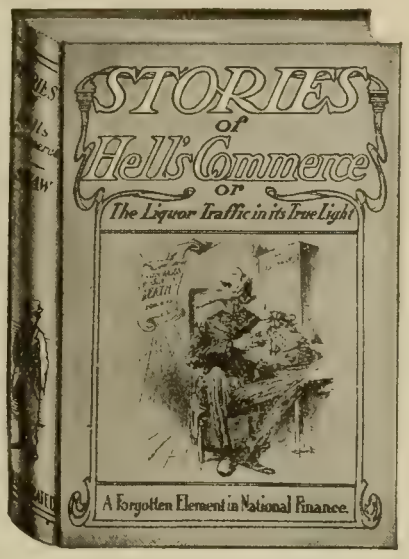
"A bird's wing was added to the cherry stone, which was wingless. It does not wait for wind to transport it. I know of some handsome young English cherries growing in our woods which I think of transplanting back to my garden."

Every cherry tree has its bird; every nut tree its squirrel, many of them, and our sage of the woods is not sure but the birds have the best right to the cherries and the squirrels first claim to the nuts.—*Sermon Delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Chicago, Published in Hoard's Dairyman.*

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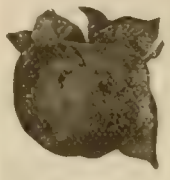
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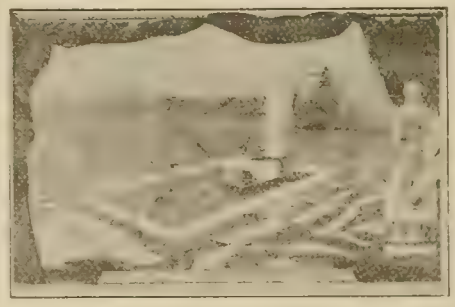


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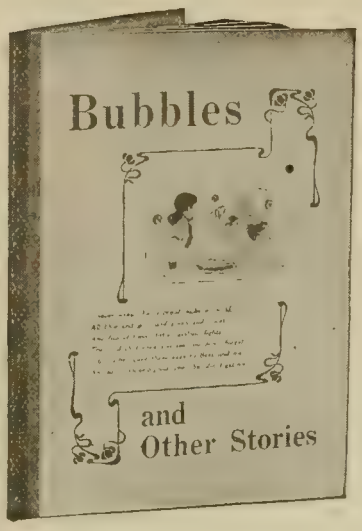
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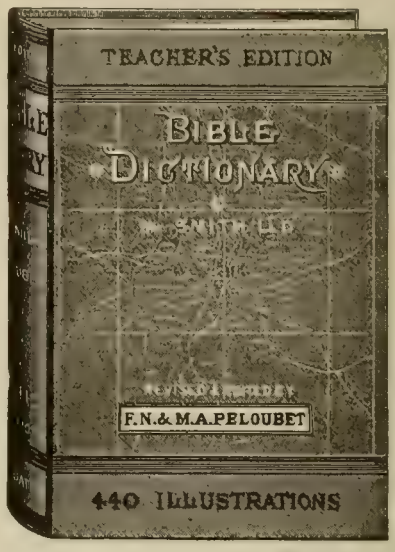
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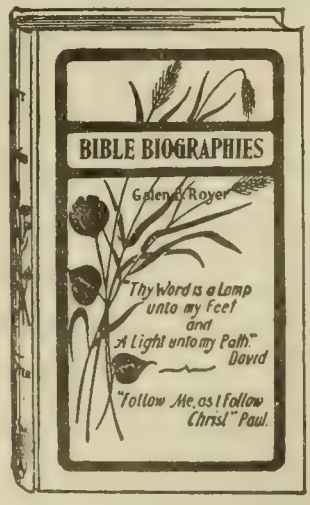
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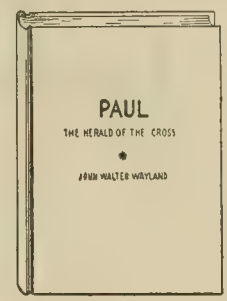
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. April 5, 1910. No. 14.

Landowner or Tenant, Which?

John Woodard

THE man who owns the land will rule the nation." This statement was made by Dr. S. A. Knapp of the Bureau of Plant Industry. Dr. Knapp is the special agent in charge of "Farmers' Co-operation Demonstration Work." He has studied the question of landownership and tenantry, both in this country and in other countries. He said he never knew, until he traveled in foreign countries, what it really meant to own land. In other countries the ruling class is the land-owning class. In America we have not yet reached this stage. Up to the present time there has been free land. Any one could get a farm by living on it for five years. But this condition is changing rapidly. Almost all the free land has been taken. When it is all gone only the privileged few can own land. Land will be acquired by inheritance and by purchase only. That means that the land will be owned by those whose fathers owned it before them and those wealthy enough to purchase.

Now the question arises, Will these persons who own land live on it and farm it or will they live in the city and rent the land? In other words, will the farmers be landowners or tenants?

In England practically all the farmers are tenants, but in France 77.6 per cent of the farmers own all or a part of their farms. In Germany there is a higher per cent of landowners (83.6 per cent). In the United States 35.3 per cent of the farmers were tenants in 1900. In 1890, 28.47 per cent were tenants, and in 1880, only 25.4 per cent were tenants. Just what the present is now is not known but it is undoubtedly much higher. At this rate it will not be long until all the farmers will become tenants, as in England. This means that the farming class will lose their importance. They will lose their independence. They will be controlled by landlords who do not live among them and have no interest in farm life.

But why is the per cent of tenants so high in this country which is comparatively new? One reason is so many farmers moving to town, as soon as they get enough money ahead so they can. They move to town and send their children to city schools. The children consequently are educated away from the farm and enter other professions. The old farm is cultivated by a renter. The owner objects to taxes for the country and so interferes with country progress. Then there are the young fellows who think farm life is too dull for them and they must go to the city and make a fortune.

Some people see no danger in the high per cent of tenants. They say that the tenants are largely young fellows starting out in life. They must rent at first but later they become landowners. This has been the case to a great extent in the past and still is to some extent, but will it continue that way? When land was cheap, a man could rent a few years, then make part payment on a farm and cultivate it while he was paying the rest. But the price of land is constantly getting higher and it is geting more and more difficult to do that, so the per cent of tenants who remain tenants will continue to increase. The following table shows the per cent of farmers of different ages who were owners and who were tenants in 1890 and in 1900.

	1890		1900	
	owners per cent	tenants per cent	owners per cent	tenants per cent
Farmers under 25 years.	32.6	67.4	27.7	72.2
" from 25-34 "	49.8	50.2	45.3	54.7
" " 35-44 "	64.0	36.0	64.4	35.6
" " 45-54 "	72.3	27.7	70.7	29.3
" 55 years and over	82.2	17.8	81.4	18.6.

This table shows that, with increasing age the percentage of owners increased both in 1890 and in 1900, but it increased more rapidly in 1890 than in 1900. This indicates that young men are still beginning as renters and becoming owners later, but it also indicates that a relatively smaller number become owners now than formerly. Besides this table does not mention those who have made a failure of farming and have turned to other occupations. As it becomes more diffi-

cult to acquire land the number of these will increase.

It is evidently not best for the nation for the farmers to degenerate into a class of tenants. Tenants will not take as good care of their places as owners will. They will not keep up the fertility of the soil like owners will.

But what is to be the remedy? We must get the farmer to look on his farm as a place to spend his life and to pass on to his son. Too many farmers do not intend to live on their farms any longer than they have to. Consequently, they do not try to make it a comfortable place to live. They are not interested in building up the country schools, for they soon expect to move to town to send their children to school. All this must be changed. The farmer must see that the country is the best place in the world to live. Then he will begin to improve it. He will see that the schools are improved so his children can have as good an education as city children. He must take time from his work for pleasure. Then his children will not be so anxious to go to the town. These pleasures should not be going to the city or of bringing city pleasures to the country. The country affords wonderful opportunities for wholesome pleasure, and these pleasures are what Milton calls "unreproved pleasures." Of course, it takes a little thought to figure out the best ways of enjoying one's self in the country, but it can be done. This is the work of the country people themselves and not of some sociologist or Y. M. C. A. worker from the city.

Rural education must be improved. It is getting more and more difficult to make a success of farming, so it is necessary to give the younger generation a better education than their fathers had. The States have done well in providing agricultural colleges, but they have not provided a gool way for the average country boy or girl to prepare to enter these colleges. We must have schools in the country with as good equipment and as good teachers as the city schools have—schools that will fit the farmer boys and girls for country life as thoroughly as the city schools fit the city boys and girls for city life.

It will be a long time before all country districts will have such schools. In the meanwhile, the agricultural colleges should provide a course of study for those who have not had a high-school course. This should not be merely a course preparing for entrance to the college. We have given too much attention in all schools to the one who is going to enter the next higher school. It is time we paid some attention to the one who can go no farther than the high school, or the graded school. These schools connected with the colleges should be primarily for those who cannot continue through the college but they should also provide an opportunity for those who can go farther to take work for entrance. Minnesota has such a school and it seems to be giving satisfaction. We need similar schools in other States.

We need a change of ideals both in country and city. There is too much idealization of the "Captains of Industry." The young people get an idea that the only success worth while is the success that can be measured by dollars and cents. The bright country boy is no more proof against this infection than his city cousin. This country boy sees no opportunity to amass great fortunes in the country, so he goes to the city. With a different ideal he would have staid in the country and made it a better place and himself a better man. It is time we cease placing an undue valuation on wealth and military power. The military hero was a fit ideal for the "Age of Barbarism." Such ideals have no place in our civilization. "Captains of Industry" and "Society Butterflies" are fit ideals for the selfish and self-centered, but they are incompatible with Christianity.

The Christian ideal is love and service, and any Christian father or mother who fails to teach this ideal to his or her children fails to do his or her full duty. If all the youths were taught this ideal, they would go where they could be of the most service. The farmer's children would seek to own and cultivate land, not merely for the wealth it would bring, but mainly for the opportunity it would bring for improving the country and making the people better. The social life and the schools would be improved. Some, of course, would still go to the city but they would be the ones without land. These would carry with them that rugged health and strong character which is best developed only in the country. So the country would still serve both itself and the city.

"OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?"

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Several years ago I had the pleasure of listening to an address by one of the leading educators of the land. Speaking of literature, he remarked that the Bible was the foundation of much of our literature, that truth in literature is foreshadowed in Holy Writ.

This brought to my mind the masterpiece of the Scottish poet, William Knox, the title of which appears at the head of this paper.

That he was a student of the Bible is evidenced by a study of the poem. Searching among my papers I found a copy bearing the references marked for class use some twelve years ago. Doubtless the readers of this can supply others.

So strongly did the poem appeal to me that I considered it suitable to memorize in its entirety.

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

I.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

Job 14:2. "(Man) he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not."

Job 7:6. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Job 7:9. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."

Job 8:9. "For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow."

Jas. 4:14. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

II.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

Eccles. 12:7. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Eccles. 9:5. "For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten."

III.

The infant, a mother attended and loved,
The mother, that infant's affection who proved,
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

IV.

The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memories of those who have loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

Psa. 31:12. "I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel."

V.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

Eccles. 9:10. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

VI.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

Job 14:2. "He (Man) cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."

Psa. 90:5-6. " . . . they are like the grass that groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

Psa. 103:15. "As for man, his days are as the grass; As a flower of the field so he flourisheth."

1 Peter 1:24. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass."

VII.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

Eccles. 2:16. "For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool forever; seeing that which now is in the lays to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool."

Eccles. 9:2. "All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked."

Eccles. 3:20. "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

Eccles. 6:6. "Do not all go to one place?"

VIII.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

Eccles. 1:4. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

Psa. 90:9. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

Eccles. 2:18. "Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I shall leave it unto the man that shall come after me."

IX.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

Eccles. 1:9. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

Eccles. 3:15. "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

X.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death that we shrink from, our fathers would shrink;
To the life that we cling to, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

XI.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

Eccles. 9:6. "Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is under the sun."

(Continued on Page 321.)



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XXI.

Guy Fawkes' Day or "Pope's Day"—November 5—was a very noisy holiday throughout New England in "ye olden times," and was observed for many years. It was observed with fires, parades of young men and boys dressed in fantastic costumes, and carrying "guys" or "popes" of straw. The day is still observed in some parts and called "Pork Night." In Governor Belcher's time, in Massachusetts, the stopping of pedestrians on the street, by "loose and dissolute people," who would levy contributions to pay for their fires, became so annoying that the Governor made a proclamation against them in the newspapers. He says the intruders paraded the streets with grotesque images, forcibly entered the houses, ringing bells, demanding money, and singing songs similar to those sung all over England:

"Don't you remember
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot;
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.
From Rome to Rome
The Pope is come,
Amid ten thousand fears,
With fiery serpents to be seen
At eyes, nose, mouth, and ears.
Don't you hear my little bell
Go chink, chink, chink;
Please give me a little money
To buy my Pope some drink."

After the Revolution the effigy of Benedict Arnold was burned alongside that of Guy Fawkes.

Hawthorne describes the opening hours of the Colonial Lecture-day in the following words:—"The breakfast hour being passed, the inhabitants do not as usual go to their fields or workshops, but remain within doors or perhaps walk the streets with a grave sobriety yet a disengaged and unburdened aspect that belongs neither to a holiday nor the Sabbath. Indeed the passing day is neither, nor is it a common week day, although it partakes of all three. It is the Thursday Lecture; an institution which New England has long ago abandoned and almost forgotten, yet which it would have been better to retain, as bearing relations both to the spiritual and ordinary life. The tokens of its observance, however, which here meet our eyes are of a rather questionable cast. It is in one sense a day of public shame; the day on which transgressors who have made themselves liable to the minor servitudes of the Puritan law receive their reward of ignominy. At this very moment the Constable has bound an idle fellow to the whipping-post and is giving him his deserts with a cat o' nine tails. Ever since sunrise Daniel Fairfield has been standing on the steps of the meeting-house, with a halter about his neck, which he is condemned to wear visibly throughout his lifetime; Dorothy Talby is chained to a post at the corner of Prison Lane with the hot sun blazing on her matronly face, and all for no other offense than lifting her hand against her husband [probably he deserved it]; while through the bars of a great wooden cage, in the center of the scene, we discern either a human being or a wild beast, or both in one. Such are the profitable sights that serve the good people to while away the earlier part of the day."

Book-selling in early colonial days was one of the most profitable and respectable of professions. Book-printing was also a very honorable calling. Steeven Daye was about as bad a printer as ever lived, as his work proved, and he spent a term in Cambridge jail. The printer who came next was obliged to sleep in a cask after he landed, but died leaving an immense fortune. Capt. Green, the father of nineteen children by one wife and eleven by another, became rich at the business, in spite of the thirty "Green olive branches." In Mrs. Green did Duntan find the ideal New England wife, and in Green, the book-printer a most agreeable companion. He said:—"To name his trade will convince the world he was a man of good sense and understanding. He was so facetious and obliging and his conversation such that I took a great delight in his company."

In 1675 the first book was printed in Boston, Massachusetts—an execution sermon, by Increase Mather, "The Wicked Man's Portion." The first in Connecticut was the "Saybrook Confession and Platform," in 1710. In 1729 the first book of any size was printed in Rhode Island.

There is in the possession of the Maine Historical Society, at Portland, a bound volume of old newspapers, gathered by William Willis, and presented to the society by his granddaughter. Many of these were

printed in the Colonial days, but the greater number were issued during the formative days of the United States.

There is very little resemblance to the papers of today, either in size, form, make-up, or character of their printed matter. The great difference in the character of the news matter attracts immediate attention. There is very little or no local news and a great deal of foreign news, mostly of war and politics. There was also considerable space given to the affairs of Congress, in those papers which were issued after the country had a Congress, but whatever was printed in regard to local politics was in letters written by individuals. Foreign news was printed two or three months after the event took place, and came from various sources, mostly from papers printed in England.

The *Boston Gazette* was printed in 1756; *The New Hampshire Gazette* in 1767; *The New England Chronicle* in 1775; *The Eastern Herald* in 1793, and many others.

From the *Oriental Trumpet* of June 1797, we find the people took measures in regard to the healthfulness of the town of Portland, in the following paragraph:

"At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Portland, on Monday, May 28, 1797, the following by-law was made and agreed upon by the town:—Ordered, That hereafter none of the following kinds of fish, namely cod, haddock, dog fish, cat fish, halibut, pollock, hake, hardhead, scait, shad, alewines and herring shall be cleansed or prepared for use by taking out the gills or entrails of the same nor the refuse part or the offal of any such fish be laid or left on any wharf or above low water mark in any part of the town of Portland, on pain and penalty, that any person offending in either of said particulars, shall forfeit and pay for every offence a sum not less than $2 nor more than $5 to be recovered by action of debt before any justice of the peace in the county of Cumberland, for the use of the poor of said town by any person who shall be an inspector of police at the time of commencement of action."

The latest European news in these papers was at least fifty-three days late, and some much older than that. One mail had been forty-six days on its way from England to New York. The following is the explanation of one editor as to the source of his news:—"The British Packet with the April mail, arrived in New York, on Saturday, May 25, bringing intelligence to the 7th of April. As we have seen only two papers from which extracts are made of intelligence received we cannot give so full a statement thereof as we may hereafter be enabled to do," etc.

The *Oriental Trumpet* of June 26, 1797, contains an advertisement from the Postmaster General asking for proposals for carrying the mails between towns in the province of Maine. There was also a copy of a letter written by Napoleon to the *Executive Directory* at Paris. Napoleon was then in command of the army of Italy, and was marching on Vienna. Also the following:—"Since Mr. Pitt finds that he cannot imprison the printers of newspapers he has at least hit upon a way of confining their circulation." In the same paper we find the following item, which shows that there has not been much change since the founding of New England:—"Whereas, Peggy, wife of the subscriber, has behaved herself in a very unbecoming manner, I hereby forbid any persons trusting her on my account as I will not pay any debts contracted by her after this date."

In the *United States Oracle of the Day* of 1801, we find a long editorial on emigration predicting that the country would go to smash unless some check be made. It begins:—"The importation into the United States of so many factious, rebellious foreigners, as is daily made in the middle and southern parts, is an evil of more fatal tendency than the yellow fever in our cities, or the Hessian fly to our fields and which our wisest men have foreseen and deprecated." After quoting extensively from the writings of Thomas Jefferson on this matter, the editor continued:—"We welcome merchants and farmers to our shores, but your men of no profession, your pretenders to science; they are pests against the introduction of which, boards of public health ought to be established at every seaport."

HOW TO SUCCEED ON A FIVE OR TEN ACRE FARM.

J. I. MILLER.

No. 2.

ONE of the great obstacles for the man from the North is to adapt himself to the surroundings or what might be called the best and right way to do things. When a man comes from Kentucky or Ohio or from anywhere, for that matter, he is usually ready to ask for information, which is nothing more than right. When the practical man who has had the experience is courteous enough to tell him all he knows, about the time he gets through about nine out of every ten will say, "Well, that is not the way we do in Kentucky or Ohio. I always made good crops there and I shall try the same methods here." I want to say right here that if you come here from another State, especially from the north, better leave your methods where they are. And better still, far better if you would stay right with them than to endeavor to use them here.

We spent thirteen years in Florida, learned much while there and had much to learn yet when we left there. We are here in Louisiana almost twelve years and we do not know it all by any means and never will, as life is too short and we have too much to learn yet.

It seems that so many people come here from some

part or other of the world where they could do anything and everything and get rich without work or expenses and it seems a hard matter to get some people to see the necessity of up-to-date farming.

The only way to make a good crop (say corn), begin cultivating as soon as the crop is well up and keep at it at short intervals so as not to let the grass get a start until the corn is too large or the vine crop covers the ground. The man that will use his two or three-times-cultivating method will almost invariably make a failure and he can count so much for his method.

But when Mr. Farmer or Mr. Trucker sees a worm on his corn or a bug on his vines and he just gives up and says, "It's no use, the worms and bugs will destroy it anyway," he is the biggest bug himself and that is a humbug. I do not want the readers to get the idea from the above that this is an out-of-the-ordinary place for crop pests; it is not, but some years they are much worse than others. But there are plenty of cheap remedies that will destroy them mixed with plenty of good will to work, plenty of elbow grease and a limber backbone.

And speaking of vegetables, we have seen some fine ones grown in Florida and seen some shipped into our stores from California and Texas, but I have seen as fine specimens grown right here in Louisiana as I ever seen anywhere, no matter where they were grown.

That makes me think I hear a thousand voices from the Nook readers exclaim, Why not raise your own truck and stop importation. There is lots of it grown here but not enough to supply the demand all the time, and the reasons are several and good ones.

The rice farmer cannot find time, aside from caring for his crop. The tradesman and mechanic must do the work when people want it done, and as the average people here are in a strong measure fulfilling the Bible injunction "to multiply," the women have all they can do to attend to their household duties, though we know a few families that would not have a vegetable to eat once in a year if the women and children did not raise them. Just by way of illustration I want to say when on my way to town I met a man going home, he had a hoe he just bought. I told him I was surprised that he would buy a tool to work with, but he replied by saying, "I bought it for my wife," and he certainly told the truth for I have seen her in the garden hoeing while he (good-natured fellow) was in town taking in the gossip. I want to say to my northern friends, when you come south don't depend too much on your wife and be sure and leave your methods at home; you can not use them here and no one here will want them.

A Walled City

A Story of Life and Conditions at the Illinois Prison, Joliet, Illinois

Mary E. Canode

Chapter XII. "Out of Tune."

Those of our readers who have heard a lecture or read a magazine story by Mrs. Booth, on her work among the prisoners of the various State prisons of our country, have learned how she won her way to the hearts of the convicts until now she is regarded as a trusted friend to all. Friendless ones who receive no cheering messages from the outside world and therefore have no use for letter-writing day appreciate the privilege of writing their confidences to her and of receiving personal answers from their "Little Mother" as they have named her. Many, of course, do not yield to her good influence and fail to take advantage of the hope that is held out to them upon their release in the way of an invitation to come to the homes where shelter, encouragement and assistance toward re-establishing themselves in the confidence of society, await them. But the doors are always open and a standing invitation is extended to all who decide that they have reaped enough of the fruits of sin and desire to sow the seeds of a better future harvest.

Her Prison Leagues for both men and women are doing a great amount of good, and her solicitous care over those who receive their release and really wish to do right goes far toward reclaiming them as good citizens.

Twice a year Mrs. Booth tries to visit the Prison. On the occasion of her last visit of the past winter she introduced her talk to the chapel assemblage by referring to the beautiful music rendered by the prison orchestra that morning because of the harmonious relations of all the instruments and of the discords that would have resulted if one of the instruments had been out of tune. Then turning the application in a figurative way to her audience she said, "That is all that is the matter with your lives, you are just out of tune."

This striking illustration recalls to mind the remark made by a rising young minister, teacher and philosopher, who in discussing the subject of the errors of life made the statement that he believed that every human being really aims to do that which will bring about his own happiness. Doing the best for one's self is the ultimate aim of all action, whether the motives be purely selfish or extremely philanthropic, and that the

great trouble with doers of evil is that they have a wrong conception of what is best for themselves and fail to look far enough into the future for the results of their actions. They err in judgment—are "out of tune," as Mrs. Booth so aptly put it. Out of tune with the laws of nature, the laws of society and the laws of God. The educated embezzler of public funds, the bank defaulter, the ignorant negro or Chinaman, the fallen minister, clerk or teacher; representatives from all walks and stations of life who make up the mottled crowd within this walled city, won their way to the



Prisoners in Chapel Listening to Mrs. Booth.

place because they allowed themselves to drop out of tune either intentionally or gradually and imperceptibly.

As the true musician will shudder from nervous shock upon being obliged to hear discords made by voices or instruments, so he who aims to keep in tune with righteousness is shocked by the social discord brought about by crime. Sometimes the discord has resulted from the sudden snapping of a string. The strain may have been too great or continued too long, just as too great temptation in some men's lives breaks the string of honest intentions and makes startling discord in the music of society. But in most cases, discords result from gradual, almost imperceptible downward slide and the player must needs test his instrument from time to time with one of a perfect, unchangeable nature in order to prove whether or not it is in tune.

Because of the fact that vice, when "seen too oft, familiar with her face," leads one to "first endure, then pity, then embrace," we must ever keep on the alert for discords and often test our lives with the perfectness of His whose standard of life was always at concert pitch. And although, keeping "In Tune With the Infinite" is more than can ever be expected of erring humanity it is right and best to tune up often and keep as near as possible to His standard.

Loss of liberty then is the only form of punishment now inflicted upon an inmate of the institution, no matter what has been his crime, so long as he is obedient to the requirements of the place. The people are coming more and more to the belief that it is not for the State to practice cruelty as punishment for crime, since present social conditions are so conducive to the commission of crimes. To remove the offender from society is the only course left until society itself removes from itself the causes which induce crimes.

Loss of liberty and the necessary submergence of personality into a machine-like being, under the strict discipline of the place, must needs be a trying ordeal to any one who has known the joys of liberty. Think for a moment what loss of liberty must mean to an American! Every human being is supposed to love liberty more than life. In this land where liberty had its birth and was fostered into full maturity the galls of enforced confinement are more hardly born than in any other country.

The true American heart aches for the imprisoned bird in its gilded cage, which though a household pet, longs for even the most danger-fraught freedom of its native haunts.

The true American heart melts with pity at the sight of the restless king of beasts, pacing the small confines of his barred den and at the contemplation of the great elephant, chained to his post, year after year, disconsolately swinging, swinging his massive trunk back and forth, to and fro,—a pendulum marking off the seconds of his long, dreary life.

The true American heart bleeds with pity at the im-

prisonment of any creature! Much more so at the imprisonment of its kind which, all too susceptible to the influences of environment and allurements of evil, falls from freedom into captivity.

Perhaps future generations will regard our present necessity of penal institutions with as much horror as do we now regard the atrocious cruelties practiced upon criminals by generations of the past.

Some time, perhaps, when present and future generations shall have solved the social problems of today and tomorrow; when the saloon and all its long list of attendant evils shall long since have been things of the past; when men shall desire to have souls rather than millions counted to their credit; when tender childhood's years are once more guarded by God-fearing parents,—then perhaps lives will not get so out of tune and walled cities will be unknown!

Salmon, Running the Gauntlet

H. D. Michael

THE picture of running the gauntlet so indelibly stamped on my mind by the description given in an early school history is still as vivid as though I had witnessed the actual occurrence but yesterday: How the Indians after capturing one of the early colonists would line up in two rows close together each with a club in his hand; then as the captured white man was compelled to run in between the rows each Indian would try to strike him as he passed. Childlike, I admired the pluck and bravery of the one (I believe it was accredited to John Smith) that snatched the club from the first Indian, cleared his path as he ran and came out unharmed.

Now that the tide is turned and the white men have control of America the same game of run the gauntlet is played. No! to be sure not with men but with the finny tribe unable to defend themselves either by word or with a club. The sturgeon, some kinds of catfish and many others have ceased to exist in many of the eastern streams. A scheme is now on foot to repopulate the Hudson and some other rivers with sturgeon. Why let them be destroyed by wanton waste in the first place?



Fish Wheel on Columbia River.

At present rates of slaughtering the salmon are fast nearing the same fate. Is no one going to wield the club for them even though it bring censure or scorn?

Each decade shows a shorter catch. Each year, by averaging them, shows a decline—still an occasional year is an exception. There are reasons for it, there being no effect without first a cause. Then let us see what they are.

By marked ones the fish hatcheries have proven that the salmon live about the first year in the fresh water then leave and are out in the ocean somewhere for about two years, returning the third.

To decrease the number they must be slaughtered at some time or other. It must not be in the two years they are gone, that remaining unchanged in any way. Then it must be before they leave the fresh water or on their return and we find it is both. Many "salmon trout" are caught but nothing in comparison to the

number of salmon caught each run. In their return they are rushing up the streams to the places they were hatched to spawn, that is, deposit their eggs to be hatched by the waters. As they enter the rivers the running of the gauntlet begins. They have been pursued in the ocean by seals, some caught, some maimed, and some severely scratched, but that is mild treatment besides the reception they are to get.

The first several miles up the Columbia River, which we will notice as an example, they find nets in their way. Stand on the shore at break of day, and you will see the bright sails of the fishermen's boats, seemingly "as countless as the sands of the seashore." Each boat carries a net that has been set as a snare for the salmon. The river, though, is so wide near its mouth that many get past the hundreds, yes, I believe thousands, of gill nets. That is the first row of men with their clubs.

Next come the seines and more nets. Thousands more of the unlucky salmon are enmeshed to be killed and put into cans. The people out for sport are there too with their trolls and catch an occasional one. The death warrants of many have been signed but the rest are struggling on to get into the small streams to again reproduce their species. In their onward rush many take advantage of a break in the current made by a jetty near one shore. It seems to help them and they crowd in by the hundreds but the space seems to be closing in. They crowd the more and soon find there is only one opening there which they can pass. There is a large wheel turned slowly by the water's current just beyond this narrow passage and the poor salmon are lifted by it clear out of the water, gasping for air (not able to use the free oxygen), they are lifted higher and higher until the slope of the wheel lets them slide out, but lo! they are in an enclosed pen and can only await the coming of the owner of the fish wheel. He kills and sells all in the pen while the wheel goes on, in its work of destruction.

After the precious few do get past the nets, seines, trolls and fish traps they are often greeted on the rapids by a gig or rifle where many more are slain. There are so many means of destruction and so many at it, that about the only safe way for a salmon to try to get up the river is to clinch its teeth in a passing steamer's skag and tow up; but that is beyond the intelligence of most of them.

I do not believe it an exaggeration in the least when I place the estimate at one in each one thousand that started that ever get through to spawn. No wonder they are fast becoming less in numbers. Some may say, "Look at the hatcheries we have established." Yes, and they are doing an excellent work hatching and liberating thousands of small salmon fry each year. Look, though, at the millions of salmon caught each year and what few fry the hatcheries hatch will look quite insignificant in comparison. The salmon if unharmed would hatch in the natural way multiplied millions. The hatcheries need to be better distributed, too, for naturalists have proven that all but a few stragglers return to the same stream in which they were hatched.

Is it possible that the great salmon cannery and cold storing industry is going to be permitted to die? This industry that gives employment to thousands, great revenues to many and furnishes one of the best brain foods known? There are laws now to protect them and if they are not sufficient why should others not be enacted? Then a rigid enforcement is another great necessity.

Surely it is time for public sentiment to be aroused to the point that the salmon will be protected and the supply built up either by more hatcheries, more laws or both. There are still plenty to build up with but at the present decrease their days are numbered.

Pasco, Wash.

* * *

WHEN you are doubtful as to your course, submit your judgment absolutely to the Spirit of God, and ask him to shut against you every door but the right one. In the meantime continue along the path, which you have been already treading. It lies in front of you; pursue it. Abide in the calling in which you were called. Keep on as you are, unless you are clearly told to do something else. Expect to have as clear a door out as you had in; and if there is no indication to the contrary, consider the absence of indication to be the indication of God's will that you are on his track.—*F. B. Meyer.*

* * *

"OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?"

(Continued from Page 315.)

XII.

They died—ah! they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Psa. 49:10. "For he seeth that wise men lie, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."

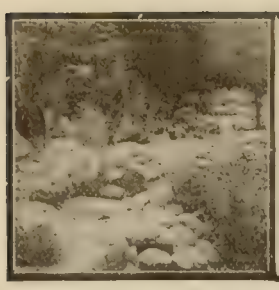
XIII.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

Psa. 30:5. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

XIV.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?



NATURE STUDIES



Study of the American Beech

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

To make a comprehensive study of a tree or plant, requires time and close observation. Care must be taken to make observations each season of the year, and this must be continued through several years. Also, different specimens must be examined and these should include specimens in all stages of development —from small plants to those of mature age.

We have but one native beech and from the artist's standpoint it is one of the beautiful trees of our forests. When the country was new, almost pure forests of beech trees were found growing from Nova Scotia west to Wisconsin and south to Florida and Texas.

The winter buds are long, narrow and sharp-pointed. Usually sixteen brown, overlapping scales protect them throughout the winter. The bursting of these buds in early spring is a sight well worth watching. As the buds swell the scales drop, leaving a band of scars at the base which somewhat resemble the thread of a small screw. This is the beginning of the year's growth. Looking along the twig similar scar bands may be seen marking the growth of each successive year. By counting the bands from the tip of a branch one is able to tell its age.

In April or May, or when the dense, downy leaves are about half grown, the flowers appear, the staminate ones in little round heads, drooping from long, hairy stalks. As soon as they have shed their pollen they fall, and the ground is often carpeted with them. The pistillate flowers, usually two together, nestle near the ends of the twigs where they can the more easily catch the flying pollen, and develop into three-angled nuts which are narrowly winged. They are encased in a spiny bur. There are usually two of these brown and shining nuts in each bur. The first frost opens the burs and the nuts fall to the ground, leaving the burs hanging on the trees where they often remain until the next year's growth pushes them off. These nuts are edible and in France an oil is obtained which is used in cooking and for burning in lamps.

The germinating nuts lie on the ground uncovered, under the trees in spring. They split open along one angle and the slender root pushes out, turns downward and burrows in the ground. The stem comes forth at the same time and place and grows in the opposite direction. Each one is topped by a pair of thick crumpled seed-leaves, totally unlike real beech leaves. During the preceeding summer the mother beech has gathered and stored up in the nuts, food for the baby trees yet to be. This food was held in reserve by these seed-leaves for the future use of the young trees, and when they have given up this nutriment their work is done, and they wither up to a mere scale. The little bud extending up between them will soon develop into "truly" beech leaves, and the plant has started out to take its chances in the world.

Beech seedlings grow well in partial shade. In this they have the advantage over those of the young of the kinds that require sunlight for their well-being. Squirrels and blue jays are very fond of beechnuts and store quantities for the winter. Sometimes they fail to find them again and young beech saplings are the result. The beech is not a fast-growing tree, but it is handsome at all stages of its development. It is usually free from insect enemies and is recommended by Boards of Forestry for roadside and lawn planting.

The bark of the beech tree is smooth, close-knit, and the clean gray boles, often mottled with darker shades, stand out distinctly in the winter woods with never a chance of being mistaken for any other tree. When grown in dense woods the trunks are tall, and present a lofty bearing very different from the one grown in the open with its many half-drooping branches and round head. The limbs and branches are darker than the trunk, and the twigs are brown and shining to the very tips of the spindle-shaped buds.

In rich, moist soil the roots penetrate deeply, but in poor clay soil they spread out near the surface of the ground. The wood is hard, strong and close grained, difficult to season, and liable to check in drying. It has a high fuel value and is largely used in the manufacture of chairs, shoe lasts, plane stocks, tool handles, farm implements, parqueted flooring, etc.

In old trees where the heart-wood prevails the wood is red, and in the younger trees where the greater part is sapwood it is white. These differences in color have led woodsmen to conclude that there are two species of the beech. Some of the older botanists accepted this theory, but upon closer investigation the present-day botanist has discarded this belief, but many

farmers and wood cutters still continue to assert that we have the "white and red beeches." The old trees retain their foliage longer than the young ones, and it seems that no amount of rain or wind is able to dislodge them.

The name *Fagus sylvatica* is the old classic one of the European beech, the type of the genus. *Fagus Americana* is our beech. The European species has darker foliage and the bark is darker gray. It is much used in this country for park planting, but just why does not seem apparent, as the two trees are so nearly alike that even an expert is not always sure of his tree. Another very dark-leaved form is often used; this is known as the Copper beech. A somewhat picturesque weeping variety is a favorite with some planters.

Britton in his "North American Trees," says: "Fossil remains representing species in this genus have been found in Alaska, Colorado and California."

Spiceland, Ind.

WHERE THE WILD THINGS GROW.

When snowflakes turn to liquid pearl beneath the breath
of spring,
And drop, like shining beads that slip along a silken
string—
When faintly comes a scent of buds, in forests far away,
Whose bursting edges weave a glint of green along the
gray,
Remembered scenes beguile me to the wish that I might go
And ramble in the hollow where the wild things grow.

I know beside the sheltered brook, arousing from their
sleep,
With wee, green night-caps all a-curl, the baby fern-
leaves creep;
The hyacinths, in fluffy plumes of lavender, awake;
From camp-ground of the Indian pinks, vermilion fires
break;
They lure me with the fulness of their lusty life and glow
To ramble in the hollow where the wild things grow.

The bloodroot's buds of waxen white I dream are all
a-wing,
And know that on a shielded slope the milky white-hearts
swing;
In spots of marshland, soft and deep, the water-feathers
toss,
And streams are rimmed with misty lace of calamint and
moss
And oh, to find the pathway that so well I used to know,
And ramble in the hollow where the wild things grow.

The southern breeze is singing of a shallow amber pool
Deep-set in tangled fringes of the shadow, dusk and cool;
And oh, to listen—listen, to its waters, half a-drowse,
And watch the aments dancing on the lissom willow-
boughs;
And oh, to leave the highway of the weary world, to go
And ramble in the hollow where the wild things grow.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

HUMMING BIRDS.

The humming birds are the smallest of the feathered tribe, and are so named from the humming noise made by the rapid motion of their wings as they sustain themselves over the flowers to secure their food. The ruby-throated humming bird is most common.

Their food consists of the nectar of flowers and small insects which they find in the blossoms. The bill and tongue of the humming bird are well adapted to the purposes they must serve, being very long and slender. As the bird flits from flower to flower it darts this tongue down deep into the flowers, and thus secures its food.

There are many species of these birds, but the one mentioned is most familiar. One species is so small that a fully-developed bird weighs only twenty grains. The male bird of another species resembles a large bumblebee.

Last summer a humming bird's nest was discovered on a country lawn, but not until the eggs were laid in it, so cunningly was it concealed. It was only a few feet from the driveway and a little distance from the house, but the outside is so covered with lichens as to make it look like part of the branch. The three eggs were about as large as peas.

Some writers describe the humming bird as very quarrelsome, and it has been accused of striking people in the eyes with its sharp beak if they come too near the nest. This may be true of some birds, but from the time this nest was found till the birds were gone, some one looked at it or in it every day and the mother harmed no one. Every visitor was taken to see the curious nest, which was only about five feet from the ground, and the family visited it every day.

When the lawn was being mowed and the mower went back and forth under the tree, the mother bird would hop off quickly, but come back as soon as possible. It would keep this up until the grass around the tree was all cut. The mother bird seemed to have all the care of the little ones. When the eggs hatched she would leave the little birds in the nest and gather food for them. As they grew larger she would not be seen for an hour at a time, even leaving them uncovered in a thunder-shower. The male bird never was seen near the nest. At least, only one bird came near, and every one thought this must be the mother.

Another nest exactly like this was found in the orchard on the same place, but this came to grief before the birds hatched. A man was mowing the orchard and one of the horses struck the limb on which the nest was built. The driver knew nothing of the nest until he saw the two little eggs thrown down on the ground.

At first the nests are very shallow, but as the little birds grow older the mother carefully adds to the walls, making a safe little nest for her babies. As the wind and rain beat on the frail little home it often seemed that it must be destroyed, but long after the birds had flown it still clung tightly to the branch where the mother had fastened it in the spring.—*The Friend.*

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"GET A HOME."

Some time ago one of our writers whose wisdom has been molded and ripened by many years of useful activity, made use of the above words in these pages in urging upon the rising generation a course in life that would combine happiness, usefulness and prosperity. At this time of year, when nature is especially insistent in its claims on our attention and when the one who owns even a small bit of soil may feel himself a partner in nature's wonderful work, we take occasion to repeat the advice then given. It was Henry M. Grady who made this noteworthy statement concerning the man with a home: "The citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest,—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." This doesn't mean that the man with a home will step in at the critical moment and save the country in the place of the regular soldier from the barracks. His saving the country will be a continuous act. He will save it, or preserve it, by the contented and useful life he lives. With every man in his own home, there will be no need of barracks, and the contentment that is born of the influences coming from such a home will forever do away with the necessity of resorting to the drum tap to call men to duty.

But the man in his own home does more than preserve his country. He is the strongest force in the preservation of society. The reason we have so many and menacing problems in society is because we have so many families that lack the anchor of a real home. Let us have more *owned* homes, which make for permanency and stability of character, and the problems that now threaten to disrupt society will disappear. Instead of the present doubtful prosperity we will then have the genuine prosperity that is founded on the contentment and general well-being of all classes.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It will be hard for many people to possess their souls in patience while Ex-President Roosevelt gets good and ready to express himself on the political situation in the United States. President Taft has received a good deal of sympathy because of the trying position in which he is placed in endeavoring to carry out the policies of another man, many of which policies had been given such direction that new methods of handling them are looked upon with suspicion. But perhaps the other man, resourceful though he is, may need some sympathy, too, when it comes to the point of O-K-ing the work of his chosen successor. There is no doubt about Ex-President Roosevelt having an opinion on the subject when he learns all the facts and he is too great a man in the eyes of the people to be allowed to keep his opinion to himself, even supposing that he were so constituted that he would naturally do this.

A good deal of interest has centered lately in the case of the Standard Oil company before the United States Supreme Court. The case is a test for all combinations doing business after the manner of the Standard Oil Company. It is to be hoped that the decision will be clear and plain so that there will be no call for another trial. We trust too that the effect of the decision will not be to drive from the business field large concerns which desire to carry on a legitimate business by honest methods, and at the same time that it will secure to the small concerns equal rights and privileges with their larger competitors. This may not be an easy condition to bring about but it is the fair one and ought not to be impossible. This thing of letting might rule by crushing those who are less mighty and increase in power by buying immunity, if stopped as soon as the evil was recognized would have saved the country an incalculable amount in money, in confidence and in business enterprise.

The people who are in the habit of manufacturing war scares at regular periods have lately put out an up-to-date scare, warranted to come true to name and not wear out with much handling. But the warrant amounts to nothing; there is no more cause for alarm than when the other scares were forced upon the public which proved to be nothing but the product of a distorted imagination. In fact this latest scare promises to be even shorter-lived than most of the others. In the first place it isn't getting the attention that is necessary to keep such things alive. There are several reasons for this. One is, we are ceasing to

breed blood thirsty people; the rising generation is interested in higher and better ways of advancing civilization. Another is, people are too well informed these days to be frightened by *mere talk;* they know as much about affairs as the war-scare manufacturer and they know more than he does about the strength of the forces that are making for peace and for the highest expression of our common brotherhood.

During the local option campaign in Chicago the saloon forces made continuous use of the threadworn arguments, "Prohibition does *not* prohibit," "No saloons means no business—industrial destruction." Clearly the two arguments do not go together. If prohibition does not prohibit there is no call for being alarmed about its injuring business. But the saloon people prove by the desperate fight they make when the question is at issue that there is nothing in that argument. They believe as firmly as does the temperance man that prohibition does prohibit, in some degree at least. As to the other argument, it is not borne out by facts. On the contrary where a fair trial has been made no saloons means an increase of business. Of late the *Illinois Issue,* the organ of the anti-saloon forces, has published page after page of signed statements from business men in different towns and cities throughout the State testifying to the wholesome influence on their business of the local option rule. Some of them confessed they had had a different opinion before the trial was made but they are now convinced that the saloons are as bad for business as they are for everything else but as the devil's agents.

It is very generally known that the various businesses carried on by the United States government are conducted in an exceedingly extravagant manner. If the same methods were used by private owners business would soon be demoralized. One of the praiseworthy efforts of the present administration has been to cut down expenses in the various departments by having them run on the up-to-date methods which bring success in the outside business world. The best way Uncle Sam can prove to us his claim that we are living in prosperous times is by being able to point to his own account with a neat sum on the credit side. Just now the Treasury Department is being inspected with a view of reorganizing it. Congress has appropriated $25,000 for this purpose but five times this amount may be used before the work is completed. While this seems like a strange way to go about to save money, it is claimed the reforms when once instituted will be the means of saving about $3,000,000 annually. Other methods of cutting down expenses are being followed in other departments and altogether it looks as if Uncle Sam intends to practice a little of his preaching.

For some years there has been a tendency in the political field to put men above party, to consider the general welfare of the community before party well-being. This has been especially noticeable in local elections, though the healthy condition is spreading and is appearing with considerable strength in national politics. It is evident that in the near future the republican party will be put to the test on this point and it will then be seen how strong a hold this new idea has and what its working out in practice may mean for the country. Whether one shall stand wholly for party solidarity which *may* mean the enactment of party measures and at the same time *must* mean connivance at party corruption, or whether he shall stand in a sense independent, deserting the party when it falls short of his high standards, is a serious question for the one who earnestly desires to serve his country. We have called the changing condition a healthy one because it has driven out much corruption in town and county and brought about needed reforms. Perhaps the results would be just as beneficial if the principle were followed in the larger field.

THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM.

SELECTED BY FRANKLIN ROYER, ELGIN, ILL.

In Two Parts. Part Two.

Nature is a poor plowman. She prepares the soil with difficulty and inadequately. Her drainage is clumsy and her irrigation a total failure over vast areas. When the human farmer comes along to drain the marshes, water the desert, clear the forest, turn up the sod, he not only makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but by virtue of his superior skill in sowing, supplants grass with apples, weeds with wheat and corn.

Now we must realize that Nature is a clumsy sower, as well as a poor plowman; for all her ingenuity, her planting is very inadequate. The human farmer not only prepares the ground but puts the seed just where it will best thrive. He covers it at the proper depth, protects it through infancy, and garners it in its maturity. The winds, birds and floods do pretty well, but man beats them far and away. He carries the alfalfa seed from Chili to California, from California to Wisconsin; he finds barley in Western Asia, puts it into his pocket, plants it on the banks of the Rhine, and ultimately along the Columbia.

According to Bailey's Encyclopedia, in 1836, one Stephen Coe carred from Eastern New York, a single pint of beans, planted them in Orleans County, in Western New York, and three years after this his son sold a load of thirty-three bushels. From this beginning the bean crop of Orleans County in thirty years reached over a million bushels.

Not only has man improved on Nature in the distri-

(Continued on Page 333.)



THE HOME WORLD



"ONLY A SONG."

NELLIE BARLOW.

'Twas only a song from a street waif's lips,
Floating out on the evening air,
Only a song, but it sang of home,
And a gray-haired mother's prayer.

Only a song, but it was heard above
The noise of the village inn,
Where a crowd of drunken, gambling men,
Sank deeper in the vices of sin.

Only a song, but it arrested a hand,
That was raising the poisonous drink,
That was drawing him nearer and nearer each day,
To hell's dark unfathomed brink.

For he saw in fancy a mother's face,
With its crown of silvery hair,
And he heard again her sweet old voice
Floating upward in words of prayer.

That mother was gone, those gentle lips,
Were pale and cold in death,
And he knew she had prayed for her wandering child,
With her fluttering, dying breath.

She was in heaven, while her darling boy,
Was gambling at the village inn.
Could she see him tonight on this downward path,
With a character all blackened with sin?

The glass slipped from his trembling hand,
And fell shattered upon the floor,
Then he cast a determined glance around,
And vanished thro' the open door.

'Twas only a song, a child carelessly sang,
With no thought of the meaning therein,
'Twas only a song, but it saved a soul,
From the hideous depths of sin.

Bullsgap, Tenn.

The Question of Race Suicide

Hattie Preston Rider

"I WAS hunting through that brown leather trunk in the garret, yesterday," said Madam Gates, as she laid down the tiny sleeve of sheer white she had been hemstitching, and reached for her shawl. "A lot of old letters were there, and I stopped to read a few, nearly forgetting I was after nothing but a piece of brocade for little Margaret's pincushion. One of them, more than twenty-five years old, stuck in my mind like a veritable thorn. I almost wish I had brought it along for you to read, Annabel."

Her daughter-in-law laughed mischievously.

"So both of us would have had thorns in our minds, Mamma Gates?" she asked. "I suppose you wanted me to say 'Oh!' as the little girl in the story said to the unsympathetic boy. I don't need to ache, to be sorry for your hurts."

"I know that," Madam Gates hastened to declare. "I don't ache over that letter so very much now, however, though I certainly did when I received it. My own mother,—peace to her sainted soul,—wrote it to me the spring before Harry,—yes, your own Harry, was born. Now, you won't have to stretch your imagination to know how I felt, though it is absurd to fancy your mother writing in such strain to you."

"Maybe,—if I only knew what was in the letter—" Annabel suggested, with mock meekness.

Madam Gates laughed.

"Perhaps that would clear up my remarks a little," she agreed. "Somehow, so many 'side thoughts' do come into my mind, I'd never get to the point if some one didn't jog me. Harry used to joke me dreadfully about it." She stopped short, as the merriment in her young companion's eyes threatened to overflow again, and with sudden affectionate earnestness continued:

"Annabel! I'm really going to tell you what was in that letter, if you will give me time! But I must say, that one of the first things I thanked the Lord for, when Harry told me you and he were engaged, was that you had a sense of humor!

"Well, as I said, the letter was from my own mother. You can have no conception, child, of the antipathy some women of her generation felt regarding motherhood. I suppose they loved their children, after they came. The majority worked hard enough for them, I'm sure. But some of the bitterest things I ever heard in my life were uttered by mothers of large families in pure envy and jealousy of women who had small families, or none. They seemed to regard the coming of a baby as a calamity, its birth a curse, and its care a nuisance. 'Tied down'; that is the way they expressed it; and not by the bonds of love, either, if one gathered from the way they spoke. I don't suppose my mother ever dreamed I comprehended, in those early days, how unwelcome a baby I, the young-

est of a family of ten, had been. But I did, and it filled my soul with a bitterness I cannot entirely overcome, even to this day, though I know she later grew to love us all dearly. And the letter,—now you're ready to laugh again, Annabel,—this is what it said:

"'Janet Simmons has been telling me about your condition, Marcia. It makes me almost doubt the providence of God, for I had fairly prayed that *you* might escape the drudgery of having children.'"

Madam Gates and her son's wife looked for one solemn moment into each other's eyes. A mist sprang to the younger woman's, and the elder hastened to apologize:

"Don't feel badly, dearie. The poor soul did not understand how it hurt, or what a wealth she herself missed. But sometimes, when I hear so much lamenting about race suicide, I can't help thinking there are two sides to the question. When I remember the few advantages that were possible, in those large families, the inevitable influence on their members of the open or secretly rebellious feelings of most of the mothers who bore them, and the drudgery that fell upon the older children, I can't help feeling that conditions are vastly improved today, when parents,—at least the middle classes who are the mainstay of the nation,—love and welcome their fewer children with their whole souls, and spare no pains or expense to educate and develop the best in them. I can't help thinking that quality counts for much more than numbers, in citizenship. Besides, it is cruel to bring more children into the world than one is able to give suitable advantages, to be obliged to deny them the beautiful things of culture and refinement that our American institutions hold constantly before their eyes."

"I guess you're right, Mamma Gates," Annabel answered, slowly. "I hadn't thought of it, though."

"Children are so near my heart, that these things fairly think themselves to me," her mother-in-law responded, earnestly. Then she went on:

"As for the children of the extremely rich, and of those who ape the extremely rich, in my opinion they are, with a few exceptions, fortunate to remain unborn. I do not mean, either, that the parents of smaller families should neglect to teach their children the beauty of unselfishness, which from sheer force of necessity the members of larger ones must learn of their own accord. But, Annabel,"—she paused a moment, half-smiling, half-serious, "there's a proposition to which the writers and lecturers do not give nearly enough prominence. Do you realize what the welcome children of such parents as you and my own boy Harry must in nature be? Yes, and of all your class, educated as you are, sensible, athletic, healthy? Why, my child, it is no flattery, no holding out of false hopes, to declare that they are the promise of the world!"

Annabel sat for several seconds silent with wonder. Then she laughed in an embarrassed way, and blushed till she felt obliged to hold up the other little white sleeve to cover her pink cheeks. "I hadn't thought of that, or anything else except how—sweet it is," she confessed, hesitatingly; "but it's very nice of you to say such things, Mamma Gates."

"It's very nice of you children to deserve them," Madam Gates rejoined, quickly. "Well,"—after a pause—"I must go now, girlie, not even waiting to see the laddie. I declare I've all but gotten rid of my 'thorn,' visiting with you. I mustn't be uncharitable toward my mistaken forbears, must I? They're to be pitied, for the beautiful things they missed through ignorance. Besides, they had a great many bothers of which we know nothing."

Like sweet Naomi of old, she kissed her daughter-in-law, and went her way. After she had gone, the young mother-to-be went back into the sitting-room and stood there for a long moment, smiling as at some fair vision. Then she crossed over to the couch, and, picking up a little white sleeve, held it to her lips in a tender, lingering caress. Not accidentally, it was the one upon which her husband's mother had been working.

MOTHER.

DEE VIVIEN SCHRAMM ELBERINK.

The gentle touch, the mother's loving smile,
The voice, so sweet, that guided me in youth;
I thirst to see her fond and patient face—
The soul that long has slept in God's embrace.

BEAUTIFYING THE HOME.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

We all appreciate a thrifty well-ordered farm; and could this be possible without the planting of trees and shrubs? We all know that the farm without its orchard, and the yard without its shade and shrubs is not a well-ordered farm, and the farmer who is hobbling along without such is in no way the most prosperous farmer.

How refreshing to come to a place surrounded with trees, a well-kept yard with flowers and shrubbery, the outbuildings, orchard and garden protected by sheltered belts, the lane and roadside planted with trees, the whole presenting a picture of comfort and enjoyment. You at once set that man down as one who aims to get something out of this life besides the dollars he gathers in from growing corn, hogs, etc.

Much has been written in the last few years on, What can we do to keep the boys on the farm? What can we do to make the farm, home and country life more attractive and induce our young folks to follow the occupation of their fathers? Perhaps second only to a good, sensible, loving mother in the home, would be an intelligent, capable father who has arranged the

farm well and planted it with all the trees and shrubs needed to provide the home with fruit and improve its appearance.

All of us appreciate the advice of some elderly or more experienced person. I heard of an elderly man recently, a man of about eighty-four, who was telling of his failures in life, of how his younger days were spent in caring for nothing but the present. This, he said, went well until age began to dawn and his health slowly began to fail. He could then look at others in the same family who had kept their farms improved and well set with fruit and shade, and while they too are old they have all that could be asked for to make life happy. His advice was: "Provide for old age while youth and health offer you the opportunity, for in old age it will be too late to build and properly plant trees expecting to reap the benefits of them."

Greenville, Ill.

HIS WORK AND HERS.

"Now, Will," said Josephine, "it's time you began to get ready."

"Ready for what?" sighed William. "Ready for what?"

And he rolled his head against the back of his chair in a helpless sort of a way that was only equaled by the degree of languor with which he batted his eyes.

"Why, we have an engagement to call on the Olivers," she answered. "Come, now! Hurry up!"

"I'm so tired," he murmured.

And his antics were such that Josephine was really alarmed, not yet having found out what a monster of deceit man is, and she ran to him and knelt by his chair with an anxious little cry.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed, "you should not work so hard!"

He made a helpless motion such as a victim at the stake might make when asked to come to take a walk.

"Ah, that wicked, wicked Wall Street," she cried. "Will, I wouldn't do it. It isn't worth it!"

He rolled his head again.

"Will, you musn't work so hard!" she entreated. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! Whatever would become of me if you had to go to a sanitarium?"

"Hush," said William.

"I won't hush," she cried. "I am your wife, and it's my duty to take care of you. What's the matter?"

He was rubbing the fingers of his right hand, his expression that of a man who is undergoing torture.

"Cramped," he said. "I had one hundred and seventy letters to sign this afternoon."

"One hundred and seventy letters!" she repeated in awe, and, as she lifted her voice in lamentations again, I will give a few statistics concerning Josephine.

When she swept the room that morning she made four hundred and twenty motions with her broom.

She walked in and out of the kitchen two hundred and seventy times.

She made three apple pies, and she cut the apples into one hundred and eighty pieces.

She also made a cake, and, in mixing the latter, she brought her spoon against the side of the bowl seven hundred and sixty times.

When she made the hash she brought the chopper down one thousand five hundred times.

She washed one of her aprons, rubbing it up and down the board one hundred and eighty times.

She ironed for an hour, pushing an eight-pound sad iron backward and forward two thousand one hundred and fifty times.

For a rest she did a little needlework, her crochet needle going in and out three thousand four hundred and seventy times.

"One hundred and seventy letters to sign!" she wailed; "one hundred and seventy letters to sign! Will, do you want to kill yourself?"—*New York Sun.*

YOU AND YOUR BOY.

I HAVE never been one to feel that the best love was won from a child by extreme indulgence. In fact, I hold that the contrary is the rule. Observing the families of my contemporaries and predecessors it is borne in upon me that the most indulged children have not been the most devoted to their fathers and mothers. On the contrary, having had the happiness to be associated with several households where strict obedience has always been demanded and received, I feel justified in declaring that the families where discipline is observed are those whose children are most affectionate.

Be it noted that strictness does not mean harshness or severity. It does stand for reasonable rules positively enforced, for commands which must be obeyed; and, above all, it should stand for justice.

Were I asked to put in a word the most desirable quality in dealing with boys, or with girls, either, for that matter, I would put justice first. It would not be a synonym for hardness, although this is a meaning often applied to it. It would mean obedience to orders and penalties when orders were disobeyed, but it would mean also an appreciation of the child's standpoint, an almost agonizing care that he should not be punished without adequate cause, a rigid adherence to promise of reward as well as of rebuke, an understanding of what led to this or that course of action which from an adult's viewpoint may seem inexplicable.

There may be well-brought-up children who resent a just punishment. I have never known them; but I have found injustice of reproof or of penalty resented with a bitterness which left its mark for years afterward.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in The Circle.*

A VALUABLE RECIPE.

To render wall paper adaptable for washing with soap and water without destroying the colors, make a solution of two parts of borax and two parts of stick lack, shellac, or other lac, in twenty-four parts of hot water. Strain the solution through a fine cloth filter and coat the paper with it several times, rubbing the latter with a soft brush after every application till a brilliant polish is obtained. It is immaterial whether the paper is already pasted on the walls, or still in rolls. —*Scientific American.*

IRONING, A GERM KILLER.

To most of us a flatiron means nothing but a kitchen article which we use to press our apron strings and occasionally take to bed to warm cold feet. But the flatiron has risen to an office of dignity, having been discovered as one of the most powerful germ destroyers we have. Two hundred and sixty-six degrees, or a little more heat from the flatiron, will send the gentle spirit of the very worst bacillus back to its own happy hunting ground. Where sterilizing devices are not handy, the flatiron is doing the work.—*Selected.*

MEAT LOAF.

Practical economy may begin at the butcher's. No dinner is genuinely satisfactory without meat, but a very little can be made to go a long way by the addition of cheaper foods. One pound of cheap steak and a half pound of pork, make an excellent meat loaf. To one cupful of cooked rice add one egg, butter to season, salt, pepper, one cup of cracker crumbs and enough milk to moisten all. Add the meat, form it into a loaf and coat with cracker crumbs. Bake it in a loaf pan, or a bread pan. Meat loaf, if rich, is difficult to remove from the pan. It is necessary to baste it with meat liquor from time to time. Parsley and boiled egg are used as a garnish.

When a Cold Begins.—A cold is the result of a stoppage somewhere of the free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a chill. The chill is so slight at times that only the preliminary sneeze warns us that we are in the track of a cold. One of the first things to do in this case is to inhale three or four deep breaths, expand the lungs to their full capacity, holding every time the air as long as possible, then slowly letting it pass out through the nostrils. By doing thus, the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into quickened action, and the blood is driven with unusual force along its course, entering even the tiniest veins. This radiates a glow down to the toes and fingers, and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. The whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion as if from rapid exercise.

The Children's Corner

HOW THE FLOWER BABIES EAT.

Do you know that the little flower people need to eat just as well as boys and girls do?

To live and grow, they must have meals even though they may not call them breakfast, dinner and supper, or prepare them in the manner that we do.

It is the duty of the root to go to market for the flower household. As it happens, the market is not far away, being the soil about it.

The root sends out little rootlets, and they collect the water, containing the special minerals, which the plant requires. The stem receives from the roots this crude soup, which is usually colorless, and carries it up to the leaves, where it passes through veins leading in all directions, until it reaches all the tiny cell workshops which make up the leaf.

These wee cells could never be seen with the naked eye, but they are there, nevertheless, more than you can ever count, and they are like so many tiny kitchens in which, with the sun for a fire, the thin soup is stirred and thickened until it becomes the starchy mass that the plant needs for its family's nourishment. When the starchy part is just right the extra water is poured off into the air by the process of transpiration, and breakfast, dinner or supper, as the case may be, is ready for the flowers. They do not come to table, but the stem distributes to each member of the household its share, and never makes a mistake.

The roots, which begin the work first, are the last to be fed, and when all have had enough it is the duty of the roots to put away all the food that is left, and keep it under their care. They have a storehouse for the purpose, and when you eat beets, turnips, potatoes and other like vegetables, you are eating not only the food, but the storehouse as well, of those plants.

Many flowers also store food for their children, and the plants that do this bloom early in the spring. They have enough to eat ready at hand and so do not need to wait until their roots grow big enough to gather food for them. Perhaps you have noticed that snowdrop, crocus, daffodil and the other blossoms that open first in the spring, grow from bulbs, and, of course, I need not tell you that the bulb is the storehouse in which the wise mother plant has put her baby's first food.

Some plants, like the cactus, houseleek and others, have a curious habit of storing extra food within the inner cells of their leaves, leaving only the outer ones free for carrying on the work of cooking it.

If you notice, the leaves of such plants are very thick and fleshy, and if you strip off the outer green covering, you will be sure to find a quantity of thick, starchy food packed away for future use.—*Selected.*



WHEN THE FIRE WENT OUT.

IRA P. DEAN.

I often sit and ponder o'er the times when but a boy
When going to the house of God did fill my heart with joy;
When Christians filled with Holy fire would Alleluia shout,
But the meetings soon got cold and dry,
When the fire went out.

The preacher used to read a text and preach with boldness then
Till the people couldn't hold themselves and they would shout Amen.
But afterwhile they got more quiet as though they were in doubt,
And the Amens soon ceased to be heard,
When the fire went out.

You've often seen dead flies stick fast to a frosty window-pane?
Well, frozen members in the church just act about the same.
They try to get outside the church, they don't know what about;
But you see it got too cold inside,
When the fire went out.

If preachers now would only preach with fire and holy zeal;
The people, they would flock to church to get a gospel meal.
But seems that all the preachers do is for more money pout;
So the Holy Ghost just left the church,
When the fire went out.

True Christian love has long been gone, the prayer meeting is dead,
The preacher thinks the work is done when his sermon has been read.
The devil just sits down and laughs, for him they'll never rout;
For the Christians all were froz'n to death,
When the fire went out.

THE TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

IRA FRANTZ.

THE Apostle Paul had his "thorn in the flesh." His life was not all strength without any weakness nor success without any failure. We do not know just what he means by that "thorn" he speaks of. Likely it was a physical infirmity—weak eyesight, perhaps. Be that as it may, we do know that it was no insignificant little thing but was, on the other hand, a source of much annoyance to Paul. He calls it "a messenger of Satan" to buffet him. He wanted to be rid of it and prayed the Lord three times for its removal but was as often refused. Yet in refusing him the Lord gave Paul to understand that there was a perfectly good reason for this weakness that had come into his life evidently to remain with him all his days. Paul himself says it kept him from being exalted overmuch.

When I look at his life I am impressed that the Lord knew just what was best when he allowed the weakness to stay with his good old servant. I'm glad Paul had a weakness. Just to know that Paul had one helps me to bear mine. Nor is this all. Paul's whole life and his letters are sweetened by this very thing. He learned why it was given him and also he learned the secret of making even this hindrance a help to him.

Now ye who are weak and sometimes given to discouragement just give ear to what Paul has to say about that very thing which distresses you. "When I am weak, then am I strong." A paradox surely enough! Paul was in earnest, though, when he said it. Think of this now,—*strong when weak!* Yet it implies more than this,—*strength out of weakness!* Could anything be more wonderful? Or more encouraging to the weak? But we have not yet reached the climax. The Lord said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Get those two words—*"made perfect."* What is made perfect in weakness? Why, *strength,* and God's strength at that. God's strength is made perfect in man's weakness. That is why man was made weak—that he might be strong, as strong as God.

You need not take my word for this if you will turn to 2 Cor. 4:7. Lest you might not take time to look up the reference I will just take the space to insert it here. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the exceeding greatness (A. R. V.) of the power may be of God and not from ourselves." The "treasure" he has been talking about is the "manifestation of the truth" which either saves or destroys men according as they receive it. This treasure we have in earthen vessels. He doesn't say we are a great big active power in the world: he says we are just vessels to hold a treasure. He doesn't say we are iron vessels or silver vessels or gold vessels: he says we are earthen vessels. We are not very strong nor very beautiful, in short, we of ourselves do not amount to very much. If we were

strong, I suppose we might try to do things ourselves too much. Likely we should soon lose all the precious treasure. So the Lord made us weak because he wanted us to have an exceeding greatness of power. He didn't dare trust us with all the power he wants us to have. If he had done this we should have wasted it or used it wrongly. He just made us weak and then gave us access to all his own power.

I could mention to you the names of many of the most useful men in the Christian church today who are laboring under physical infirmities so great at times that it seems little short of miraculous what work they can do. Indeed, who shall say it is not miraculous? Does not the Word say that the exceeding greatness of the power shall be of God? Weakness forbids them working or attempting to work in their own strength and compels them to keep close to God, lean heavily upon him, and take all their strength from him. Being weak, they are strong because they continually use the unlimited power of the Almighty God. Not that men of strong physique and brilliant intellect should seek to weaken themselves. Be it far from me to suggest such a course! Thank God for your fitness as a vessel but refuse not to be a vessel. Learn the lesson of humility and dependence from other men's weaknesses.

Let the weak brother remember Paul who had his thorn and Moses who was slow of speech, both of whom were useful men of God; let the weak-willed brother who struggles with sin remember that in his weakness is the strength of God made perfect, a strength far greater than that of the adversary, a strength which he can have only for the asking and using; and let all rejoice to become vessels for holding the wonderful treasure in order that the exceeding greatness of the power of God may come to bless the world of men.

WORLDLINESS IN CHURCH LIFE.

Perhaps the chief peril which confronts the American Church today is that of a trifling, sordid church life. By this I mean a certain professionalism in the pulpit, and a childish conception of religious duty and privilege in the pew.

When a man enlists in the army he takes on sacred obligations. If in the midst of a battle he were to quit fighting because the drill sergeant did not call him by his right name, he would not be shot. I do not think he would be even hanged. They would simply throw him into the ditch, away from the sight of noble men. But a full-grown man will unite with the Christian Church, assuming the most sacred, binding and exalted obligations in the world. On the slightest pretext he will quit. Perhaps the minister has not recognized him on the street, one of the deacons failed to call him by name in the church, he is asked for money, or he does not like the choir. Any trivial pretext will do. Immediately he disregards every solemn obligation. If you were to tell him that his sin is worse than perjury, he would be insulted. Yet it is. If you were to tell him that his disloyalty in this regard is more despicable than the disloyalty of a traitor to his country, he would not believe you. Yet it is. This trivial, shallow conception of church obligation is responsible for the fact that the world does not take the church seriously. Why should it? If these sacred obligations, publicly made, mean nothing to the man who makes them, why should they mean anything to the outside world?

I firmly believe that the comparative powerlessness of the church in the face of supreme opportunity is due to this one weakness, more than to any other. How can a strong, self-respecting young man be attracted to the Christian ministry when he sees the necessity of dwarfing his life by standards and ideals so trivial and absurd? If great laymen leave the impression that they do not believe in their own proposition, why should they complain about the masses refusing to be reached? If this trivial, secondary attitude of mind were characteristic of the entire life of church members, the matter would be different. But unfortunately countless thousands, who claim allegiance to some church, give every evidence of passion and interest in money-making, in the pursuit of learning, in social pleasures and in quest for social place. Men sacrifice and work for the thing they believe in. If a large proportion of our church membership do nothing for the church except to misrepresent it before the world, it is because they do not believe in the thing they say they do.—*Christian Herald.*

SAVED BY GRACE.

"Men are to be saved," says an apostle of the new theology, "not by prohibitions but by great incentives." According to Paul, salvation comes neither by prohibitions nor by great incentives, but alone through grace. He says, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." To this agrees the testimony of Isaiah, who says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." To the trembling jailer who wanted to know the way of salvation the reply was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The doctrine of salvation by works or by human excellence has been a snare and ruin to many a human soul. Not until we lose sight of human excellence, give up self and accept Christ instead, give up trying to save ourselves but submit ourselves to God that he may make of us a new creature can the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus be applied to our hearts and our souls arise in "newness of life." Not until then can we rise in the liberty of the Gospel and shine in the righteousness of Jesus Christ.—*Gospel Herald.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Five Mormon missionaries from Utah have been expelled from Saxony, Germany, as undesirable aliens. They were charged with "conducting an immoral propaganda." The missionaries had induced many women and girls to emigrate to Utah.

Wright Brothers have agreed to license æroplanes which they claim infringe on their patents to take part at the Indianapolis meet June 12 to 18. Each operator must agree not to appear at any other meet in these machines without a special license granted by the Wright company.

Under instructions from the senate committee on foreign relations, of which Senator Cullom is chairman, Senator Root has introduced a bill to amend the Red Cross incorporation act. The bill is intended to prevent the use of the Red Cross insignia by industrial and mercantile houses.

By June 1 next, Dr. E. Dana Durand, superintendent of the census, expects to be able to report the number of inhabitants of the United States. He estimates the population at between 88,000,000 and 91,000,000. On April 15 the 75,000 enumerators will begin work. In the cities the census must be taken in 15 days and in the rural districts in 30 days. It will require three years in which to tabulate all the data.

The comet discovered by Daniel in December is not the same as one discovered in 1867, for which a period of about forty-two years had been found. Daniel's comet has been found to belong to the Jupiter family of comets, having a period of about six and a half years. There are now over thirty of these, and four or five of them pass through perihelion every year; but they are in many cases so faint as to elude observation altogether.

In the supreme court a decision has been handed down which declares the State pure milk law to be constitutional. Three Concord farmers who were found guilty of having for sale milk which contained but 11.65 per cent of milk solids appealed. They claimed their milk was nutritious and not injurious. The State law provides that all milk must contain not less than 12.15 per cent of milk solids and not less than 3.35 per cent of fat.

The American Bible Society has raised the $500,000 required in order to receive the gift of a like sum from Mrs. Russell Sage. The society hopes to enlarge the appropriations both for home and foreign work for the year beginning April 1, 1910, through the income of the money already paid in. The largest two single contributions to the fund came from Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. W. D. James, $25,000 each. The smallest was one of 10 cents from a poor woman in Georgia.

The records of the Kansas State bureau of labor and industry show that the capital invested in manufactures in Kansas has increased from $59,458,256 in 1899 to $141,354,877 in 1909. There were 1,918 plants in operation in 1899. There are 2,299 in 1910.

The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill which has been reported to the Senate carries $34,034,357, a net increase of $195,562 over the bill as it passed the House. The aggregate amount carried is $8,401,162 less than the appropriations for the same purpose for the current fiscal year.

A movement has been started to elect Gifford Pinchot a member of the Yale Corporation or board of trustees in place of Judge Henry E. Howland of New York City, who declined to accept re-election. Frederick Vanderbilt has also been proposed as a candidate. President Taft is a member of the corporation, and in case Mr. Pinchot is elected they will again be brought into close relations.

In a signed order Secretary of War Dickinson defines hazing at West Point and provides for punishment. Cadets guilty of harsh forms of hazing will be summarily dismissed as in the past, and will not be subject to reinstatement within two years; suspension and reduction in class are provided for the cadet who hazes another with no intent to injure or humiliate; while mild hazing, the punishment for which must be less than dismissal, is left to the discretion of the superintendent.

Resolutions have been adopted by the Arkansas Land congress asking the legislature to make an appropriation of $50,000 for the purpose of advertising the State's resources. It is claimed there are 6,000,000 acres in Arkansas which could be drained and made productive. The resolutions assert that it is as much the duty of the federal government to reclaim the Arkansas lands by drainage as to spend millions on irrigation of dry lands in the West.

Long threatened civil war in Abyssinia between the adherents of Empress Taitu and the supporters of Prince Jeassu Lidj is imminent, according to dispatches from Addis Abeda, March 25. The empress, who has been deposed, is gathering troops to fight for the throne, which is now held by Ras Tesama, regent, acting for the youthful Prince Lidj, who has been declared the successor of King Menelik. Actual hostilities will hardly begin until the aged king dies. Menelik has been unconscious for several days and his death is a matter of a few days at most. Rumors that he was poisoned by the empress are again current, but no evidence against her has been produced. In the event of a war, it is believed the followers of the prince would be victorious, as they far outnumber those who favor the empress.

A congressional commission consisting of Secretary Dickinson, Secretary Meyer, Senator Wetmore and Representative McCall has favorably passed upon the model for the statue of John Paul Jones, for which Congress appropriated $50,000. The monument is to be dedicated to the memory of this sea hero in the summer of 1911. It will stand on the northwest shore of the tidal basin in Potomac Park. The statue has been designed by Charles H. Niehaus, a sculptor who has done much notable work. He was the winner in the contest with 24 American artists for the monument to Hahnemann, founder of homeopathy.

In the northern part of Archangel, which is the most northerly government of European Russia, a farm for the breeding of Kamschatka otters, blue foxes, sables, martens, and other valuable fur-bearing animals is being established by German capitalists. The soil and climate of this district are exactly suited to the animals and the annual rental charge is only about 5 cents per acre, so that the venture appears very promising at first glance. On the other hand, a large initial outlay is required. The farm contains 1,200 acres, is inclosed by a fence covered with sheet iron, which has cost $67,000, but the burrowing propensities of the foxes and rodents will probably make it necessary to extend this barrier underground, at a large additional expense.

Influential Hebrews from every section of the United States, and many of them from Europe, are in the national capital with their wives and families to attend the general convention of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, the most powerful and prominent of all Jewish fraternal organizations in the world. A White House reception by the President and Mrs. Taft, a dinner where President Taft and the entire diplomatic corps are to be the guests of honor, and a trip by steamship to historic Mount Vernon are among the events arranged for the five-day convention which began April 3 and concludes its sessions April 8. Matters important to the welfare of the organization and, for that matter, to that of the country generally, will be discussed by this representative body. They will include immigration, colonization, agricultural pursuits, the extirpation of the "white slave" traffic, the further maintenance of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver, the Hot Springs sanatorium and manual training schools in the orient, Europe, and the United States.

Liberia has appealed to the United States because of aggressions by France on one side and England on the other. In a special message to Congress on the subject President Taft reviews the situation and directs attention to the following recommendations of the American commission to Liberia:

"1. That the United States extend its aid to Liberia in the prompt settlement of her boundary disputes.

"2. That the United States enable Liberia to refund its debt by assuming, as a guarantee for the payment of obligations under such an arrangement, the control and collection of Liberia customs.

"3. That the United States lend its assistance to the reform of the internal finances.

"4. That this nation aid in organizing and drilling a competent constabulary or frontier police.

"5. That the United States establish and maintain a research station there.

"6. That the United States reopen the question of establishing a naval coaling station in Liberia."

THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM.

(Continued from Page 325.)

bution of plants, but he has improved on her methods in planting them. Nature broadcasts; man drills. Where she sows, he plants, thus conserving the resources of the soil and permitting no waste places.

But more interesting than all this, does man triumph over Nature in his skill in improving the seed itself, increases the crop by developing the quality. He eliminates the sickly, the dwarfed, the non-fertile, and uses the strong, the splendid, the fertile. "Agronomy" is a new word in the farmer's vocabulary; it represents the very poetry of farming; it is the science of seed, or something like it, and its triumphs are most startling. We now read of "Corn Breeding Associations," "Seed Corn Specials." Year after year Iowa has traversed her splendid prairies with railroad trains that stop at the stations where the farmers, previously summoned, are gathered to note the exhibit of, and to listen to lectures on, "Improved breeds of corn" as well as "Improved methods of planting and cultivating." The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1905 reports ninety-six Iowa counties thus traversed in two years, and several thousand lectures given to over two hundred thousand farmers. The corn-growing States of the Union have their seed corn experimental stations, and the annual report of the Department for 1908 tells the farmer that the immense corn crop of the United States could be increased to the value of one hundred million dollars simply by a wiser selection of seed; another hundred million could be added by the better drying and storing of the seed selected; still another hundred million by better care of the growing plant, and still another hundred million by better care of the soil; and even then this vast increase would represent but one-third of the present farm value of the corn crop. It then proceeds to show how one hundred bushels of sound, mature corn per acre has been produced in Wisconsin where the average yield, from careless or unenlightened farming, was perhaps thirty-five bushels or less.

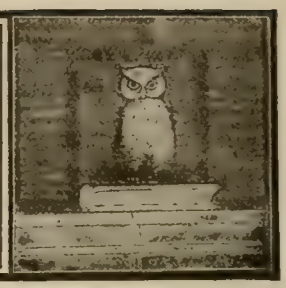
All that the stock breeder has learned in regard to the value of cross-breeding of animals, thus developing milk-yielding cows, trotting horses, varieties of dogs and pigeons, curious or profitable is now being applied to the improving of seed by cross-fertilization, artificial pollenization and similar subtile processes. The boys in the University of Minnesota have been selecting and planting wheat, kernel by kernel, and by the skill of the hand, fertilizing the pistil of one stalk with the pollen obtained from another, thus arriving at startling results which promise unlimited expansion of the productivity of the earth.

The Government Year Book for 1905 tells us that in 1899 the Wisconsin Experiment Station secured six pounds of a Swedish variety of oats, improved the same

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Among the Magazines



HOW TO ADVERTISE THE CHURCH.

There was formerly a certain magic in the adage, "It pays to advertise." But the application of the principle requires an increasing admixture of brains to make the advertising pay. This is especially true of church advertising, thinks the Chicago Interior. "Although there is enormous annual increase in the volume of advertising put forth in America," says this writer, "the capable American man of affairs is farther than ever before from blind faith that to advertise—any way, anywhere—is an omnipotent and infallible method of getting business." If the Church is going to advertise, he continues, "it had better, before it begins, get enough in touch with modern ideas on the subject to apply intelligently the principles of publicity which advertising experience has worked out." Further:

"Blundering into publicity campaigns with a notion that anything is useful that attracts attention, will lose the Church a great deal more influence than is gained.

"Especially ought the Church to note how promptly experienced promoters of advertising acknowledge that some lines of occupatioin are outside the advertising range. Others may sneer at the tradition that confines doctors, lawyers, musicians, and other professional people to plain cards with name and office address only, but a reliable publicity expert won't join that sneer.

"He understands that these professional men couldn't coax the public for patronage without betraying, in a subtle way which the public would feel instantly, a doubt whether they had strength and equipment to make them worth patronizing.

"They are stronger far when they act on the quiet assurance that their abilities and equipment are sufficient to win recognition in the long run without the sounding of trumpets.

"Any professional man who, in default of that much faith in himself, goes around trying to invent artificial ways of bringing himself to public notice, simply infects other people with his own inner doubt of his abilities. He may win temporary success, but in the end he is sure to class himself as a second-rater.

"And the minister is no exception to that rule. This truth is fundamental and always applying:

"The man whose capital is in his own brains and personality cheapens himself whenever he consciously resorts to any other method of catching attention than the unimpeachable method of doing his duty steadily.

"When, however, a man owns something—something that is his, not himself—the matter is different, and advertising is legitimate. The case of the Church with the Gospel is an analogy to this. But not yet is it to be said that any and all advertising is useful."

The writer quotes from the experience of the commercial world the well-understood fact that when "one has something cheap to sell, something for careless, inconsiderate buyers, then flashy, flamboyant, exaggerated advertising serves." But "if one is going to sell something of real value, to people who buy with serious purpose of getting something worth keeping, he must be careful to make his advertisement dignified, reserved, void of the least touch of overpersuasion or overstatement." Along this line we read:

"It remains to be remembered that some things are too sacred to be advertised. What true man will try to make public his honor, his honesty, his family affection? If at all, he speaks of these in solemn places, reverentially, to intimate companions.

"Just so the typical American feels that religion is not a topic of the crowd—not a subject for the open marketplace. He thinks religion should be there, but beneath the surface, not on parade.

"What do all these observations mean to the Church that plans to advertise—the minister who is mapping out a campaign of publicity? Certainly they force into consideration two or three vital things to decide:

"Shall the Church by tone and method and temper of its advertising class itself with, say for example, venders of fake mining stock or with dealers in reliable securities—that is, will it advertise rashly and riotously or soberly and with reserve?

"Shall the pastor let himself be identified with the sort of professional men who feel there is not enough substance in them to win by weight of their own character, or does he choose to be of those who do not deem it needful to impress the public by schemes artfully designed to afford them fictitious importance?

"Is it better for the Church to defy or to respect the common feeling that serious religious themes should be dealt with in quiet and reverence—not thrust out noisily into the babel of the town?

"Whatever the church and the minister decide on these questions, they ought to decide remembering that they serve a Master who did not 'cry nor lift up his voice nor cause it to be heard in the street'—who believed that if a candle were lighted and set on a stand, it would shine unto all that are in the house without an advertisement calling attention to it."—Literary Digest.

AN AMERICAN JUSTINIAN NEEDED.

The condition of American law vitally concerns every citizen. While those untrained in law cannot probe the mysteries which confuse the administration of our judicial system, the general public sadly realizes the tedious machinery which paralyzes that speedy justice which is essential to the life of a free people. One of our most prominent financiers recently declared: "The greatest risk in business is the legal risk."

The Green Bag, a leading law magazine, in its February issue, draws the curtain aside and presents a graphic picture of the chaotic condition of our jurisprudence. It sets forth with merciless logic the confusion which re-

sults from a Federal Congress and forty-six State Legislatures adding to and changing, without system or coordination, our inherited common law judicature. This confusion is worse confounded by as many State and national Supreme Courts, establishing by their precedents tens and hundreds of thousands of precedents, printed as authorities, and cited by the bar and the courts as binding precedents, but which have never been adequately analyzed or organized so as to present a complete system of principles. Yet lawyers must examine and marshal them as best they can in the presentation of causes, although they well know that "a precedent can be found for almost any proposition of law, no matter how erroneous." Little wonder is it that litigation is tedious, uncertain, unsatisfactory and expensive.

This is the fundamental cause for most of the criticism of our courts. Lord Bacon said truly: "A country in which the laws are indefinite and uncertain is in iron servitude." Jurists well know the condition stated by Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court:

"The confusing mass of precedents which now embody what may be called the American Common Law renders it often impossible for counsel to give legal advice competent to guide their clients in doing what the law sanctions and approves and refraining from disobeying the law, which, if litigation follows, they are presumed to know."

The confidence of the people in the general integrity of our courts is not at all impaired; but they have lost their faith that a just decision will surely be reached in every case. If such are the conditions now, what will they be when, in a century, our population will be counted by hundreds of millions, and legal decisions numberless?

George W. Kirchwey, dean of the Columbia University Law School; James DeWitt Andrews, long the chairman of The American Bar Association's Committee on Classification of the Law, and Lucien Hugh Alexander, of the Philadelphia bar, present in the current Green Bag a plan for the solution of this problem from the pen of the latter. After analyzing the conditions and showing how the problem has baffled the profession for more than a century, the plan is unfolded. It provides for organizing the best brain power of our bench and bar for the preparation of a complete, philosophical and adequately coördinated statement of the American corpus juris, by which is meant the entire body of our law, national and State. The plan includes the organizing of a board of editors, composed of seven of the men best qualified to engage in such an undertaking. They are to be supreme in every editorial matter. Then it is proposed to form a board of collaborators of about twenty of the ablest law professors, who are specialists in their particular subjects, each of whom would write a part of the work. In addition to this, an advisory council and board of criticism are urged, the former to embrace some twenty-five of the strongest men on the bench and at the bar, who would be unable to devote their time to the actual preparation of the text, and the board of criticism to consist of a group of one to two hundred lawyers especially qualified to criticise particular parts of the work when submitted in manuscript.

As is said by Chief Justice Clark, of North Carolina, the project is a proposal "to do for this country what Justinian did for Rome and Napoleon for Western Europe." He adds:

"It is for many reasons a far greater work and more difficult. Of its value and of its necessity, there can be no two opinions. Fame and fortune will wait upon those who shall confer such a boon upon the present and future millions of our country."

To secure talent of the high character proposed—and none other should be employed upon the work—will require the payment of adequate compensation, sufficient to induce such men to devote their time to it. The proponents of the plan estimate the cost at upward of one million dollars. They make clear that the project cannot be carried through solely as a commercial venture, and an appeal is made for the establishment of a million-dollar foundation for the advancement of jurisprudence. With such a foundation, it is believed the ablest talent could be secured, and that the entire body of principles controlling the administration of our law could be exhibited in approximately twenty volumes of a thousand pages each, not as a code nor an encyclopedia, but in the form of a well-balanced and proportioned body of legal principles.

It is apparent that this work, when published, would be a necessary part of the equipment of every judge and practising lawyer. "It would be," as the late James C. Carter declared, "the one indispensable tool of his art." Such a statement of principles would be cheap at any price, yet the point is made that a sale of but five thousand sets at the usual price per volume for law books would restore the foundation and make it available for the maintenance of a skilled and permanent staff for the improvement of the law.

The plans have been submitted to a large group of the ablest lawyers in this and other lands, and have been enthusiastically approved.

The success of the project is contingent upon the establishment of the suggested foundation for the advancement of jurisprudence. Here is an opportunity which should satisfy the highest kind of altruism. Greater service can hardly be rendered to our nation or civilization. —The Independent.

THE GOSPEL OF THE FARM.

(Continued from Page 333.)

by selection and, five years later, 1904, no less than five million bushels of Swedish oats were grown by Wisconsin farmers from this seed, and that it is now being tested and distributed by the Montana and Idaho Stations.

Jesus in his parable fixed the highest limit of productivity to one hundred fold, and that was the result of good ground. But the modern farmer, who wisely selects and skillfully develops his seed, knows that this is wholly an inadequate yield. One bushel of seed corn will plant six acres of ground. The one hundred bushels to the acre which have been harvested by experts, yields them six hundred fold.

The Europeans found the Indians cultivating corn in America when they arrived, but their corn had but eight rows on the cob and the kernels were small and flinty. Now we have our eighteen-row corn and fifty or more kernels in a row, giving nine hundred kernels to an ear, and the Illinois farmer does not boast of a stalk unless it carries two full ears and an additional small one. This makes a possibility of from twenty-

three to twenty-five hundred kernels of corn grown from one kernel.

All this about farm work,—the seed and the sowing of the field. I have said nothing of gospel work. Need I say anything? The approved methods of the lower fields apply to the upper fields. Sowing has ever been suggestive of faith; the sower has always been an attractive subject to poet, artist, orator and preacher. To cast seed into the ground in the face of storm and blight, of freshet and drought, has always been an act of faith. But the modern man with his selected seed, his drill, his modern appliances, has injected an element of knowledge and scientific accuracy into the sowing, and we now have the old trust in God with a human plus, an added element of confidence in man, which throws new light upon the task and awakens new inspiration in him who would deal with seed thought and plant spirit fields. How winged are ideas! How the contrivances of man have added to the seed-distributing devices of God! It was not a "feathered arrow" that Longfellow shot into the air and long afterward found in the heart of a friend, but it was a winged word, trusted not to the wind but to the printed page, the steamship and the postal express. Nay, these prove too slow and uncertain nowadays. We send out love seed over the wires strung high above the roads, across the fields, through the deep sea-cables, laid on what Kipling calls "the tie-ribs of earth." But these are too slow. We now send our seed-words through the wireless air; they are picked up in mid-ocean. But everywhere and by all means, the message which Kipling entrusts to the deep sea cables is the same; it is one of love and duty; it says, "Let us be one; Let us be one!"

The sermon of the Corn Breeders' Association, of the check-row, the planter, the seed drill is: "It is not enough to sow; it does not suffice to merely plant; we must sow the best seed and plant in the most approved manner." The word from the Department at Washington is that the farmer can add forty per cent to his annual yield by improving his seed, given the best soil and the wisest tilling. See to your drainage, irrigation and fertilizing, but without the best seed the crop is inadequate, the work faulty, the farming poor.

This sermon is as pertinent to city as to country folk. Alas! how much bad sowing is there in our municipalities! How much poor planting in our cities! The old religion, like the old farmer, made sowing a simple duty; conscience was easily satisfied; seeds were promptly divided into good or bad, and the crop was either grain or weeds. But now it is not good or bad seed; it is better or worse seed. Will we plant twenty-bushel or eighty-bushel corn, seed gathered from nubbins or from the full ear?

Let us think of the brains of our boys and girls, the hearts of men and women, as fields to be sown. Given schools, churches, clubs, libraries, museums, galleries, —all the machinery of soul cultivation—the product may be stunted, stultified, dwarfed, unless the seed be wisely selected and properly perfected.

It is not enough to read, but it is a question of "What are you reading?" It is not enough to go to school; the question is, "What are you being taught when you go there?" It is not enough to go to church; the question is "What of the seed sown?" What of the fructifying power of the grain there planted?

The parable of the Sower, as Jesus rendered it in my text and context, concerned itself with soils, surroundings—environment, we call it. As we read the parable today, we find a new element injected, viz., the quality of the seed.

All the old incentives remain, but now there is an added incentive to scrutinize the grain, to improve the quality of the seed. Says Thoreau:

"He who eats the fruit should at least plant the seed; aye if possible, a better fruit than that which he has enjoyed. O thou spendthrift! Defray thy debt to the world. Eat not the seed of institutions as the luxurious do, but plant it rather, while thou devourest the pulp and tuber for thy subsistence, that so perchance one variety at least may be found worthy of preservation."

The sowing resources of Nature have been greatly increased by the ingenuity of man. As the output of the Illinois cornfield exceeds that of the New England Indian, so should the mentality, morality, spirituality of today exceed that of our fore-elders. If we would only give as much attention to the multiplying of ideas in the brains of our children as we give to the multiplying of kernels of corn on the cob, if we would only apply ourselves as diligently to the growing of motives in the hearts of our boys and girls, of graces in our homes and devoutness in our churches, as we do to the perfection of wheat and the development of the potato and the tomato!

Let us open our New Testaments again and read this old parable in the light of the new thought and the larger experience:

"Yea, verily, unto us it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. For whomsoever hath, to him it shall be given and he shall have abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Let not our ears be dull any more or our eyes blind any longer:

"For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not. Hear, then, ye, the parable of the sower."—*Sermon Delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Chicago, Published in Hoard's Dairyman.*

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY IN IDAHO

A Vast Empire Subject to Irrigation

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre, oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 500 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction. Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

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D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
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As relates to material things, there are three classes of us,—producers, barterers, and consumers. We all belong to the third class, some belong to the first, and without these we would all soon starve. The second are only go-betweens and could not exist without the first and third. Because of the invalids, the aged and the babies who **must necessarily** consume more than they produce, and the good-for-nothings who **do,** every one who possibly can, ought to be a producer. As a nation we are in danger of suffering for want of timber, and every one who produces a valuable tree becomes a public benefactor. Even though you have not the muscle, I can tell you how, with a little money, you can make trees grow—800 to the acre—and made a handsome profit on every tree, and do it quick. The information obtainable on this subject will surprise you. You owe it to yourself and to mankind to investigate the subject of Eucalyptus culture. No matter how many other good things you are doing, you ought to, if you can, be making some trees grow, and you ought to be doing it now. I have printed matter that I will gladly supply you free. Drop me a line. Address

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Hundreds of new residences and business houses to be erected in and around Modesto this summer. The new town of Empire is also making a good showing with new buildings and street improvements.

$4,000.00 Meetinghouse.

is to be built in Empire this summer to meet the needs of the growing Colony. A number of families recently located there and others are expected in the near future.

The ample rainfall and good season promises abundant crops of grain, grass, fruits and vegetables for this year. Two more irrigation districts are being opened to the north of Empire, making this one of the largest irrigated areas in the State, and the land owns the water system.

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The new Motor line connecting Empire and Modesto is now in operation, making a ten minutes run between these two towns. The new Electric line to be built to Stockton will connect the Colony with the entire Electric system of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, affording excellent transportation to the large cities of central California.

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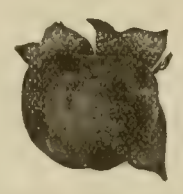
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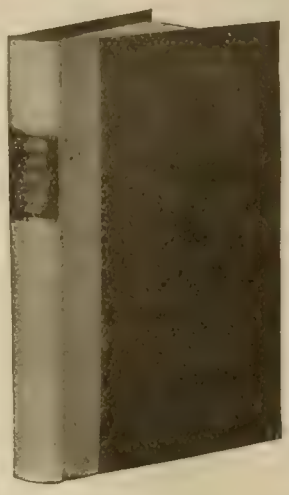
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IN WORDS
OF ONE SYLLABLE

By John Bunyan.



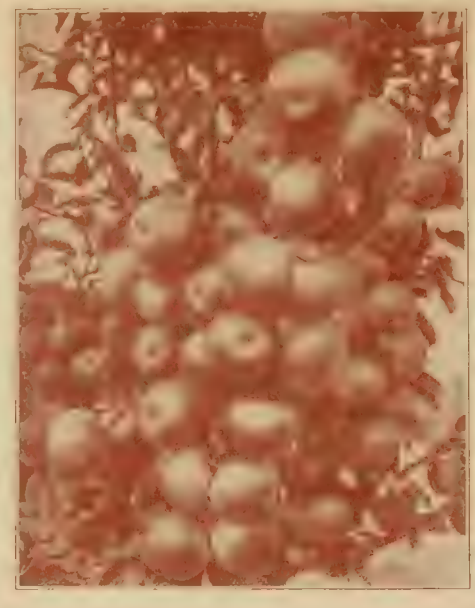
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The **Northwest** contains the only extensive territory being **successfully** planted to apple trees. The market for good apples is hopelessly under supplied and prices are tending to **increase** rather than decrease. Already a number of Brethren have investigated and purchased some of the famous **Yellow Stone Valley** fruit lands offered for sale at the exceptionally low figure of from $50 to $60 per acre with **perpetual water right,** by **GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY, Big Timber, Montana.**

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THE INGLENOOK

Summum Malum

L. U. Hulin

Our fathers, when a Tyrant's hand
Stretched in defiance o'er the land,
Rose in their might for freedom's fight,
Gave to the world a beacon light,
Where all mankind may look and see
The banner of the brave and free.

When dark Rebellion raised the hand
That threatened to dissolve our land,
The boys in blue with courage true
Went forth the monster to subdue;
And thus preserved for you and me
This heritage of liberty.

Today a deeper, deadlier stain
Sullies our nation's glorious name;
The Curse of Rum long since begun
Its devastating race to run.
Shall we in silence idly stand
While Whisky desolates the land?
God give us men like those of yore
Our nation's grandeur to restore.

North Lima, Ohio.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

April 12, 1910 Price $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 15

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Caldwell, Idaho	25.00	33.00	32.00	31.55	25.00	27.85	25.00	33.00
Goldfield, Nev.	35.60	43.60	42.60	42.60	42.35	38.45	37.55	45.30
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Pocatello, Idaho	25.00	33.00	32.00	31.55	25.00	27.85	25.00	33.00
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Sacramento, Cal.	25.00	33.00	32.00	32.00	31.75	27.85	26.95	34.70
Salt Lake City, Utah	25.00	33.00	32.00	31.55	25.00	27.85	25.00	33.00
San Bernardino, Cal.	25.00	33.00	32.00	32.00	31.75	27.85	26.95	34.70
San Diego, Cal.	25.00	33.00	32.00	32 00	31.75	27.85	26.95	34.70
San Francisco, Cal.	25.00	33.00	32.00	32.00	31.75	27.85	26.95	34.70
Seattle, Wash.	25.00	33.00	32.00	31.55	25.00	27.85	25.00	33.00
Tacoma, Wash.	25.00	33.00	32.00	31.55	25.00	27.85	25.00	33.00
Tonopah, Nev.	35.60	43.60	42.60	42.60	42.35	38.45	37.55	45.30
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Sioux City, Iowa,	$53.90	$53.90	$68.90
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X—Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

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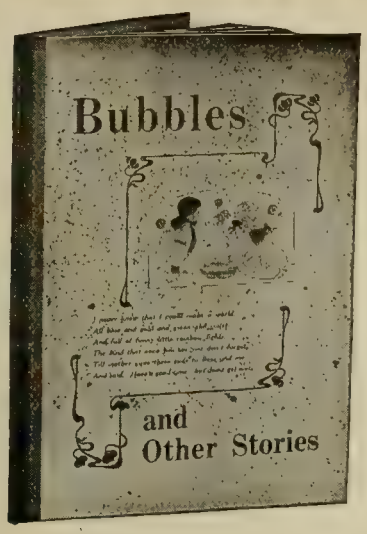
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Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

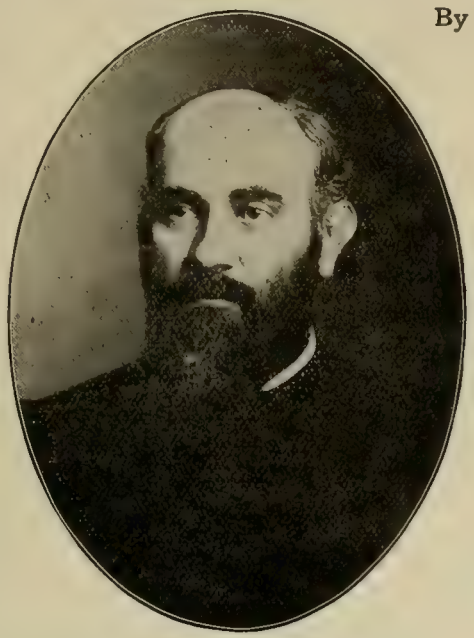
Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. April 12, 1910. No. 15.

Trees Famous in Fact and Fiction

Eva Massey

VAN DYKE'S little boy once asked him, "Father, who owns the mountains?" He answered, "The man who can lift up his eyes and enjoy them."

Is not this true as to the ownership of trees? Surely they have in the highest sense belonged to the poets; for have they not used them as the background and leafy canopy for many a scene in human life with which they so strangely blend?

When the girlish Guinevere rides back with Lancelot, it is over sheets of springing hyacinths and under blossoming trees; "for the time was Maytime," and Guinevere herself "seemed a part of joyous spring"; but when another poet would picture an aged man he describes him as,

> "Reclined against a blighted tree,
> As wasted, grey and worn as he."

Let us notice some famous trees of the Bible, of mythology, of history and of fiction.

"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." Here and there through the sacred writings we catch "the green gleam of dewy tasseled trees," from those that sheltered the innocence and later sought to hide the guilt of our first parents, to the gray-green olives of Gethsemane and the Tree of Life in the vision of heaven, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Under the tree in the Garden of Eden was our paradise lost; under the trees of Gethsemane and on the tree of Calvary was it won again; and the promise is that beneath the shade of the Tree of Life we shall once more enter into possession of wholeness and happiness. The oak beneath which Abraham was sitting when the angel appeared to warn him of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, the sycamore into which Zaccheus climbed in order to get a better view of Jesus as he passed; together with the Cedars of Lebanon, the palm, the myrtle, and the fir give us glimpses of the trees found in the Bible. With these may be mentioned also the oak in whose branches Absalom was hung by his beautiful long hair, and the fig tree which was cursed by Christ because it bore only leaves.

Ygdrasil, the tree of life of Norse mythology, was an ash whose roots were supposed to connect the three divisions of the world, Heaven, Earth and Hell. Its branches shaded the whole earth and at the foot of the tree sat the three Norns, the wonderful spinners of fate, who weave the thread of every man's life. In connection with this we find the belief that the gods created man and woman out of two tall symmetrical trees, the ash and the elm. The Druids held their most sacred rites under the oak; and, as we all know, the mistletoe, a parasite of the oak, was also given a part of their worship. The great Jupiter had a famous temple at Dodona, where the Oak of Zeus was supposed to give forth mysterious prophecies inspired by the god himself.

Daphne, the beautiful Grecian maiden, was beloved by Apollo, who tried every means within his power to gain her affections. But all in vain—she would not be won. One day in desperation Daphne called on her father to deliver her from the attentions of the unwelcome lover, and she was immediately changed into a laurel tree. Apollo, to show his love for her, decreed that the prize awarded to poets and musicians should henceforth be a laurel wreath.

The honor of naming the city of Athens was given to Minerva or Athene because, when, in the contest, she was required to produce the thing most useful to man, she gave to the city the olive tree, an emblem of peace and prosperity.

It was under a mulberry tree that Pyramus and Thisbe, the two Grecian lovers, planned their meeting. While waiting for Pyramus, Thisbe, you remember, was attacked by a lion but escaped, leaving her veil in the beast's clutches. Pyramus comes up and sees the blood-stained veil. Thinking that Thisbe is dead, he slays himself. The girl returning and finding her lover dead, in turn stabs herself at the foot of the fatal tree. It is said that mulberries before this were white but the

blood shed beneath the tree changed their color to red.

"Robin Hood's barn" of the proverb is supposed to have been an old oak tree where he hid his treasures. You know how he and his band used to meet under the great tree in Sherwood forest. In fact, our first picture of Robin in the ballads is where

"Robin stood in Barnesdale,
And leaned him to a tree."

All through poetry and fiction we find the authors making a single tree, a group of trees, or even a forest the center of their poems or novels. You have noticed that when Sir Walter Scott needed a thicket he would rather use young hazel trees than any other kind.

Besides Burns' "sweet scented birch tree," how many trysting trees for lovers (and we must also admit for thieves) flourish in song and story! The hawthorne all through literature was so closely associated with lovers and their haunts that when Milton put a shepherd under a hawthorne tree "telling his tale" of sheep, that is, counting in business-like fashion their number, nearly every reader thought it meant "telling his tale" of love to some sweetheart. It is under and in an oak tree that the scene of Tennyson's poem "Merlin and Vivien" is laid.

In John Fox's novel, "The Trial of the Lonesome Pine," it is interesting to note the part which the old pine tree plays in the life of both hero and heroine. The background of a number of the old Scotch ballads is to be found "under the greenwood tree."

In history perhaps more than in any other sphere have trees played an important part.

King Charles II, in order to escape his pursuers, hid in an oak tree, while the soldiers passed on discussing the plans for his capture. This tree has ever since been known as the Royal Oak. During the Peasants' War in Germany one of the leaders, the piper of Weinsberg, was chained by his captors to an apple tree, and burned to death.

George Washington first took command of the American army under a large elm tree near Boston. It was also under an elm that William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. Every one knows how when Andros, appointed by the king as governor of Connecticut, demanded the surrender of the charter of that colony, it was nowhere to be found. Some one, fearing this trouble, had hidden the document in an oak tree—afterwards known as the Charter Oak. It was under or near a cedar tree at the battle of Manassas that the famous general got his nick name of "Stonewall" Jackson. During Charlemagne's retreat from Spain, Roland, his famous commander, was killed under a pine tree. Under a pine tree also, in 1862, General Turner Ashby was killed.

The budding apple tree, under which Lee was said to have surrendered, is a tradition rather than a matter of history; for the real surrender took place in the McLean house. But splinters and even the roots of an apple tree that grew near by have been distributed all over the world as mementos.

The chestnut trees on Mount Etna and the oriental plane tree near Constantinople are supposed to be two of the very oldest trees in the world. Rev. W. Tuckwell says the oldest tree in the world is the Soma cypress of Lombardy which was forty years old when Christ was born; but there are others that seem much older.

Maury tells us that in the desert of Gobi there is a tree which is called the "Traveler's Tree." There is no other for one hundred miles around. Every man that passes puts something on this tree; and hence it flutters with strings, handkerchiefs and all manner of pilgrims' relics. Itself so lonely, this tree stands sentinel over the desert, bearing a greeting from lonely travelers to other lonely travelers—a friendly human message in a "land of sand and thorns."

State Normal School, Harrisonburg, Va.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

M. M. WINESBURG.

THERE can be but a few places in West Virginia with more historical events to its credit than has Pleasant Valley near Wheeling. Pleasant Valley is now the abiding place of the wealthy business men of the city, whose homes are valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet in this same valley the elder Wetzel once reared his lonely log cabin, and it was here too that he lost his life and young Louis registered his vow of vengeance against the red man.

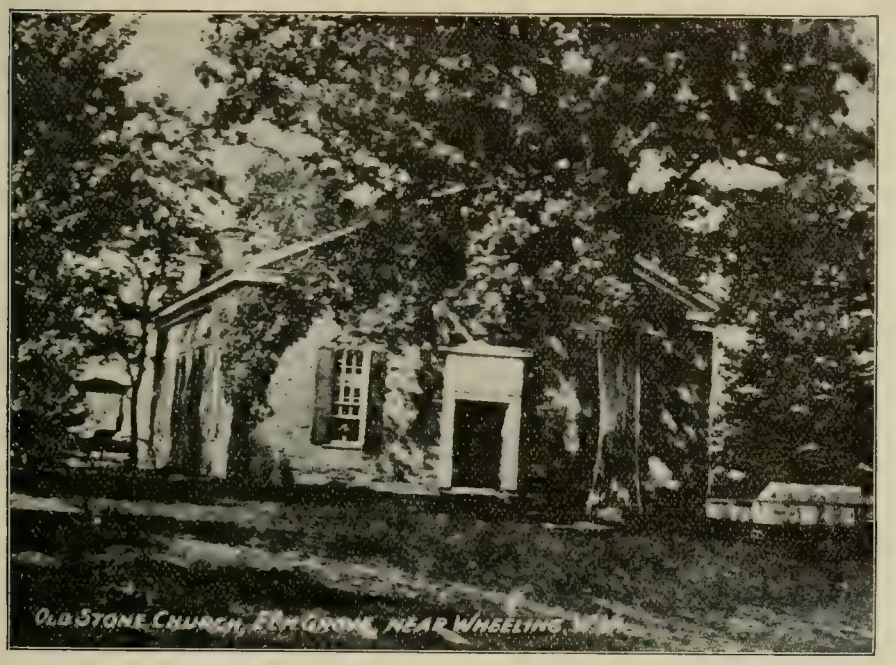
But as one follows the smooth road from the city our through valley, one can hardly bring himself to believe that there ever were such horrors as killing and scalping in this beautiful valley of costly homes, with their flowers and shrubbery and the hum of the motors and honk of the autos in one's ears. Yet this was all a wilderness once, and all the way to the "Grove" one follows the National Pike, the first road of importance between Baltimore and Wheeling.

Just as one enters the main street of the "Grove" he passes what was known in former years as the "Old Stone House," a one-time inn or tavern, and then further on—but back on a low hill—stands another low stone building almost hidden by trees. The gleam of white stones in the enclosure around it proclaims that it is the "Old Stone Church," one of the oldest churches in this section of the country, it is still in a good condition and its walls still resound to hymns of praise.

As one follows the pike on still further he comes to where it leaves the big creek and veers away to the left; and right here stands what I think is one of the prettiest homes on the creek; and I believe it is also one of the oldest too. This home is an old-time build-

ing of gray stone, with its time-stained walls draped with ivy and Virginia creeper and bowered with the drooping branches of the old elm trees. Its extensive grounds, which are gently rolling, are smooth and grassy, and also shaded with fine old trees. This house counts its years over the hundred mark by a long count; and it claims to have entertained many a noted Virginian in other years,—Henry Clay among their number. A stone monument near the gateway is known as the Henry Clay monument, but the figure is now so covered with creepers—that one can hardly tell it is a statue of anyone.

This old stone mansion was the home of Colonel Kruger, and his wife—a former Miss Mills—was in



Fort Henry during the attack on it by the British and Indians. Colonel Kruger was a prominent figure in the early history of the valley and the promoter of the old National Pike. His wife lived to reach the age of a hundred and four years in her beautiful old home.

This fine old homestead is now called the Loring Place, and where the old stone barn once stood now stand dwelling houses. While I like to see progress and improvement, yet I sincerely hope that progress will pass by and leave the old house and its beautiful grounds as they still are, as landmarks on the shores of time.

Then one can walk on up street, which is for a short distance bordered by the closely-clipped hedge around the grounds of the old mansion, and on beneath large elm and maple trees until he again stands on the creek bank at the end of the little town. Now let him cross the bridge and follow the shady, winding creek road up stream for a short distance and he will come to where the creek bank on the opposite side, is a solid ledge of rocks for at least three-quarters of a mile up stream.

This ledge is clean cut and almost straight down from the top to the bottom. The foot of this ledge, its entire distance, is laved with the murmuring waters of the creek which flows quiet and peaceful during the summer months, but is often a rushing, roaring torrent during the rainy seasons and the winter months. In some places the ledge rises to the height of probably a hundred feet and then again in other places it is not nearly so high. It was over this ledge at some point that Major McCulloch and his noble steed made their famous leap for life. A leap that saved not only the lives of horse and man but also the lives of the settlers around Fort Henry who were not dreaming of an attack by the red men.

At the point where Major McCulloch was hemmed in by the Indians and took a chance of breaking his neck, the ledge is claimed to be forty feet from the top to the sands of the creek, but a stranger can not locate the exact spot now unless some old resident points it out, for years ago, an awful flood washed away the stone pillar that marked the spot and it was not replaced. But the ledge itself is a monument that defies the rushing waters. One place in the ledge a wide-lipped chasm is sliced down through it and runs away back into the hill. This makes a fine trap on the up creek side of the chasm to hem a horseman in on, for he would have but two chances—over the ledge, or across the chasm, and a poor show of escaping with a whole neck either way, and it must be at this very point McCulloch took his flying leap.

With a mind filled with mental pictures of "ye olden days," days of humble homes and painted savages, one goes back over the bridge and traverses again the length of the little town and takes a parting peep at the "Old Stone Church." Then if one claims this part of the country as his birthplace, or has even lived here for some years, he will be apt to recall to memory the legends which cluster around that historical old church.

On our way back to the city we soon come to the Wheeling Park, which some years ago was a fine fruit farm, but is now fixed up as a pleasure resort, and many is the outing held in this park by the people of the city; and then just before one strikes the city limits again he passes the meat-packing establishment of the Schenks, which is the largest of its kind in the State.

Wheeling, W. Va.



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XXII.

In colonial times the chief business on the rivers in Maine was sawing lumber. Those were in the good old days of main strength and little or no machinery, and they were stirring days. Everybody worked from sun up to sun down and all the year round. Farmers had no loafing days in those times, for as soon as the farm work was done they would hitch their oxen to wagons or sleds and haul lumber, staves and heading to port to be shipped to the West Indies. There were lumber mills all up and down the rivers and everyone was busy. Everything was hauled and all the lumber except that used for local purposes was sent to port for shipment, most of it to foreign ports.

The whole of the State was covered with magnificent pine, and other timber when first settled. They were big handsome trees and even in later days there was considerable big timber left back in the country.

This section furnished the British navy with its masts and spars, before the colonists became independent and the remains of all mast landings can still be seen along the rivers near Portland. One of the most famous ones was just below Mallison Falls, and can readily be picked out. It was here that the big pine spars that had been picked out by the royal forester were dragged and rolled into the river, where they were rafted and floated down to the mouth to be loaded into big ships and carried across the ocean to England. The British government kept a number of forest cruisers in the wood picking out trees for masts. The trees were marked with broad arrows and it was a serious offense to cut a tree with this mark upon it.

Lumbering was the regular business on the river. Men who would build a mill and improve the water powers were given the rights without expense and were also allowed a considerable amount of land. All they had to do was to promise to erect a mill and build a dam, and the right was reserved for them. Then when they had completed the work they made an oath to the fact and the deeds were passed over.

There were many difficulties to be met in building mills in the early days of the settlements. Several of the first ones erected were built under protection of armed guards and some were burned by Indians soon after being erected. The first saw mill in this section was seven years in building, the workmen being driven away three times by Indians. It was commenced in 1740 but it was not until 1747 that the builders went before the proprietors and made oath that they had completed the mill and were given the deeds. Old Chief Polin and his tribe of the Presumpscott Indians objected to the erection of a mill at this point for two reasons: First, because the mill would frighten the salmon from going up the river, and secondly, because the erection of the mill would destroy their canoe landing.

When the proprietors of Windham refused to stop the work of building a mill at the request of the Indians, Chief Polin determined to carry the protest to Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. Major Jordan, who was in command of the soldiers whom the British government furnished to protect the weak settlements, accompanied the chief to Massachusetts. The governor received the famous Indian in state and promised him that the fish way would be protected, and that he would investigate the building of the mills, but never did any more about it. The Indians, after waiting some time, drove the workmen away, and razed the partly constructed mill to the ground. The next year the work was taken up, but the men were again driven away. The Indians prevented the building of the mill a third year, and it was not until seven years after it was started that it was finally completed and the first lumber sawed.

Major Jordan, who accompanied the chief to Massachusetts, was trusted by the Indians as but few men were in those days. He was a remarkable man in many ways, and a firm believer in the rights of the Indians to the territory, and in as far as he was able insisted that they be dealt with justly. Many of the settlers went through the form of bargaining for land from the Indians but they usually got them drunk first. Some of the valuable land in the country was sold for a jug of rum and a couple of blankets.

The workmen would live in camps alongside of the mills they were building, and were boarded by the owners. While they were eating their last dinner at one of the mills, having completed their work, the cook brought out to them two horse hoofs which he said he found in the bottom of the beef barrel. The men did not stop to finish eating but made at once for the rum barrel kept in the camp, and drowned their woes in West India rum for the rest of the day. They called

the falls Horse Beef Falls and that was the name they went by until recently.

The first mill built on the Presumpscott River, was in the town of Falmouth. This was a lumber mill and was built in 1730. In later years there was also a grist mill there, which was run by a wind-mill.

There is no record of the man who built the mill at Presumpscott Lower Falls, but about 1730 it was operated by Edward Cloudman. One night while Cloudman was working in the mill, in the year 1740, he saw an Indian crawling under the mill carrying a rifle with him. The whites were having trouble with the Indians, and Cloudman threw a heavy bar of iron, he was using, down on the Indian and killed him. The following night the Indians made an attack on the mill and Cloudman and his men were obliged to flee, and the mill was burned. Cloudman went to Gorham where he was later captured by the Indians, and carried a prisoner to Canada. He and another prisoner escaped and were never again seen alive. He was supposed to have been drowned while swimming across an arm of Lake Champlain, as the following spring after his escape two skeletons were picked up in the water. In a sack fastened around the neck of one was found a small pocket compass, which was after identified as being Cloudman's.

Those were good old days, especially in the decade which included the Civil War. Large quantities of shooks and headings were manufactured for shipment to the West Indies at all the mills on the river, from oak grown in the country. Every farmer had at least one pair of oxen, and some more. When farming was dull they hitched up and freighted produce to Portland. The usual hitch was four oxen but generally four oxen with four horses for leaders, were used. Days when there was little doing in farming, strings of lumber-loaded wagons could be seen on all the roads leading into Portland. They came from all parts of the country, and there was a great stir when they reached the city. The wharves were crowded with them and the late comers were obliged to wait a long time before unloading. So many men and oxen on the wharves, all waiting to unload, some into sheds, and others into the vessels, that were waiting to carry the lumber and shooks to foreign ports, made a busy scene.

In the old times every farmer kept a pair of steers all the time, and killed or sold the old ones in the fall for beef. Drovers went through the country buying them for the beef houses and also for the packing houses, which put up considerable canned beef during the war and before as well. Even produce was hauled to market by oxen. The start would be made at daylight and sometimes before the sun made its appearance.

These were good old times of hard work for the farmer and his wife. It was work all the time, with very little amusement, and comparatively little money. Nearly everything needed was raised on the farm. The clothes in which the men went to church or courting was a brown homespun and when they put them on they thought that they looked pretty swell. Every farmer kept sheep. The wool was carried to a mill where it was carded and then brought home to be spun and woven. If the farmer's wife or daughters were not able from any reason to do this work, there were women in the town who would do it for them, just as there are dressmakers today. These women went from farm to farm spinning the yarn and weaving the cloth. Shoemakers came around and fitted their feet, and practically everything was done at home.

In those days the farmers never bought a bag of corn or oats, and most of them raised their own wheat, and had it ground at the mill. Some of the farmers raised flax and made their own linen at home. Some families have now in their possession some of the table linen which was woven in colonial days, from flax which was raised upon the farms.

Mill hands were paid $1.00 a day for working from sun rise to sun set. Farm laborers got from $8 to $12 a month for six months in the year, and thought they were well paid. West India molasses was twenty-five cents a gallon; Rio coffee seven cents a pound; and flour $18.00 per barrel.

* * *

THE CELESTIAL VENUS.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

A little bird rises from out a tree,
And hovers aloft in air;
Its tiny throat swells with, full and free,
A call both sweet and rare;—
A moment, and borne back on the south
Sea breeze is a gentle coo,
And two happy birds are nestling close,
With twitters of love so true.

By the bayou's edge, where the soft moonlight
Bathes all with its mellow glow,
Sit a youth and maiden, and through the night
Comes music sweet and low
That thrills the soul; and he gazes into
Her eyes with a tender light
And a questioning glance, and for answer
Into his slips a hand soft and white.

In the somber shades of the closing day
Wanders one in grave unrest;
He sighs and he yearns for a love's repay,
And a heart at his behest.
But the hand is still and the heart ne'er beats;
Yet over his troubled soul
Falls a sad, sweet peace and a spirit blest,—
A grant from Divine control.

* * *

EVERY gem of thought, every flash of the intellect, is from the Light of the World.—*Ellen G. White.*

Rock Island and the Government Arsenal

G. Wilford Robinson

THE island of Rock Island is one of the largest and most beautiful in the "Father of Waters." It is about two and three-fourths miles long and from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile wide and contains nine hundred and ninety acres above low-water mark. The boundary line between the two States places the island in Illinois. On that side are the cities of Rock Island and Moline, with a water frontage of more than five miles, and on the other side is the city of Davenport. These three cities have a population of about eighty thousand and the island is the park and pride of each.

It is claimed that Marquette and Joliet first saw the island in the summer of 1673. It was then, and was for years afterwards, the favorite haunt of the Indians.


Main Entrance, Rock Island Arsenal.

The Sac chief, Black Hawk, was born a few miles south of the island and he once said through his interpreter: "This was the best island on the Mississippi, and had long been the resort of our young people during the summer. In my early life I spent many happy days on this island. A good spirit had care of it, who lived in a cave in the rocks and was often seen by our people. He was white, with large wings like a swan's, but ten times larger. We were particular not to make much noise in that part of the island which he inhabited for fear of disturbing him. But the noise of the white men has since driven him away and no doubt a bad spirit has taken his place."

But this island on which he had spent many happy days afterwards became his enemy, for during the Black Hawk war this island was the strongest frontier defense of the white men.

Colonel George Davenport, after whom the city of Davenport was named, was the first white settler on the island, and it was his home until his death, July 4, 1845, when he was murdered by a band of robers in his home. His old home is still standing and is to the city of Davenport what Lincoln's home is to the city of Springfield.

This interesting island derives its name from its resting upon a bed of limestone rock. It lies nearly east and west in the river and stands at the foot of the Rock Island Rapids, which have a descent of twenty-one feet in fourteen miles. This furnishes enormous water power as will be seen by the words of an engineer:

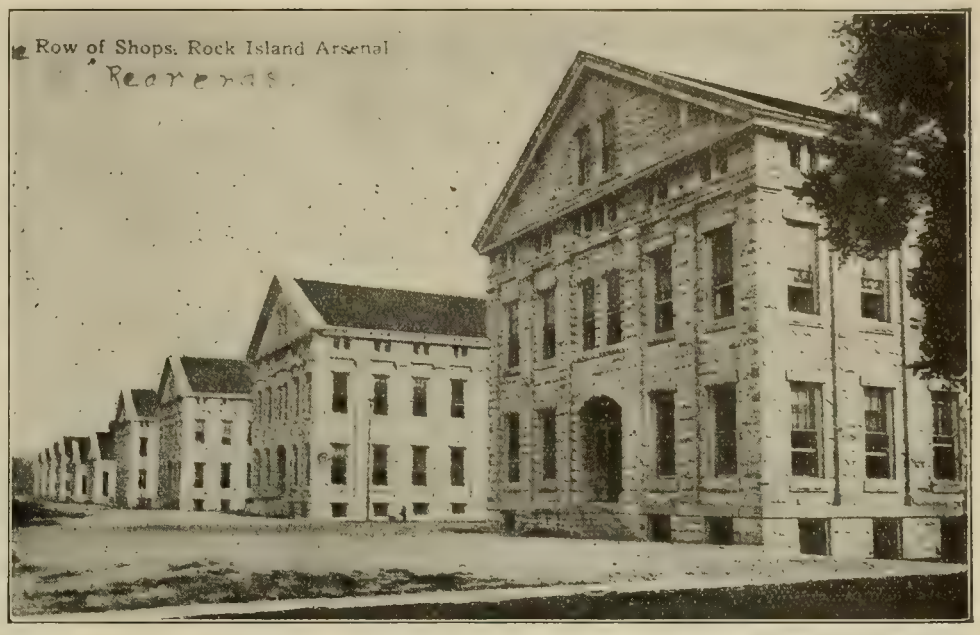
"The high-water flow of the Mississippi here is 251,000 cubic feet per second; the low-water flow, 26,000 cubic feet per second. Using the low-water flow we have 6,552,000 horsepower, the second largest water power in the world, Niagara Falls ranking first." The surface of the island is undulating and is mostly covered with sparse timber, except the building site of the island. Some of the first growth of timber has been replaced by a second growth, but on the south side of the island nature has been almost undisturbed, and that part is covered with very dense timber and is a fair type of the primeval forest. This adds to the attractiveness, for dense woodlands are scarce in this part of the country.

This jungle is a veritable paradise for birds, and great pains are taken for their protection. More than eighty varieties have been counted here and most all of them are song birds. Many varieties that are strangers to the surrounding country are to be seen here. No shooting or trapping is allowed on the island,

consequently it is a paradise for squirrels and game birds also.

The cleared part of the grounds is kept trim and clean. There are many avenues and drives and they are kept in perfect condition. These lead to many quiet retreats. There are some very enchanting spots to be seen along the island's shores. On the island is one of the finest golf links in the United States.

The antiquarian will find something of interest here. At the head of the island shell-beds of considerable extent are found deposited in the earth along the river bank. In one of these beds were found the skull and some bones of a prehistoric man. These beds have attracted the attention of many students of natural science who believe this was an ancient burial ground.



The island's burial grounds are beautifully kept. There are two, one containing about two hundred union soldiers, and in the other repose the remains of about two thousand confederate prisoners of war. The ground is wholly cleared and neatly sodded over.

The government owns and controls all bridges reaching the island. A moss-covered stone pier on the river bank shows the location of the first bridge built across the Mississippi. It was built by the Rock Island Railroad Co., and was finished in 1856. It was long ago destroyed by fire and floating ice.

The Arsenal.

The United States came into possession of Rock Island through the Harrison treaty with the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, made at St. Louis in November 1804. But it was after the war of 1812 before the island was occupied by the white men. In 1816 troops were sent up from St. Louis to establish a fort on the island which was called Fort Armstrong. The fort was garrisoned until 1836 when it was evacuated.

The act of Congress which located the National Arsenal on the island was approved in 1862 and $100,000 was appropriated for this purpose. But during the Civil War, through dire necessity, it became one of the largest military prisons in the north. During the period it was used for this purpose there were over 12,000 prisoners of war confined therein. Few traces of prison days remain now.

At present there are ten massive shops on the island in two rows of five shops each. One row of shops is for the arsenal, and the other five are the armory. The plans of all the ten shops are alike. Each shop has two parallel wings, 60x300 feet, 90 feet apart, with a court 90x238 feet. The walls of these buildings are built entirely of stone and their average thickness is nearly three feet. The total area of each shop is a little more than one acre. The accompanying illustration shows the rear ends of one row of the shops.

In these shops are manufactured all kinds of material of war, such as infantry and cavalry equipments, artillery harness, field and siege carriages, battery wagons and most all articles required by the army. The armory has a capacity for two thousand rifles per day.

Other buildings on the grounds are the commanding officer's quarters, commandant's residence, general offices, fireproof stone storehouse, powder magazines, barracks for six families and one hundred and seventy men, a fire engine house, and several wooden buildings.

The arsenal employs at present about 1,600 men. During the war with Spain the number of employes was increased to 2,900.

This arsenal is the greatest depot in the country for the issue of supplies to the army. Much of the equipments and small arms made elsewhere are shipped here to be distributed to the soldiers. It is also a great workshop for repairs. Equipments after having served on the field are turned in and again put in shape, worn parts replaced and cleaned, until they have the appearance of new.

The Rock Island Rapids water power previously mentioned furnishes all the power for the running of the arsenal. And not only this but by the application of electricity it illuminates the three cities and fur-

nishes power for the running of their many industrial establishments.

While the arsenal has never been untilized to its utmost capacity, yet it has been first of all the arsenals in the United States in the magnitude of the work done. It is estimated that when the arsenal is wholly completed and crowded to its capacity it can equip and supply an army of 750,000 men. The arsenal since its construction has cost the government over 9,000,000 dollars.

When one thinks of the magnitude of the work done in this arsenal, as well as all the arsenals in the United States, he can not understand why a nation in peace can have so much use for so many equipments of warfare.

While the island is not a public park, it is not difficult for visitors to obtain admission and a permit to the shops. It is an interesting place and thousands of visitors see it every year.

RESCUE MISSIONS.

H. A. BRANDT.

METHODS in leading men to Christ are dependent on conditions and circumstances. What will answer with one class may not do with another at all, so there has come to be a more or less definite way of reaching certain great classes of non-Christian people. The rescue mission is one of these, and its special aim is to deal with and rescue men who are the slaves of the terrible drink habit.

Perhaps you have never visited a rescue mission and wonder what it is like. Well, the architecture is usually not very imposing, in fact simplicity and utility are the dominant characteristics of the mission and its furnishings. Ordinarily the mission is simply a store room that has been converted into a place of worship. If it is so fortunate as to face directly on the street the glass in the front is decorated with the name of the mission, hours of service and a good scripture or two, otherwise a modest sign may be all that indicates the location of the mission.

Enter, and you find simply a large room to which a big heating stove gives a certain homelike appearance. Straight-back chairs, arranged to leave convenient aisles, take up the floor space and in the farther end of the room is the platform for the speaker and any others who help in the service, while the hard lines of the walls are relieved by pictures, mottoes and verses of scripture. As soon as the newness of the place has worn off you are conscious, especially if the room is pretty well filled and the fire warm and cheery, that you are not in your mother's rose garden. But let such little incidentals go, for the business of the mission is to save men and by his grace they are doing it.

Evening services begin between 7:30 and 8 o'clock. Singing lasts until eight, then scripture reading and prayer, again another song or so, and then the minister delivers a short sermon so that the last half of the meeting is left for testimonies. The sermon may have been ever so logical and even pedagogical for that matter, but the thing that is vital is now to happen. Men who have been saved from a life of sin and despair are not ashamed to tell it for they reason that if salvation has come why not "let the redeemed of Jehovah say so"?

To hear the remarkable experiences of some of these men is but to feel anew that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation in the year of our Lord A. D. 1910 as it was in the day that Paul gave his striking testimony. Men who have endured all manner of suffering for Satan's sake, sailors who have been drunk in most every country in the world, criminals who have served long terms in prison or gone for days without proper food and clothing, are among those who testify to the saving power of the Gospel. But you must not get the idea that these men are all a bad lot, for many are to a large degree victims of circumstances and we ought to remember that had we lived under less favorable circumstances we might have been as they. Any variety from the ignoramus to an ex-banker or university man, may stray into the mission. To be sure, the man's appearance is not in keeping with what he used to be, but it is only over again the story of some mother's wandering, prodigal boy who is down and out because of drink. As was said, the testimony of men who have been saved from such pitiful conditions of life is not only perhaps the most vital part of the meeting but it is also a strong encouragement to other fallen men to accept the Lord Jesus as their personal Savior.

When the proper time comes, the testimony service is closed with an invitation and those who have shown their earnest desire to live a better life are dealt with by the personal workers. The men that have been reached during the service are always given a hearty invitation to attend the mission as often as possible. The necessity of keeping them in touch with the mission cannot be overestimated, for it is certainly vital to their growth in grace. Of course it is not expected that the men who make simply this initial step have done all that is necessary, but the mission, however, has accomplished its purpose in that it has started them on the right track. The rescue mission of the best type is designed to be at most a stepping-stone to the church.

It would make a long story to tell of the experiences one has in dealing with this class of men and of the wonderful transformation that comes into those who are really converted. In fact cases are known where a man has changed so in even facial expression that old companions scarcely recognized their former associate.

But this work has its dangers and it ought to be the constant prayer of everyone engaged in this kind of work that they be kept unspotted from the leprosy of sin. It is needless to say that this work is too dangerous and too serious for the curious person.

Alongside the encouragement of men helped must be placed the discouraging features also. It often takes considerable of the grace of God and the sweetness of his presence in our lives to be able to deal with men in this kind of mission work. The rescue mission stands for what its name implies and is therefore located at the strategic point, that is, in the edge of saloon districts where the fallen drinking man is produced. The man just from the "barrel house" is not always an ideal conversationalist. Sometimes he is loud and indiscreet in his remarks and again he may feel a little too sleepy to care whether you enjoy his company or not. At any rate, suppose your business was to stand out on the street and invite the men into services and one of these men with just enough to make him interesting should happen along and engage you in conversation. And then suppose that he was real earnest and got so close that the sour breath and spray from his mouth could not be avoided—well, as was remarked before, it takes the grace of God to deal with these men.

Maybe he is kind enough to inform you that he has had nothing to eat for days (?) and as your heart goes out in sympathy he will intimate that a nickel or a dime would be acceptable. If you feel to give him anything better take a second thought for his sour breath betrays where the last nickel was spent and the certain destiny of the next one he gets. If you feel the man is really hungry just invite him across the street to the nearest lunch counter. Your man may begin to squirm now, perhaps he is polite and wishes to save you the trouble of walking across the street or again he may intimate that it is possible he could spend the money to just as good advantage as you since he knows just what he needs and where to get it cheap. Well, that man wants money for beer, so if you do anything for him just take him to the lunch counter and see him through and there you may get a chance to help him to more than something to eat.

Americans in whom the business instinct is dominant will perhaps begin to weigh the two sides of this subject and then shortly propound the question, "Does it pay?" Well, rescue missions are not in the habit of declaring regular quarterly dividends payable at the First National Bank, but a bit of information might be interesting just here. Last fall as a group of the students who help in this kind of work were going to the mission a young man noticed them and followed. Later on one of the party was working on the outside of the door of the mission and noticing the young man, he invited him in. To the invitation he gave an evasive reply and as a conversation was engaged in it was found that this poor fellow, though well dressed and manly enough in appearance, was so discouraged as a result of the havoc drink had wrought in his life that he had the loaded revolver in his pocket and was determined on suicide. The upshot of the matter was that he was finally gotten into the mission to hear some "old-fashioned singing," but remained to pray and confess Christ. The loaded revolver was given up and that man is now at his home and determined by the help of God to live a better life. This is not an isolated example, in fact it might be told how another man on his way to jump into the lake came into the mission and got new hope.

The work may seem lame and insufficient because more is not done for the men after they come out, and that is true but the lameness is largely a matter of means that might be used to make the mission more effective by supplemental institutions. But then again many of the men dealt with are transient and the work may not seem as fruitful as desired yet the bread cast upon the waters oft returns after many days, and unexpectedly great blessings have been known to come to those who left the mission without having received apparent help.

3435 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

APRIL SHOWERS.

J. O. BARNHART.

O'er the Equinox some days ago,
Old Phœbus' chariot jolted,
And a windy storm of sleet and snow
From the vehicle bolted.

And Nature wakened from her sleep
By the tremendous clatter,
Quick through her frosty windows peeped
To see what was the matter.

And March she saw with windy rout,
Old Winter's castle storming,
And Phœbus trying to drive him out,
With firebrands fierce and warming.

But stormy March only built the halls
Of ice more firmly round him,
And yet when he'd burned down the walls
Could Phœbus never find him.

For Winter, from a distant hill,
Beheld his castle melted,
And soon the air with snowballs filled,
As earth in rage he pelted.

But lifting up his brassy shield,
Old Helios lightly spurned them,
And ere they fell on wood and field,
To April showers turned them.

Kemp, Ill.

BRYCE'S "AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

It is not often that a review of a book on political science finds its way into the columns of the Inglenook. The book whose title is the subject of this review must be read to be appreciated. It would honorably fill a place in anyone's library. This article should not be called a review or an appreciation, as space permits only the mention of a few of the many interesting statements found in this book, which has received the unanimous praise of the American people.

Who is James Bryce? He is the author of the "American Commonwealth," an enthusiastic Englishman from head to foot, and at present the ambassador of England to this country. To receive the highest favors of a nation is no small thing. But what shall we say of a person who has won the highest confidence and esteem of the two greatest nations of the world? England is proud of James Bryce and America loves him.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

"What do you think of our country?" asks the American of the foreigner. It is a natural question, doubly interesting because our institutions "are something more than an experiment, for they are supposed to display the type of institutions toward which, as by a law of fate, the rest of civilized mankind are forced to move, some with swifter, others with slower, but all with unresting feet."

This question is answered from the viewpoint of an Englishman by James Bryce in his "American Commonwealth." The original purpose of the work was to give to European readers a general view of all sides of American life, good or bad, praiseworthy or condemnable; and the author has nobly succeeded.

Maybe the question will arise in the minds of some, "Why should not an American undertake such a work?" Undoubtedly he has many advantages. On the other hand, we must not overlook two great advantages in a foreigner's favor. First, he observes traits in American life which an American would not because they seem to be so common as to need no explanation. Second, no citizen of the United States could be the author of such a work and at the same time remain unbiased. At any rate, most of us are quite subject to the flattery of the Fourth-of-July orator.

So much by the way of introduction. Now as to the work itself. There are six major divisions: I. The National Government; II. The State Government; III. The Party System; IV. Public Opinion; V. Illustrations and Reflections; and VI. Social Institutions. A brief article such as this can do little justice to any part of the work. But it has seemed best to devote most space to Part I.

I. *The National Government.* "America is a Commonwealth of commonwealths, a Republic of republics, a State which, while one, is nevertheless composed of other States even more essential to its existence than it is to theirs." The Constitutional Convention passed no historic precedents as their guide—their work was an experiment. The framers of that almost sacred compact which has been so maliciously maltreated during the past few years, the Constitution, wished to attain four objects in regard to the newly-created Federal government: 1. Its vigor and efficiency; 2. The necessary independence of each of its departments; 3. Its dependence on the people; and 4. The security under it of the freedom of the individual.

The highest possible goal of one's political ambition, the office that carries with it more power than the kingship of England, the constitutional head of the Federal executive government, is the President. The greatest men are not always chosen presidents, nor is it the best-paid job in the country, yet who would refuse it?

There is one officer who really deserves our pity. He has little to do, draws a small salary, and it seems as though he possessed no power at all in our political life. This gentleman is our vice-president, usually a weak man who secures the nomination of his party in order to satisfy a faction within it without any regard to his ability. "Thus, if the president happens to die, a man of small account may step into the chief magistracy of the nation."

The most desirable political position next to the presidency or a supreme justiceship is that of *senator.* On account of the longer term of service and the fewer number of members, the Senate is a far higher goal of ambition than the House of Representatives.

The latter represents the nation on the basis of population and is consequently nearer the people. It contends with the Senate for more power and the two combine to gain the upper hand over the President. Each one is a check on the other.

Much praise is due the designers of the Constitution because of their wisdom in establishing a Federal Supreme Court, the like of which can be found in no other country. Standing for conservatism, acting as a check on rash legislation, it is no exaggeration to say that the Supreme Court possesses the final and greatest power in our government.

II. *State Governments.* Foreign nations know little of the forty-six governments that go to make up the Federal government, with which alone they negotiate. The American citizen is more vitally interested in his "State" than in his "country." There is one great difference between State and nation—in the former the legislature possesses far more power than either the executive or judiciary. The governor's authority is

limited; he is hardly more than the "State's hired man." He is not usually noted as an able statesman or even politician. State courts present quite a contrast to the national courts. The State legislatures receive some hard knocks from the author. Lawmaking is their business and they do it to perfection. Graft, intrigue, politics, and the like are almost synonyms of State legislatures. As a whole, the State governments are not as deserving of praise as the Federal.

III. *The Party System.* Parties are almost absolutely necessary to run a republican government. "Politics," the science not of government and statesmanship, but of winning elections and dividing political plums, has developed into quite a fine art in America. Because of party methods and rewards, the best men ofttimes do not go into politics. "Machines" and "bosses" are very undesirable fruits of political parties.

IV. *Public Opinion.* Part four in a few words is this: Public opinion, that is the mind and conscience of the whole nation, is the ultimate power in American politics and government. Nowhere else does the majority rule so ably and wisely. Should some reform be desired, it is necessary to begin a campaign of education. This creates public sentiment in regard to it and in turn causes action to be taken for or against the proposed reform.

V. *Illustrations and Reflections.* Here the few examples selected from the many are self-explanatory: The Tammany Ring in New York City. The True Faults of American Democracy, The Philadelphia Gas Ring, The Present and Future of the Negro, The South Since the War, and Woman Suffrage.

VI. *Social Institutions.* Would that we could tell about them but we can name only a few: Wall Street, The Bar, The Universities, American Oratory, The Pleasantness of American Life, The Temper of the West, Relation of The United States to Europe, Social, Economic, and Political Future of America.

A study of this great work is an education, an eye-opener to every American. Vital phases of our life which escape our notice are held up before us. We see the bad as well as the good. 'Tis a wonderful exposition of the American people, unbiased and unparalleled. Only a few salient facts have been touched upon in this brief article, the high places, as it were. May this induce you to read the work itself; you will find it a veritable treasure.

Englishman to the heart, though he is, Mr. Bryce believes that the future belongs to our own land. The very last sentence reads thus: "America marks the highest level, not only of material well-being, but of intelligence and happiness, which the human race has yet attained."

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

LIFE'S COST.

I could not at the first be born
But by another's bitter wailing pain;
Another's loss must be my sweetest gain;
And Love, only to win that I might be,
Must wet her couch forlorn
With tears of blood, and sweat of agony.

Since then I cannot live a week
But some fair thing must leave the daisied dells,
The joy of pastures, bubbling springs, and wells,
And grassy murmurs of its peaceful days,
To bleed in pain and reek,
And die for me to tread life's pleasant ways.

I cannot sure be warmed or lit
But men must crouch and toil in tortuous caves,
Bowed on themselves, while day and night in waves
Of blackness wash away their sunless lives;
Or blasted and sore hit,
Dark life to darker death the miner drives.

Naked, I cannot clothed be
But worms must patient weave their satin shroud;
The sheep must shiver to the April cloud,
Yielding his one white coat to keep me warm;
In shop and factory,
For me must weary toiling millions swarm.

With gems I deck not brow or hand
But through the roaring dark of cruel seas
Some wretch with shivering breath and trembling knees
Goes headlong, while the sea sharks dodge his quest;
Then at my door he stands
Naked, with bleeding ears and quivering chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray
But God must come from heaven to fetch that sigh,
And pierced Hands must take it back on high;
And through his broken heart and cloven side
Love makes an open way
For me, who could not live but that he died.

O awful sweetest life of mine,
That God and man both serve in blood and tears,
O prayers I breathe not but through others' prayers!
O breath of life compact of others' sighs!
With this dread gift divine
Ah, whither go?—what worthily devise?

If on myself I dare to spend
This dreadful thing in pleasure lapped and reared,
What am I but a hideous idol smeared
With human blood, that with its carrion smile
Alike to foe and friend
Maddens the wretch who perishes the while?

I will away and find my God,
And what I dare not keep, ask him to take,
And, taking, love's sweet sacrifice to make;
Then, like a wave, the sorrow and the pain
High heaven with glory flood,
For them, for me, for all, a splendid gain.

—Jane Ellice Hopkins.

Grant not that day to pass,
While on your earthly mission here below,
That western setting sun
Your waking deeds compass,
And seal the day's endeavors with the woe:
"No worthy action done."

—W. Arthur Cable.

THE INGLENOOK

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TAKE TIME.

It is not necessary to remind people that we are living too fast in these days. They are confronted with this fact whichever way they turn. No matter what line of activity one may enter he feels that the spirit of record-breaking haste is in charge and he cannot do otherwise than enter the race.

The spirit of haste is thoroughly in keeping with this commercial age. We began by making money the chief thing to be desired in this world; then we remembered the old saying, "Time is money," and the mad rush was on. It is true that time is money and the spirit of haste is all very well for the purpose of money-making, but time is much *more* than money and our mad rush is all very bad for almost everything connected with this life except money-making.

Since we cannot mend matters by simply deploring the present condition, let us consider how we may get back to the safe and sane path where we will find abundant proof for our claim that time is more than money. In the first place, in order to do this, we will have to be firmly settled in the conviction that there are other things of more worth than money. If we are not sure on this point,—if we are inclined to give money first place—then we must be satisfied with this headlong speed for it is part of the money-getting program.

But supposing we are worn out with this ceaseless rush, almost to the breaking point, and we long to turn aside into restful ways where we may develop the graces that have become strangers to our modern life and where we may really enjoy our chosen pursuits. We will then be willing to follow even these simple suggestions that point the way to rest, growth and enjoyment.

Keeping in mind our statement that time is more than money, let us freely spend some of it at this season in getting better acquainted with our surroundings. Let us take time to enjoy the sunrise and the birds' matin. The former will give us inspiring lessons in beauty, and the latter will lead us to perform our own devotions with a spirit above that of mere duty-doing. And all through the day in the rush and whirl let us keep a firm hold on these early morning impressions and add to them others that may be caught from the fleecy, floating clouds and the impenetrable blue sky. Thus, even before the close of day with its vesper songs and spirit of rest, we will have been able to check the influence of the spirit of haste.

But we have only started in the good work of investing some of our time in things that are more satisfying than money. Now is the time to become acquainted with the trees and grass and flowers and birds. Not only will the act of taking time to learn more of these things of itself pay us richly in the coin we are seeking, but each of these objects possesses the secret of true happiness and contentment and can teach us lessons about fulfilling the designs of the Creator.

If we are living in the country and have the care of fowls or stock, we should take time to become acquainted with them, both as to their general nature and individual habits. It does not take long for an observer to pick out the farmer who loves his work—the caring for stock and the raising of crops—and also the one who farms merely for the money that is in it, or because he cannot very well do anything else. If the man does not tell you himself in his enthusiastic accounts of certain experiences or of the peculiar traits of certain animals, the animals themselves will tell you, either by their appearance or by their attitude toward their owner. Sometimes the only thing that stands in the way of a man enjoying his work is the fact that he has not taken the time to become really acquainted with the things that are concerned in it.

The argument that life is too short to spend so much of it in this way is the strongest argument in favor of thus spending a part of it. Anything that broadens one's knowledge and deepens his sympathies must increase his capacity for real living, and so however short this life may be in years it is lengthened by that course which puts us on intimate terms with the world of which we are a part. The money-getting life is necessarily a narrow life. Because it is narrow and because the nature of the case demands it, it eats up the time with amazing swiftness, and the saying that life is short becomes a terrible reality. Let us take time to *live*.

LOCAL OPTION NOT AN ISSUE IN CHICAGO.

The "wet or dry" question did not go on the ballots in the election in Chicago last week. Some time ago we told our readers that the saloon forces threat-

ened to attack the petition secured by the anti-saloon people for the purpose of having the wet or dry question presented to the voters at the spring election. Well, the saloon men made good their threat and as a result the election board ruled out a number of names appearing on the petition which brought the total below the required number. Following is the decision of the board:

"That 26,128, of the 74,026 names on the petition are of unregistered persons.

"That the document thus contains not more than 47,898 valid names.

"That additional names to the number of 3,620 whose validity is doubtful might bring the total down to 44,278.

"That the petition requires 63,511 names of duly registered voters in order to give the election board authority to print the 'wet or dry' question on the ballot.

"That a duly registered voter means a person who is registered at his present address and that a person who had moved since he last registered was not eligible to sign the petition, as was claimed by the attorneys for the 'drys.'"

The last clause of the decision is the one that accomplished the defeat of the petition. Considering that there were two "moving days" in Chicago since a registration day it is remarkable that not more were thrown out under this decision. It should be stated here that this decision of the election board was contrary to the decisions of the Springfield election commissioners, the Supreme Court of Michigan, and an opinion by the attorney general of Illinois, so it is not to be wondered at that the "dry" forces considered themselves on the safe side in taking the names for the petition. The saloon forces, however, make the charge of fraud and threaten to bring the matter before the grand jury. But this is hardly likely since they accomplished their purpose of keeping the question off the ballot. According to the opinion of H. L. Sheldon, attorney for the "drys," the grounds for the forgery charge lie in the probability that any signers who are now claiming they did not sign are seeking to avoid the boycotting influence of the liquor men. This is borne out by the statement of one of the "wets" who said they were using the list of names appearing on the petition among their people to show them who were their friends and who were not.

The leaders of the anti-saloon movement have taken the most optimistic view of the situation. As we said before, they did not count on defeating the liquor forces at the polls; they were aiming at other victories that would lead to this in the future. This is how James K. Shields, Superintendent of the State Anti-saloon League, summed up the situation and the victories to the "drys" when he heard the report of the election board:

"The effect of this decision is going to be all to the good as far as we are concerned. When we started this campaign our first aim was to keep Chicago liquor interests from colonizing voters in down-state cities where the issue was up. That has been accomplished because the period of colonizing has passed.

"Our second object was to stir up a general agitation throughout the country by precipitating the fight in Chicago. That has been done as probably never before in the history of the movement.

"The third reason was to find our friends in Chicago for the purpose of organizing them permanently. In this we have been wonderfully helped by the enemy, who at an expense of $50,000 has classified our signers in wards and precincts and streets and given them to us free of cost. We shall circulate another petition and try to get the question on the ballot next spring.

"The results of the greatest agitation ever conducted in Chicago have been so tremendous as to cause the liquor men to be thoroughly frightened. The 'wets' lost their nerve when registration day was over (March 15). They saw that the biggest increases came from the strongest pro-temperance districts. The result is that the whole country will believe the liquor men were afraid to meet us in Chicago."

From this it will be seen that the friends of temperance have no reason to lose courage. In view of the lines of action that are being laid out by the temperance forces in Illinois it will be some time before the liquor forces will be allowed to rest in peace. It is to be hoped that they will find no rest at all, either from the temperance people or their consciences, until they abandon the iniquitous business.

AMONG OURSELVES.

SOME of our readers will notice a change in two departments in this issue. The magazine department does not appear at all and Nature Studies appears in its place. There were two or three reasons for this change. In the first place, while we would like to keep our readers informed on the best that appears in our leading magazines, we think it of more importance to give them well-written articles by our own contributors. Our list of writers has grown so much that we do not need to depend, to any great extent, on outside help in filling the INGLENOOK with interesting, instructive and elevating reading matter. Then, too, we sometimes needed more than two pages for the nature study material, and the present arrangement will allow us to run over on a third page without taking any of the space allotted to the miscellaneous articles. We have in mind other plans for some of the departments, but for several weeks they will appear as in this issue.



THE HOME WORLD



Joyce's Homesickness

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

THEY were married almost a year, and Joyce knew that no one could be kinder, more thoughtful of her comfort than David was. And yet Joyce admitted it to herself,—she was unhappy. She was an impulsive light-hearted little thing and she had failed to count the cost when she decided to live in this lonely country with David until he could realize some profits from his orange groves. She never dreamed that she would miss the old life so sadly. Yes, she admitted it to herself when she was all alone,—she was homesick for the old home, the old friends.

"I wonder whether the milkman will be along today; if he comes I shall steam some cup custards," and Joyce turned away from the window half impatiently. "I am talking to myself again; it's a bad habit!" Then she put on her sunbonnet and swept the rooms clean. There were only two in their tiny cottage, and when that was done she went out to the orange orchard for a few oranges.

Everywhere was the white sand which made up these Florida reefs; her feet sank into it as she walked slowly on toward the orchards where David was at work. He was plowing in the grapefruit orchard. Joyce could see him in the distance as he slowly but steadily marched back and forth, back and forth through the field. "Does he never get tired of it?" she asked herself impatiently. She gathered a few oranges and then walked slowly back to the house. The milkman had failed her, so she prepared some potatoes and decided to fry eggs and slice a few tomatoes for supper.

When she had set the table and done all she could, she went into the bedroom, and stood looking out of the west window at the sun setting on the Boca Ciegas Bay in a blaze of golden splendor. Clouds of snowy white and pale blue, piled in mountainous billows, were glowing with a roseate hue. The golden glory faded slowly, almost insensibly from her sight into an afterglow of beauty. When Joyce heard her husband's step at the kitchen door she turned slowly around and found the rooms almost dark in the early twilight.

"Wait just a minute, until I get a light," she said.

"I meant to quit earlier, but I was anxious to finish that strip of grapefruit today," explained David.

"It makes no difference," said Joyce gently. "I'll soon have supper ready now."

They sat down together, to the homely meal; they were in their own tiny cottage, but someway a shadow had fallen over its threshold, and though neither of them spoke of it, both realized its presence, and tried to ignore it.

"Dear, it will soon be a year since we are married," said David tenderly.

"The sixth of June is the anniversary of our wedding" replied Joyce. "I can almost see them all now, Aunt Martha who looked me over so carefully for fear my veil was crooked or my gloves left unbuttoned, and the girls who were more anxious about the finishing touches to their own gowns, and the dear old parlor where we stood close to the big square piano."

"I remember only one thing" said David, "that is the look in your eyes, when your hand lay in mine. I almost forgot to answer when it came my turn; you always could make me forget everything else."

Joyce beamed. "Nonsense! You were as self-possessed as any groom I have ever seen."

At this moment Adam Kearny, a neighbor, came up to the door. "Good evening to you. I had to go up to the postoffice, so I brought your mail," and he held out a number of papers and some letters to David.

"Oh, let me see, are there any from home?" and the deep note of longing in her voice struck even Mr. Kearny, and he answered, "Sure, one would have to be from home in all *that* pile."

David silently watched Joyce as with trembling fingers she opened a letter from her sister Nell. She read it eagerly, now smiling, now looking puzzled as if she could not quite understand it. She read one page over twice, unconscious of David's wistful gaze which never left her face. "We are going for a sea-voyage this summer; we will wait at Jacksonville for you; there you must join us and a three months' cruise will do you a world of good."

This was followed by explanations in regard to the route and time of going and some gay little bits of home gossip completed the letter. When she had finished reading it, she passed it to David with, "Would you like to read what Nell has to say?"

Then while Joyce looked through the home paper, David read Nell's letter without a word of comment, laid it down on the table and went out to see about the irrigating.

Joyce paid but slight heed, she was interested in the home paper and her other letters, yet she wondered why David said nothing about Nell's project. He might have said, "I wish you could go." But he had not said one word. Perhaps he did not realize how lonely her life was here on this waste of white sand; perhaps David's sensibilities were getting dulled to the hardships of her lot. "Why, what am I thinking about?" exclaimed Joyce aloud. "I'll put away the dishes and then I'll go to meet David." So she piled the dishes in the dish-pan, and then went out in the grove towards the reservoir to look for David. The grove was flooded in a soft moonlight, that made every leaf and twig a velvety, shimmering green. David saw her coming and came to meet her.

"Why, what is wrong?" she asked, for there was an expression in his eyes which pained her.

He opened his arms, and she crept close to him. "I have been trying to think what life here will be without you, because you must accept Nell's invitation."

"O David! Why, you can't spare the money now, and you need me to keep house for you during the hot weather," said Joyce with a fast-beating heart, and a half hope that it might be possible for her to get away; she was so tired of the place, the loneliness, and the doing without the things she had always been accustomed to.

"Dearest," he said, "do you think I haven't thought about it for some time? I have seen the homesickness robbing you of your gayety and light heartedness. I know you cry over the pictures of the home folks, and look at the dainty things which you do not need here, as if they belonged to some one you knew long ago."

"My dear, my dear, I cannot listen to all this," said Joyce half sobbing. "You must not say these things."

"But they are true," he said. "The women in any new country are to be pitied, and such as you should never be called on to endure these hardships. I ought never to have brought you here."

"Oh, but David, I wanted to come! I want to remain here with you."

But David was unconvinced.

So it happened that three weeks later, Joyce went up to Jacksonville to meet Nell and her friends. She could not bring herself to think often about the parting with David. He had been so quiet and had helped her on the train with a "God bless you, little girl." Now she was going away from that lonely cabin in the pinellas of Florida, to be with Nell and Aunt Eunice and her cousins whom she had so sadly missed.

"We shall remain in Jacksonville until Uncle George comes," said Nell; "he is going with us, but business kept him a few days longer, so he promised to join us here."

"My, how good it seems to visit a department store again," sighed Joyce as they were shopping next day.

"You have been cut off from all the privileges of civilization it seems to me," said Nell. "I am going to visit you when I come back and see for myself whether a white woman ought to submit to so many deprivations without a murmur."

"'Tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round," hummed Cousin Amy as if she were not thinking of anything in particular. But Joyce blushed, and had nothing to say in reply.

A week went by, and Uncle George sent a telegram stating that he would be with them in three days. Joyce went with them wherever they went. Sometimes it was for a day's sail on the ocean; then they went for long drives in the country, where they all turned to Joyce with questions about the fruit, the soil, the social duties of the mistress of one of these cabins. To all of which Joyce gave ready answers drawn from her own home life and experience.

Another telegram from Uncle George. "I'll be with you tomorrow evening." Joyce heard them read it, then she stole away down to the shore to be by herself for a little while. There were matters that were troubling her, these must be settled. So she sat there all alone, and she saw not the waters, nor the boats gliding here and there, but instead she saw a two-roomed cottage, and a man, solitary and alone, cooking his evening meal. "I've been alone, and kept house by myself before," said David when Joyce had talked about taking this trip. The sound of the water was like the sigh of wind through pine trees in their dooryard.

After sitting quiet for a time and gazing dreamily out over the bay, Joyce said to herself, "I have not done my best; I could make a better home out of what is there if I quit pitying myself and went to work." When Joyce came back to Nell, she said, "You must not be disappointed, and remember you will have a better time without me, because I do not feel right about leaving David, and that is the reason I am going back. He needs me."

And Nell looking into her earnest face and shining eyes said not a word to discourage her.

When Joyce came back, it was in the early morning hour when David was out in the fields at work. Joyce knew where the key was, so she slipped into the house, changed her dress, and then flew on winged feet to find David. She saw him before he saw her; he looked downhearted and haggard, as if life were not worth while, and Joyce always thought that she never could forget the sight of his face when he first saw her hurrying towards him over the white shifting sands. Swiftly he came to meet her, he asked no word of explanation, he only held her close and called her

his sweetheart. But Joyce knew that she had learned the answer to her part of the problem and her mind was at peace.

Never again was she overcome by the loneliness or desolation: this was home because David lived here with her.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare
Sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give life to your loneliest hours—
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;
Make your own world—one that never has sorrowed—
Of music and sunshine, and gold summer air;
A home-world whose forehead care never has furrowed,
And whose cheeks of bright beauty shall ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful—weave 'round its portal
Wreaths of the jassamine, and delicate sprays
Or red-fruited woodbine, with gray immortelle,
That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.
Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower,
Varied verbena, or sweet mignonette,
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,
Still may bring something to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty;
Encourage their spirits with Nature to talk,
Gather them 'round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning
To him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring,
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And "love" its bright angel with shadowing wings.
Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home-sweeping willow,
And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung.

—Eliza Cook.

FOR THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

We cannot all have linoleum on our kitchen floors, and some of us would prefer the bare, washable boards, for several reasons. But the work of keeping an unfinished kitchen floor clean is more than any woman is able to accomplish without great fatigue to herself. A good oiling is the very best protection the floor can have; but if paint is preferred, here is a good, cheap paint that has found favor with many housewives: For a soft pine floor, fill all cracks, rough places and nail holes with a mixture of sawdust and glue, and let this get thoroughly dry—several days will be required. Then get four pounds of French ochre and mix it well with one gallon of boiling water, to which one ounce of melted glue has been added. Paint the floor with this, using a whitewash brush, and the mixture must be hot (not merely warm) when applied. If applied at noon, it should be dry by night. When dry, apply a coat of boiled linseed oil, using the whitewash brush, and this should be quite hot, too. The oil should be dry by morning. This will improve with time, and is easily kept clean. For a room twelve by sixteen feet square, about three quarts of linseed oil will be needed.

One of the very best preparations for a kitchen or washroom floor is linseed oil and paraffin. Set the vessel containing the oil in an old iron kettle and put into the kettle sufficient boiling water to keep the vessel containing the oil very hot, and set over the fire, either indoors or out, as you are careful. Melt the paraffin and stir it into the hot oil—two ounces of paraffin to the pint of oil. Have the floor perfectly clean, and all cracks and holes filled and the filling dried. Then apply very hot with a whitewash brush, or paint brush if you have it. Apply to a small space at a time, rubbing it in well before beginning another space. The oil must be well rubbed in, or it will "lint" and catch dust and dirt.—*The Commoner.*

PUSHING ALONG THE BROILERS.

I find the best way to push young chicks and make them reach the broiler size in two to two and one-half months is to start them on hard-boiled eggs for about two days. Then I feed corn bread four or five times a day and give all the fine ground oyster shell they will eat.

From the time they are about a week old I keep the coarse part of ground corn in a hopper self-feeder inside of a feeding coop, where none but the small chickens can get to it. They go to the feeder many times a day; thus they are never hungry, and therefore make their growth very quickly. I give my young chicks skim milk and cut clover every day.

Last year I hatched most of my young chicks the latter part of March and April, and June 6 I sold my first lot of thirty-three young roosters, which brought 22 cents per pound. The last of June I sold two and one-half dozen more for 17 cents per pound. I sold several bunches afterward, selling altogether twelve dozen young chickens.

During the latter part of summer I feed foiled wheat and sunflower seed once a day. This promotes molting and puts the pullets in fine shape for early fall laying.—*Farm and Home.*

"Even burned matches are useful at the gas stove. A burned one, or rather one previously used, can be lighted from a blazing burner. It is a small item, but it saves matches and matches add to the total household bill."

The Children's Corner

TRUE STORY OF A "BOY" YOU LIKE.

SELECTED BY J. L. MINNICH.

THIS is a true story of a little boy who began life, not so very long ago, right here in the United States, and is still living, although he has now grown to be a man. You have all heard of him, so my story is pretty close to home for every one of you.

This little boy began life with a very weak and sickly body. He was pale, with big teeth and big, near-sighted eyes, his arms and legs were skinny and spindling, and he couldn't stand the rough, hearty play that was so much fun for his brothers and companions.

Now, boys and girls, you know, who are like that, are too often mere lookers-on at the games, or put in their time reading stories or some other amusement that doesn't need a strong body. But the little boy I am writing about, although he was passionately fond of books, made up his mind that he would have just as strong and lively a body as any of his playmates. You see, he was a thoughtful little fellow, and this was about the way he talked to himself about his body:

"I am going to be a successful man. I don't want to take a back seat for any one. Other men have done things—big, strong, noble, useful, successful things—and I will, too. But, if I am to do anything worth while, I must have a strong, healthy body, because all the sickly men I know aren't much good. They haven't the strength even to try to do big things, and when they do begin, they often have to give up because they are sick.

"I have a body, just like the other boys, with arms, legs, hands, feet, chest, stomach, and back. I have a heart, lungs, digestive organs, liver, kidneys, brain, and nerves, just as they have. The only difference is that mine are weak, while theirs are strong. But I can make mine grow strong and vigorous by feeding them and using them. That is the way all the athletes do, and if they can, I can." And so he did.

He studied himself and his needs. He read what men wrote who had long experience in making people's bodies grow strong. He found that he always felt much better when he spent a great deal of time out doors, instead of staying shut up in the house, as weak boys and girls are likely to do, especially if the weather is a little cold and stormy. By study, he learned that the reason was that his body was built very largely of oxygen, and that he had to get plenty of oxygen in order to build it bigger. Just as it takes a pile of bricks to build a brick house bigger, so it takes a lot of oxygen to build muscles bigger. And outdoors is the place to get oxygen. You see, the oxygen is a part of the air, and in the house there are so many people using up the oxygen, that there isn't much left for a boy or girl.

The next thing he learned was the bigger, deeper breaths he took, the bigger his lungs grew, the more air they would hold, and the more oxygen would go into his blood to be used in building bone, muscle, brain, and nerve. So he was faithful about his deep breathing, practicing it a great deal of the time when he was outdoors. Of course, he found that the straighter he stood, and the more he squared his shoulders, the more air he could get into his lungs. So he practiced that, too.

Then, our boy found that he needed good, plain, wholesome, nourishing food, in order to become strong and well. He learned that his firm, white teeth were made to chew with, and that he had nothing in his stomach to do their work if they shirked, so he took plenty of time eating, chewing his food up fine before swallowing it. Thus, every bit of food eaten could be used by the stomach for building up his body. And there were no large pieces of food that could not be digested, and so would rot in his body, poisoning him.

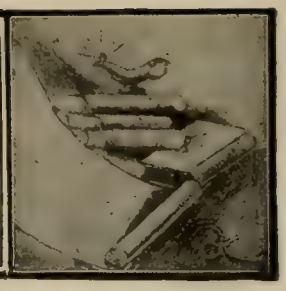
Now with all the necessary materials at hand, he set out to build. And he built by exercise. That was quite a stunt for a little weak-kneed fellow like him. It is all very easy for a big, strong, lively boy to exercise all the time, join in the baseball, football, tag, run-sheep-run, and other games, and climb trees, swim, row, ride horseback, and box; but it is quite another thing for a little chap that was always getting beaten, at first. But he never lost courage, and never lost sight of the powerful man he intended to be.

With all these things firmly fixed in his mind, and with an unwavering purpose to do what he set out to do, never doubting that he would finally succeed, our boy really did grow bigger, healthier, and stronger every day, until he became known all over the world as a man of marvelous health, vigor, and power of brain and body, an author, cowboy, city official, servant of the Nation, soldier, Governor of a great State, Vice-president, and, at last, President of the United States. Yes, you have guessed right, his name is Theodore Roosevelt.

Now I hardly think it necessary to point out the moral of this tale to our younger philosophers, but I do want to say to those who are not as strong as they would like to be, "Cheer up!" Have faith and courage. Make a firm determination, down deep in your heart, that you will be an able-bodied boy, a healthy, vigorous girl; then work hard at it, denying yourselves the idleness, the sweets, the too heavy meals, the cigarettes, and every other thing that might hurt you, and you shall win. And you fine, splendidly developed boys and girls, take extra good care of the great gift God has given you in your beautiful bodies. Just think what you may do with such a start as that, if President Roosevelt has done what he has with so poor a start.—*Indian School Journal.*



THE QUIET HOUR



SUNSHINE WITHIN.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

What matter though the day be dark,
And rain comes pouring down,
It does not have to cloud your face
And bring on it a frown;
The soul can brightly shine within
And make life's sunshine sweet,
To scatter into every life
Your loving heart shall greet.

Though clouds of life surround the soul,
Let them not enter in.
But when the storms of life appear,
Let your sunshine begin
To scatter all the troubling clouds,
That hide the nobler life.
Then 'neath the sunshine of your love
Will evils cease their strife.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EVENING.

PAUL MOHLER.

THE day is drawing to its close. The shadows stretch across the field. The cars are bringing people home from work. The wind has spent its force and scarcely moves the smoke-cloud from the distant flue. And what does evening mean to me?

This morning, in the near-by city, a hundred thousand people, yes, hundreds of thousands, went to work. Of them not a few went joyously, with abounding health and strength to duties that were pleasant. Now their work is almost over; have they done it well? By this time, their first enthusiasm has lost its stimulating power; have they strength of purpose to complete their task? A day of honorable work well done can well bring satisfaction to any heart. To such, the evening comes with no regrets; it means well-earned repose and hope for the day to follow. Let them thank God for honorable toil and sufficient strength to labor.

Some, indeed, went forth this morning with every prospect favorable, but evening has come to end a fruitless day. Plans have gone wrong, blunders have been made, associates have been faithless or stupid. How sad to think that a day has been lost, or worse than lost; but evening brings relief, tomorrow may be better. Blessed night! that brings recess in toil till men can catch their breath, reform their plans, and get their bearings for another day. Happy the man who lives so close to God that he can make the plans for every day and bring them to success.

Some went to work this morning with diminished strength. Long years of toil have taken their toll of youth and strength, till now it takes an iron will to hold the weakened frame up to its dreaded task. For such, the evening comes too slowly. Eager eyes watch the slow-moving hour-hand creep across the dial. Now it has almost reached the longed-for "six." O blessed hour, that strikes to stop the flow of life-force from the enfeebled frame! Happy is he whom God hath blessed with lightened toil as draws the day of life near to its close.

For some, this day has been but an enforced break in rounds of riotous sport. Unwarned by the dull weakness from last night's debauch, they hurried slipshod over this day's duties, thinking only of the joy which its ill-gotten gains will bring in sin's well-chosen hours. Evening means to them the entrance on the hours of darkness wherein evil holds high carnival, Sad fate to have been caught in the world's great maelstrom of corruption. May God in answer to a mother's prayer, snatch the young life from out its fast o'erwhelming circles before the last and fatal plunge!

And evening comes, too soon alas! to the idle dreamer. Great things are in store for him, when fortune comes his way. His mind has been so full of dreams, that hours have sped away. The evening finds no task begun and fortune, too, is tardy. Another day? Will fortune come another day? But fortune comes to workers, not to dreamers. Empty dreams make but an empty life. Happy is he who while awaiting fortune's smiles, is busy with his daily task, doing with his might what God has given him to do.

The children are home from school. The house is ringing with bustle and clamor. A hearty supper, an hour of joyous play, perhaps some quiet study, and the day will close for them. Happy children! How sweet they make the evening hours of home. God grant these evenings in the home may bind their hearts so close to heaven, that other and worldly scenes may never change their course in life for evil.

Evening reunions! Mother has the home lit bright; children wait expectant for Father's returning step. What a happy, happy time! The separations of the day have but stimulated the affections. All in, all happy and

bright. What matter if the day was hard? Evening has brought sweet home and love. God's richest earthly blessing is the home with all its love and all its hallowed influence. How sad are those who have no home, whom evening brings to no such rest and peaceful satisfaction.

And for many the evening of life is drawing near; are they going HOME for their evening? What a joy it will be at the close of our day to go home to glory; home to Father, Mother and the children; home for evermore!

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

"ALMOST UP."

SELECTED BY MERLE R. SHUMAKE.

"ALMOST up—almost up!" was the cry of the wounded sergeant, as they laid him down on the battlefield and watched tenderly his dying struggles.

"Where did they hit you, sergeant?"

"Almost up."

"No! sergeant; but where did the ball strike you?"

"Almost up," was the reply.

"But, sergeant, you do not understand—where are you wounded?"

Turning back the cloak which had been thrown over the wound, he showed the upper arm and shoulder, smashed and mangled with a shell. Looking at his wound he said, "That is what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse, and making for the top. I was almost up, when that ugly shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer—two minutes longer—I should have planted the colors on the top—almost up, almost up!"

The fight and the flag held all his thoughts. And while his eye was growing heavy in death, with a flushed face and a look of ineffable regret, he was repeating, "Almost up, almost up!"

"Almost up!" Christian, what is your ambition? Do the battle and the flag fill all your thoughts? Oh! when Jesus leads his army forward, and his promises are yours, and victory is sure, can you be forgetful of the conflict and too much occupied in making money and enjoying the pleasures of the world, to take up your cross and follow Jesus in saving souls, and redeeming a lost world?

"Almost up!" Let this be your cry in life, and your joyful shout in death. And then, from the battlements of heaven, you shall watch the battle, and swell the anthem of victory, as the last stronghold of Satan is captured, and earth echoes back the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

Trevilians, Va.

THE PERFECT LIFE.

THE life of Jesus is unmarred by hurry, as it is unmarked by sin. Even when, in the last years, he felt the burden of the world's need and said, "We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work," no trace of worry or anxiety appears. He is still master of every situation, ready to stop for conversation with everyone who seeks him, showing the world its most perfect example of fine serenity of soul.

This life of quiet confidence is our pattern. We, too, are called to live so close to God that we may rid ourselves of anxious thought. But we shall not attain the true point of view either in regard to Christ's life or our own unless we recognize the life purpose which underlay Christ's confidence. There is an aimless, easygoing way of life which is the counterfeit of faith. Jesus built his confidence on his relation as a son. He knew that his life was planned and made it his aim to carry out that plan to the end, at whatever cost of suffering. We may sum up his life from childhood to the cross as ruled by obedience, confidence, and service.

We, too, must learn to treat our lives as a plan of God. We are sent by him into the school and workshop of the world. We are to live with him, seeking to know his will and to obey it. We are to work with him, assured of his assistance and that our labor will not be in vain. Each one must seek the special work God has designed for him. He should follow Christ in quiet serenity of heart. The storms and billows are on the surface. Beneath lies the peace of the deep. But the aimless life has naught but surface, like a shallow pond that the least wind stirs to its depths. Not so would Christ have his disciples live and work. His was the peace of confidence and a great, ruling purpose. And this is what he offers when he says: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful."—*The Congregationalist.*

DO YOUR OWN WORK.

I SHOULD like to know a man who just minded his duty and troubled himself about nothing; who did his own work and did not interfere with God's. How nobly he would work—working not for reward, but because it was the will of God! How happily he would receive his food and clothing, receiving them as the gifts of God! What peace would be his! What a sober gayety! How hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend he would be! How sweet his sympathy! And his mind would be so clear he would understand everything. His eye being single, his whole body would be full of light. No fear of his ever doing a mean thing. He would die in a ditch rather. It is this fear of want that makes men do mean things.—*George Macdonald.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Because of the advances in wages recently granted, the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad will on May 1 increase passenger fares 2 to 5 per cent. The advance will only apply where the fare is $1 or more.

As passed by the house the corporation tax law is so amended as to restrict the operation of the publicity feature. The law will provide that all corporation tax returns shall be open to inspection only on order of the President under prescribed rules.

A large portion of the old French plant at Panama was found to be serviceable, and is doing good work on the canal. Since 1906 the useless junk has been sold as scrap, and up to January, 1910, over ten thousand tons have been shipped and sold.

According to Surgeon Simpson of the revenue cutter Manning 60 per cent of the natives of Unalaska and St. George and St. Paul islands are suffering from tuberculosis. There are very few children, he says, who are not affected. Because of lack of water the natives are unable to keep their houses clean.

Predictions are made that the house will authorize the building of one battleship instead of two. The minority of the committee on naval affairs have submitted a minority report favoring one new ship. Representatives Padgett, Gregg, Kitchin and Macon will join Representative Bartholdt of St. Louis in contesting the two battleship plan.

In order to meet the new rates on grain from Buffalo to New York, which go into effect May 1, the Grand Trunk railroad will put in equally as low rates so that the rail and water rates on Canadian grain to Montreal will be as low as by the American rail route. The grand Trunk reduced the rates over the protests of all the trunk line railroads.

Carlos White, former district attorney for San Francisco, has been retained by the Oakland church federation to prevent the holding of the Jeffries-Johnson prizefight at Emeryville on July 4. White is known as an able lawyer. He has given no inkling of what course he will pursue, but his friends are confident that he will make a hot fight for the cause of the ministers who have retained him.

Debate in the British house of commons over Premier Asquith's resolutions proves the house of lords will not yield the veto power without a struggle. Speeches made by Premier Asquith, John E. Redmond for the Irish party and George Nicoll Barnes for the Laborites, as well as those of the Welsh constituents, showed defiance of the lords. A. J. Balfour declared it was the intention of his party to appeal any measure restricting the power of the house of lords.

Aeronauts have submitted to the French government rules and regulations to govern navigation of the air. The club suggests that aerial craft must not circulate lower than 150 feet above private property. Flighting above cities requires a permit from the municipalities. Flighting in fog is not allowed, and the transportation of explosives, except hunting ammunition, is prohibited.

Rumors that when the national conference of farmers is held in St. Louis, May 2 to 8, the Farmers' union will join the American Federation of Labor in the formation of a new political party are emphatically denied by Charles S. Barrett, national president of the Farmers' union. Mr. Barrett says the fundamental law of the Farmers' union explicitly prohibits the order indulging in party politics.

It is expected that the house postoffice committee will soon make a concession to the demands for a parcels post by reporting the bill reducing the rate on fourth-class matter from 16 to 12 cents per pound. If the bill ever gets before the house it can be amended by increasing the size of the package to more than four pounds, as at present, which would be a long step toward establishing a genuine parcels post.

With Michael Brown as president 700 janitors have organized the Janitors' Society of New York. They have petitioned the board of aldermen to pass an ordinance making the position of janitor one only to be obtained after careful examination. President Brown says janitors do more than any other class to Americanize immigrants; that they are family peacemakers and valuable assistants to the poor and needy.

A large section of land has been bought by the Commonwealth Edison Company in the northwestern part of Chicago, where two large generating stations are to be built. Each station will be equipped with six turbines, and in the first station the capacity of each turbine will be 30,000 horsepower. It is estimated that within two years 60,000 horsepower will be in operation. These stations are made necessary by the fact that the output of the company has doubled every three years for the last twelve years.

Joseph Stewart, second assistant postmaster general, is anxious for wide publicity to be given to the fact that letters destined for Tripoli are frequently missent because of inaccuracy in the address—the fault of the writers. There are three Tripolis in countries bordering on the Mediterranean, namely, one in Syria, one in Greece and one in Northern Africa. In the case of an article for either of the three the name of the country should be stated in the address, and in case of an article intended for Tripoli in Northern Africa, its destination should be stated as "Tripoli-in-Barbary," North Africa.

Physicians in Washington are much interested in the new antitoxin injection for pneumonia, now being used with apparently successful results at the University and other hospitals in Baltimore. It is agreed that if this new serum is thoroughly successful it will mean a great advance in medical science, as pneumonia is probably one of the most fatal of the infectious diseases. The new serum is made from the germ causing pneumonia, and is similar in type to the antitoxin so successfully employed in the treatment of diphtheria.

Chicago is trying a new car designed to remove city garbage over the street railways at night. The car is of steel construction, 34 feet long, divided into three sections which are so shaped that they can be dumped with a pole by a single man, thus doing away with the necessity of using air cylinders or other mechanical dumping apparatus. The sections are made watertight, so that there will be no leakage of wet garbage. The car is not provided with motors. It is intended to use the car in the daytime for hauling concrete and construction materials.

An experiment which is being tried on the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad tunnel system beneath the Hudson River will be watched with much interest by both the railroads and the public. It consists in illuminated station signs, placed inside the cars, which are so arranged that the guard, by pressing a button when the train starts, rings a bell and causes the sign to display the name of the next station. This sign continues to be displayed until the train leaves the station designated. A simple device, this, whose utility is so obvious, that it should have been in use from the very commencement of electrically-operated rapid transit.

Baptists in Washington and in Baltimore are hard at work preparing for the Southern Baptist convention which is to meet in Baltimore, May 13 to May 19, inclusive. The committees have almost perfected their arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the expected 5,000 delegates and their wives and families. The local Baptists will defray all expenses incurred by the convention. For the first time in 25 years the convention will be held as far north as Baltimore, and this means that not only the Baptists of the Southland will flock in great numbers to this notable gathering, but also that many Baptists from the north will congregate there.

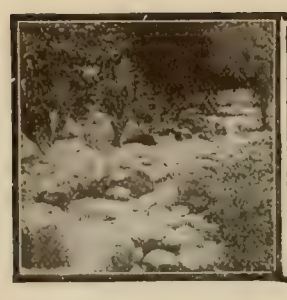
According to reports dated March 6, an indeterminate number of men, variously estimated at from 30,000 to 125,000, are out of work in Philadelphia in obedience to a call for a general strike in sympathy for the striking street car men, and the city of brotherly love faces one of the most serious labor wars ever waged in an American commonwealth. No real efforts have been made to settle the dispute. Labor leaders are seeking to recruit their force to the utmost before the battle following the initial skirmish. While very few arrests have been made since the general strike was called, serious trouble is feared. The Philadelphia Rapid Transit company reports that it has in operation 936 cars. The failure of the unions to get out the firemen and engineers in the power plants and thus shut off the motive power for the operation of cars was a severe blow to the strikers. The riot act is being enforced, so that martial law practically exists. Eight thousand regular and special policemen are on duty. Saloons will be closed if the situation grows serious.

A novel method of recovering a sunken cargo has been adopted by the United States Steel Company, reports the Scientific American. A large magnet, 3½ feet in diameter and weighing 3,000 pounds, has been employed in raising kegs of nails from a barge that was sunk in the Mississippi River near New Orleans. The magnet raised five or six kegs at a time, or about a ton at each lift. The advantage of this method was that it avoided breaking open the kegs, as would have been the case had a dredge been used. The magnet is soon to be used for raising a sunken load of woven wire, and also for a load of steel baling strips

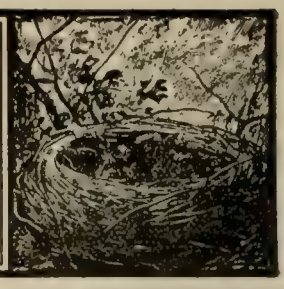
Owing to the resumption of activity of Mt. Etna, the authorities have issued ironclad orders for the evacuation of the entire southern slope of the mountain. This means that 75,000 people will be rendered temporarily homeless. The reopening of Mt. Etna's craters prevented a serious earthquake, in the opinion of many scientists. During the few hours that the vents were closed the rumblings of the mountain increased in severity, decreasing the moment the eruption was renewed. Just as Vesuvius displayed activity when the eruption at Mt. Etna was suspended, it became quiet when the Mt. Etna eruptions started again, indicating that both volcanoes are affected by the same subterranean power.

Of the American hegira into the Canadian western provinces, there seems no end, either in men or money. W. J. White, inspector of the Dominion government's offices in the United States is in Ottawa, with fresh details of this year's movement. "On one train crossing into Canada at North Portal," he said, "the American settlers had in cash or checks $225,000. In a single day which I spent at St. Paul the settlers passing through to Canada in twenty-four hours represented a total capital of a little more than $1,000,000. Statistics gathered during recent years show that these immigrants enrich Canada at the rate of about $1,000 per capita. The total number of settlers entering Canada from the United States in the eleven months ended March 1 was 86,488. For the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year the figures were 50,650."

The attitude of the Wright brothers, who claim to hold patents covering every sort of heavier-than-air flying device now in use, may prevent the international air-ship contest, which has been awarded to the United States, from being held in this country. The board of governors of the Aero Club of America has decided that the contest, if it can be arranged without subjecting contestants to injunction proceedings and possible prosecutions, will take place on October 22. Three cities are making active efforts to obtain the big event. These are New York, Washington and Atlanta. St. Louis is also bidding for the contest, but as the international balloon contest will be held there on October 17, the probability of that city getting the airship meeting is considered slight. The Aero club has not decided which city will be awarded the meeting because the action of the Wrights in regard to injunctions and patent suits will have much to do with the arrangement of details of the contest. Several letters from prospective foreign contestants have been received by President Bishop of the Aero club, but all of them ask for an absolute guarantee that the Wright brothers will not make trouble for contestants on the ground of infringments of patents.



NATURE STUDIES



The Study of Entomology

John H. Nowlan

THE early entomologists took up the study because of a love of the work and when they wrote upon their favorite subject they usually excused themselves by commenting upon Bible references to small and seemingly unimportant things, or the insignificance of human life in the economy of nature.

Now, thanks to the advancement of scientific knowledge, such apologies are not necessary. We have learned that the damage done by some of the small insects when placed on a cash basis runs well up into seven or more places of figures. Others are of importance because they are a source of revenue, or are instrumental in reducing the amount of damage done by other forms. Of the revenue-producing kinds the honeybee and silk worm are the most noted, but we may also mention the lac-insects, cochineal, blister flies, etc. Of the latter the Vedalia ladybird is perhaps the most important, our venerable relative, "Uncle Sam," going to the expense in the past of sending men to the other side of the world to get specimens for the purpose of getting a start of them here.

Then there is the study of them as the cause of disease or the transmission of the same. The cattle tick is accused of spreading diseases, and he has never secured a verdict of "not guilty." On the other hand the proof against him is convincing to all save the most skeptical. Indictments are now on file charging one kind of mosquito with spreading malaria and another with spreading yellow fever. Indeed, the latter has been all but convicted. I was informed last summer by a well-known minister of Springfield, Ill., who had just returned from the "canal zone" that the city of Colon had exterminated the mosquito by draining some of the swamps and oiling others. As a result the death rate of the city had been lowered till it made as good a showing as any large city in the United States.

The house fly formerly was looked upon as a useful creature because of its service in disposing of decaying matter. Now it is known to be instrumental in the spread of typhoid fever and perhaps other diseases.

The tsetse fly scatters the Nagana sickness of South-Central Africa. Several other insects of Africa and Asia are the cause of the spread of various diseases. As our knowledge of them increases we learn more and more the danger of the small creatures. We see that the wild beasts of the jungle, forest, and plain are not the ones to be dreaded; but instead it is the small, insignificant ones.

The number of insects in the world is beyond comprehension. Entomologists estimate the number of kinds at from two to ten millions. Dr. A. Handlirsch, a noted European "knight of the net," figures that 385,000 species have been described. Of them 172,000 are beetles; 60,000 moths and butterflies; 55,000 ants, bees, and wasps; 44,000 two-winged flies; and 33,000 true bugs. Nor is this all. About 6,000 are added to the list each year.

From an agricultural or medical standpoint insects are worthy of study. There is also a class of naturalists who study insects for the love of study and the recreation. The pleasure of noting the beautiful forms, the remarkable structures and the life history afford a recreation at once healthful and void of evil associations.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

AS WE ARE SEEN FROM THE BIRDS' STANDPOINT.

MAUD HAWKINS.

"O MRS. TAMEBIRD, come to the door quickly. Look down below us. What are those queer looking creatures, stalking down the trail, one with a bunch of our feathers stuck upon its head?"

"That? They are what we call a man and his wife. Yes, they *are* queer creatures but they are dangerous to us, so we must be careful not to talk too loud."

"Why, what can they possibly do with little mites like we are?"

"Did you not tell me that one of them wore a bunch of *our* feathers on her head? Where do you suppose she got them?"

"Oh, I suppose that she picked up some of our cast-off clothing, and thinking them pretty, stuck them on her head."

"Well, Mrs. Wildbird, you may be thankful that it is only feathers and not whole bodies that are perched on their heads."

"Cousin Tamebird! What could they want of our bodies? I think a tuft of our feathers on their heads

looks silly enough but how would a whole bird look?"

"Well, cousin, nevertheless they think we look nice on their heads, or that they look nice with us there, and that does not make it any safer for us because we think it silly."

"I would think that they would be ashamed to borrow clothes and ornaments in that way."

"Indeed, my dear cousin, they do not borrow, they confiscate or capture them."

"How long would I be worn if I should be *confiscated,* and would they let me come home occasionally to see my babies; would they bring me safely back when they were tired of me, and would they feed me well?"

"Oh, you silly bird, you would *never* come back. It is your *dead* body that they would wear."

"My dead body! I never dreamed that they could be so cruel. I once saw some savages who camped under our trees and they had their heads ornamented with feathers, but we forgave them as we were aware that they were barbarians and knew no better, but you say that these people are supposed to be civilized and yet they do things just as the savages do."

"Yes, and if you had lived neighbor to them as long as I have you would see them do *many* queer things."

"*Indeed,* I always envied you for having the privilege to live so near civilization, but if that is what you call being civilized, then the mountains for me.

"I once had an uncle who was captured and put into a cage, and was never allowed to go out in the bright sunlight but was always kept in the same gloomy room. They always fed him well although they sometimes forgot for days to give him water to drink or to bathe in, and you know how particular all of our family are about their toilet. But he overlooked all that and sang his sweetest songs to them in hopes that they would notice his loneliness for companions and release him. Finally they did, he thinks, realize how alone he was for they brought another bird and put it in the cage. But the poor thing was not used to being shut up and when a large creature which they always have around the house, with sharp claws and teeth, sprang at the cage and nearly caught her in his claws, she fainted and then died.

"After that he was more lonely than ever and could not sing for them any more. Finally one day the cage door came open and he silently flew away never to return. I thought that cruel, but I did not know that they would *kill* us in order to wear us on their heads."

"Oh, yes, and they often eat us, but more often they shoot us just for the pleasure of seeing us die."

"I don't see what enjoyment that can be."

"Well, *they* enjoy it and we are not the only ones who suffer for their pleasure or comfort."

"Who else, pray? I see only a few of our feathers on her head."

"If you will look closely you will see that his back is covered with the wool of the sheep, their feet are covered with the skin of the calf, their hands are incased in the skin of a young goat, around his neck is the skin of some beautiful wild animal with long glossy fur, in his hand is a stick, the handle of which is the tusk of an elephant. She has a long coat made of the skins of many animals sewed together, a strip of the web of a worm is wound around her neck, her dress is also made of the same web which the worm is wrapped up in and it must be killed in order to get its covering. She carries a hand bag made of the skin of the alligator. Around their fingers is a yellow metal in which are set bits from the shell of the oyster. They comb their hair with the horn or bone of the ox; they fasten their clothing with buttons made from bone or shell; they brush their teeth with the bristles of the hog, they steal the milk from the offspring of the cow, and they even confiscate the eggs from the hen and other birds for food.

"They do not hesitate to take the life of animals, fish, birds, frogs, some insects, reptiles, crabs, lobsters, clams, and some of them actually eat the very nests of our cousins the swallows, across the ocean.

"And they shoot us if we but take a cherry or go near their grain fields to gather insects and worms that do such great harm to their crops and fruit, although we try to make life pleasant for them by singing our very sweetest for their benefit.

"They also buy their children all sorts of little toy rifles and guns that they may have the sport of shooting at us."

"Well, cousin, if all the animals should be taken from the earth how could these people live? And yet they call themselves greater than we although we furnish them the wherewith to be fed and clothed and sometimes to be sheltered and help them care for their crops. And still they treat us so shamefully."

Chinook, Mont.

A LITTLE BIRD STUDY.

VERY early in the spring we decided to make a bird chart, or screen, and for this purpose I had a frame made of wood. It stands about five feet high and is three feet across. Heavy green denim is tacked on the back with gilt-headed tacks. The frame is also painted dark green, and with no birds mounted on it. It is a very useful thing in a bedroom to prevent draughts from open doors or windows, but the birds add much to its beauty and interest for the children.

We, my five children and myself, would watch each morning for the birds and when we saw one we would get a life-sized colored print (they are among the Perry Pictures I think and retail for two cents each although I buy ours at a stationery store in the city), cut it out and mount on the denim with mucilage, hold-

ing an old book firmly at the back for a few seconds and pressing with the hand.

After mounting I would write the name and date when first seen, in some place on the twig of tree, or part of bird where it would not be noticed. We have now on our screen the American blue jay, the junco bird, the fox sparrow, song sparrow, field sparrow, chipping sparrow, and English sparrow, the flicker, the downy wood-pecker, the white-breasted nut-hatch, the blue bird, the robin, the chick-a-dee, the red headed linnet, the crow, the black-bird, and the gross-beak. We all watch eagerly for the glimpse of a stranger, and I dare say we would see many more were we to wander a little way from home; but these were all seen from our windows as the house is surrounded by trees both large and small. The winter being such a long one has made the birds less afraid and they come in quest of food. It is a great pleasure, when the children go for a walk, to see how interested they are in looking for the birds and telling their names.—*Grace Loring Early, in American Motherhood.*

AS TO PERSONAL LIBERTY.

THE whisky element are making much of the "personal liberty" plea, questioning the right of a municipality to abolish the saloon on the ground of such action interfering with a man's personal liberty. In answer let us remember that a Chicago citizen is restricted in hundreds of ways by laws and ordinances and yet he does not feel oppressed or feel that his independence or manhood has suffered. He is, for example—

Not at liberty to build a frame house in certain limits.

Not at liberty to build a flat without reserving space for light and air.

Not at liberty to have his child work in a factory.

Not at liberty to send his child to school without being vaccinated.

Not at liberty to keep his child from school.

Not at liberty to keep a cow.

Not at liberty to sell decayed vegetables.

Not at liberty to get off a street car in motion.

Not at liberty to kill himself.

Not at liberty to spit on the walk.

Not at liberty to throw garbage in the street.

And not at liberty to do a hundred or more different things that would interfere with the rights of others or jeopardize the health of the community.—*Selected.*

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

SOME boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time, which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies, which others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried through life a little book in his pocket lest an unexpected moment should slip from his grasp, what should we, of common abilities, resort to to save the precious moments from oblivion?

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

Drive the minutes or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of "margins." Tell me how a young man uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals or tardy appointments, after his day's work is done, or evenings—what opportunity—and I will tell you what that man's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not.

"The most valuable of all possessions is time; life itself is measured by it." The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half-hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our callings.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.—*Success.*

Between Whiles

All that's Necessary.—"I suppose you must find it hard to please all your constituents all the time, don't you?" asked the beautiful widow of the popular M. P.

"Oh, it's impossible to do that," replied the statesman; "and, besides, it would be foolish to do so if one could. All that's necessary is to think of some way to please them just before it is necessary to get elected again."—Tit-Bits.

And old British salt who had been to a church service, where he heard some fine music, was afterwards descanting upon an anthem which he had heard with pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What?" exclaimed Bill. "Do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to ask yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'and-spike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me, that, Bill, give me, give me that, 'and, give me that 'andspike, spike, spike. Bill, give me that, that, 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Ahmen, ahmen. Bill, give me that 'anspike, spike. Ahmen!' why, that would be a hanthem!"

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY IN IDAHO

A Vast Empire Subject to Irrigation

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre, oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 500 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction. Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

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Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
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Wanted.

50 Brethren families to locate in vicinity of Elkhart, Indiana. Fine climate, excellent water, good soil, gravel roads, best of markets and beautiful farms of any size from $50 to $100 per acre.

HOMER F. ROTH,
314 Monger Building, Elkhart, Indiana.

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A full page of suggestions on each lesson of the first half of 1910. The outlines in this booklet have been prepared by Eld. J. G. Royer. Splendid topics! Helpful outlines! Timely suggestions! Order a booklet for each member of your society.

January-June 1910

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For 25 copies or over, each, ..3 cents
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The twenty-fifth annual issue of this work. The author does not shun doctrine and makes his points clear and strong. A favorite among that class of Bible students who hold to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures. Cloth.

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By Olive A. Smith.

A collection of stories and verses for young folks. Miss Smith is a writer of considerable ability, contributing to several young people's papers regularly.

The poems and stories found in this volume are among her very choicest productions.

In remembrance of her home in Kansas, the Sunflower State, she has called the collection "Sunflower Stories and Lullabies."

The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Low Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful



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A fine improved farm of One Hundred and Sixty Acres for sale for $17.50 per acre, also other lands near Church at from $10.00 to $15.00 per acre. Address

J. W. JARBOE,
Quinter, Kansas.

NEFF'S CORNER

As relates to material things, there are three classes of us,—producers, barterers, and consumers. We all belong to the third class, some belong to the first, and without these we would all soon starve. The second are only go-betweens and could not exist without the first and third. Because of the invalids, the aged and the babies who **must necessarily** consume more than they produce, and the good-for-nothings who **do,** every one who possibly can, ought to be a producer. As a nation we are in danger of suffering for want of timber, and every one who produces a valuable tree becomes a public benefactor. Even though you have not the muscle, I can tell you how, with a little money, you can make trees grow—800 to the acre—and made a handsome profit on every tree, and do it quick. The information obtainable on this subject will surprise you. You owe it to yourself and to mankind to investigate the subject of Eucalyptus culture. No matter how many other good things you are doing, you ought to, if you can, be making some trees grow, and you ought to be doing it now. I have printed matter that I will gladly supply you free. Drop me a line. Address

JAMES M. NEFF,
Altadena, Cal.

EMPIRE COLONY

In "Sunny Stanislaus" County California.

This Colony is in central California, in the famous San Joaquin valley, within easy reach of Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco and only five miles from Modesto, the county seat.

Hundreds of new residences and business houses to be erected in and around Modesto this summer. The new town of Empire is also making a good showing with new buildings and street improvements.

$4,000.00 Meetinghouse.

is to be built in Empire this summer to meet the needs of the growing Colony. A number of families recently located there and others are expected in the near future.

The ample rainfall and good season promises abundant crops of grain, grass, fruits and vegetables for this year. Two more irrigation districts are being opened to the north of Empire, making this one of the largest irrigated areas in the State, and the land owns the water system.

Inter-Urban Railroad Completed.

The new Motor line connecting Empire and Modesto is now in operation, making a ten minutes run between these two towns. The new Electric line to be built to Stockton will connect the Colony with the entire Electric system of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, affording excellent transportation to the large cities of central California.

Eucalyptus Growing.

This new timber is attracting widespread attention, as it promises to be a profitable and stable enterprise. Its rapid growth and its many uses make it a safe and inexpensive business. If interested in this new field of industry write us for fuller information, it will surprise you.

But One California.

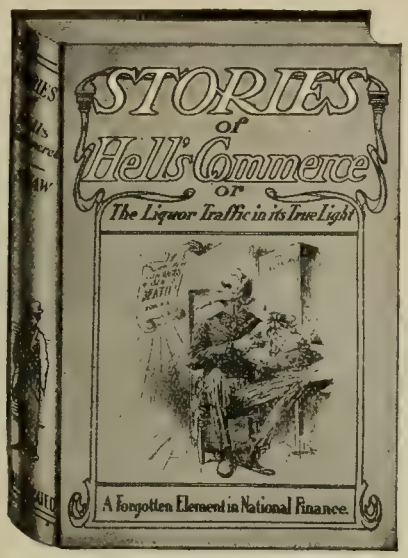
No other State in the Union possesses such a wide range of enterprise and investment as does California. Its mild climate, rich soil, fine irrigation systems, variety of products, with good transportation to the near-by markets, makes this a desirable place for **Ideal Homes,** or for safe investment. The immense crops of Alfalfa grown here make it attractive to dairymen and stock growers. From four to six crops are cut annually, yielding from six to ten tons per acre, which sells from $8 to $15.00 per ton. If you want a home in this fine valley investigate the Empire section before buying, it will please you, as it has many others. Write to

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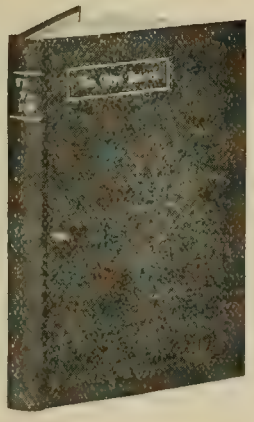
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AND GOOD WILL TO MEN

Elders S. F. Sanger and D. Hays



An interesting history of what the Brethren and Mennonites endured during the Civil War period because of their Anti-war principles.

"Upon the whole, the object in publishing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War is threefold: 'First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences of these Christian People.

"'Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them.

"'Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.'"

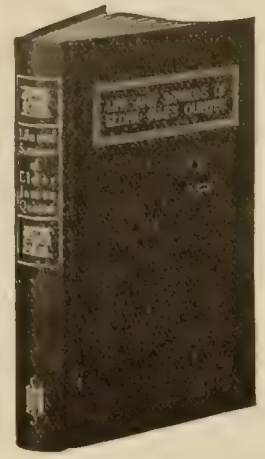
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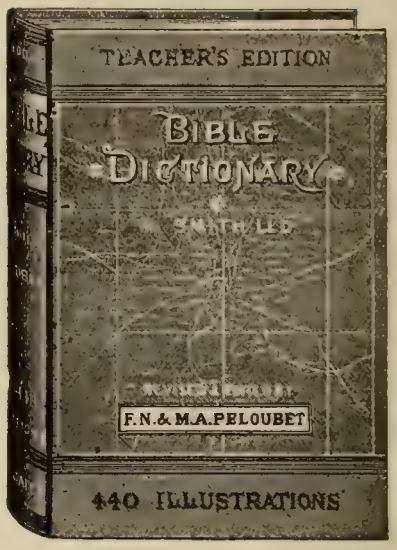
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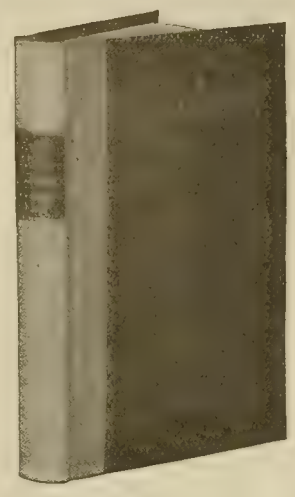
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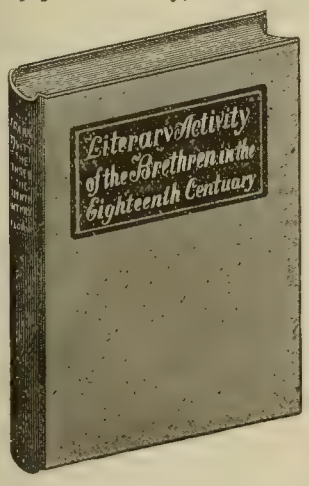
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By John S. Flory, Ph. D.

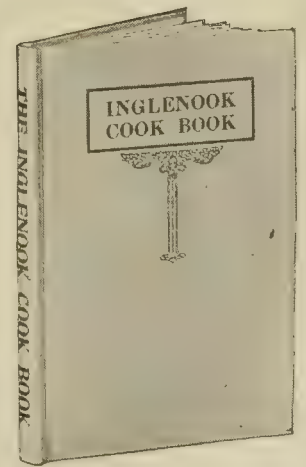


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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. April 19, 1910. No. 16.

Farming and Farm Life

W. G. Eisenbise.

IT shall not be the object of this article to try to discourage those who are engaged in other lines of business, or those who are preparing for other business than that of farming. We need those who are qualified to engage in other lines than that of farming. There can be no objection made to a farmer ceasing to be a farmer and going into other business if he desires to, and believes that the change will be for the better, for himself and his family. But before leaving the farm, my brother farmer, be sure you understand thoroughly the move you are making. To leave the farm as some do and go into the towns and cities already crowded without any idea of what you are going to do there, or if you are sure of a position there, but have not carefully looked into the venture in its every detail and what it may mean to your family,—for one to do this looks to me to be very unwise. If you are planning to leave the farm, my young man now on the farm, be sure you understand the nature of the change you are about to make. There are said to be men in our towns and cities who often express themselves as desiring to get out of the noisy city and live with their families in the quiet, healthful country atmosphere. Boys, give the farm and the life that you may live there a thorough investigation before giving it up.

The very basis of all business life is farming. Farming is the foundation of everything in a business sense. True, the farmer is dependent on other industries, but the farmer is the producer of those things that maintain life for those engaged in other lines of business. To illustrate more forcibly the truth of the statement made as to farming being the basis of all other lines of business: Suppose all the farming operations should at once cease, what would be the result in other lines of business? The answer is clear, it would throw out of business all others in time, and the ultimate result would be starvation to all. Notice the encouraging feature of farming right here, for it has given the writer a good degree of encouragement, that a business that is the very foundation of all else in a business sense, must be a good one, one that no one need be ashamed of, and one in which the chances to succeed are as good and I may say better than others, as statistics would show.

The idea used to be current among some at least that almost any one could be a farmer. True, almost any one may live on a farm and "farm at it" and yet that person may not be a farmer, neither does he farm the land he "farms at." The farmer of today is a business man, and all details of his business are as carefully attended to as those connected with any other business. The farmer of today is intelligent, well posted in regard to the business he is engaged in. He studies his business carefully, and is constantly learning more about the business he represents. He lives the most independent life of all that might be named. He is always his own boss, while countless thousands engaged in other industries are not. The best way to learn the business of farming is for one to grow up on the farm and take part in the farming operations. It is a course in agriculture for that person, and when he attains his majority, the chances are, if he has been a studious pupil, he is as good a farmer as any in the community. But those not raised on the farm may also enter the ranks, providing they are willing to pay the price. The writer was told that a certain foreigner, now a successful farmer, became a farmer in this way. He hired out to a farmer the first year, and so little did he know about farming, that he at first couldn't operate a single farm machine even to the holding of a plow while plowing. He had to take a good many laughs from others at his expense, but he was a very apt pupil, and soon knew as much as his employer, and was ready to set up in business for himself. The farmer that recognizes that his is in reality a business, the same as other lines of business are, and has made a science of it, is the real farmer today.

Sometimes young men tell us that it would be impossible for them to start farming for themselves, owing to high prices of the necessary outfit. At first thought this might look plausible, but let us see: A good farm hand can command, on an average, about

$30.00 per month for eight months in a year, with board, washing and mending included. This would be $240.00 for eight months. Allowing for clothing as necessary, and with chances to work for his board, washing and mending during the winter months, and chances to earn money at other work, he ought easily to save in three years the sum of $500.00. The trouble with too many boys is that they haven't formed the habit of saving and no matter what wages they receive, they never have any money ahead. This is a most pernicious practice. With $500.00 one ought to be able to start farming on a small scale. Right here again too many want to start where their father left off, and because they are not in a position to do this, they enter the plea that it is impossible to start to farm these days. The writer knows what he is talking about when he says one ought to be able to start on $500.00. Of course a little indebtedness may be necessary for a while, and then again some of these young men might have more than $500.00 to start with if they had formed the saving habit. "Where there is a will there is a way" will apply here. It takes money to start out in other lines of business, too, and my observations have been that the young man that wants to farm, and has the ambition and push gets there somehow. While it is true that one may be required, because of lack of means, to start on a small scale, yet, by thrift and industry the entire necessary outfit with which to farm can soon be had, and he will wonder at the easiness of the thing.

There are disadvantages that the farmer must meet, it is true, but are there not disadvantages in other lines of work? One of the disadvantages of farm life at the present time is the scarcity of farm help, both inside and outside of doors. It is at present hard to secure this help, and often after it is secured, one finds that if the hired man is to be retained, he must be allowed to be "boss" or he quits, and if he quits in a busy time, then the farmer has two men's work on his hands. Sometimes farmers are to blame for the condition named; too much is expected of the men, and again the men are to blame. The only sure remedy for this condition of things that the writer can see, and the condition that prevails in some localities at the present time is, to make the farms smaller and do what one can do himself. If one does not make the farm smaller, and fails to secure the help, he must be a slave to his farm, and instead of the man running the farm, the farm runs the farmer. Sometimes I think that this question will work itself out all right by and by. The farms being made smaller, we will farm better, and not be slaves to our farms all our days.

Farm life may be and often is made a life of drudgery. There is always work to be done on the farm, and the tendency is for the industrious, ambitious person to try to do too much of this work which he sees to be done around him everywhere, and he becomes a sort of machine and misses many of the better things of life. Do not work to a too strenuous tension, my brother. Much of this work which you see today will wait until you get to it. It is a good thing to have something else that you are pursuing at the same time, as a means of recreation; something to keep the mind from becoming riveted to one thing too much, and thereby possibly becoming persons of but one subject. Be reading some good book, or pursuing some study; realize the fact that you are a servant of the Most High; this is your business and you are only farming for a living. Overcome your disadvantages in farming as far as it lies in your power to do so. The present is a life of overcoming in many ways. Plan carefully your work, but plan your recreation also. Get out of your life what God intended you to. If God had wanted us to be working machines merely, he no doubt would have made us differently. We are to "be" men and women, and not mere slaves to toil.

One thing in country life that is often alluded to as a disadvantage is that of being isolated, and some tell us they would rather live in town for this reason. This condition exists in the case of the wives and shut-ins, but the condition along this line is wonderfully improved today to what it used to be. In most all farming communities today the mail is delivered every day, and farmers and their families may for a small outlay have the news of the previous day of the entire world. With telephones in their homes, they may converse with their neighbors every day, interurban and steam cars and horses and buggies, carry one anywhere, besides many other conveniences, and schools and churches everywhere. And here let me say in regard to the churches that God has intended that men and women should meet not only to worship him, but to have the social needs met, but too true it is that many are trying to have these needs supplied through other institutions of man's origin, and the sanctuary is suffering because too many of us have changed God's order of things. O what the sanctuary can do for us if we only go and go aright. Much that is gotten up today for man's good socially is foreign to all true sociability. Are we missing anything if we do miss some of these things? No.

In spite of all that may be said against farm life, the fact is, there are many in our towns and cities today who envy the life of the farmer. The day of alluding to the farmer as "hayseed" is past for all right thinking men and women; they honor the man behind the plow.

Think of living in a tenement flat in some large city, and then of working hard for some greedy corporation in a dirty, noisy shop. State's Prison at Joliet (were it not for the name) would appeal nearly as strongly to the writer. This may be the extreme of it, as there

are fine homes and good lines of work in the city, but the free, independent, open-air, healthy farm life, where everything used in the way of eatables is produced, and where they may be had fresh and pure, this, dear reader, is the life that appeals most strongly to the writer.

The idea of owning one's farm home appeals strongly to me (although no land owner as yet); then the home may be arranged in many ways both for profit and convenience to the inmates of the home. Crop rotation can be followed to a better advantage, and a greater interest will manifest itself. The buying and selling of farms merely for speculation (and the speculation has paid in a financial way in late years because of the upward tend) doesn't seem to the writer to be the thing for professed Christ-like men to do. 1 Timothy 6:9, 10, 11. "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things: and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." Thus you have the thought of the writer. Some think better to rent a farm than to own one. Well, we must creep before we walk, but as some one owns the farms on which the renters are living, it seems to me the right way is for one to own a farm home himself, if he can do so. Wisdom should decide for all as to the size of the farm.

Lena, Ill.

SWEETNESS vs. WORRY.

Sweetness and light go together, like darkness and disease. Every-day experience teaches us this, and proves true the Italian proverb which says, "Where the sun does not enter, the doctor does." Professor Marshall Ward has proved that certain hygienic effects were due to the direct destruction of bacteria by certain light rays, and not by heat rays. It has lately been proved that the bacillus of the bubonic plague succumbs to the influence of the light. In fact, sunshine appears to be its most powerful enemy, two or three hours' exposure to the solar rays being sufficient to destroy it. We are thus given another proof that sunshine in the houses and streets is as essential to the health of a city as cleanliness.

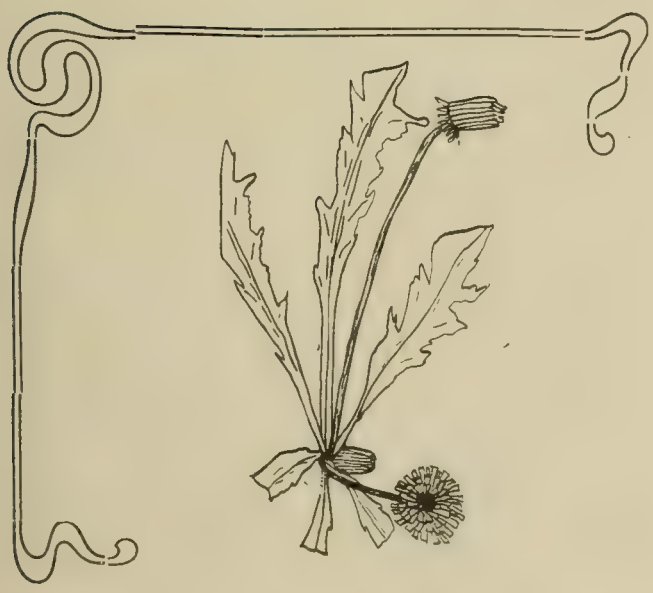
We daily meet faces that show the results of worry; they are seamed and wrinkled and full of lines. They should be a warning to us. If the time and strength spent in worry could be used for self-improvement and benefiting those near us, there would be many changes in every community.—*Household Journal.*

Most of the world's drudgery is because somebody else misplaced things. And the needlessness of the task is what tires us. We would carry the world's sins easier than its blunders. Who was it that said the other day, "The hardest people to forgive are those who 'mean well'"?—*Selected.*

Liberty forgetful of others is license, and nothing better than treason.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Dandelion

H. Atlee Brumbaugh



Pretty, golden dandelion,
Closing with the dew,
Opening with the sunshine,
Oh! I do love you.

Fairy little dandelion,
Day-stars in the field,
Employing all the sunshine,
What a joy you wield!

When the April sun is high,
Chasing frosts away,
Then you waken from your sleep,
Shining all the day.

When your leaves have grown out far
In their coats of green,
What a dainty dish you make
For a king or queen.

Roaring Spring, Pa.



Historic New England

T. H. Fernald, Belfast, Maine



Chapter XXIII.

Among the earliest settlers long hair was not permitted for the men. Men under sentence were offered release from punishment if they would "cut off their long hair into a civil frame." The hair could not hang over the neck, but in winter it was allowed to grow a little below the ears for warmth.

The women were not beyond reproach in regard to the fashion of hair-dressing. One minister addressed the women, from his pulpit, in the following words: "The special sin of women is pride and haughtiness, and that because they are generally more ignorant and worthless." Increase Mather gave them this thrust in his sermon in 1683: "Will not the haughty daughters of Zion refrain their pride in apparel? Will they lay out their hair, and wear their false locks, their borders, and towers like comets about their heads?"

The following rhyme was written by a Revolutionary soldier:

"Ladies you had better leave off your high rolls,
Lest by extravagance you lose your poor souls;
Then haul out the wool, and likewise the tow:
'Twill clothe our whole army we very well know."

According to Manassah Cutler, Mrs. General Knox wore the following head-dress in 1787: "Her hair in front is craped at least a foot high much in the form of a churn, bottom upwards, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form covered with black gauze which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid turned up and confined with a monster large crooked comb. She reminded me of the monstrous cap worn by the Marquis of La Fayette's valet, commonly called on this account the Marquise's devil."

One poet has written:

"Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her gay skull,
And gauze to encompass it round.

"Of all the gay colors the rainbow displays,
Be those ribbons which hang on her head;
Be her flowers adopted to make the folks gaze,
And about the whole work be they spread.

"Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least,
Let her curls meet just under her chin;
Let those curls be supported to keep up the list,
With an hundred instead of one pin."

It was difficult to settle the matter of wig-wearing. In 1675 the Massachusetts Legislature denounced wigs, but to no avail. The *Boston News Letter* of August 14, 1729, contained the following: "Taken from the shop of Powers Mariott, Barber, a light Flaxen Naturall Wigg Parted from the forehead to the Crown. The Narrow Ribband is of a Real Pinck Color. The Caul is in Rows of Red, Green and White." A reward of twenty shillings was offered for this wig. In 1754 they were offered for sale for £20, £15, and £12, 10s, according to their quality, size and gaudiness.

The *London Magazine* of 1753 contained the following list of the names wigs bore: "The pigeon wig, the cornet, the cauliflower, the royal bird, the staircase, the ladder, the wild boar's back, the temple, the rhinoceros, the crutch, the negligent, the chancellor, the out-bob, the large-bob, the half-natural, the chain-buckle, the corded buckle, the detached buckle, the jesenist-bob, the drop wig, the snail back, the spinage-seed, the artichoke." These names were derived from the article which they resembled, or their style. There were a great many other styles, but we will not give more here.

As early as 1716 the fashion was universal for men, women, and children, servants, in fact everybody, to wear wigs. Face powders, etc., were used by the ladies as far back as our first ancestors.

But little can be said of the bathing habits of the Puritans. Charles Francis Adams writes that there was not a bath room in Quincy, Mass., before 1820. What use would pitchers and tubs of water be in bedrooms in winter, when if exposed over night solid ice would be formed before the morning? The washing of linen in New England was done monthly, and we hope the personal bath was oftener.

We find "nail-knippers, pick-tooth cases, powder-puffs, lip-salves, ivory scratch-backs, flesh brushes, curling and pinching tongs" all advertised in New England in colonial days.

The Puritan church believed in simplicity of dress, yet individual members did not give up their vanity without a great struggle. We find from an inventory that the Massachusetts Bay Company furnished each emigrant this outfit in 1628: "Four peare shewes, four peare stockings, a peare Norwich garters, four

shirts, two sutes dublett and hose of leather lined with oiled skyn leather, ye hose and dublett with hookes and eyes, a sute of Norden dussens or Hampshire Kersies lyned, the hose with skins, the dubletts with lynen of gilford or gedlyman kerseys, four bands, two handkerchiefs, a wastcoate of green cotton bound about with red tape, a leather girdle, a Monmouth cap, a black hatt lyned in the browes with leather, five Red knit capps mill'd about 5d. a piece, two peare gloves, a mandillion lyned with cotton, one peare of breeches and waistcoat, and a leather sute of Dublett and breeches of oyled leather, and one peare of leather breeches and draws to serve to weare with both their other sutes."

Scarlet caps and green waistcoats bound with red made cheerful colors alongside of the leather breeches and buff doublets. Cassocks, doublets and jerkins were all similar in shape. Mandilions were cloaks made somewhat like the doublets, and were worn as an outer garment.

In 1634 the General Court ruled that no man or woman should buy either woolen or silk or linen apparel with lace, silver, gold or thread, without forfeiting the clothes. Neither were cut-work, embroidery and needlework caps, or bands, to be worn under the same penalty, or gold or silver girdles, hatbands, belts, ruffs, or beaver hats allowed. The men were fully as proud of finery as were the women. In 1676, at Northampton, thirty-eight women were arrested at one time for their "wicked apparell."

Rev. Solomon Stoddard in 1675 never wearied of preaching about dress, comparing the Puritan women to the daughters of Judah and Jerusalem, saying, as did Isaiah to the daughters of Zion: "The Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls and their round tires like the moon.

"The chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers,

"The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets and the earrings,

"The rings, and nose jewels,

"The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantels, and the wimples, and the crisping pins,

"The glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."—Isaiah 3: 18-23.

Every evil which the prophet predicted was rehearsed to the Puritan dames; fire, war, poor harvests and caterpillars, and even baldness, still it did no good.

In 1768 ready-made clothing for men first appeared for sale, with coats of all kinds as well as whole suits. In 1796 a large doll came from England dressed in the latest fashion. This was about the first we find on record of fashion models.

One of our Maine poets, Robert C. Waterston, gave forth these sentiments in the middle of the nineteenth century:

New England.

Here,—(where the East unbars the Gates of Day)
Love, Liberty and Law, hold genial sway;
While Patriots see, with honest joy and pride,
The Schoolhouse and the Church, stand side by side.

Here,—Poetry has swept her golden lyre;
Here,—Eloquence has breathed,—in words of fire;
Here,—Heaven-born worth a favored home has found;
Till the whole land seems consecrated ground!

Here,—Adams,—Quincy,—Otis,—Hancock stood
Defying danger, for their country's good;
Bravely they spoke, in fortune's darkest hour,
And kingdoms shook before their words of power!

Where through the past was there sublimer fame,
Than that connected with the Pilgrims' name?
What could a people have, or wish for more—
Than the immortal Rock on Plymouth shore?

Swift may each hallowed influence expand,
In ever-widening circles, o'er the land;
Till the fine Seed of Life, the "Mayflower" brought,
Sows the vast continent with Noble Thought!

There is much more that can be written about New England in colonial days, but for fear of wearying the readers, will close this series of articles with this chapter. We may occasionally give some folk-lore and legends, but for the present we bid you *adieu.*



REBIRTH.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

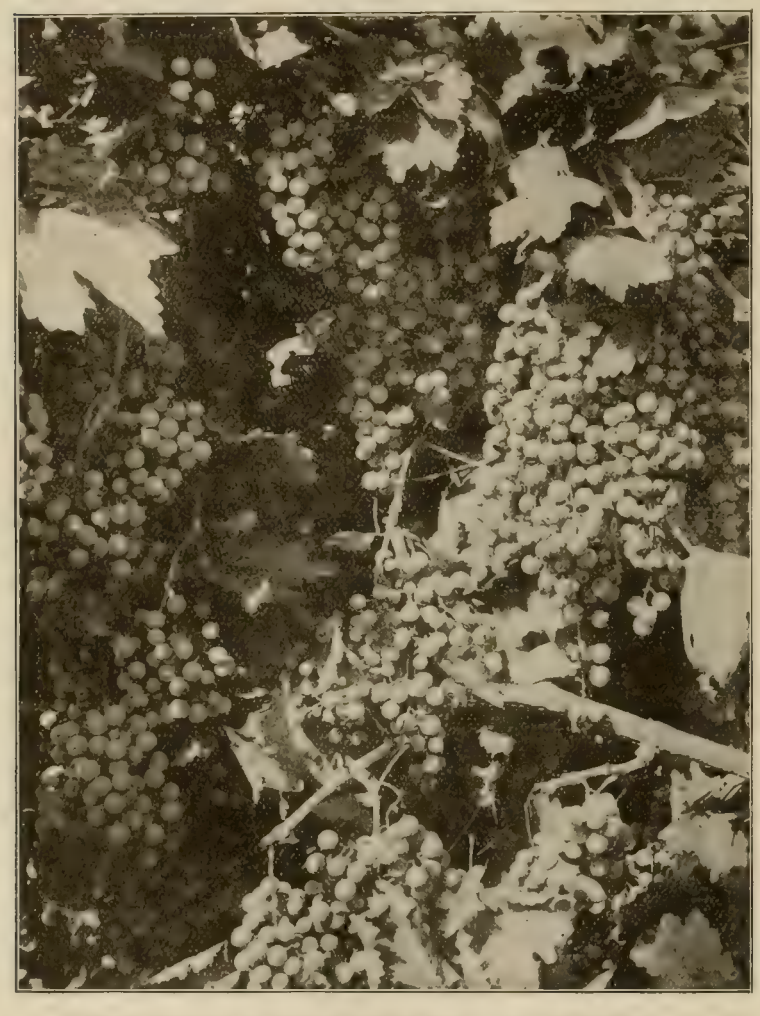
Tree, I have heard you groan,
When terror came with the winds,
With a voice not all your own
And a force not all wind-blown;
I have heard you moan and moan
In the silence of the night,
And I wondered if some flesh-shape fell
That you might see the light;
In ages past, did tragedy give you a life birthright?

Beside your massive base a single flower grows,
As tender as a dream of love—a white, unblemished rose?
Was this the benediction that fell upon the close?
Did death give back its answer in the whiteness of a rose?
Or is it then a little child in purity of pose
Who reaches up its lips so fair and drinks the dew and knows
A little life come back again, a dainty, white, child-rose?

Raisins, Peaches and Prunes

D. L. Miller

FRESNO County, California, is the center of the raisin, canned fruit, prunes and dried peach industry of the United States. Fresno County produces annually not far from five million dollars' worth of raisins, more or less, according to the ruling prices. Canned fruits are counted not by the case but by tons and carloads, and the same is true of the dried fruits annually shipped from Fresno and surrounding towns. While grain and alfalfa and melons and oranges and lemons are grown to perfection, Fresno County is the home of the vine and deciduous fruits, including the fig. The continuous sunshine and warm weather of summer and fall store a bountiful supply of sugar in the finest clusters of the most luscious grapes in the world. When these are dried you have the rich, sweet, meaty raisin so highly prized wherever they are known. Two tons and a half to the acre is considered a big crop and if the grower receives from three to four cents a pound for the dried fruit he feels well repaid for his labor and has a handsome profit on his investment. Good vineyards sell at about five hundred dollars an acre, the price depending somewhat on the improvements and productivity of the vines.



Great Clusters of Raisin Grapes Ready for the Trays.

Three miles from the city of Fresno is the Kearney raisin ranch, approached by a splendid driveway and avenue bordered on both sides with stately palms and eucalyptus trees. These evergreen trees afford a delightful and pleasant shade both summer and winter. Mr. Kearney was the largest raisin grower in the world and his estate still holds the raisin ranch. When I visited the place there were twelve hundred tons of raisins in his great storehouses. Here were also great stemming and seeding machines, with many complications, and here the dried grapes are prepared and packed ready for the market. Reedley, twenty-four miles from the Kearney ranch, has many fine vineyards and orchards. Raisin City, twelve miles away, it is thought will make a fruit center. It has the soil and climate and the water is to be had for the digging and pumping, and the vines and fruit trees will grow if planted and watered and cultivated. Organized churches of the Brethren are to be found at both these places and not far away at Kerman one is to be organized in the near future.

The Nookers may be interested in methods attending the growing of the grapes and turning them into the toothsome raisin. The white muscat is the grape commonly planted, although the Thompson seedless, a grape without seeds, is also grown to some extent. The vines are pruned in January and after this process is completed the vineyard looks like a field of small stumps arranged in rows. The muscat needs neither trellises nor posts. After the pruning the vines are cultivated and watered as they have need of moisture, and then are left to grow until the clusters are ripened and ready for cutting. It is a beautiful sight to look upon a vineyard in full, ripened fruitage. The grapes are so sweet that they are apt to pall on the taste but are just right for raisin making. There is sugar enough in them to preserve them and all that is now needed is to cut them

from the vines and dry them in the hot sunshine.

And here is where the Japanese gets in his work. He is deft with his fingers and can cut more grapes from the vine in a given time than can the American. The photograph herewith given, taken from the vineyard, explains how the work is done. Two rows of trays are laid between every other row of vines; this so that when the fruit is dried a wagon may be driven between the trayless rows to gather up the raisin trays and take them to the storehouse. After the grapes have been cut and put into the trays and are sufficiently dried on top they are turned over. This is done in the following manner: Two men take an empty tray and lay it upside down on top of the first full tray in the row; the two are then dextrously turned over, the dried grapes falling on the bottom of the empty tray and the undried on top. A couple of Japanese who are used to the work will turn the trays about as fast as one can walk at an ordinary gait. The tray first emptied is used on the next full one and so on until the work is ended and the undried grapes exposed to the rays of the sun.

The heat of the sun and the dry atmosphere, for the summers here are rainless, finish the drying process in a few weeks and the raisins are gathered and put into boxes and taken to the packing houses. These are to be found in all the towns in the raisin district. Here they pass through the sweating process which toughens the skin and moistens the fruit. They are then ready for the stemmer and seeder. Before this the finest and largest clusters are selected to be packed in boxes on the stems and are called London layers, the finest as well as the highest-priced raisin to be found in the market. These often bring, at retail, twenty-five cents a pound. The stemmer removes the stems and separates them from the raisins and the seeder does the same with the seeds. They are now ready to be packed for shipment to the markets of the world. Some are put up in pound packages and these into fifty pound cases while others are pressed, twenty-five or fifty pounds in boxes ready for the retailer. The Thompson seedless must have trellises or posts, otherwise they are treated the same as the muscat except that they being seedless are not run through the seeder. They produce a small but highly-prized raisin. Not less than sixteen thousand tons of raisins are produced in Fresno County and the territory adjacent to it.

And then there are the peaches, great, luscious fruit when ready for the drying, the largest and finest-looking in the world. They are picked from the trees, cut in halves, the pits removed,—the latter are sold by the ton for fuel and good fuel they make,—and the halves laid on trays with the cut side up ready for the sulphur house. This is an air-tight building arranged to hold a large number of trays filled with cut peaches. When the sulphur house is full of trays a sufficient quantity of sulphur is put on live coals, the house closed and the fumes of the sulphur keep the fruit from turning dark when dried and also preserve it from worms and other insect life. It is claimed that a moderate amount of sulphur adds to the healthfulness of the fruit. It certainly adds much to the appearance of the dried peach when offered for sale. The trays are removed from the sulphur house after some hours and laid out in the sun. At the largest orchards you may see acres and acres of ground covered with peach-laden trays placed out in the sun to dry. No dry houses are needed and none are used. No necessity for turning the trays while drying. After the drying process the fruit is taken to the packing houses, packed in suitable boxes ready for the retailer and shipped to



Raisins in the Drying Trays.

the market. The dried fruit brings the producer this year about six cents a pound. Some years the price has been as high as ten cents and then the peach grower realizes large profits. Apricots and nectarines are also grown and dried and are treated much the same as are the peaches.

And then there are the prunes, and what would college boarding life be without prunes? Years ago at the college with which I am best acquainted the boys in the dining room used to call prunes the staff of life. The plum or prune, called by either name when on the tree, is treated to a bath in a solution of lye before the drying. The lye eats away part of the thick skin and opens its pores to the rays of the sun. Without this process the fruit will not dry. After the lye bath the fruit is thoroughly rinsed in pure water and every particle of lye cleaned off. Then it is trayed and dried in the sun. The entire process of drying and packing all kinds of fruit is as cleanly and as sanitary as it is possible to be. One need have no fear on this point when using the dried fruit packed in these parts.



Acres of Peaches Drying in the Sun.

The fruit belt of Fresno County is being gradually extended and some fear overproduction, but it is claimed that if proper methods for marketing and the difference in the price received by the grower and that paid by the consumer is not too great three times the quantity now raised may be grown and marketed with profit to the grower. But when the grower receives, say two cents a pound for raisins, and the consumer pays from ten to fifteen cents a pound, too large a sum is going to the middlemen.

I am giving here a photo of a citron melon field which shows two things, first the productiveness of the soil, and to what perfection it grows this kind of melon. One can scarcely believe that melons grow so thickly as to almost cover the ground. Indeed were it not for the fact that I have seen them as thick on the ground where they grew as shown in the photo I would be wondering if some of them were not carried into the field.

POLITENESS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

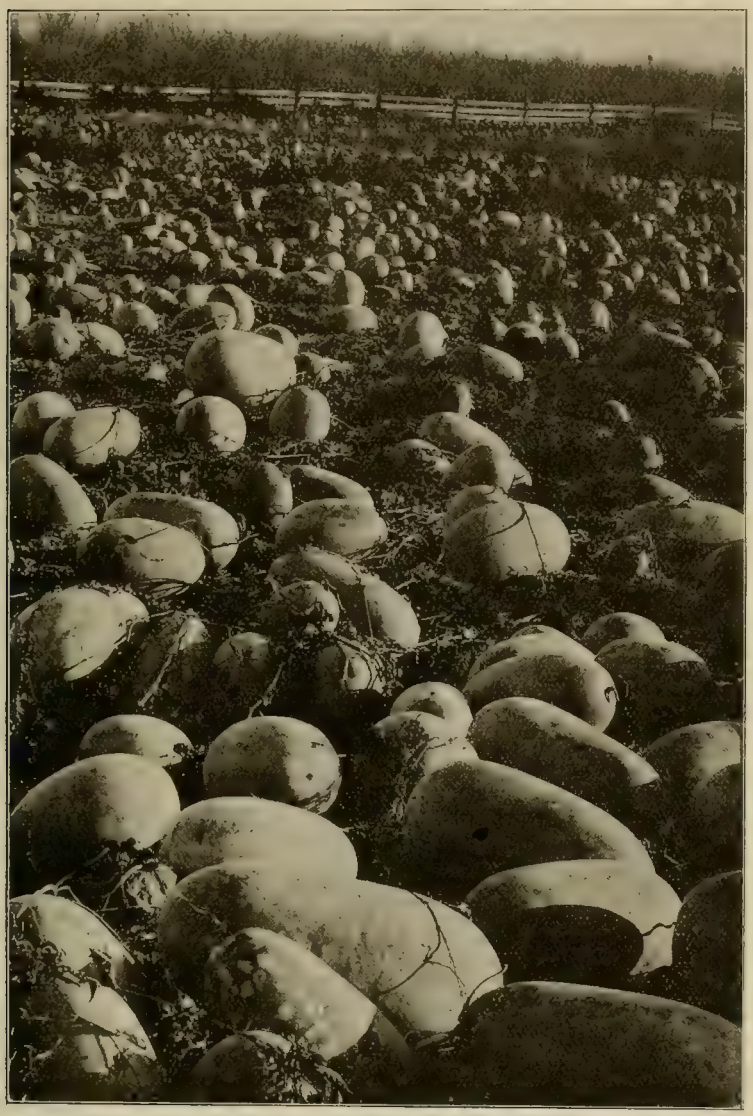
NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

SOME can interest and instruct us by narrating their experiences as leaders of little feet along the flowery pathway of knowledge and enlightenment a half-century ago, but the big-girl-graduate who has just won laurels at a modern Normal school, that "teaches the teacher to teach" would hardly care to be instructed in her occupation by one whose experience as a pedagogue does not reach farther than the last half-decade. But there are some things not taught to Normal classes that teachers should teach, and some lessons not in the textbook, that the children should learn. Of these, true politeness may well be classed as one.

Politeness is a lesson that children need. They need to be taught its true meaning, the kindness and thoughtfulness of others' welfare involved, the consideration of others' rights, and the treatment of their associates. These are lessons often neglected in the home. There is no other place more suitable for their training in these lines than in the schoolroom. Children of all classes and from all kinds of homes are brought together as one common family, and they should early learn the lesson that they are a part of the whole, and that their conduct influences greatly, either for the better or worse, the whole school family. They must learn to be good citizens of their little school community before they can learn to be good, useful citizens of their county, State and nation.

Some teachers seem to think that politeness is merely a form of doing and talking. A young teacher in a

Teachers' Institute complained about the impoliteness of her pupils in this manner: "I would like to know how you teach politeness in school. I've tried to teach it, but they don't learn a thing. Some days they will say, 'Excuse me ' and ' Thank you ' and ' If you please,' but the next hour it's all forgotten. It is such an ignorant neighborhood. No one seems to know such things." Her words showed an unkind disposition, but her face, voice and general manner revealed even more unmistakably her utter lack of sympathy with child-nature. One's first impression was, She herself does not know the first principles of true politeness,—how can she hope to teach it? She had only the form, not the spirit of politeness. Children thus taught, though even able to repeat the little phrases she mentioned, yet remain rude in speech, ungracious in manner, and unkind toward those around them.



A Citron Melon Field. Thicker Than Three in a Bed.

In one schoolroom was the motto,

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

The children learned it almost unconsciously by having it there constantly before them. It gave them impressions of much greater value than directions and rules how to bow gracefully (or otherwise) and to say little phrases, to them empty and meaningless, perhaps. Occasionally among the children were heard gentle reproofs or pleasant suggestions that they were not "polite like that motto says we should be." Their little troubles were sometimes quieted in that way. They learned to be watchful of themselves and others and their conduct as playmates was improved.

Teachers should not be afraid nor slow to express to their pupils their pleasure or appreciation of their improvement along all these lines. Children are not so easily "spoiled" in this way as one might think,—not so easily, indeed, as by being reproved and punished when they do wrong, and never a pleasant smile or word of appreciation when they do well. Tell them when they have been especially good. It will make them feel more at home at school. It gives them greater pride in their school, and greater respect and love for their teacher and each other. Children need be shown at least as much respect and kindness as would be given grown-ups, in dealing with them. They notice and appreciate it fully as much,—ofttimes more. Teaching the forms of politeness should not be neglected, but the true spirit of it needs to be especially emphasized. Kindness, which is real politeness, is always in season and up to date, and always pays.

IN SCHOOL

WHAT M. C. I. IS DOING.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

ALREADY two weeks of the spring term have elapsed. A number of new students, mostly public school-teachers, have taken advantage of the splendid opportunities offered here and have entered our Normal Department for spring term. We gladly welcome them.

The spring days have arrived at last. This change in the season has given a new impetus to athletics. A new athletic association has been organized here which will provide better opportunities for procuring physical health and bodily development than we have ever enjoyed before. A race track is being leveled now. A new baseball team has been organized. Also we have five good tennis courts. The campus is now beautiful in appearance.

In our last article the Fall of Rome was mentioned. You may ask the question, "What was the significance of the fall of Rome? and what was the cause?" The empire in the West fell 476 A. D.; the eastern empire continued until 1453 when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks. After the fall of the empire in the West, the civilization, political power, and influence, all at one time possessed by Rome, passed into the hands of the Barbarians of the North. The latter rushed into the bounds of the empire, plundered and pillaged her cities and fields, overcame the degenerated legions, and at last Rome as a nation could not longer exist. Her territory was divided among the various Teutonic tribes of the North. The one cause of the fall of Rome, there being many detailed divisions, was the corruption of her citizens. Some of our large cities, as New York, Chicago, etc., are doubtless very corrupt today. They are in high state of civilization as compared with Rome during her latter days. Religion became degenerated; morals and politics exceedingly corrupt; home life was almost unknown, the marriage tie being very loose. Thus Rome becoming so degenerate, likewise became weak, and as a result, gave barbarian tribes a splendid opportunity to overcome and subdue her territory.

After an extensive study of rational psychology, it is our conclusion that the mind does not have a direct gaze upon the natural world but forms mental images of natural objects by means of its categories. These categories are principles by which the mind works. There is one corresponding to time, space, number, cause, effect, etc. The mind does not see things as they actually exist in space and time but merely projects them in space and time by means of its categories. The mind thus does not see the actual material object but constructs a mental image like unto the real object. We do not have a direct gaze on the natural world but see only the mentals which the mind constructs like the natural objects.

The class in "Evidence of Christianity" has been studying some introductory work. In this part of the course the objections to various systems and religions opposing Christianity are considered. One of these is Pantheism. This system states that all nature is God and God constitutes all of nature. This system is untenable because we know there must be two kinds of substances, spirit and matter; the former controls the latter. Another system is materialism which states also that there is but one kind of substance matter. It attributes all mental activity to the brain and nervous system. We know, however, that the brain cannot think. We are thus shut up to the belief that there must be two kinds of substance, mind and matter; the former performs mental activity and is conscious after the death of the body. The belief in the immortality of the soul is based upon the last-named theory.

The class in Ethics has also been studying the introductory to the subject. Ethics is the science of conduct. It seeks to define and give us the ideal in conduct. The aim of the subject is to tell the rightness or wrongness of any line of conduct and this is conditioned by the result that will be produced by said line of conduct. In determining whether an act is right or wrong, we determine whether it will result in a good or bad thing.

From our Astronomical work, it will likely be of interest to our readers to learn some facts regarding our nearest neighbor the moon. It is a satellite of the earth; that is it moves around the earth in a fixed orbit, its mean distance from us being about 240,000 miles. The body is globular in form and is about one twenty-fourth the size of the earth in volume. According to best observations it has no atmosphere and no water on its surface unless frozen; in appearance the surface of the moon is dead and we are led to believe it supports no life at all. The surface is very rugged, being covered by mountains and volcanoes. In importance to the earth it is of the heavenly bodies second only to the sun. The moon has not so much influence upon the earth except, by help of the sun, it generates the tides. The current belief as to its influence over the weather and life are mere superstitions.

Union Bridge, Md.

SOME HEATHEN TESTIMONY CONCERNING INTEMPERANCE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

LIVING as we do in an age of progress, we are often very slow to recognize that any good act or sentiment can proceed from remote and heathen nations. We need only to scan the pages of history to learn that this is so. Very much are we like the Greeks of old, self-centered and self-opinionated, and self-satisfied, who called all others barbarians, although many of the so-called barbaric peoples could have taught the proud Greek lessons in art, morals and culture.

It was only a characteristic prayer of the man who said: "I thank God that I was born a man and not a brute, a Greek and not a barbarian." As if "brute" and "barbarian" were synonymous terms; so are we astonished sometimes to hear of morals and manners from any age but our own. What a surprise it was when people first learned that China had known the

use of steam ages before Stephenson was born; that the art of printing was practiced in that country centuries before Guttenburg or Faust discovered it to us, and that years ago the Chinese had established astronomical facts new to a Galileo or a Newton.

The modern theory of temperance and the principle of prohibition was taught and even legislated upon long before the dawn of Christianity. Anarcharis, the Scythian, said: "Wine bringeth forth three grapes, the first of *pleasure,* the second of *drunkenness,* and the third of *sorrow.*" Demosthenes, the renowned Greek orator, declared that: "To drink well is a property meet for a sponge, but not for a man." Seneca, the Roman moralist and philosopher, who lived about the time of Christ, taught that, to suppose it possible for a man to take much wine and retain a right frame of mind is as bad as to argue that he may take poison and not die, or the juice of the poppy and not sleep. Pliny, the younger, who lived during the apostolic period, and who bore such powerful testimony for Christianity, though unintentionally in his letters to the Emperor Trajan, tells of King Antiochus who forced his minions to drink wine, and they killed him. From this he draws the lesson that if we tempt others into wrongdoing, the consequences will fall upon ourselves. This tenet is paralleled by that teaching of Socrates in his last defense when accused of corrupting the Athenian youth.

It was the custom in early times for the cup-bearer, before presenting wine to the king and in the royal presence first to pour a few drops of wine into the left hand and drink it, in attestation of the fact that no poison had been put into the drink. History tells us of a youth, Cyrus by name, the cup-bearer of his grandfather, King Astyages, who upon one occasion approached the royal personage; his athletic form pleased the king, and as Cyrus presented the golden cup poised on three fingers as he well knew how, the king commended the act; "but," said he, "you have forgotten to taste the wine yourself." "No," replied Cyrus, "it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted the ceremoney." "Why, then," said Astyages, "for what reason did you not do it?"

"*Because I apprehended there was* poison in the liquor." "Poison, child, how could you think so?" "Yes, poison, father, for not long ago at an entertainment you gave to the lords of your court, after the guests had drunk a little of that liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned; they sang, made a noise, and talked, they did not know what; you, yourself seemed to have forgotten that you were king, and they, that they were subjects; and when you would have danced you could not stand on your legs." "Why," said Astyages, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?" "No, never," answered Cyrus, "What then? How is it with him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drunk, his thirst is quenched, and that is all."

Lycurgus, the Spartan law-giver, who did so much to make the Spartans stalwart men and brave and daring soldiers, strictly prohibited the use of strong drink, and drunkenness was unknown to that nation. So with the early Romans and Britons, when wine was taken at all it was greatly reduced by water; and where have we a record of a healthier, or sturdier race than our early ancestors? Augustine, that wild and vicious young pagan who was converted to Christianity through the prayers of a pious mother, and who afterwards became Bishop of Hippo, and one of the soundest theologians of the early church, speaking of wine, said: "It is the mother of all mischief, the root of all crimes, the spring of vices, the whirlwind of the brain, the overthrow of the sense, the tempest of the tongue, the ruin of the body, the wreck of chastity, a loss of time, the stain of honesty and the plague and corruption of the soul."

As early as 959 A. D., when but a nominal Christianity was feebly felt in England, King Edgar ordered a row of pins to be attached to the mouth of the drinking cup, that only the merest quantity of wine might be taken at one draught.

And yet, when we look back into the darkness of paganism, to be confronted by such witnesses should we not cry "Shame! thrice shame upon us," who boast of our modern culture and civilization and at the same time tolerate the sale of strong drink? How can we attempt to convert the heathen in obedience to Christ's command? "Preach the gospel to every creature," we are told. And yet here we have that problem at home of strong drink. How can we teach the *world* in the face of such gross inconsistency?

The Chinese government, perceiving the terrible result of the opium habit, took measures to prohibit the importation of that drug. English merchants who were reaping immense gain from the pernicious traffic persisted even at the cost of the souls and bodies of their fellow-men. England waged war with China, and in 1842 the Chinese were defeated and forced to open their markets to the opium trade. And yet England calls herself a Christian nation! As long as the English language lasts, as long as history has an utterance, there will be a stain on the escutcheon of England which no words can obliterate, nor time efface. The greatest hindrances to the Christian missions today are the inconsistencies of professedly Christian people. Traders in the northwest territories have told us that so long as an Indian cannot speak English you many place in him the most implicit trust, but as soon as he has come in contact with civilized people and learned the English language, he has learned also the vices and deceits of those people.

(Continued on Page 384.)

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THIS week we are publishing the article referred to some time ago written by Eld. D. L. Miller on one of the leading industries of California, that of raising and marketing fruit.

A CONTEST FOR OUR HOUSEKEEPERS.

SOME time ago we made mention in these pages of our desire that the Home World Department should be composed almost wholly of material contributed by our own homemakers. About that time we published some very excellent contributions in that department written and sent to us by men belonging to the INGLENOOK family. The result has been twofold: our housekeepers have enjoyed reading the contributions and profited by the helpful thoughts and suggestions contained in them, and they themselves have been stirred up and made to see the opportunity that is open to them to help others in the same way; and many of them are realizing through their own contributions the satisfaction that comes from such service.

But we have not yet reached the limit of our possibilities. There are many, many of our housekeepers who know all the ins and outs of housekeeping who have heard of or "happened onto" ever so many helpful ideas and yet they have never sent us a word that might help some young or inexperienced homemaker. Can you tell, housekeepers, how often you have averted a loss, met a crisis—saved the day, as it were—simply by a trick you learned somewhere? Well, why not share that very helpful idea with your fellow-housekeepers?

This week we are publishing a symposium by several young women who are at present in school and are studying the theory of housekeeping. Our most practical and accomplished housekeepers will agree that for the subject considered these girls have hit upon the right theory—that a housekeeper must work by a system if she is to do her work properly and have any time for reading or recreation. We are grateful to these girl students for this suggestion on a very important subject, but all experienced housekeepers know that more is needed—in the way of an actual outline of the housework—if the suggestion is to be of practical value to the one seeking light on this question.

Our plan is to have our housekeepers complete this idea of system in housekeeping by giving their own order of doing the work. Tell us what you do on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., and why you do certain work on certain days, and how you do certain things so as to save time and still do them well.

In order to get a generous response to this appeal we will make this a contest and offer the following prizes:

For best article on "My Program for Doing My Housework," a two years' subscription to the INGLENOOK.

For second best article, one year's subscription to the INGLENOOK.

For third best, the Inglenook Cook Book. These three articles will be published in the INGLENOOK and also others received in the contest which we deem worthy of publication.

If your subscription has been paid up for this year, it will be extended one or two years, according to whether you win second or first prize.

The articles should contain not less than three hundred and not more than seven hundred words. They should be type written, or written plainly with pen and ink, on one side of the paper only. If there are small children in the family, be sure to include their care in giving the outline of your work.

All articles for the contest should be in our hands by June 1.

While the symposium in this issue considers only the work of women on the farm, the contest is open to all our readers who are actually engaged in housework. If any of our men folks belong to this class, they are welcome to take part in it.

If the contest is a successful one, there will be others to follow.

REFORMING THE FOURTH.

EVERY year when the people read the long list of those killed and maimed as a result of our "observing" Independence Day, some very excellent resolutions are passed to the effect that another year will see a difference in our method of celebrating. The resolutions are made in good faith; all people who have any idea of the comparative value of mere noise and human lives agree that the former is obtained at an awful price and that true patriotism and real appreciation of the event celebrated have scarcely any part at all in the present-day celebrations; but we live so fast—time hurries us

on from one event to another so rapidly—that before we are aware another year has slipped by and we have failed to put our resolutions into effect.

At least this has been the case generally. Here and there we have had an exception in the forethoughtful man who knows a Fourth cannot be made sane in a day and has acted accordingly. In every instance the result has given encouragement to those who are in earnest about the reform. This year the question is already being agitated by some of our leading periodicals and the governor of one State, who is in a position to do more than agitate, is using his power to prevent the sale of dangerous explosives. Now if the rest of us, little and great, who long to witness a Fourth from which will rise no cry of suffering little children, no wail of broken-hearted mothers and fathers, will use the full strength of our influence toward heading off the preparations for a bloody Fourth much may be accomplished to that end. And then after laws have been enacted looking to a sane observance of the Fourth and the protection of life, if each one of us will carefully keep within these laws and endeavor to have others do the same, we may in a large measure rid the land of the evils that have reigned on that day.

In order to refresh our minds as to the facts in regard to the loss of life due to the present method of celebrating the Fourth, we give some figures which appear in the April number of the *Ladies' Home Journal;* also a remedy successfully used by a large city last year.

Notwithstanding the efforts that were made in many places for a sane Fourth, "5307 persons were killed, blinded, maimed and injured last year, the largest total, save two, for the last seven years." In the magazine mentioned above appear three full-page pictures. One shows 171 hands, mostly hands of children, from which one or more fingers have been torn, raised in mute protest "against a repetition of the senseless and needless holocaust of last Fourth of July's celebration." Another shows 63 little children with heads and limbs bandaged—maimed and disfigured on the same day, and the third represents 215 boys and girls whose spirits were wafted into eternity that the nation might observe (?) its natal day!

In the following cities the sale or explosion of all fireworks was forbidden last year: Cleveland, Ohio; Minneapolis, Minn.; Toledo, Ohio; Washington, D. C.; Springfield, Mass.; LeMars, Iowa; Baltimore, Md.; Saint Petersburg, Fla.

"Doubtless there are other cities which have escaped our attention where all Fourth of July fireworks have been prohibited. In several cities last year the restriction plan was tried with more or less success. But absolute prohibition has been found the only feasible plan. How well the prohibition plan works out is shown in this striking contrast of hospital figures from Washington, D. C.:

"Number of persons treated at Washington, D. C., local hospitals for injuries from explosives:

Hospitals	July 4, 1908 (When fireworks were allowed.)	July 4, 1909 (When fireworks were prohibited.)
Emergency,	25	00
Casualty,	6	00
Freedmen's,	5	00
Georgetown,	10	00
Garfield,	4	00
Providence,	0	00
Homeopathic,	52	00
Children's,	2	00
Totals,	104	00

"The remedy to bring about a safe and sane Fourth of July is simple enough. All it requires is such an ordinance as was passed last year by the City Council of Cleveland, Ohio:

No person shall fire any cannon, gun, rifle, pistol, toy pistol or firearms of any kind, or fire or explode any squib, rocket, cracker or Roman candle, or other combustible fireworks, or make use of any sling, within the city.

No person, firm or corporation shall, within the city, sell, offer for sale, or have in his or its possession or custody any toy pistol, squib, rocket, cracker or Roman candle, or fire balloon, or other combustible fireworks, or any article for the making of a pyrotechnic display. Provided that nothing in this section contained shall be construed as to prohibit the Board of Public Service from giving pyrotechnical displays of fireworks in the public parks whenever said Board is thereunto directed by resolution of council.

Any person violating any of the provisions . . . shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not exceeding One Hundred Dollars ($100.00), or imprisoned in the workhouse not exceeding thirty days, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

"But the people of every community must ask for such an ordinance and insist that it shall be passed. And now, before we get too close to another Fourth of July, is the time to act."

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts!
  Let there be wisdom on the earth!
  Let broad humanity have birth!
Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

Within our passioned hearts instill
  The calm that endeth strife;
  Make us thy ministers of Life;
Purge us from lusts that curse and kill!

Give us the peace of vision clear
  To see our brothers' good our own,
  To joy and suffer not alone:
The love that casteth out all fear!

Let woe and waste of warfare cease,
  That useful Labor yet may build
  Its homes with love and laughter filled!
God, give thy wayward children Peace!

—William Merrell Vories



THE HOME WORLD



A Symposium for Farm Women

NOT long since, in one of our State institutions, a group of more than forty young women were together in a class studying rural sociology. The represented many different sections, and varied a good deal as to age and experience; yet the majority of them knew country life at first-hand; most of them had been reared on a farm, or had lived on a farm for a considerable period.

One of the textbooks used contained a chapter entitled, "Opportunities for Farm Women." Under this head the author discussed the Grange, farmers' institutes, the "Town and Country Club," special forms of rural education, and standard reading matter, pointing out the benefits that the farm woman of the present may derive from these various agencies.

At the close of the lecture on this chapter the teacher of the class remarked that the author had apparently made every point clear except one: How is time to be found for doing these things?

Accordingly, the following problem was proposed to the class: "How may farm women secure some leisure, at least occasionally, for reading and study, for the preparation of papers, and for attending clubs, institutes, etc.?"

About three weeks' time was given for the consideration of this question, and all answers were submitted in writing. From the forty-odd papers submitted, the teacher selected fifteen; these were submitted to three ladies, all of practical experience, who separately selected the five they deemed best. Finally, the teacher of the class compared the different reports, and announced the results. The following are the papers adjudged the best, though a number of others were deemed worthy of honorable mention.

THE PROBLEM: *"How may farm women secure some leisure, at least occasionally, for reading and study, for the preparation of papers, and for attending clubs, institutes, etc.?"*

---

(1) HAVE a place for everything, and put everything in its place.

(2) Have a certain time to rise in the morning, and do not lie in bed over time.

(3) So much time is wasted by the farmer's wife by putting off things for tomorrow which ought to be done today.

(4) Do all the work possible in the morning, since you always feel more like work then than you do in the afternoon, Save the afternoon for reading and for laying plans for social work.

(5) When company comes a great mistake the housewife makes is to run herself nearly to death preparing the meals. She should use her common sense and prepare something that can be done quickly, without much trouble.

I hope these few suggestions will make the farmer's wife realize the importance of managing her work so as to have some leisure hours for reading.

MARY L. SILVEY.

FIRST, the woman on the farm must have her work systematically arranged, and should have her house supplied with necessary conveniences: water, ice, refrigerator, bath room, etc. The cook room should be the best supplied of any room in the house. Nothing helps more with one's work than having water always at hand, cooking utensils in abundance, as well as provisions; and if one must do all her work without help she should of course have a washing machine: if not the whole, certainly a wringer.

Of course everyone will say she must be an early riser and industrious. She must have a time for everything, as well as a place; and her work as far as possible should be mapped out in advance each day. Since experience is the best teacher, she will likely learn with patience how to arrange her work so as to bring the best results.

This ideal woman must know or soon learn that "a stitch in time saves nine"; in the long summer days, often of plenty, she must provide as far as it is possible and economical for the short winter days, by drying fruit, canning fruit and vegetables, and preserving.

She should have a nice place to keep left-overs, since there is no danger of serving anything sour if one is careful, and it is certainly a saving of time on the next day's work to have something already prepared. She must see that the necessary supplies are kept on hand.

Every morning should be begun by asking for Divine guidance, that she may be ready to meet discourage-

ments in life and work, and to go steadily on with a brave heart.

And now I feel that this too must be said: A woman must not make of herself such a slave for the family as some housewives do, but each member of the family should wait on himself so far as is right.

Under the conditions outlined above I think the woman on the farm may surely find time for church-going, attending social clubs, and being well read and ready to help in all that makes for social welfare in her community. For the less fortunate woman all this may be more difficult, but she can at least accomplish a part of what others can do, and be satisfied that she has done her best under the circumstances.

DAISY SHUMAN.

THE farm woman is one, above all, who is never without employment. The various duties of farm life require constant attention; therefore, opportunities for leisure hours must be made. Under such circumstances, one is apt to feel that she must slight her work in order to read, study, attend clubs, or participate in institutes, but by wise and careful management she may find some time to devote to such interests.

The first thing necessary is to use system. One's work must be planned ahead, and everything done at the proper time. The farm woman must not be an extremist in anything, nor must she be a slave to fortune. Then, too, she must possess the art of living the "simple life," which after all is the very best.

In order to secure leisure and use it to the best advantage the farm woman must just work patiently, without worrying, and simply be on the alert for opportunities for self-improvement and study. By doing this she will find that her business will prosper better, and work will be lighter and more pleasant, and in the end she will have accomplished more than if she had been a mere drudge. Constantly seeking time for self-improvement is one of the best ways of finding profitable leisure hours.

The woman who works systematically and is a good manager will always find some time that she can devote to outside work. NORA SPITZER.

"I HAVEN'T time," is the cry of every country woman when it is suggested that she do some literary work for her own improvement and pleasure.

No, of course she hasn't time as long as she thinks so, and makes no effort to find it.

Every woman has some executive power. Let her systematize her work. Many say they haven't time to work out a system. Why not do it while darning a stocking or milking a cow? One of the chief faults with country women is that they do not think as they work, or that they think only of trivialities. Why not think of some educative subject instead of neighborhood gossip? But how is one to get the germ of good thought around which more good thoughts may grow? Here is where the system is going to bring in its hour of rest in the afternoon.

The milking of the cows, the tending of the chickens, cooking and churning can surely be kept out of the afternoon hours. To accomplish this, begin with the older children. Give each a task to do, for example, give each a brood of chickens to care for. This plan will not only lighten the housewife's work, but also bring up friendly rivalry among the children.

"But the afternoon is when I do my mending." Yes, very true; but pack it up and carry it over to Mrs. Smith's and mend with her. Yet beware of gossiping: talk about the book you read in your rest hour yesterday.

The next cry will be, "I haven't any horse, and my neighbors are too far away for me to walk."

Now, the well-regulated husband, for everyone must be well-regulated in this household, can easily keep another horse—one for your special use.

True, a lot of time is spent on the road, but is it time lost? No. Are you not studying nature? Some new beauty is being revealed to you at every turn.

Let every country woman now think over and realize, "Where there is a will there is a way."

M'LEDGE MOFFETT.

How may farmers and their wives secure time to attend institutes, horticultural meetings, and school entertainments? To the busy farmer and his wife this, of course, seems almost an impossibility.

There is always something to do on the farm, from dawn to twilight; and with the wife the cares do not end with the serving of the evening meal, as is the case with her husband, but go on into the "wee small hours of the night."

This problem will have to be solved through systematizing one's work. System may appear to be a waste of time at first, but after it has been carefully followed for a while it will prove a time-saver, and the wonder will be, "Why did I not think of this plan long ago?" System is only a plan worked out.

Each member of the family should have his work to do; then the burden will not fall so heavily upon father or mother, and all may have time for reading or entertainment.

I know of a good example, which illustrates my point exactly, of a family of five children, on a West Virginia farm. There are three daughters and two sons in the family. One of the daughters does the cooking all the time, another cleans up the house, while the third attends to the dairy: then the mother takes care of the poultry, and overlooks the work. In this way the burden does not fall so heavily upon any one. This family attends all entertainments and picnics in their neighborhood. Of course not all mothers have

such helping daughters and sons; and when the children are small there really seems to be a poor chance of giving up the work even for one evening a week. Here is where the great need of system comes in: plan the work so that you will have so much for today and so much for tomorrow; but do not try to do it all in one day or night.

After dinner is an excellent time to rest awhile, and read some. After supper comes another time that should be thus improved.

There are so many labor-saving devices and machines for the farm and the home now that there seems little excuse why the progressive farmer and his wife should not have some time for reading and self-culture.

MAY S. HAMILTON.

TOO LATE.

If I had known your eyes would turn away
From smiling into mine: that I—alone—
Should stand beside your silent form some day;
I should have been more tender, had I known.

I could not hear the silent waters creep
Close to your feet, or I (you know it, dear!)
Would not have said the words that made you weep,
Nor left unsaid the words you longed to hear.

So many years I saw you in your place,
I never dreamed that you could steal away—
That I should lose the rare and gentle grace
Of your dear presence in my life, some day.

The words unspoken, kindness left undone,
These rise in tears of vain regret, today;
I knew your worth and loved you, patient one—
Would I had told you ere you went away.

—Selected.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

ROSIE S. MYERS.

TIME in its flight is recording our passing days and years, and we are growing old in spite of any protest. It gives us no little concern when our eyes grow dim, our hair begins to fade, and the wrinkles gather in our face, for these things are unmistakable evidences of the truthfulness of the above subject. Yet how hard it is for us to realize that our shadows are lengthening and that we have almost lived to the age allotted unto man.

It seems but a short time since we were children at play, but where are now our companions and classmates at school, yes, echo answers, where? Many have gone the way of all the earth and with a few only have we been permitted to mingle through the passing years, while others are scattered far and wide over the country's domain. And oh! what change time has wrought in their appearance when we occasionally meet some friend of our youth from whom we have long been separated. We scarcely recognize in the man or the woman, the boy or the girl of our childhood days and we longingly say,

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time in its flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."

But alas! the visions of the past can only be seen through memory's eye, and as we recall the schoolroom scene and the many attractions of the circle at home, we find that friendship's chain has so frequently been broken that only a few shattered links remain.

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

"We are stronger, and we are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

"Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We seek it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again."

Let us live so then that when the last syllable of our time is recorded and the tomorrows never come to us again that we may meet the sainted friends of other days in heaven, where one moment of its joys is worth more than all the pleasures of a well-spent lifetime and where separations are never known.

Curryville, Pa.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

HAND LOTION:—Two ounces quince seed boiled in two quarts of water, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine, ten grains pulverized borax, five grains of salicylic acid, one drachm oil of witch hazel, one drachm oil of bay. Soak the quince seed over night in warm water and after boiling set on back of stove to keep warm. Mix other ingredients in bottle, strain quince water and add, mix thoroughly and add perfume. Also equal parts of glycerine, camphor and bay rum make an excellent hand lotion.

GET five cents' worth of gum arabic, dissolve it with warm water and you have a better and cheaper mucilage than you can buy at the stores.

IF garments stained with ink be washed in sweet milk before wetting with water, all the stains will disappear.

A BROOMHANDLE or stick placed in a cask or barrel of water will prevent it from bursting the hoops if frozen.

ALCOHOL rubbed on the window panes will prevent them from becoming covered with frost in cold weather.

TURPENTINE will kill all germs and prevent a fresh cut from becoming sore if applied immediately.

TWO tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar put into starch will give a gloss to clothing when ironed.

A NEVER FAIL SPONGE CAKE.

A GOOD sponge cake should be yellow as gold, of velvet softness and very tender. If this rule is strictly followed, such a cake will be the result. Separate the yolks and whites of four eggs; then beat the whites until stiff enough to remain in the bowl if inverted; then beat into them half a cupful of granulated sugar; powdered sugar makes tough cakes, and proper beating does away entirely with the grain. Beat the yolks and add to them a half cupful of sugar, beating for five minutes—this latter is very important, as the delicate texture of the cake depends upon it. Add to the yolks the strained juice and grated rind of one lemon; now beat well together the yolks and the whites. At this stage, beating is in order, but must be absolutely avoided after adding the flour, of which take the cupful. The mixture should now look like a puff-ball, and the flour is to be stirred in very lightly, the cupful of sugar must be generous and the flour scanty. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Just before putting in the oven sprinkle the top (through a sifter) with about a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. This gives the "crackly" appearance on top crust so desirable.—*Table Talk.*

GETTING EARLY WATERMELONS.

A WRITER in the February issue of *The Fruit-Grower,* St. Joseph, Mo., which is devoted especially to gardening subjects, tells how he gets early watermelons. He opens out a deep furrow, running east and west, throwing the soil in a ridge on the north side of the furrow. He plants his melon seeds on the south side of this ridge, where the soil gets the direct rays of the sun, and where it warms up first. Everyone appreciates that snow will melt more quickly on the south slope of a roof than it will on the level ground. Likewise, this south side of the ridge warms up first.

After the plants are well up, and when danger from late frosts is past, the ridge is worked down in the furrow, and the plants are left on level ground.

Another advantage in planting on the ridge is that in case frost is threatened the crest of the ridge will protect the tender plants somewhat, and they can be easily covered with paper, if desired.

"WHITE and enameled and brass bedsteads are cleaned by soaking a flannel cloth in olive or sweet oil, and rubbing the furniture with it, polishing it off with a clean dry cloth. Spots may be taken from furniture by rubbing with a soft cloth dampened with turpentine, rubbing it off quickly and thoroughly."

The Children's Corner

THE STORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

THE other day I read a little story, written by Amos R. Wells, which was so good that I want to repeat it here for the benefit of our little folks.

There was once a drop of muddy water, just as muddy as mud could be. The drop lay in the middle of one of the blackest puddles in the whole length of the road. Horses splashed through it, wheels stirred it up, and drivers complained about it, and the poor drop of water at last got thoroughly ashamed of itself.

"Oh, I wish I could get away from all this ugliness and meanness and dirt!" it cried.

"Well, why not?" asked the breeze, blowing over it.

"Why not? How could I?" answered the muddy drop.

"Ask the sun. He is strong and kind, and he will lift you out of the puddle."

"But the sun is far away, so far away; millions and millions of miles."

"No; his rays are here, all about you. Can't you see them and feel them?"

"But the sun is great, and I am so little."

"Yes, the sun is great, but not too great, you see, to send a special ray of light to shine just on you, small drop as you are."

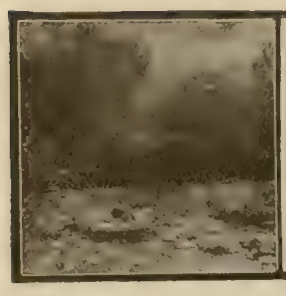
"But I am so black, and dirty, and ugly, down here in the mire; and the sun, I am sure, from his light, is pure and beautiful. I do not dare ask him."

"Never mind that. Just ask him, and see what will happen."

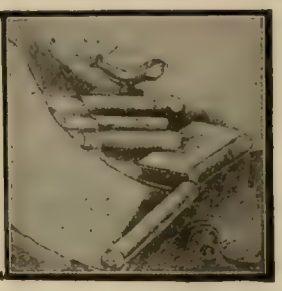
So the muddy drop asked the great, pure, beautiful sun to lift her up out of the disagreeable, black mud-puddle, and the sun did it at once. Up, up, up, went the drop, drawn by the sun's kind heat, until she rested in a lovely cloud, floating across the sky, and the cloud let her down on a magnificent mountain. She fell into a spring, a perfect mossy pool, full of the purest water that ever was.

And then the drop began to fear that she would spoil this pure water, coming into it, and so she looked at herself. And lo! she found that when the sun drew her up into the cloud she had left all the mud and impurity behind.

So when we look unto Jesus, who is the Sun of Righteousness, our hearts are made pure and clean.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR



A SONG OF TRUST.

MARY C. STONER.

What if thy way is dreary?
What if thy heart is sad?
Thy God still rules in heav'n,
Thy way may yet be glad.

Canst thou not trust his guiding,
O wearied, troubled soul,
E'en though the waves of sorrow
Like billows o'er thee roll?

Does he not stand beside thee,
And long to give his grace?
Just lift thine eye confiding
And see his smiling face.

Look up, beyond thy sorrows
There's much to cheer the heart,
When Jesus reigneth in the bosom
And doth his love impart.

How can we pine for loved ones,
When Jesus stands so near?
When he who bore all burdens
Can drive away each fear?

Just ask him for his guidance,
And trust the mighty pow'r
That rules and sways the nations,
That sleepeth not one hour.

Go forth e'en though thy body
Still bears the cruel thorn,
And praises sweet shall crown thee
And peace thy brow adorn.

Still trusting in his mercy,
Thy heart rejoicing sings,
For his salvation reigneth
And joy his leading brings.

And thou shalt say with gladness,
Thou hast been good to me;
I thank thee, Lord, my Savior,
I'll ever trust in thee.

Soul Winning

W. Arthur Cable

It shall not be the purpose of this article to consider solely the winning of souls for Christ and the church; but rather shall it debate the attitude of the would-be winner, and results attending such interview. Whether or not one intentionally springs a question, or it arises in friendly conversation, attitude of approach and results attendant sum themselves up the same way.

There are people who have the idea that everything not coinciding with their view of life is vain, hopelessly vain, and participators in such thoughts are doomed to eternal banishment. The pessimist struts forward with an "alas, they're lost"! groaning in his sordid spirit that there are contrary winds to *his* doctrine. The Master's sacred words are stained by his use. "O perverse generation when will you view things in *my* light?" escapes his crusty lips.

A weakling of the community has been ensnared by folly; a lamb of the flock has erred; some one, at a weak point and unguarded, has been overcome: a mistake, the weakness of mankind, has inveigled some poor soul. Fellow-travelers with the erring one are arrested for a moment: Satan as an angel of light at once sallies forth in search of some one among that throng to aid him in his work of destruction.

The high-headed bigot stirs in his place, is seized with a convulsive shaking of the head, bustles around considerably, and in a moment or so he stands, with dignified mien,—perhaps convicted within himself that he has allowed the face of a transgressor to meet *his* righteous gaze,—before the meek offender, looking down upon him with haughty scorn. "And to think!" he begins, "to think that *you*, as smart and intelligent as *you* claim to be, would deliberately commit such a misdemeanor. Why, it's preposterous to think about! A person that has had so many advantages, surrounded by righteous people, with a model life to pattern after at all times,—O, how I thank my God that *I* am not in degradation and disgrace, as you are! Such a person is not fit to live in a community of righteous folk; ought to be drummed out to live with the beasts of the field. O, ruined wretch!" and with that he turns away to seek another victim and destroy him.

Again he singles out a fault from the many for which he is continually watching. The person is in doubt; on the verge of one decision, as near another. The critical moment has come,—and so has the soul-destroyer. O, fates, forbid him! But on he comes. He notes the condition of the penitent. He approaches at first with a lordly air, gradually droops his feathers, assumes a wilted aspect, screws down the corners of his mouth, sighs as though his poor heart would break, and by the time he is ready to "say something," a funeral dirge is plainly written on his countenance. "O, poor soul! I know you're weak; I know you are.

at present, incapable of decision. Do let a stronger spirit help you to decide." And the "poor soul," who perhaps has been previously engaged in a high and noble work, and is just now exerting himself to the utmost to surmount an exceptionally difficult barrier, at once resents the bigot's intrusion; is mired more deeply in his slough. "O, we're so sorry for you! We're praying for you. O, what a shame that you are not willing to decide aright."

And now the devil's instrument retires, and leaves the sunken being to his fate. And he soliloquizes: "O why do people act contrary to what they certainly know to be right? Haven't I tried to help them? Have I not done my best to lead people to the better choice?" And in his heart he feels that he has cleansed his hands of their blood, and thinks not in the least that his part has deluged them finally into the worst.

But we are arrested by another figure. His noble build and carriage are characteristics of admiration. Across his countenance privation, suffering, and love for lost humanity are plainly written. He seems always to be on the alert for some one in need of help. And he finds such an one now;—such an one as needs but little encouragement to start him aright; but a word to send him to perdition. And choice indeed must be the word that does not fulfill the latter mission.

The angel of hope approaches, humbly and lovingly. No deathlike silence does he carry with him. A blustering condemnation is not his to wield. But, as sinner to sinner, brother to brother, he strives to impart the spirit of his message. He pleads earnestly. He seeks to reach the individual from the latter's own viewpoint. "Come, my brother! You are not lost! Christ ransomed his life for you! Tread underfoot one little mistake and make towards the goal for the highest. See what mighty things you are to achieve! Eternal success awaits your decision! Surrender to what you believe to be right! You cannot overcome the loss of the love of fellow-man. Yes, I know your sensibilities require it. And you shall receive it! God is good! He works wonders! Come! An effort on your part will bring you the needed sympathy. You can lack none but Christ will supply. I love you! It's a little thing. Christ loves you! It's the greatest thing conceivable; return it! Come! You're on the way! You're going! You're going! O Lord!" and with a mighty effort the brand is wielded, the blow is struck, and the fallen one gains the victor's meed, the victor's crown.

Scottville, Michigan.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

God's plan is not so obscured but that his children may catch a glimpse now and then, put in a lever here and there, and turn its streams into new channels. There is much to die for, but more to live for, much to sacrifice, but more to enjoy, if we but humble that pride of which the poet speaks, and share with others the great good which is ours from day to day.

There is an odd reflection of Mrs. Browning's that comes to my mind just now, a few lines from "Aurora Leigh" where that same "Cousin Romney," after failing in his attempt to set the world right by hurried and unnatural methods, is brought to humility and thus reflects:

> "I do but stand and think,
> Across dim waters of a troubled life
> The Flower of Heaven so vainly overhangs—
> What perfect counterpart would be in sight
> If tanks were clearer. Let us clean the tubes
> And wait for rains."

It is a fitting injunction for all hearts to take—"Let *us clean the tubes* and wait for rains," patiently wait at times, but always with the belief that God's plan is a good working plan, and faith can do wonders today as in days of old.—*Kate Restieaux.*

A GOOD CHURCH MEMBER.

He believes in his church. He loves it. He gives himself to it. He prays for it, and speaks kindly of it. He does not put a stumbling-block in the way of his brethren, and avoids those things which may grieve them or cause them to offend. He is charitable in his judgment, and promotes peace. He feels it a duty to build up his own congregation. He cheers his brethren and his pastor by regular attendance upon the public service. He helps the pastor, and does not leave him preach to empty pews, with an aching heart, or to carry on the prayer meetings alone. It is no slight excuse that keeps him from the Lord's Supper. The appointments of his church and the memory of his Savior are sacred to him. He does not trifle with either. He does not long continue derelict in duty to church, so as to become liable to discipline. He keeps his covenant solemnly made with his church when he entered its fellowship. God bless our good members, old and young, and constantly increase their number! Let lively stones be laid into the spiritual temple.—*Selected.*

A quiet unhurried spirit is essential to true communion with God. The spirit of the world is a spirit of hurry and flurry. This will obtrude itself into our hours of devotion, unless we are ever on our guard. If you would meet the Master, hear his voice, look into his face, the blustering, busy spirit must be calmed. God's majestic presence should be to us a quieting and calming power. In every life there should be a part of every day solemnly set apart to quietness, and communion with God. Too often we want to talk to God without giving God a chance to talk to us. Prayer has two parts, listening and speaking, and of the two, listening is more important than speaking. The sacred writer saw the truth who said: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak."—*Christian Observer.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Out of the 914 cities and towns of the United States having a population of five thousand or over, 336 municipalities are maintaining supervised playgrounds.

More than 1,000,000 pieces of mail matter, because they did not bear return directions, found their way to the dead letter office during March. During the month more than $5,000 went astray in the mails, of which $4,193.71 was returned to the senders.

A report from Lisbon says that the Portuguese government has granted a concession to a British syndicate to exploit rich oil fields on the Island of Timor, in the Malay Archipelago, and that it is calculated this syndicate would soon oust American and Russian oil from the European market.

As a result of the adoption of a resolution by the Chicago Principals' Association, striking at the city high school athletic teams, these schools will not be represented in outside interscholastic meets. The teams are hit by a simple order to instructors not to excuse any student from class work to engage in any athletic event.

Traveling as a private citizen on a sight-seeing tour and carefully avoiding any official recognition, Field Marshal Lord Kitchner of the British army arrived in San Francisco, April 8. He came from Australia, where he just completed preparatory steps for reorganizing the British colonial forces along the lines recently laid down in India.

. The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company has asked the permission of the city to float a new loan of $2,500,000. President Kruger of the transit company stated that "the extraordinary expenses recently incurred have reduced the reserve capital, which the company was counting on to make improvements." It is popularly thought that $2,500,000 represents the cost of the strike.

Of the 264 homeless children taken care of during the past official year of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, 99 were boys and 165 were girls. Of this total Cook County contributed 64 and other counties 170. The report shows that the expenses of the home at Evanston, $11,516, was a little more than one-fifth of the total annual expenses of the society throughout the State.

In presenting to the House a letter from former President Roosevelt, making a preliminary report to the Smithsonian Institution on his work in the African jungles, Representative Mann of Illinois said the collection is the most complete in the world and that it will be of great service to naturalists and scientists. The total is 11,397 vertebrates, consisting of 4,897 mammals, 4,000 birds, 2,000 reptiles and batrachians and 500 fishes.

A new world's record for a two-passenger flight in an aeroplane has been established at Mourmelon, France, by Daniel Kinet, who with another passenger sailed his Farman biplane 102 miles in two hours and twenty minutes.

According to a statement prepared by employers, 400,000 employes of railroad companies and other big corporations have received voluntary wage increases since January 30. The increases are said to be a recognition of the increased cost of living and a sign of the return of prosperity.

According to reports from Aden, Arabia, the ferocious campaign of Mohammed Abdullah of Somaliland, "the mad mullah," against the sultanates under British protection, continues unchecked. Eight hundred of the tribesmen friendly to the sultanates have been slaughtered, vast areas laid waste and towns razed. Natives in great numbers are fleeing to the coast. It is expected that this will lead to another expedition against "the mad mullah," who has caused the British government great anxiety for many years.

Demanding a forfeit of $75,000 for failure to build and maintain additional race tracks at Mexico City, Monterey, Chihuahua, Jalisco and Juarez, the Mexican government has cancelled the concessions granted to Matt Winn, Jerry Dickinson and associates to build and operate race tracks in Mexico. The Americans, who have been conducting horse races at Juarez, claim to have lost $250,000 not counting profits they expected to earn. The builders claim the Juarez track to be one of the best in the world, but Mexicans will not patronize it. Until Texas merchants and ministers in El Paso organized and fought the Juarez track the meet was well patronized by Americans on this side of the Rio Grande.

The funeral of Thomas F. Walsh, immigrant, miner and multimillionaire, who died of heart disease after weeks of illness, was conducted in private from the former Leadville miner's palatial home in Washington, April 10. The burial was in Rock Creek cemetery. Mr. Walsh had been ill for five or six weeks preceding his death. Walsh was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, April 2, 1851, and came to America in 1870. After working in the East for two years he went to Colorado Springs during the Leadville boom. He started a miners' hotel, became interested in several mines, and within a short time accumulated a fortune which is variously estimated at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. The whole vast Walsh fortune will now go to Mrs. Edward B. McLean, his daughter. She is the only living child of Walsh. Vinson Walsh, her brother, was killed in an auto accident at Newport in 1905.

The secretary of the navy will decide upon the size of the two battleships to be built next year. The house naval affairs committee decided to allow Secretary Meyer to make the battleships 26,000, 28,000 or 30,000 tons, as he deemed best, merely limiting him to an expenditure of no more than $6,000,000 each, exclusive of armor, guns and furnishings. The secretary's recommendation for one repair ship and two colliers was approved by the committee, and he was granted four submarines instead of the five he recommended.

Canada's abounding prosperity is manifested in the financial statement for the fiscal year ended March 31. The total revenues are $101,000,000, an increase of $16,000,000 over the last fiscal year. While the total ordinary expenditure of $81,000,000 was upward of $10,000,000 more than in the previous year, the surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditures is approximately $20,000,000. This is sufficient to meet all the expenditures under capital account except those on the National Transcontinental Railway, and have about $5,000,000 to apply on the total expenditure of the $25,597,434 for that government built line. These figures break all previous records.

For the purpose of investigating potato raising in Europe, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is about to send there Eugene Grubb of Carbondale, Colo., an expert of the United States department of agriculture, with instructions to study the European potato in all of its aspects and phases. The department has been interested in European potato raising for some time, and wants to know why so much larger crops can be raised abroad than are raised here. The average for the United States is only about 80 bushels per acre, while abroad they average over 100 bushels. In fact, on one of Lord Rosebery's farms in England it is reported that 200 bushels per acre are raised.

In the judgment of the Senate Cost-of-living Committee a limit should be put on the use of cold storage for the purpose of maintaining or advancing prices artificially. Chairman Lodge has introduced in the Senate a bill to meet this recommendation. After reviewing the work of the committee the report says: "The committee, therefore, recommends legislation in this direction by Congress at the earliest possible moment." Mr. Lodge's bill would provide that food kept in cold storage for more than one year should be considered as adulterated and that any food taken out of cold storage and erroneously marked as to the time it had been in storage should be regarded as misbranded in violation of the pure food law.

Charitable organizations in New York take a gloomy view of recent statements from various sources that prosperity has returned. The annual report of the relief department of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor says: "New York City is only about 15 per cent recovered from hard times, and the higher cost of living has been the principal reason for the retarding of this recovery. The total number of cases before the association at present shows 50 per cent increase over the same period in 1906, a normal year, and only 11 per cent decrease from last year. The statistics of application and relief during the months following acute industrial depression are a fair index of the degree of recovery reached by the poor. Our work for the past six months shows the poor are still reaping the aftermath of the panic. The very poor are getting on their feet very slowly."

Gen. Wm. Booth, head of the Salvation Army, is seriously ill at his home in London. He was seized with a fainting spell, necessitating the cancellation of all his immediate engagements. Those close to the general fear his present illness marks a general breakdown. He is 81 years old and his health has been failing rapidly in recent years. Gen. Booth seems to realize that the end is not far off, for he expressed his pleasure to several of his coworkers who called on him that the affairs of the Salvation Army were in such shape that his passing would be without serious effect.

Little interest has been manifested by congressmen in the special message, in which President Taft recommended that an appropriation of $50,000 be made by Congress for laboratories to deal with the problem of cancer, as transmitted by fishes. Accompanying the message were reports from the secretary of commerce and labor, the commissioner of fisheries and Dr. H. R. Gaylord, director of the New York State cancer laboratories. The President suggested that immediate action be taken to provide for an investigation as to the prevalence of cancer in fish and the possibility of its being transferred to human beings through using fish as food.

Advocates of the parcels post are in earnest, and when they have their hearing on the 25th of April they may convince the House committee on postoffices and postroads that the movement means something. The bill which seems to be most favored is that introduced by Congressman Bennet of New York, providing for a parcels post on rural routes. It is the "entering wedge" to which many men object in the fear that it will interfere with the small stores and merchants doing little businesses in country towns and districts. But it seems to be generally agreed that a parcels post on rural routes would not injure the country merchants.

What is considered to be an important innovation was launched in New York City April 7 when the first open-air public school was inaugurated. Twenty children, ranging from 8 to 13 years, were selected after physicians had examined every pupil in the school. The children are the weak, puny and poorly nourished. The open-air class is now installed in a spacious room on the second floor, which is flooded with sunlight, and one end looking on a court is completely opened by large windows, which reach from the floor to the ceiling. Outside a balcony equally as large as the room will be covered with canvas, and here the fragile children will repair to study, to sleep after lunch time and whenever they feel tired, and to enjoy the light gymnastic exercises specified by Dr. John Doty, principal of the school. Canvas lounging or steamer chairs have been provided and everything possible for their comfort is assured. Special lunches will be provided by the tuberculosis prevention committee of the Charity Organization society. In addition to the noon lunch, a light collation of milk and crackers will be served to the children if they care for it, during the morning and afternoon recess. During the severe and cold weather special garments, furnished by the department of education, will be used for the children. A fund of $6,500 has been appropriated by the board of estimate for the experiment, and if it proves successful nineteen other similar rooms will be fitted up during the summer vacation period.



NATURE STUDIES



PEONY'S AWAKENING.

As I passed through a drear March wood,
I came upon Red Riding Hood;
Timid of mien, with downcast look,
She yet made bright, the lonely nook.
When once again Red Riding Hood
Lured me into the vernal wood,
The bright sunshine had added grace
And she looked up with smiling face,
Red hood pushed back. The place once drear
Was sylvan court; strong lancers tall
Round their dear queen formed a green wall,
And maids of honor, swift to greet,
Bowed in flower homage at her feet.

—Emily Vincent White.

The Ox Warble

John H. Nowlan

One of the worst enemies of the cattle industry is the ox bot or ox warble. Especially on the plains of the West where the climatic conditions are favorable to its development is it worst.

Some of our farmer boys may be acquainted with this insect. During the latter part of winter and in spring swellings as large as the end of your thumb may be seen on the backs of the cattle, and on pressing on one a "grub" may be forced out through a small opening in the skin of the animal. This is the larva of the ox warble. The common opinion in my boyhood was that the fly punctured the skin and deposited the egg. Here the larva was supposed to form a cell and complete its development.

Observations made by Dr. Cooper show that in this case as in many others the popular notion is quite erroneous, the course being entirely different.

Early in the spring the flies appear about the cattle to deposit their eggs which are usually placed just above the hoof, for which reason it is sometimes called the "heel-fly." Cattle learn that the fly will not attack them when in the water, even though the hoofs may be above the surface. When the fly approaches a cow she will suddenly dash away to the nearest water hole. Her actions are similar to those of a horse on the approach of the throat bot. Like the bot of the horse it is so swift that it can scarcely be observed, except at the instant of depositing the egg.

Viewed under a microscope the egg reveals a peculiar structure. The lower portion is so formed that it clasps almost entirely around the hair with a firm grip. The egg when laid has the young larva already developed in it. When the animal licks its legs the larvæ are transferred to the mouth, the pressure and moisture facilitating the escape of the insect. Attaching itself to the walls of the esophagus by means of its spines it soon makes its way through and wanders around in the tissues to appear in the region of the back about the last of December. Here it moults a second time, becomes more spiny, and bores a hole through the skin to get air which now becomes necessary.

Here it subsists on the pus and serum caused to collect because of its presence. When fully developed it works its way out through the opening by which it has obtained air, drops to the ground, contracts, hardens, and darkens till it becomes almost black. This is known as the puparium. This lies on or in the ground from three to six weeks, when the perfect fly pushes off a kind of lid and escapes to begin again the life cycle.

The wandering habit, so different from the view formerly taken, has been proven by careful study of many cases. There are on record a number of cases of its occurrence beneath the skin of a human being. Last summer the medical journals gave an account of one removed from a boy. The means of its entrance in the human body is accounted for by supposing it to have been taken in milk.

There are two species, Hypoderma bovis and Hypoderma lineata. Both are common in Europe but the former is unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is a member of the family Oestridae, which includes the gadflies and botflies, species of which affect all the larger herbivorous mammals, living in cavities of the body, as the nostrils of sheep, digestive tracts of horses, or beneath the skin of cattle.

Pliny, who lived in the first century B. C., tells of using oils on the legs of animals and removing the grubs before they develop. Modern wisdom has found nothing better, though the means of applying may be improved.

They may be killed by applying any oil to the opening through which they breathe or by pressing them toward the surface and drawing them out by means of

a pair of forceps. The latter is the better method as the grub if left beneath the skin may cause inflammation.

The damage done by the grub is very great. Fully fifty per cent of the cattle received at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago during the "grubby season" (from January to June) are infested. The holes in the hide cause a customary reduction of a dollar on a hide, amounting to about one half million per year. This added to the loss from inferior quality and lessened quantity is estimated to amount to more than three million dollars.

The worst specimen I ever saw had about one hundred grubs removed from her back in one week. The herd was sprayed with oil that summer and next year not a grub was to be found.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

NATURE'S FLOWER GARDEN IN CALIFORNIA.

At the close of our long cloudless summer, when we look about us and see that the flowers have nearly all vanished; the dust lies thick upon the ground; the air is hazy; the sun beats fiercely upon the parched earth; hills and valleys no longer glow with masses of color. Perhaps there are a few flowers, as the aster and the golden-rod, that cheer the brown hillsides, but these also disappear. While nature is thus mourning, her heart is throbbing almost to bursting.

But at last the long tension is over for the autumn rains come, then the spring rains. Something is foreboding. The tiny seeds hidden safely in the earth's bosom burst their brown covers and push up the little plants, scenting the air with their perfume. Then we look for the first wild flowers of the season. Our walk through the fields, instead of being aimless is joyous and eager.

Among the earlier kinds we find is the yellow pansy, a flower exactly like our garden violet except in color. In early spring myriads of these dance in the breeze. When nodding from you they show that their gorgeous yellow coat is tinged with brown. The yellow pansy is a favorite of the children. Among them it is known as "Johnny-jump-up." The shooting stars are among the earliest flowers. They have very gay dresses for there are bands of crimson, purple and gold on the delicate rose or lilac petals which shade into white. They are peculiar in form and are perhaps best described by their name, "Shooting Star," or "Mad Violets" as they are sometimes called. Nature certainly taxed her ingenuity for something new when she fashioned this flower.

But no zephyrs blow over a more beautiful and more dainty flower than the Baby Blue Eyes or California Blue Bells. Companies of them grow together, dotting the earth with their delicate blossoms of azure blue and luring us on,—the one beyond seeming just a little more beautiful than the last—till our hands are full. Then there is the Cluster Lily which claims a warm place in the affections of the lover of flowers. The plant is peculiar. The stem grows very tall, sometimes two feet, and it has no leaf growing on the entire length of it. The leaf grows from the ground but soon withers and dies. The stem is perfectly smooth, very tender and easily broken. On the tip of the stem the flowers are borne in clusters of beautiful lavender or purple. The bulbs of the cluster lily are edible and the little children search eagerly for the first ones.

It is interesting to note what devices flowers have to distribute the pollen. Some flowers pollinate themselves, others must be cross pollinated, that is, pollen must be brought from another flower before it will fruit. Some of the pollen is blown by the wind, but most of the flowers depend upon insects to carry it. Many flowers advertise by means of sign-boards, that is, by bright showy colors, or the bearing of flowers in a cluster. Others in which the color is less conspicuous attract the insects by their fragrant odor. But they are said to be partial to certain colors. Bees prefer blue and violet, care little for yellow and avoid scarlet. However, when the blue and violet ones are scarce they do visit the yellow and scarlet.

Flowers are also partial as to the kind of guests they entertain. Many of them have the honey stored away in spurs or hidden under appendages, and such places where only the insects with long tongues can procure it. Others are very hospitable and expose the honey to every guest. The Buttercup is one of this kind. Its petals are yellow and covered with a coat of varnish that makes them glisten as they follow the sun from morning until evening. The bees are attracted by the shining appearance, but if you were a bee you would see a tiny drop of honey at the base of every petal. But while he is attempting to obtain the honey he cannot help but rub up against the golden pollen dust. You may see him wading in it knee-deep, see him almost double himself over the shedding anthers as he sucks up the drops of honey. Of course he is very dusty with the pollen when he leaves the flower and if he goes to a newly-opened flower, many of its stigmas will get the pollen grains they need for seed making. Thus we see the Buttercup is well paid for its hospitality. All insects from the tiniest, gauziest creatures to the large bees are served well with honey.

Some flowers provide no honey but nevertheless they are visited. The California Poppy, so familiar to us all, is one of this kind. The insects that do visit it carry away the pollen. Sometimes tiny insects choose to use the closed petals as a golden palace in which to spend the night.

Thus we might go on examining the Tidytips, Mariposa Tulips, Primroses and oh! there are so many more beautiful ones that a book would not contain

them. Now for the student who delights in flowers there is a great avenue for research. It will fill the mind with wonder at the beauty of their minutest parts and the perfection of every organ.—*Lottie E. Neher, in Lordsburg College Educator.*

SOME HEATHEN TESTIMONY CONCERNING INTEMPERANCE.

(Continued from Page 371.)

It was the inconsistencies of professedly Christian people that caused the death of the heroic and zealous Bishop Pattison. As he was nearing the savage shores in an open boat, the poisoned dart accomplished its deadly work, and Bishop Pattison died, a martyr of the nineteenth century. On being asked the cause, the savages replied that they had mistaken him for a slave dealer, seeing that he was a white man, approaching them from the white man's ship, which they thought to be a slave ship. When told of the noble mission he had purposed, of preaching a gospel of peace and love, they expressed the greatest sorrow.

Let us be consistent. If we preach a gospel of love, let us love. If we preach temperance let us be temperate. And, if we preach truth, let us be truthful.

"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of soul
To give the lips full speech."

A TEACHER'S CATECHISM.

THE Chicago University professor who gave the following questions told his pupils he would consider them educated in the best sense of the term when they could give an affirmative answer to each of the questions:

1. Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?

2. Has it made you public spirited?

3. Has it made you brother to the weak?

4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

5. Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

6. Do you see anything to love in a little child?

7. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

8. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

9. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf?

10. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

11. Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

12. Can you look into a mud-puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

13. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

A teacher's answers to these questions will largely determine the scope of that teacher's field of professional vision.

Are your answers all affirmative?

Between Whiles

A Skillful Retreat.—Things hadn't turned out too well with their love affair. The fatal word had just been spoken, and he was rejected. The rejected suitor stood respectfully before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. Below, the smooth waters of Oriental Bay rested in awesome wonder. "I trust I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said. "Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.—New Zealand Free Lance.

THE SPOILER.

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press
(As you or I would do.)
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess,
But she never had done it herself, I guess.
(Which none of her readers knew.)

Oh, the hour we spent, and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the hest of a woman who never had cooked
(And now we know that she never could cook)
And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair
(As you and I might do).
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair;
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true.)

Oh, the days we worked and the ways we worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun
(Better than you or I).
She wrote recipes and she never tried one;
She wrote about children—of course she had none;
She told us to do what she never had done
(And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brings the cup of disgrace;
It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans,
A woman who never had cooked any beans,
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

—Unidentified.

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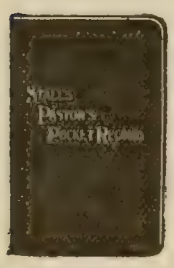
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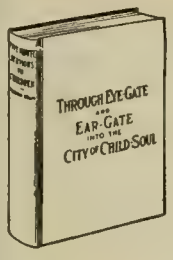
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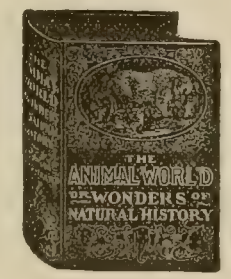
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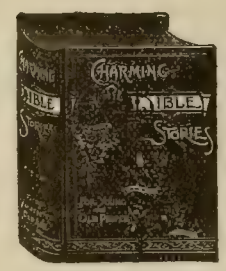
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19 And unto E'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vites, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nims, [f]and all they that had separated themselves

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patric*

3875.
.e 14,
5, 6.
sh.
.. 18. 24.

sixty and two years, and he [a]É'nŏch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he É'nŏch eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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THEN Job answered and said,
2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

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[1] Heb. *in wickedness*
[2] Heb. *A*

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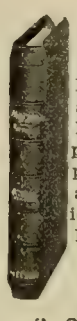
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37 And he will say, [z]Where are gods,
The rock in which they refuge;
38 Which did [a]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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e genealogy GENE

d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cain
w.
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there
s born a son; and he called his

B.
[a] Jr
13
[b] cli

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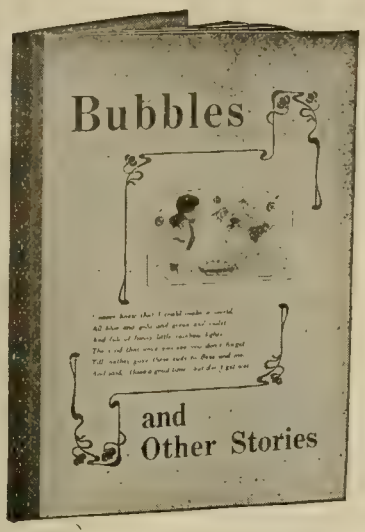
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. April 26, 1910. No. 17.

True Education

D. C. Reber, President Elizabethtown College,
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

In Five Parts:
I. The Parents' Duty.
II. The Child's Privilege.
III. Society's Demand.
IV. The State's Function.
V. The Creator's Will.

Part I.—The Parents' Duty.

THE average parent does not consider education a necessity but rather a luxury or an injurious acquisition. Until an education is regarded absolutely essential to the child's future success, the parent can not perceive his duty to afford the child the best possible advantages to secure it, The erroneous notions about education are to be traced partly to tradition and partly to inference that is based on limited observation and experience and formed by a biased mind.

It is true that all education does not seem to be equally valuable or productive of similar results. Yet, accurately speaking, education should not be denominated as good or bad. These words describe the result rather than the cause. An education, to be styled true, does not differ so much in the subject matter acquired, or in the educative process used, as in the ideals that are implanted while getting it. These ideals owe their source to the intellectual and moral atmosphere of the school as determined by its teachers, students, books, and environments, and become realities in life by the way the education is utilized.

Many parents possess the mistaken notion that education means knowledge only. True education is more than mere knowledge. It means ability or power to use knowledge for worthy purposes only. It is the process of developing and realizing all the germs of good that lie as possibilities in child-nature. It seeks to acquire useful knowledge, to cultivate the higher feelings, and to form correct habits in order to fulfill God's design in man. This design has been perfectly realized in the life of Jesus Christ. Hence a true education must be a Christian education, that is, an education acquired in a religious atmosphere saturated with the ideas of Christianity.

With a proper understanding of the nature of a truly valuable education, the parent will be prompted by worthy motives in seeking the education of his children. In many cases, the motive is purely utilitarian. Education for such people means an investment of a certain sum of money that is soon to bring to the young man a lucrative position. If he can not earn more money immediately after investing several hundred dollars than he could before he attended school, education is regarded as a failure and as useless. But this is not a correct standard to judge by. The utilitarian motive in securing an education is held up chiefly by commercial schools and results in yielding thieves and pickpockets—an undesirable product.

When one observes the manner and trend of the majority of human lives, it soon becomes apparent that mankind is self-centered, worldly-minded, and short-sighted. Hence there is urgent need of reform in education, and in the ideals dominating institutions of learning.

Parents' selfishness is often the true reason for not educating their children beyond the advantages of the public school. Sometimes they claim financial inability to discharge what seems to them not a matter of duty but only a matter of expediency or foolish whim. Lack of interest in books and school on the part of children serves as a sufficient excuse to keep them out of college. Many sons and daughters are needed on the farm, and this fact debars them from obtaining the much-needed education. This, however, is not a justifiable excuse. If they had no children, or if the children were sick, they could get along without them; therefore, they could also spare them long enough to receive their rightful preparation for their life's work, if the proper motive, namely a sense of duty, prompted them. It would be much better for children to receive

their inheritance in the form of a true education than to receive it in the form of a bank account or a farm; for money may soon be lost if one does not know how to use it properly, whereas an education may be used in earning money or in securing a fortune besides being an aid in living a useful and happy life.

Many a parent who sees only the commercial value of an education sees no need in educating the daughter; for he knows that she is liable to be married sooner or later, and then she seemingly has no financial benefit from it. This conclusion is an unmistakable evidence of short-sightedness, selfishness, and illogical reasoning. When it is remembered that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, that woman begets and trains the child, molds his character, and so largely determines his destiny, the importance and great necessity of her being also educated and fitted for her peculiar sphere is seen.

The parents, and especially the mother, give the child an education, unconsciously often, by the daily personal contact in the home. At the age of six, the parent realizes his lack of time and qualifications, and delegates his duty to an especially-trained teacher. When adolescence is reached, the youth enters upon a critical period of life in which the parent's timely counsel should not be withheld. Then too he should be in school where the right kind of influences affect his life. Youth's needs are different from childhood's. The youth looks beyond the parent. He seeks some person who for the time being becomes his ideal. It may be a teacher or some character in literature. If pure and ennobling influences are brought to bear upon him during this period, he will have laid the foundation for a useful career. For this reason, the youth in rural districts should attend a school of a higher grade than the ungraded country school. His intellectual horizon needs expansion. He needs to realize what life means, and what it means for him. This is the preparatory period of life. If the needed preparation is not received at this time, the individual is handicapped all his life long. But the young man or woman cannot realize the importance of it, and hence the parent who has gone through the same period and beyond it, must deem it his duty to put the son or daughter in school. Just to give him or her the chance is hardly sufficient. Hold the idea of going to a higher school, before him from childhood, so that he will expect nothing else when he reaches young manhood.

It is not my belief that all of youth should be spent in school. If the boy or girl is reared on a farm, there is abundant opporunity during the vacations to learn to toil by hand and to realize the value of money.

Some parents manifest greater interest in rearing horses and cattle than in rearing their own offspring. They fatten cattle to fatten their purses, while the precious minds of the children are not enriched with the treasures of the race. They attend horse sales to get improved stock, yet they never visit the schools to see what sort of a teacher is shaping the lives of their children. Yet, every father regrets having failed to get more education than he has. Why not profit by this experience, and see to it that his children will not be obliged to utter the same regret?

If for no other reason than to rear properly the children entrusted by God into his hands, a true education is absolutely needed to discharge aright this one duty of the parent. But, besides, he should be educated for manhood's sake.

Let the ethical argument then appeal to every parent who questions the advisability of truly educating his children. The child not knowing his inherent right to a right education, and not realizing his duty to himself, the parent should realize this sacred duty and seek to discharge it to the utmost of his ability.

AN UNSELFISH ACT.

D. Z. ANGLE.

THIS world is inhabited by people more or less selfish. Probably the best man or woman requires extraordinary circumstances to arise in order to give up forever priceless jewels or their most precious belongings, or even life itself, for the Christlike saving of others. Incidents of such self-denial are probably more common and frequent than generally supposed or perhaps than to be expected, for we have been taught from Holy Writ that man's first duty is to his own family, and unless he provides for those of his own house, he is worse than an infidel, and hath denied the faith. Life is the most precious gift (his Son and eternal life excepted) that God hath given to mankind, and therefore the saving and prolonging of that life is scarcely comparable in value to gold, silver or inanimate objects of earth. Though accidental loss of life is often repaid to the bereft ones, by those most responsible, in dollars and cents, or giving up of their own life in case of wilful murder, all that does not restore the dead to life and its activities. Many rescue and save life as a business and for profit, such as firemen, our lifeboat savers of the coast line, and doctors, but the men who throw away gold or possessions to save life are rare indeed.

Such an incident we wish to relate, the author of which is unknown to us. Years ago a vessel left the harbor of San Francisco for a long voyage. Clouds soon began to gather, and a terrible storm came up which compelled the ship to put back to port. Nearing the shore an unseen rock stranded the vessel, and everybody was told to take to the lifeboats and save themselves. It was a fearful and trying time to all on board. The boats had all left the vessel with precious freight for the shore. A stout and dauntless man was

observed on deck tying several heavy belts of gold around his body preparatory to plunging into the deep, and swimming to shore. Just as he was about to leap overboard he saw a little helpless girl who begged him to save her life. Without a moment's hesitation, for there was no time to lose, he unbuckled the precious belt from his body, rushed for the child and bade her cling tightly to his back. He again hurried to the vessel's side plunged overboard, and after a heroic struggle with wild waves he neared the shore and was dashed out upon a rock severely injured. Willing hands took him and the injured child to a place of safety. He was prostrated for months and during all that time of his pain and delirium the little girl he had saved remained by his bedside.

One scarcely knows which to admire most, the unselfish act of the unknown hero or the fidelity and attention of the grateful little girl to her noble rescuer. Such deeds of generosity and human devotion in a land and age noted for grasping greed of gold and pursuit of ease and pleasure, serve to awaken in us faith in mankind, and remind us that there slumbers, possibly, in many a breast a spark of love which needs but a moment of sore trial or direst need to fan into a flame of loving devotion, sufficient to cause marvelous acts of kindness and self-sacrificing deeds of heroism.

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Cletus A. Fisher

THE opening of the twentieth century dawned upon an era in which all nations are more or less interdependent, where no nation lives alone but intermingles in commerce, trade, language, art, literature and political influence. Through this interdependence the demand has come to be maintained by all nations for permanent peace. By the great increase of national armaments during recent years, it has become a vital question whether this peace shall be an armed peace or not. This great increase of armament has come to be so strongly manifested among the different nations until it evolved itself into the desirability or the undesirability of armament beyond what it necessary to maintain domestic peace.

Armament for the maintenance of domestic peace is sufficient military and naval strength to suppress insurrection, rebellion, riots or any domestic troubles necessitating the force of arms. Armament beyond this is becoming undesirable because it retards rather than promotes national and international progress.

In the first place armament is a menace to international peace. In the mad international race for naval supremacy during the last few years the watchword has become, " Prepare for war." Now preparation for war is liable to lead to war for it is the possession of irresponsible power which is always a direct temptation to its irresponsible use. Where citizens go around armed with concealed weapons crime is the greatest. What is true in an individual is relatively true in a nation. The Franco-Prussian war would not have been fought in 1871, were it not that the opposing powers had back of them large standing armies. The United States would not have gone to war with Spain in 1898 had it not been that she had a strong navy. The business of the militarist is to fight and he does not hesitate to excite the public opinion and the government as to the great possibility of some future war. Armament creates distrust and jealousy among nations. They become fearful of each other's surplus power which is daily being manifested in their race for supremacy in number and size of ships. The peace of the world cannot be insured for any length of time as long as this rivalry for naval supremacy continues and each nation carries on its back an enormous burden of arms and ships.

In the second place armament impedes national progress. It strikes directly at the heart of a nation at the means by which she lives. By impeding national progress I mean first that it impedes it economically and second socially. Under present conditions of armament the cost has become so enormous that nations are continually at work devising new schemes to fill up the deficits in their treasuries made by army and naval appropriations. By statistics shown for the fiscal year 1908 it cost for army and navy—

England,	$309,000,000
Germany,	289,000,000
France,	253,000,000
United States,	207,000,000

making a total for these four powers of $1,058,000,000.

Further than this it drags a nation deeper into national debt. The United States spends forty-one per cent of her revenues besides postal receipts for her army and navy. It spends thirty-one per cent of its revenues for past wars making thereby a total of seventy-two per cent spent in preparation for war and past wars. This leaves twenty-eight per cent to meet our governmental expenses, including international improvements, erection of governmental buildings, improvement of rivers and harbors and the conservation of our natural resources. It is estimated that our river and harbor expenses on improvements alone would

reach $500,000,000, which in itself is more than our annual revenue. Yet with all these expenses to be met we go on appropriating seventy-two per cent of our revenues for war purposes.

Hon. George B. Cortelyou calls our attention to the fact that during the last thirty years while our population increased eighty-five per cent, our wealth increased one hundred and eighty-five per cent and our expenses four hundred per cent; the latter greatly out of proportion and due to a great extent to our enormous army and naval appropriations. Besides this, we are carrying a deficit of over a billion dollars.

Italy is staggering on the verge of bankruptcy on account of her overgrown army and navy. The British government is always seeking new devices whereby to fill the deficits in her treasuries caused by building Dreadnoughts. Mr. Asquith, premier of England, in discussing the naval budget of England of last year said: "We want to do everything in our power to prevent a new spurt in competitive shipbuilding among the great naval powers," Japan is overwhelmed with debt on account of her last war and because she is now spending annually $40,000,000 for the increasing of her navy. Germany in a single generation increased her national debt from $18,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 due to her army and naval expenses. In general the annual expenditures of the four great powers, England, Germany, France and the United States, for the increasement of their armies and navies during the last year has been greater than the expense of any war anyone of these nations ever engaged in.

While increased armament is a terrible strain on the economic condition of a nation, it is also an impediment to social progress. It has a tendency to create a warlike spirit. Children who receive deepest and most lasting impressions, directly form a wrong conception of armament. They conceive the idea that a nation's world-wide power and prestige lie entirely in the fact that it has back of it a large army and navy. This has a tendency to create in the mind of the youth a false idea of patriotism.

The establishment and growth of socializing institutions are also to a certain extent handicapped. Here again the lack of finance is felt. Society flourishes best when financial conditions are best. Thus armament in hindering the economic progress of a nation hinders its social progress also. It prevents to a certain extent the establishment and flourishing of public institutions, such as libraries, hospitals and infirmaries, all of which contribute to the welfare and advancement of society.

Such in general are some of the conditions and effects brought about by the heavy armament of nations. Although it would be folly for any one nation to instantly disarm itself, I believe that the time will soon come when nations will lay down their arms and submit to the arbitrament of reason.

The Short Story

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

A FEW years ago the short story was considered as the "poor relation" in fiction. It is today, in great demand. The magazines are giving it more space than ever before, and they are paying higher prices for the same. The serial story is almost a thing of the past. To be sure there is what we call the novelette, which, however, is only another form of the short story divided into two or three parts or a half dozen chapters.

There are syndicates without number, who send to anyone answering their alluring "ads," glowing descriptions of their methods of disposing of an author's work. They claim that without their assistance the young writers cannot find a market for their pen products. They further claim that they control the market. They know *just where* to send your wares. They are kind enough, and so interested in your literary welfare, that for a consideration they will criticise, revise and typewrite and *sell* your work, the latter on a commission basis. In Chicago, there exists an individual who furnishes plots! In conjunction with all these helps (?) there are over two hundred books (by actual count up to date) devoted to the art of writing. Where to send *copy*. How to send it. How to gain the confidence of editors and what publications pay the highest rates. They teach you all the *tricks* of the trade—let you in on the inside, as it were.

The writer does not hesitate to say that nine out of ten are *fakes*, and mail-order concerns. Once in awhile the young writer is assisted, and boosted, and put into print—if his work is worth while. If his work is salable these syndicates will dispose of it for him and only charge a small commission. I might mention the Burrell Syndicate of New York as one of them. They are in touch with the publishing world and know just where to place the MS. that is put into their hands for disposal.

There is only one way, however, to gain recognition as a writer and that is *hard work*. *Study*. A good ground work of the rudiments of the English language; a good dictionary, an observing nature, plenty of reading (and a love for it), the power of absorption and assimilation and *patience*. Here is a recipe for literary success.

In a recent article in these pages I covered the literary field in general. The scope of this article, as the title suggests, is the *Short Story*. In spite of all the helps mentioned above we have yet to find the man who is obliging enough to write our stories for us (for a consideration) and allow us to prefix our names to the same.

We must do our own writing, and our own thinking.

The short story! How we enjoy reading one and wish and sigh, and try to produce one equally as good if not better than the one we have just read. The desire for composition, for creating, for the power to tell a story and tell it well, is in us all. We can do it. How?

Well, the first thing necessary would be something to tell, and it must be *worth telling*. Something that is new and interesting. Something that touches upon an entirely new phase of human nature. In other words, be original. Tell a story that has never been told before. There are hundreds of them. Human life—your own daily life—is full of them. There are a thousand things at your right hand that have not been touched upon. They await your telling. You have read a story, say recently. You thought it a very good story—full of humor, pathos, graphic description? Somehow it appealed to you. You have read another. This other story was good, but there was something missing. It failed to strike a responsive chord. Somehow it lacked flavor, it fell rather flat. I'll tell you why. The first story was *new*. It was fresh. It was something entirely different from anything else you ever read. It introduced entirely new phrases. The theme was new. The plot was different from the general run. It was couched in original terms. The second story you read was an old one—told many and many a time. An old theme *dished* up in new words. Dressed up, as it were in a different set of words, but you read the same thing before. A story must be original to be interesting, and it must tell us of things we never knew of before—it must acquaint us with certain conditions, certain customs, certain phases of this busy world and its people that we never heard of before.

A short story is a unit, a constantly progressing theme with one time, one scene, one event, and one group of characters. It may be divided into three parts. The first part is the introduction. It must *grip* the reader's attention. Catch his eye. Arouse his interest from the first and hold it. A great deal depends on those opening paragraphs!

The next step is the body of our narrative. It contains the action. Here you paint a word picture. To the young writer I would suggest that instead of drawing from your imagination, describe some actual scene. Take it step by step. You have seen a beautiful landscape, a mountain scene, an interior that is worth describing. Practice descriptive work in your spare moments. Not on paper—do it mentally; train your mind along those lines. It is much easier to depict something you have seen, rather than to *make it up*. Do not manufacture unless you are *sure* of the scene or situation you are trying to put down on paper. Of course experienced writers draw from their imaginations. They have had that valuable adjunct—experience. They have traveled, and they have observed, and have trained their memories to absorb what they saw. They have also read a great many books. They have had the advantage of meeting people and *mixing* with all sorts and conditions of men.

While filling in the body of your narrative keep your mind on the climax. *You are telling a story.* You should know it before you tell it. And if *you do know it* you will lead to its conclusion in a logical and satisfactory way. You will not drift from your theme. You have the reader's interest. He is anxious to know whether your hero has won his fair lady and is going to live happy ever after, or whether he is going to live out the remainder of his life in sackcloth and ashes. Dispose of your minor characters as the tale unfolds, gradually and rationally. Finally you have the reader's attention focused on the *principals*. Now surprise him! You have reached the highest interest in your story. The body of the short story must rise in an ascending scale and suddenly *down* to a climax.

The climax ends suspense. It decides the destiny of your characters. It severs all subsequent connection with the plot. While leading up to the climax there should be no break, no changes, no introductions of anything foreign to the matter in hand. Everything you mention must be related. Every move, scene, scrap of conversation are silken threads which must be woven together into one compact whole. The fabric must harmonize. The colors must blend. Your reader has had a glimpse of a climax—a taste of what is to come, and when it comes it must leave an impression, whether it is a happy ending or a sad one. Get these three units: An introduction, the story proper, and a climax well in mind and the story will easily shape itself.

In regard to style I will say very little. Most of us write as we think, and if we *think* right we will write correctly. Oftentimes our style is limited by a small vocabulary. If we have not the words to put into a narrative the tale must be of necessity *poor*, so far as its telling is concerned. If we have been taught or we ourselves have learned by the diligent and patient study of the old masters (and but a few of the new ones) and we have learned to think systematically and accurately, we have in a measure comprehended the literary sphinx's secret—*style*.

The story teller should make the study of words a necessity; also rhetoric and etymology, cognates and borrowed words; learned and popular words; slang and legitimate speech; technical or class dialects; fossils; derivation, etc., etc. There are many books on the above heads. There are whole chapters on the origin of language itself.

The road is not easy. But it is worth while.

Success is easily won, with hard unceasing labor, and buoyant, unfaltering courage. Add to these patience, a willingness to be criticised, laughed at, dis-

couraged. Have you these attributes? If so, to you literature is indeed a royal road.

THE COYOTE AND TRAPPING HIM.

H. D. MICHAEL.

THE name coyote (kī' ōt) is the Spanish term for the prairie wolf and the name that clings to them wherever known. They are scattered over nearly every State in the western half of the United States. Such being the case, many INGLENOOK readers may be personally acquainted with them though some may not.

Coyotes are about the size of a medium-sized dog and are a closely related cousin. Instances have been known of their being raised for pets and becoming useful as a dog, but they never lose that underhanded, sneaking way that they have cultivated around the farmer's chicken yard while in their wild state. One of their specialties seems to be becoming proficient in sneaking up to the chicken department of the farm in the dusk of evening and disappearing with a chicken as a prize. In many localities they are a serious hindrance to poultry raising unless the poultry is tightly enclosed which is seldom done on the large farms of the West.

They have an acute sense of smell and detect danger very well. For that reason they are quite hard to trap. Previous to having had any actual experience in trapping them I was advised never to try it for it was *impossible.* True, they are quite wary and give anything that has the appearance of a snare, a wide berth. In this respect they put many a professed Christian to shame, for we are told to "shun the very appearance of evil," and told the consequences if we do not, yet so many will drift into what has not only the appearance of evil but the evil itself.

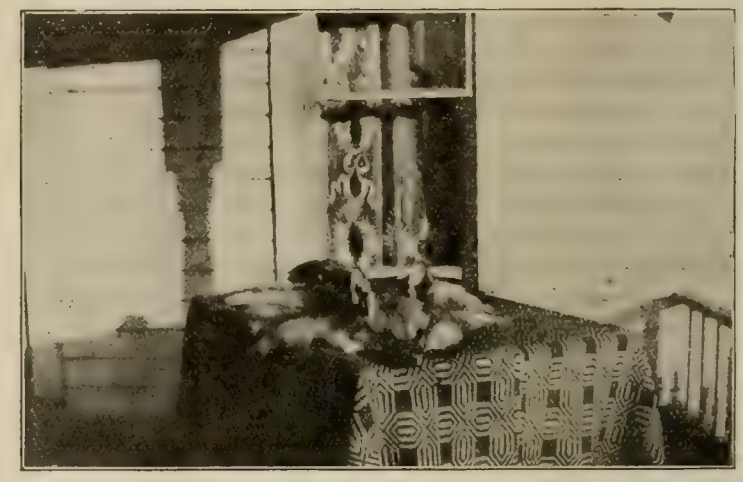
One peculiarity about the coyote is his ability to throw his voice; at least in barking and yelping a person unaccustomed to them would think there were a pack of a score or more when there were only two or three. Though I have watched them do this yelping, it is still a mystery to me how they can make so much noise and make it sound like so many voices.

They are nocturnal in their habits though not exclusively, for when pressed by hunger they will prowl around in broad daylight. They, like most other animals and most human beings as well, have a curiosity to know something of all they see, which gets them into trouble occasionally. It is this part as well as hunger that one must play upon in trapping them.

Any new object sighted is usually circled and all sides viewed from a distance. The next night or two the performance is repeated at closer range to satisfy that longing for knowledge and it is sometimes satisfied. When tracks of an inquisitive one are seen near my traps I usually expect a coyote soon.

True to what I was told, they are *hard* to catch in steel traps and harder in others.

To the amateur trapper I would say to set not less than four traps at each setting though after considerable experience two will do. Number two, double-spring traps are the size most satisfactory. To set a bunch choose a place that is a natural runway if possible, where they cross from one hill to another, one field to another or where they seem to cross through the brush.



Coyote Rug Prepared by Writer.

Everything should be left as natural as possible, so an iron rod is best to fasten the traps. Place it through the rings of the chains of the four traps, then spread them out in a circle from the center, dividing the distance about equally. Then make a small trench to hide the chain in and a larger place to bury the trap. Place a large thin leaf or better still a paper of about five inches square over the outspread jaws of the trap to keep dirt from under the pedal and cover totally but lightly with loose fine dirt. In this work leave all as natural as possible and leave as few tracks as possible. Brush it with a branch from a tree to obliterate finger prints, and gloves should be worn to keep the human scent from the traps.

For bait take a chicken if one has died for you, as they seem quite tempting, though a rabbit or other game will do. Place it in the center of the circle of traps and on top of the stake. To give it a posture as in natural sleep or crouching from fear seems to take best. Some claim bait only scares the animals but whenever I can secure the bait all my traps are baited.

Other authorities (mostly in trappers' books) disagree as to whether or not it is best to change the setting of traps after one is caught and has digged up the ground. I prefer not to change them often though either will do if care is taken to leave no trace of man.

When one is caught, take care not to get too close, for they will fight when cornered. A twenty-two calibre rifle is best to kill them with, as it is instantaneous and does not mar the hide as a club does.

In caring for the hide stretch it so that from the shoulders to the hips will be almost square, with just the head and neck projecting from that square. They should be stretched and tacked upon a smooth surface and all the flesh and fat scraped from the hide. When dry they will be ready to sell and bring from $1.50 to $3.50 per hide, that depending upon the locality in which they were caught. Summer hides are valueless.

If you wish to tan a hide with the hair on for a rug, a good way is to soak it in a solution of one pint alum and one-half pint each of borax and salt-petre dissolved in about two gallons of water. After being in this solution for thirty-six hours, wring it out and when the hide side begins to get dry work it across a board or stretch it back and forth over one's knees for about ten minutes of each hour until it becomes dry. It will then have the hair set and be nice and soft.

If the rug is to be lined, first rub the hide well, after tanning but before lining, with a flour paste made strong with arsenic. This will prevent moths or insects from ever getting into and destroying it.

Pasco, Wash.

Pastures for Children

John Woodard

A VERY large per cent of the men who achieve any degree of success were raised in the country. Prof. Spillman of the Department of Agriculture says this is because the country boys receive a better training than the city boys. He does not mean school training, for the school training that the country boy receives is much inferior to what the city boy gets. It is the training on the farm. The country boy's work places responsibility upon him and gives a training which he finds valuable in whatever profession or business he enters. On the contrary, the average city boy has very little to teach him responsibility so he is not likely to succeed. He is outstripped in the race by his country cousin and the city boy who has been forced to earn his own living by selling newspapers or blacking boots.

Health is another advantage in the country. You can't have healthy colts and calves if you keep them shut up in the barn or a small lot. They need to run out in the pasture where they can get plenty of exercise. The same is true of boys and girls. One can hardly expect them to be healthy when they are compelled day after day to breathe smoke-polluted air and have no place to play, except in the streets where they are in danger of being run over by street cars and drays. They hardly ever see any grass unless they go to a park and then they are prevented from enjoying it by the policeman and the signs, "Keep off the grass."

The country is the only place to raise children. They need the pure air and a place to romp and play upon the grass. They need to see how the trees and flowers and grass grow. And how much better the moral atmosphere is. How can you expect very much of city children when there is so much drinking, smoking, and profanity that they are compelled to hear every day? And there are so many older people trying to teach them evil ways whenever they get a chance to do so.

And yet, in spite of all this, there are many country families constantly moving to the cities. Why do they do it? Their excuse is that they move to town to give their children an education. This is a great mistake. If country children get a better training in spite of the poor country schools, than the city children, wouldn't it be better to remain in the country and try to improve the country schools? Why do the people always think of moving to town and never of improving the country schools? Some say these people are drawn by the pleasures they think they will have in the city and they use the children's education as an excuse. It looks a little like the old story of going to the circus just to take the children.

There are two great difficulties with the country schools. They are too small and the salaries paid are too low to get good teachers. The remedy for the first is the consolidated school. Instead of having a large number of small schools each with about a dozen pupils and one teacher to teach all the grades, there should be a few large schools with a number of teachers. Each teacher could then give better service. Fewer teachers would be required than in the old way; so better salaries could be paid and better teachers be secured. The school could have a good library and a large auditorium where public meetings could be held. The school could be made the center of social activity. Of course, there would have to be wagons to carry the children to school. Some people probably think this would cost too much, but it wouldn't. This as well as other improvements could be paid from the amount saved by consolidation. But why should we object to expenses? We give our fine stock the best of care, and why should we not do as much for our children? Children are the best product any community, urban or rural, can put out, and the country article is an

especially fine brand. Therefore, they should receive the best we can give them regardless of expenses. It is far better to give a child a good education which prepares him for life than to give him a faulty education and leave him a large fortune.

But how about the children already in the city? Must we leave them in that smoke-polluted atmosphere? Some have favored moving the poorer city people—the slum crowd—out on farms. This is out of the question. It would not help many, for a person who has failed in the city would not have much show in the country engaged in a business he knows nothing about. A better way is to encourage people to move out into the suburbs. With the growth of electric car lines and their extensions into the country it is possible for a man to practically live in the country and get work in the city. Some have thought that this would solve the "city problem," but that is too much to hope. However, it is a good thing and should be encouraged. Working men who rent houses in the city might be able to buy a home near the electric line in the country. They would not want much land, just enough for a good garden and possibly for a few chickens. A man working in the city would not have time to look after a large place but he could care for a garden, especially if he had children to help him. The vegetables from the garden would more than pay his extra car fare and would be much better than he could get in the city. The garden work would take his mind off from his other work and put new life and vigor into him. The garden work and care of the chickens would give the children the training the average city child lacks. And the pure air and the distance from the temptations of the city would make the children healthy, physically and morally.

Yes, children need pastures just the same as colts and calves. The farmers should realize this and keep their children in the country, at least until they are grown. And the city man should also realize this and make every possible effort to get a home where he will have the benefits of the country and yet be able to look after his business in the city.

* * *

Love can live upon itself alone, but friendship must feed on worthiness. Therefore, the way to secure a friend is to *be* one.—*C. F. Goss.*

* * *

A good deal of the trouble of this world arises from the fact that some folks like to have gardens, while others prefer to keep hens.—*Nixon Waterman.*



Solitude

Jennie Taylor

'Tis not to wend some solitary way
Across the silent meadow, field, or wood,
Along the stream, or o'er the frowning hill,
That one may know real loneliness or solitude.
'Tis only to discern the wondrous charm
Of Nature in her every mood—
'Tis there, in light or shadow, storm or calm—
Away from carking care, and busy mart,
Out in the solemn stillness, far, or rage of element
The soul may find sweet peace near Nature's heart;
But when one soul is strange, indeed, to other souls
Within the social hall, or crowded thoroughfare,
Then one will surely find, in very truth,
That solitude and loneliness are there.

Tipton, Iowa.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

C. D. RASP.

NEITHER temperance nor intemperance is the vital question before the public today; there has been a time when intemperance with all its sin, degradation and debauchery to human life and character had to be shown to the public in the most graphic and forcible manner; likewise temperance with all its beauty and virtues lauded to the skies in order to attract the attention of our fast traveling public. These conditions do not exist today, people have been thoroughly aroused. The last decade of time has marvelously wrought a universal acknowledgment against the liquor traffic. Numerous alcoholic investigations and increased learning have revealed liquor to be a foe to science, an anarchist to the laws of both God and man, a demon in society and a general demoralizing public menace.

The question before the public today of vital importance, is not how to stir up sentiment against the liquor traffic, but how to organize into a working power the religious forces of our land.

Men have been drawn so close together and so completely interlocked through social, business and political influences, that the welfare and happiness of one man is dependent upon the behavior of another as never before in the history of civilization. In this complex condition, society of today is being awakened as never before to the fruits of sin. Go where you will in our broad American land and you will find sin shielded and protected by the strong influence of the liquor traffic, or some other evil influence. Thus protected, sin has been sweeping rampant over our land until today, with the mighty power that she has accumulated, she stands out bold, opened-faced, in defiance of all national laws and progress, in defiance of state and society, in defiance of all the influence of the church and everything that would in any way influence man to rise above his lower, baser nature, to the higher, nobler God-given nature.

What the future outcome of these conditions shall be, does not depend upon what attitude we take toward the liquor traffic, but upon what attitude we take toward God. Job realized in the hour of trouble that nothing was too hard for God to do. Gideon with his immortal three hundred proved to the world that all God needs to rout the hosts of sin is consecrated hearts and lives through which his wonderful power may flow. If the hell holes of our old world are to be cleaned up and their energy and power transformed into happiness and prosperity, it must be done through consecrated individuals who are willing to lay their heart, life and all on the altar of God, in such a way that the spirit of the great Master may use them. Jer. 32:27. "Remember me for I am Jehovah the God of all flesh: is any thing too hard for me?"

What the world needs today is more men stamped with the fundamental qualities of the Christ character; more men of his invincible good will, "full of grace," willing to stand for the right, first, last and always, and to strive so that the spirit of the Master pervades their every influence, men who do not think to measure the success of a life by its financial standing, but by its power with God for men, its power to lead men to the highest ideals of Christian living. Men to be leaders of our nation who will not permit a question of revenue to be considered alongside of the morals and happiness of its people and their homes. More Christian integrity and honesty before God and man, practiced in every legitimate business and vocation of life, is the thing that will down the evils of today and give the victory for tomorrow.

A factor in our present social life of some prominence, is a tendency toward a higher Christian and ethical standard of living. The mighty power of Jesus Christ among men today is steadily making them realize more and more what is involved in the historical revelation of God and his will for the life of the world. The great evangelist, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who in the last year has traveled thirty-six thousand miles and held one thousand meetings in the foreign lands says: "The world is on the eve of the greatest religious revival since the days of the apostles, a religious reform that will shake the globe, if Christian people of America will respond in a twentieth century businesslike manner." Dr. Chapman and Charles Alexander, the Moody and Sankey of the present day, have already started the evangelistic campaign in America. The solution of the liquor traffic and all other evils depends upon the success of this kind of a campaign. God the supreme candidate for the throne of the universal heart life of the nations, has sent out the message through Jesus Christ to every Christian of the world; that they use their *individual influence* in their own community; that men may be convinced of the rightness of the claims of God upon their hearts. How many here have received the message? Are we active or are we waiting? Are we using our influence to the limit of its power for the success of the campaign?

Men today may tinker with the tariff question, race question, guarantee law or any other such question and add very little to the sum of human happiness. But the men who will prepare themselves to be used of God in leading the forces of righteousness to victory, will have opened channels for an unestimated amount of human happiness and progress, since upon the life and growth of the church with its Christian homes must depend the future greatness of the nation. Christian integrity, honesty, sobriety and brotherly love must be instilled in the hearts of our boys and girls from youth up. Where else is this done but in the church and its homes?

History stands before us with the plain facts that no revolution or advanced good in society has ever been brought about without an organization, a working force to check the evil and proclaim the right.

Scores of men in our land would like to have prohibition, but yet they say I'll not vote for it. What nonsense for a man who believes the traffic to be a curse, who would not have his boy or girl ruined by it, who has the power of franchise, to think for a moment that high license and local option will take the blood and responsibility from his ballot. No temporary device for regulating the traffic can ever become a substitute for prohibition. License high or low is vicious in its principles and powerless as a remedy. Who then can, having received the message and faithfully wielding his influence for God, cast his vote in favor of the licensed saloon? What else are we doing when we support the Republican, Democratic or any other party, who for revenue will give government protection, and place the government seal on every drop of liquor consumed by our people? Men, what do our ballots mean? Are they not messengers of our own desires for the life of our community, State and nation; the supreme act of our life, in determining the power that shall rule our nation?

Protestant churches stand united in saying that the greatest obstacle to the progress of the religious world today is the liquor traffic. It is a sin against God, a crime against humanity. Being a moral wrong it can never be made legally right. Brethren! I believe the time has fully come when Christian men everywhere, should unite their efforts regardless of previous affiliations for the suppression of the liquor traffic. No political party has a right to expect nor ought it to receive the vote of a Christian, so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to place itself upon record in open hostility to the saloon. I beg of each of you in the name of God that you will vow to be the kind of a man that Jesus Christ wants you to be, to manifest in your life the fundamental qualities of the Christ character.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, and though you be silent yet will your influence speak. Though you be dead yet will you live. Thousands too will rise to call you blessed in that day when character shall be the only perfect speech, when "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

THE CALL OF ABRAM.

H. M. HARVEY.

THE above is a subject among us very common, sometimes common enough to call to the mind but few ideas when mentioned, because of its frequent occurrence. Yes, Abram was called out of Chaldea a heathen land to serve our one God. When this comes to our mind we say, Yes, how wise God was to select just the proper man for his purpose. Commonly that is the angle from which we view it. How about Abram's side? Did it mean much to him? Was he compelled to leave much when the call came and he responded? To arrive at any fair conclusion about it we will need to visit him in his own country and home.

The city of Ur we are told in Acts was his home. From that city to the south one hundred and twenty-five miles is the Persian Gulf. To the west thirty miles is the desert, while twenty-five miles to the east we come upon the historic Euphrates River. The last two mentioned are sure to exert a great influence over our city, as every nation and people are influenced by the physical features of the country. The desert was then and is now a veritable rampart over which no one dare cross. It is a country of its own, one without gates or bars and yet as impregnable as Gibraltar. From the first glimpses of history the commercial outlet has been to the north, not across this barren waste, but over the circuitous route up the river. This same roundabout way for centuries has been the highway from eastern countries to the sea. Besides this effect upon its commerce the nearness to so large an area of hot sand and arid land is sure to influence the climate of Ur. Part of the year is hot and dry. The influence of the river was felt especially in the valley. About thirty miles lay between the river and the limit of the valley. There is much similarity between this river and the Nile River of Egypt. If Egypt is the gift of the Nile so also may it be said that this country is the gift of the Euphrates. Like the Nile it rises in mountains and because of the melting snow it overflows its banks, with the same advantage—silting. This is noticeable along down the valley and more especially in the big delta. To flooded valleys was added the advantage of a thorough system of canals which made the valley a veritable garden. The subtropical climate added much to the vegetable growth. The latitude is the same as that of Louisiana and Mississippi.

The country was as a large wheat basket. The grains grew to perfection. Wheat was cut or browsed three to four times per year, then grew a blade four fingers broad, and afforded very rich yields of grain. The farms were small and farmers lived in small villages going to and from their farms for their work as they do in all the East.

The grain products were, wheat, barley, millet, spelt, and cesne. Fruits were, apples, pears, date palms, and pomegranates. There were trees such as, acacia, poplar, tamarack, and cypress. This is the sort of country that Abram was called to leave.

As well as tillers of the soil there were many who followed the shepherd life, as is true of so many Oriental peoples. The domesticated animals were the camel,

sheep, buffalo, horse, cow, and dog. Wild animals were plentiful. In addition to those mentioned the following were also tradesmen of the country: Stone masons, although there was little native stone; most of what they had was brought from long distances on the backs of camels. Potters, many. Jewelers and copper-



River Raft Made of Skins in Use at Present in Babylonian Country.

smiths; the minerals too were mostly imported. Brick-makers were numerous. This does not include the professions.

The houses of these people were made very simple of sun-dried brick. Stone and lumber were not plentiful but sunshine was common and so the home-maker resorted to the ground for material, the sun affording the heat to make them hard. Endless quantities of them have been found in the recent researches, some of them being burnt brick. They were made two and a half by fourteen inches. The roofs were either arches of brick or made of bamboo rods with brushes on top. Inside the houses were furnished with beds and chairs and enough other furniture to make them comfortable. Their streets were narrow and had no sewers. The street was a dumping place. They gradually



Ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace.

filled up until after a time the houses which were first built on fills a few feet above the street could be entered on the level and still later it became necessary to make a descent to enter. This explains why some of the eastern cities have been built upon older cities.

Politically this city was surrounded by many peers, not many of which were as important as Ur. Not all these cities thrived at the time of Ur. Excavations have been the modern searchlight into the former prosperity of this country. Not only cities have once more been exposed to the sun but great libraries are now being tabulated as a result. Soon we shall know many things about this very early country that before were not known. It is amazing how every discovery touching on the province of the Bible adds confirmation to its simple story. The best scholars of the day believe that in this abundant country was the Eden of our foreparents.

We have next to note the religion to which Abram was a devotee. Joshua 24:2 informs us his ancestors were idol worshipers. They had gods many. For the most part they were heaven worshipers. Likely because of their clear skies,—an excellent opportunity to study heavenly bodies. Their gods were Ann, God of heaven, Bel, god of earth, and Ea, god of air and



Modern River Scene on Euphrates at Hilla.

water. They had stellar gods or moon gods. Ur was the seat of the god of the moon, by name Sin. The image of Sin was a crescent moon turned with the open side down so it would not hold water. Images of other gods were common property. There were temples, priests, and rituals and ceremonies to suit.

All this to leave no matter how dear they were was the call upon Abram. Most of our missionaries have some choice of their field of labor, but Abram went out not knowing whither he went.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent of the teachers in the United States are women.

In Berlin 55 per cent of the boys between 14 and 18 attend industrial schools.

The average length of a boy's school life in this country is but little more than four years.

Washington State requires now 100 square feet of play ground per child for every new school.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Liberal commission given to agents. Sample copies are given upon request. When changing address give both old and new addresses.

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THE farmer who has a clean, well-prepared seed bed is, as a rule, extremely careful about the kind and quality of seed he puts into it. Will we be less wise and less consistent concerning the seed we are every day dropping into the fertile heart-gardens all about us?

THE man who tills the soil must be a man of faith, but he must just as truly be a man of works. All growth and advancement in the religious as well as the secular life is dependent on the combination of these two elements which bring the farmer success.

TOO much time and energy are spent in thinking about results,—the harvest, the pay. There is no use in giving any concern to these; they are bound to follow if the work, whose value they represent, is properly done, and this is our serious business.

THERE is no work that is less monotonous than raising products from the soil. Every day there is a new scene presented and a change in the work to be done. But the worker must be wide-awake to see and appreciate this.

JUST now when one feels inclined to court the muse of fancy he should call to mind the saying that "one doer is worth a thousand dreamers."

THIS isn't the time to make hay, but there are many things besides hay-making that need to be done while the sun shines. 'Get busy!

"WHILE the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease."

SWEET is the rest of those who toil.

THE SURE METHOD.

THE temperance forces frankly acknowledge that they were keenly disappointed in the results of the April election where the saloon question was an issue. It is hard to understand how people can be so blind to the highest good of all,—how they can lend their influence to a condition that fosters crime and poverty and numerous other ills that block the way to real advancement and real happiness and prosperity.

But though the temperance people were disappointed, they have no cause to be disheartened. They have the side of right and however formidable the opposition may appear, there is no cause for fear or thought of giving up. Rather, they may congratulate themselves anew on the many victories won over so strong an enemy, and face the future courageously with an even higher estimate of the value of the things at stake.

Our method of fighting by storming the enemy's strongholds,—making conversions through the power of argument and illustrations—while it has brought us many victories is not the surest and most effective method of banishing the liquor traffic from our land. It is the best method for quick results and we should continue to use it in our campaigns both for the sake of the results themselves and because of their influence on other efforts, but the method of educating the people along the right line is the one that will insure the most complete and permanent results.

To be sure, we have been educating the people right along, but in our desire for immediate results we have not taken the time to sit down and teach—teach the children, those whose hearts and minds are most easily impressed and who later will stand like adamant to maintain these early convictions. We have spent most of our time battering at the hard hearts of the grown-ups because we were anxious to hand over to our children the affairs of the country, free from the blighting curse of liquor. Our intentions have been the best but our wisdom and judgment have been at fault. Even if we complete the victory in this generation, the children need to be made acquainted with the issue so that they may sacredly keep the principles we have established.

The thought of enlisting the children in this fight through patient teaching ought not to be slighted by us. Our enemy is powerful and strongly entrenched in the business, political and social world. We should recall the history of the fight against slavery,—not that we may find in it discouragement for our own cause, but that we may consider that while every blow aimed at the evil had the effect of weakening its hold, after all it was those who grew up from childhood during the agitation who finally gave the curse of slavery its death-blow. So while we are carrying on a direct campaign against the liquor business, let us seek out and make use of every opportunity for teaching the children con-

cerning its evils. Then if in our time we are not able to drive the curse from our land we may rest safely in the assurance that our children will do so.

PEACE DAY.

GRADUALLY peace day, with its noble sentiment and its power to influence for noble action, is coming in for a share in the attention and interest of the people and promises to fulfill the desire of its friends as a powerful influence for world-wide peace. These friends and promoters of peace have put forth special effort to have the universities, colleges, normal schools and public schools observe the day, and we look forward to early results from these efforts.

This year the American Peace Society is sending a letter to all the State Superintendents of Public Instruction and to the Superintendents of Schools in all cities in the nation of five thousand inhabitants and over. The following is a copy of this letter:

Dear Sirs: The observance of the Eighteenth of May the anniversary of the opening of the first Hague Conference, as Peace Day has become so general in the schools of the country that it hardly seems necessary further to call attention to it.

Last year the Superintendents of Public Instruction in more than one-third of the States officially recommended the observance, and a number of others expressed their cordial approval of it. In nearly all of the larger cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Minneapolis, etc.—the Superintendents of Schools had the day observed with suitable exercises in the schools under their charge. The same was true in very many of the smaller cities.

Though not yet universally kept, the day may therefore be considered as permanently established as one of the great anniversaries to be regularly observed hereafter in the educational institutions of the country. It is sincerely hoped that the Superintendents of Public Instruction in the remaining States, and the Superintendents of Schools in the cities by whom this letter is received, will make a special effort this year to have the day observed in those places which have not yet kept it, and thus make it for the first time universal.

The success which has attended the observance has been in nearly all cases most striking. From half an hour to an hour has been devoted to suitable exercises by the pupils themselves or their instructors, or prominent persons from the neighborhood. The boys and girls have in most cases responded enthusiastically to the appeals made to them in behalf of humanity, friendship, international justice and peace. They have been especially attracted by the remarkable story of the origin and growth of the peace movement and by the larger conception of patriotism as including their duty not only to their own country, but to the other races and people of the world.

Will you not, as far as practicable, use your influence to promote the suitable observance of the day this year in the schools which are under your supervision?

The American Peace Society will be glad to place its literature, at a merely nominal price, at the service of superintendents and teachers who may desire to use it in making preparations for the day. A leaflet containing suggestive programs is herewith enclosed.

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the American Peace Society,

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD, Secretary.

WHILE all peace-loving people are united on the need of a peace day with its uplifting influence, not all are agreed on the day chosen. Many educators think we should have no additional day set apart but point out the suitability of having Memorial day and Peace day combined. We think this would be an excellent arrangement and hope it can be brought about.

We trust that all our readers will lend their influence toward establishing peace day and toward every other lawful effort for drawing the people away from war and its attendant evils. War and talk of war is a repudiation of our claim to a high state of civilization and the thought of it cannot be tolerated if we are to keep the name Christian.

THE HONORED NAME.

(To Robert Emmet Nowlan.)

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

My son, thou hast an honored name
And mayst thou keep it so,
As he who died a martyr's death
A century ago.

For Freedom's cause he dared and lost,
And though he might have fled,
He risked his life to say farewell
To her he hoped to wed.

He nobly lived and nobly died.
His dying words were brave:
"The cause of right will triumph yet
Though I am in my grave.

"Rear not a stone above my head,
My grave unmarked shall be.
Let not my epitaph be penned
Till Ireland shall be free."

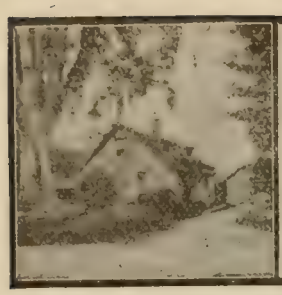
When British misrule was so strong
It idle seemed to stem it,
Thy grandsire by a hasty move
Escaped the fate of Emmet.

The name of Emmet caused his heart
With manly pride to fill,
And for his sake, now long at rest,
Let us revere it still.

Be thou as faithful to thy word
As to thy written vow.
Stand for the right, and when thou seest
Thy duty, **do it now.**

As he who sleeps in unmarked grave
Beneath the shamrock's sod,
Aye, be thou to thy sweetheart true,
Thy country, and thy God.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE HOME WORLD



The American Disease

DR. O. H. YEREMAN.

No. 1.

THE burning desire for success and the unsatiable thirst for the accumulation of wealth are causing us to live the "strenuous life" of modern times. The consuming ambition for the achievement of the great and wonderful—and ofttimes the impossible—has distorted and complicated our manner of living. This desire has developed into a veritable craze, and in order to succeed we are straining to the very limit of our endurance.

This strained manner of living has not been limited to any one class of society, or to any one age. It is equally distributed among rich and poor, young and old. The child in kindergarten is spurred on with the promise of prizes and presents. In graded school the same process is carried further on. Every incentive and stimulus is held out; dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges and the coveted flourish in the newspaper. In high school, the strain never slackens, and the result is a pallid face, sunken chest, and waxy skin, which has been justly termed the "high school complexion."

In college and in the office, in society and in the church, everywhere and among all classes this constant hurry, worry, scurry has produced the American Disease which is "nervousness." Even on the farm, where one would expect people to live near the heart of nature and avoid all excesses, you find men, women and girls making slaves of themselves to their chickens and stock, their housework or their crops; rising earlier than the sun, and laboring long after its setting. They never take time for relaxation or call upon their neighbors, except it be on business, and soon their faces are all wrinkled, the bloom of youth faded, their expression distorted, and they appear old and decrepit long before their time.

There are so many shades and grades of this disease that scientists condemn the word "nervousness," and insist on tagging each variety with a separate label; but for our purpose that is not necessary, so long as we remember that we are using it in a general way.

That nervousness is constantly on the increase, and that at an enormous rate; that more sanitariums are being built every day; that our insane asylums have more inmates than they have ever had, need not be told to the observing. Fifty years ago the average woman knew not what nervous prostration was, but today there is hardly a school girl who can not tell you all about it and refer to friends and acquaintances who have suffered from it.

What is "Nervousness"?

Broadly speaking, it is an unnatural excitability of the nerves, or an imperfect control by the nervous system of the performance of its functions. These two conditions may co-exist in varying proportions, and produce the various combinations of nervous phenomena.

These conditions may be caused from a mental or bodily debility, due to a prolonged illness or a sudden shock. Often there is a train of causes, which acting together bring about this breakdown. The immediate exciting cause may have been the overwork, or the illness, or the shock, but the individual usually had been handicapped for a long time by regrets for the past, doubts for the present and anxieties for the future. She was unwilling to delegate responsibilities to others, but must attend to the minutest details herself. Thus she was exhausted by her own mental labors before commencing upon the work which precipitated her breakdown.

A prolific immediate cause is the nursing of a loved one through a prolonged serious illness. The anxious hours of nursing, the long sleepless nights of watching, the missing of meals, the suspense of the final outcome, and perhaps the deep sorrow and grief over his death, exhaust all of her reserve nervous energy, so that the slightest injury or illness in herself will cause her to fall prey to "nervousness." In this instance the immediate cause was the slight injury or the short illness, but the long siege of hard work, fatigue and anxiety had prepared her for the breakdown which was brought about by the trivial illness.

One writer explains this point by saying that if you stand on slippery ground at the very edge of a precipice, it will not take much of a push to send you over, nor will you hit any less hard on the rocks at the bottom because it was a slight shove that upset you. As an example, a woman getting out of bed stepped on a pin, and was six months recovering from the nervous

breakdown which followed, but she had been ten years getting ready for it.

Causes of "Nervousness."

Of the numerous causes producing this distressing condition, the one which lies at the foundation of all is a lack of nutrition of nerve cells of the brain and spinal cord. These cells are either *underfed* or *overtaxed* so that their strength is exhausted, and they are poor and weakly. The first condition may be brought about by a disease of the stomach whereby the food is not properly digested; by eating foods which are not suitable to the requirements of the system; by insufficient quantity of food, as during sickness; or as a result of constipation or intestinal indigestion, whereby poisonous substances are retained in the system and rob the nerve centers of their share of nourishment.

Emotional excesses, whether it be in love or grief, hatred or ambition are a prolific cause for the development of "nervousness" by *overtaxation.* Take the individual who broods and worries over the departure of a loved one, and she is sapping the life out of herself. Or the girl disappointed in a love affair, she wilts and withers, not because the organs and muscles of the body are not there, but because the enervating electric force which we term the nerves have ceased to act normally.

Having this nerve starvation in themselves, parents will transmit to their children the same condition, so that some are born with this lack of tone and strength to their nerves, and easily fall victim to the disease.

Another class are those who are suffering from this malnutrition because of their reckless living, incontinent habits, and general intemperance. Such persons have but themselves to blame for the suffering which they bring upon themselves.

A third class are those who suffer because of the sins of another, or because of bearing the burdens of another. This class is truly to be pitied.

There are many persons whose hatred does not manifest itself in malicious words or rash deeds, but in a smouldering fire within their hearts which gnaws and eats away their very vital powers. It is like the worm that never dieth and the fire that is not quenched, as described in Mark 9: 44. These persons should never be scolded or harshly spoken to, for although they do not answer back, the harm that it does them is very great.

Ambition, that wonder worker which changes the mediocre into the famous, and the failure into a success, is greatly abused nowadays. It is true that there is enough laziness in all of us, and that most of us could utilize our spare moments more profitably, but that there are a great many individuals whose ambition overrules their judgment, or who at least fail to exercise care in governing their ambition, is also a fact. The dogged plowing through work in the face of discouragement and repeated failure, sticking to it through shine or rain, headache or illness, is grand indeed from the viewpoint of success. But if that success has been achieved at the expense of your health, so that you can not enjoy it; if your nerves are shattered so that you can not get along even with your own wife and children; if your life is shortened so that your premature death leaves your family bereft, your ambition has been unwisely used, your success dearly bought.

But whatever the cause or the class, let us not forget that in every instance the foundation of the entire train of symptoms is laid in lack of nerve strength and nerve control.

How to Tell the Beginning of "Nervousness."

The development of this condition is so insidious that a knowledge of its early manifestations will be of great value to those who are willing to use the ounce of prevention, which is worth many pounds of cure in this case. There are so many variations in individual cases that I can give you only the most common and general ones. Making allowance for the modifying influences of temperament, sex, occupation and environment, one of the earliest signs of the development of "nervousness" is the difficulty of concentration, or the ability of keeping the mind on one thing for any length of time. For example, while reading, the mind will wander off, and when the person comes back to herself, she finds that she does not remember the subject matter of the last page or two that she has read. She could not hold her mind on the book or article she was reading, and while her eyes were on the page, and her lips mechanically uttered the words, her mind wandered away to some other subject.

Usually the next step is irritability of temper. Little things become annoying. Her answers are short. Her nerves seem "on edge." She is easily upset. The singing of the telephone wires worry her. The squeaking of a new pair of shoes grates on her nerves.

Closely following this comes exaggeration of the relative importance of things. The smallest trifles become of the greatest importance. She takes offense easily. She imagines that others are watching her, they are talking about her, criticising her appearance, her apparel, her actions and so forth. The person is restless and fidgety, she can not sit still, her hands or her feet must be on the move. If she is sitting in a rocker, she keeps rocking to and fro rather rapidly and continuously.

Later on fits of crying make their appearance. She sheds tears over insignificant things, to which she would have paid no attention before. She is moody, and the condition of the weather makes a great difference in her feelings.

Finally the "tired feeling" develops which is a direct message from the nerve centers announcing their

lack of strength. She does not feel like working, and if she undertakes any work, she is soon tired and worn out, and has to lie down to rest. She goes to bed tired and she rises tired—she feels tired all the time.

While I have used the feminine pronoun in the above description, and the female sex is more prone to "nervousness," we must not forget that it is equally applicable to men, and that more of them suffer from it than is generally supposed.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

EFFIE REED POLK.

After the duties of day are done,
And shadows are falling one by one,
Mother rests in the old arm chair,—
No form so dear, no face so fair.

In mother's room, by the firelight's glow,
The shadows softly come and go;
And the little children, one, two, three,
Gather around their mother's knee.

In mother's room is a blest retreat,
For the weary little hands and feet
That are very busy day by day,—
Sometimes at errands, sometimes at play.

In mother's room by the warm light's glow,
As the evening winds are whisp'ring low,
She reads to them from the Book of Life
Of founts of love with healing rife.

The children list to the words of love,
How Christ, who left his home above,
Died on the cross at Calvary,
That we may live eternally;

And how he rose, and reigns above,
And bids the children come in love
To his dear throne. He waiteth there
To bless each little child so fair.

After the evening prayers are said,
The children kissed, and tucked in bed,
Mother lifts her voice above
And asks her God to watch in love.

Mansfield, Illinois.

TO KEEP A LOCK OF HAIR.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

If you wish to preserve a lock of hair, either of the baby or of some departed loved one, you will find passe-partout a convenient and artistic method of so doing. Take for a background a piece of silk ribbon of a color that blends with the shade of the hair, and have the binding harmonize with both. Sew the hair upon the silk with sewing silk of the same shade as the hair, and write the name and date on the back of the card. Thus you have your keepsake preserved in an attractive and permanent form, and much less liable to loss or damage than if put away, as usual, unmarked, in an envelope or between the leaves of a book.

A WORD ON ECONOMY.

MRS. MARTIN MOYER.

As there have been several articles on economy in the Nook, and that being one of my hobbies, I have several *practical ideas* on that, I will give, which may be a help to others.

First is how to use old lace curtains. Every spring after we have washed the lace curtains, there is a lot of poor ones left, not fit to use for curtains. We roll them together and keep handy to make rags to wash dishes; they are soft and white; just as soon as they are dirty throw them in the stove and tear off another. No dish rag to wash out, saves time and soap, also uses up the waste curtains.

Another way to save is in using old stockings. We always have plenty of them, too. We go over them twice a year. First cut feet and legs out of the best of them, then put the scraps in a bag and hang in a handy place by the stove, to wipe stove top off when greasy or something boils over on it. Good to clean smoky lamp chimneys or bottom of kettles, also many other things. When dirty throw in stove and get another; save time and soap. Use legs of white stockings for dish rags.

Goshen, Ind.

RECIPES AND HELPS.

AMANDA BJELKSTROM.

Prune Pudding.

One cup boiled and chopped prunes.
One cup sugar.
One cup chopped walnuts.
Whites of three eggs beaten very stiff.

Set pudding dish in a jar of water and bake forty minutes. Serve with whipped cream. We do not have walnuts in South Dakota, so I have always omitted them and we think it fine.

I find a baking powder can with holes pierced in the top a very handy salt shaker for use in cooking. Keep it handy by the range.

Economical Rice Pudding.

Two-thirds cup rice washed.
One cup sugar.
Two quarts sweet milk.

Bake in oven two hours, stirring frequently. Add flavoring when done if desired.

Good Nut Candy.

One cup brown sugar.
One-half cup water.
Pinch of cream tartar.

Boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Pour on a platter, place in cold water. When cold enough to handle plate beat until quite dry. Add one-half cup chopped nuts and beat well. Nuts can be omitted.

THE VALUE OF MILK.

THERE are two ways of drinking milk, the right and the wrong way, and a majority of people drink it the wrong way. This is the chief reason why milk disagrees with some people. Milk must not be imbibed like water. It should be drunk very slowly, a sip at a time. Really, the best way is to take a teaspoonful at a time. There is a scientific reason for drinking milk slowly and in small quantities. Milk curdles as soon as it comes into contact with the juice of the stomach. If a whole glass of milk is taken at one draught into the stomach the gastric juices cannot readily act with the necessary solvent power. Milk, without question, is one of the most valuable of foods. It contains all the elements necessary for maintaining the physical health of those who know how to use it properly. Indeed, most people would be better off physically if milk and entire wheat bread formed their ordinary diet. Especially is this true of delicate persons whose powers of digestion have become enfeebled. Persons suffering from nervous prostration are not able to digest meat, and will find a purely milk diet of the greatest benefit, provided they take it properly.—*Exchange.*

SELECTED HELPS.

CLEAN plaster of paris ornaments by covering them with wet starch, let dry on, then brush off, using a stiff brush.

KEEP the old stockings. They make the very best polishers. Wrap several old stockings around the carpet sweeper to avoid marring the furniture.

To gather up soot which has been spilled on the carpet, cover the soot with coarse salt, and brush up lightly, adding more salt and brushing up until the spot is entirely clean.

SCRATCHES on varnished wood will often yield to treatment by laying a coarse cloth, saturated with linseed oil, over them, leaving it on for a while, then polishing with a dry flannel. Walnut oil is also recommended.

A LITTLE ammonia and kerosene in rather warm water, with just enough soap to soften the water, is excellent for scrubbing white paint or enamel. Wash only a small space at one time, rub it dry and continue the work, changing the water often. While alkali is used it must not be of sufficient strength to injure the gloss.

AN excellent furniture polish is made by mixing two parts of linseed oil with one part of strong vinegar; apply this with a flannel cloth, and polish with dry flannel. For good results from any polish, vigorous rubbing must follow the application. All oils not absorbed by the wood must be polished off, or it will be "smeary."

"LAST year we had excellent success in keeping hams in good condition through the warm weather. Before the flies had a chance to deposit their eggs in them, we dusted some cayenne pepper into the hock end, wrapped the whole ham closely in brown paper, then in coarse muslin sewed to fit closely. Lastly we gave them a coat of thick whitewash and hung them where it was cool, dry and dark, and they did not even mold on the outside."

The Children's Corner

LITTLE RAINDROPS.

Little Raindrops splashing down
On my window pane,
Tell me where you came from and
Where you'll go again.

Did you fall from out a cloud
Sailing overhead?
Was a silver lining there
As I've heard it said?

Patter, patter, oh, so fast!
Play awhile with me!
Is it fun to sail the skies?
Tell me what you see.

Why is it you cannot stay?
Please don't hurry so!
What is it you have to do
That so soon you go?

Fill the thirsty little plants;
Wash the dusty trees;
Make the lovely flowers blow
For the busy bees;

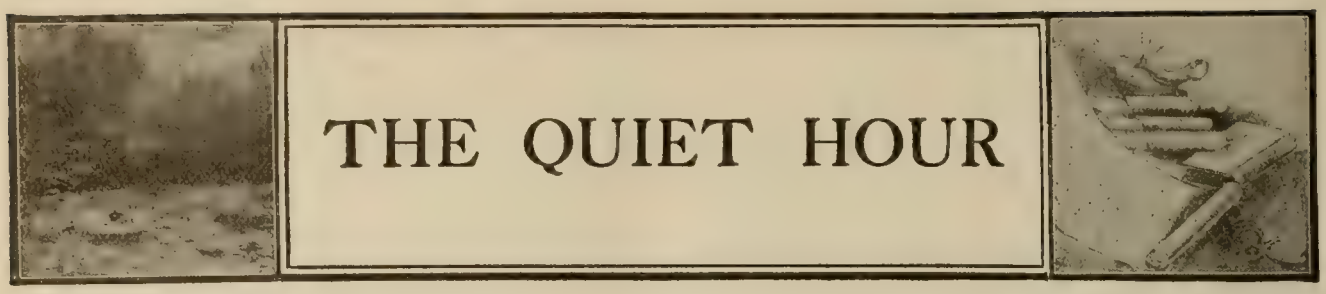
Help the corn and wheat to grow
Ready for the mill;
Turn the wheel that grinds them that
Boy may have his fill;

Float the ships that sail the sea;
Settle all the dust—
My, you have so much to do
Go you really must.

Busy little Raindrops, we
Will not keep you here,
We've detained you over-long
As it is, I fear.

Little Raindrops splashing down
On my window pane,
Though you leave us now we know
You'll come back again.

—T. W. B.



Missions

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

Part I. When Should One Go?

And do thou, when once thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren.—Luke 22: 32.

Long ages have passed since the first human beings were placed by Divine will in the world of the finite. Surroundings and tendencies have led into devious paths. Adam and Eve started primarily from the kingdom of God. With a divine benediction upon them, they were ushered into the environments that were to prove their destiny.

As a helpmeet the woman was created for the man. So as the man is also by the woman, and all things of God, the brotherly spirit of help and benevolence, that spirit that characterizes the benignant heart, is imparted from breast to breast, cheering the downcast, healing the broken-hearted, bowing the stiffnecked, cleansing the unchaste, raising the fallen, bringing low the haughty. If your brother be hungry, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. If he would take anything from you wrongfully, ask forgiveness for him. Is he vain, unfeeling and boastful of wrongdoing? Entice and gently lead him to that higher plain of thought and action.

And who is my brother? He in whom the breath of human life hath dared to enter; he in whose veins the lifeblood hath ventured to course; the same is your brother. Is one lying prostrate in the ditch of ruin and shame? he is your brother: assist him to a solid footing. Hawthorne says: "Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." Lives one in ignorance and sin, in heathendom and idolatry? Yea, he is your brother: place him in position to be saved. Comes One to earth and gives his life that *you* may live? Behold, he is your Brother: follow him.

"Turn again," "follow him," and then is one prepared and willing to establish his brethren.

* * *

"Special comfort and consolation may be given to any Christian; but it is the diligence of the soul in walking with God that brings settled comfort."

THOSE OBSTACLES.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

We dreamed a dream. Being at a place beside a railway track, we saw a train approaching. In the opposite direction, on the track, lay a pile of machinery—heavy obstacles. We hastened to remove the obstacles, trembling for the safety of the approaching train. It glided smoothly by upon a portion of the track which we had not noticed. The obstacles were only on an unused spur. Our labor was wasted.

We are traveling the railway life. There often seem to be obstacles just ahead. Trust God and don't worry. Christ is our Engineer.

Collbran, Colo.

* * *

TAKING THE STEP BY FAITH.

A man said in my presence that, if he could explain the atonement, he would become a Christian. Then he will never come to Jesus, for not until we see God can we begin to understand the atonement. Not an angel in heaven understands it. Eternity will not be long enough in which to comprehend it. And if you are waiting for this, you are like the man in the university, who said: "I will never study astronomy until I can understand it; I will never enter a class of mathematics until I can solve every problem." You must come by faith. Here is another man who says he cannot come. Why? And taking up the Bible, he turns over its pages and says, "Too many contradictions." I dare to say this evening that there has never been a book in the world that has harmony in it like this old Book has, from Genesis to Revelation. No, men and women, if you stand to argue, then you will never come.

A man once came to Mr. Moody and said, "If you will answer this list of questions, then I will become a Christian." But Mr. Moody was too clever for him. He said, "If you will become a Christian, and start tonight, and then come to me tomorrow morning, then I will answer every question in your list." The man said, "Sir, I will come." That night he accepted Christ as his Savior. The next morning he came back to Mr. Moody's house, his face shining, and said, "Mr. Moody, I will not have to put you to the trouble of answering the questions; they have all been answered." That is the way to come. If men, the latchet of whose shoes you are not worthy to unloose; if wom-

en, in whom you have as perfect confidence as you have in your mother; if men like Gladstone, if men like our President McKinley, if men like General Booth, and if women like Catherine Booth can say, "We took the step by faith, and all the way became bright ahead of us," then I think we can trust the Savior. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." It is God's Word, and you must yield.—*Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.*

BABY-MINDEDNESS.

Dr. Cuyler says to young men: "Don't ask to be everlastingly amused, it is the sign of a baby-mind when a young man cares for nothing but fun and frolic."

If this be so there must be a large number of "baby-minds" in our churches. Why else this asking by our old people in the church to be "everlastingly amused?" "Oh, our sermons are so uninteresting I went elsewhere." "Where were you last prayer-meeting night?" "Oh, our meetings are so dull that I went where they have more life." What is this but a demand for spiritual amusement? The preacher, the official brethren, and the other members must get up something to keep you amused or you will soon absent yourself. Your "baby-mind" cannot content itself in its own church unless it is "everlastingly amused." Why don't you provide some religious amusement for your pastor, your official brethren, and the other members? Start a hymn, tell your experience, lead in prayer, do all you can to make things lively and happy and attractive in your own church, and then neither you nor anybody else will feel like absenting yourselves; perhaps if you provide a little religious amusement yourself, you will not need to depend so much on others for it. Let each contribute his part toward happiness in the church.

And what means this constant cry from the young people in the church for amusements? And whence comes this constant assertion that, if we do not provide amusements for our young people, they will not come to church? Are all our young so "baby-minded" that nothing but amusements will bring them to church and Sunday school?—*Selected.*

FIVE QUESTIONS FOR THE PREACHER.

Before going into the pulpit, let me ask myself these five questions, and carefully ponder them:

1. What is my motive? To display my powers? To conform to custom? To gratify the congregation? Or is my one motive to please Christ? Is my eye single to his glory? Am I willing to be personally dishonored, so long as he is magnified?

2. Am I cleansed, and therefore a clean vessel? My Master will not put throne water into a foul glass, or the sincere milk of the Word into a tainted cup. I must see to it, therefore, that I am free from the stain of known sin, and have put away all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.

3. Am I sure that he has given me my message? I am not called to argue for him, or to be his advocate, but to witness to what I have seen of him, and to pass on to men the word which I have received from his lips for them. We can only be sure of the message of Christ when we have waited before him in believing prayer until some word of his stands out clear and distinct. Jesus knows best what the gathered people need.

4. Am I willing to be an organ or instrument through which he shall work? I am not called upon to work for him, but to allow him to work through me. Paul did not dare to speak of any things, save those which Christ wrought through him. We must remember that we are only branches through which the root expresses itself.

5. Am I relying on the coöperation of the Holy Spirit? My witness will do little unless I am counting on the co-witness of the Holy Spirit; just as Peter would have caught no fish, though he let down a clean net, unless Christ had driven the shoals into it. The voice of the servant to the ear of the congregation is corroborated by the voice of the Spirit in their hearts. —*F. B. Meyer.*

IS CHRISTIAN FAITH LOSING GROUND.

The remark of a clerical visitor concerning Christianity in Britain, that "it is rapidly approaching the vanishing point," led to a sort of symposium in which bishops and prebendaries took part. All admit the decreased church-going; and several causes of decline were assigned, such as "the development of locomotion," "love of pleasure," "irreverent handling of Scripture," "week-end excursions," "a niggardly spirit in rich church-goers," and one party says that "the vocabulary of the churches has become sounding brass."

Of the decrease in church attendance, admitted by all, one cause, not mentioned, may have more to do than any or all of the others; namely, the *decline in worship,* in its Scriptural sense. Some one says that "let us go into the house of the Lord" is now changed to "Let us go to Dr. ———'s church," or "Let us go and hear So-and-So," the thought of meeting God, and offering to him worship in praise and prayer, and reverent hearing of his Word, being almost lost in the seeking of entertainment in listening to some human orator.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

God is not a crutch coming to help your lameness, unnecessary to you if you had all your strength. He is the breath in your lungs. The stronger you are, the more thoroughly you are yourself, the more your need of it, the more your need of him.—*Brooks.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Lincoln, Nebraska, is to remain "dry" as a result of the special referendum election. Nearly 10,000 votes were cast, the "drys" winning by 990 majority. The faculty and students of the University of Nebraska aided in effecting the victory.

According to an opinion given out by the attorney general's department of the State of Ohio, if persons suffering from tuberculosis can be proved to be a menace to the health of others, boards of health may compel them to give up their employment.

Secretary Meyer in a recent communication to the House of Representatives indorsed a former opinion of the Navy Department that the construction of naval vessels on the great lakes would constitute a violation of the Rush-Bagot convention of 1817.

Hereafter on or before the 1st day of February of each year the railroads and about 800 other public service corporations doing business in Oklahoma must furnish a complete schedule of all property, assets and franchises so that the State board of equalization may fix the value of such property for taxation.

All over Germany men employed in the building trades have been locked out by the employers who declare they intend to break up the unions. Between 150,000 and 200,000 have already been locked out. About 10 per cent of the employers are in sympathy with the demands of the men and have refused to join the lockout.

Under direction of Mrs. Cleveland, who is at present in Europe, a plain monument of Tennessee marble, 10 feet high, has been placed over the grave of her husband. It bears the simple inscription: "Grover Cleveland. Born Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837. Died Princeton, N. J., June 24, 1908." No mention is made of his having been twice President of the United States.

Ten thousand dollars is to be appropriated by Congress for printing a million copies of bulletins recently published by the department of agriculture. The resolution was introduced by Representative Cooper. These bulletins include the bulletin on economic use of meats and kindred subjects, the preparation of which has been brought about by the high cost of living.

The British Navy estimates for the present year call for five battleships of the dreadnought type, five protected cruisers of 25 knots or over, twenty destroyers, a number of submarines, and two floating docks. Including the ships to be laid down this year, the dreadnoughts built or building for the three leading naval powers are for Great Britain, 27; Germany, 17; United States, 10.

Hereafter the 100,000 employes of the United States Steel Corporation will be given a day of rest on Sunday. Orders have been issued for the suspension of all Sunday work in the mills that is not necessary. Besides, Sunday work will be abolished on the Bessemer and Lake Erie; the Youngstown and Northern; Elgin, Joliet and Eastern; Duluth and Iron Range; Duluth, Mesaba and Northern, and Donora Southern and Mercer Valley railroads, owned by the steel corporation.

The Isthmian Canal Commission has called for the manufacture, delivery, and erection of about 58,000 tons of steel parts, which will be used in the construction of the forty-six mitering lock gates of two leaves each on the Panama Canal. These are the largest lock gates ever built. They are all about 65 feet wide, and vary from 47 feet 4 inches to 82 feet in height. Piled one above the other on end they would make a tower 1 1-5 miles in height. The contract will be worth about $6,000,000.

According to Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, the increase of between 5 and 6 per cent in the wages of the corporation's 223,377 employes will amount to $9,000,000 a year. Only those receiving $100 a month or less are benefited. During the panic the wages of the employes of the corporation were not reduced. Brisk business and increasing scarcity of labor aided in bringing about a better wage rate. At Gary the shortage of labor is the greatest since the work began.

A convention at which consideration will be given to the conservation of the nation's great asset—the child—is to be held in Denver, Colo., June 10 to 15. The organization which has the meeting in charge is the National Congress of Mothers, the chief aim of which is to extend the "science of child nurture." The members of this organization contend that "instinct does not make wise parents, any more than it makes wise specialists in any branch of work," and they argue, therefore, that provision should be made to inform parents how to check the evils of childhood which menace society.

The 30,827 persons found by Special Commissioner Gion Miller to be entitled to a pro rata share in the $5,000,000 awarded the Cherokee Indians by the United States court of claims will soon receive their money. Mr. Miller has been designated by the court to disburse the money. The persons entitled to share in the distribution are so widely scattered that the work will require some time. It will be prosecuted vigorously and wound up as speedily as possible. Each individual will receive approximately $133. The attorneys' fees, costs, etc., have eaten up about $900,000 of the $5,000,000 awarded by the court. This leaves a balance of $4,100,000 to be distributed among 30,827 individuals.

The disease known as lip-and-leg ulceration of sheep, which has prevailed in Wyoming and other western States to such an extent as to cause the secretary of agriculture to place a federal quarantine on sheep from certain counties in Wyoming, is the subject of a publication just issued by the department of agriculture. In this publication Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry, describes the work of his bureau for the suppression of this disease, and Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the pathological division of the bureau, describes the nature and cause of the disease and prescribes treatment.

Although the lack of interest in its contracts for the furnishing of horses and mules for the army has obliged the war department to offer much higher prices for these animals than it has been in the habit of doing, very few offers for their purveyance are being made. On a recent contract offering to pay from $165 to $195 for cavalry and artillery horses and from $175 to $200 for mules not a single bid in the entire department of Texas was made. The principal cause of the shortage of army mounts is said to be a general deterioration of the type of horses bred in the country.

Another section of picturesque America was saved from the despoiling hand of man recently when the House passed the Glacier National Park bill. The measure passed the Senate a few weeks ago and now needs only the signature of the President to become a law. What hereafter will be known as the Glacier National Park embraces an area of about thirty-five square miles. It lies in central northern Montana, up against the international boundary, and north of the Great Northern Railroad. Within this area is some of the most rugged Alpine scenery in the United States. The country is all very high and broken, and there are several small glaciers. The park is noted particularly for its various beautiful lakes. It has been a hunting and fishing paradise. There is some timber on the land, but the location has thus far protected it from exploitation.

Because of the progress made in food storage, governments should investigate the propriety of fixing the profits of foods just as they have fixed a limit for interest on money, is the opinion of the Ohio legislative food probers, whose recommendations, reached after a three months' investigation of the high cost of living, were made public April 15. Among other recommendations are: Inspection of storage plants by the State. Extension of the jury system to enlarge the powers of grand juries. Authorizing the Governor to designate trial judges in certain instances where conditions warrant interference. Maintenance of farms by municipalities to be cultivated by the needy on reasonable terms. Laws to prevent cheating by false weights and measures. More extensive teaching of agriculture in schools.

The Supreme Court of the United States has reassigned for argument the cases of the United States against the American Tobacco and the Standard Oil companies. The government asks that the two companies be dissolved on the ground that they are operated in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. The reargument of these cases comes as the direct result of the death of Justice Brewer, who died a few days after the Standard Oil case had been argued. As Justice Moody was unable to participate in the consideration of these cases only seven justices were left to give a decision.

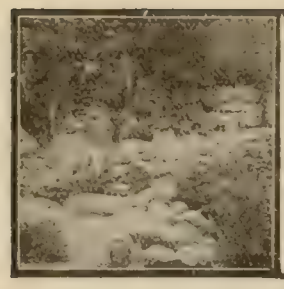
Commissioners of the District of Columbia have decided to again have a rational celebration of Independence day. This year no dynamite crackers, pistols or "snakes in the grass" will be sold in Washington. A citizen's committee will give an elaborate fireworks display and there will be band concerts, athletic games, boat races and other outdoor sports.

Advices to the London foreign office report a cessation of rioting in Chang Sha and the Hunan province but indicate that the improvement is only temporary and that another general outbreak is feared. The London papers continue to view the situation with alarm. "Indications are that another great anti-foreign uprising is beginning," the Star says The Leader declares that "China is about to pay dearly for the reaction which swept such men as Grand Councillor Youan Shi Ki from her counsels."

No more women will be engaged as stenographers, clerks or telegraph operators by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The road's auditors and statisticians estimate that on the average a young woman stenographer does 30 per cent less work than a young man in the same position, who also does the work more carefully and accurately. The same statement applies to other branches of work. The women, young and less young, now in the Baltimore and Ohio's employ, will not be dismissed, but each, as she leaves, will be succeeded by a man.

The United States wants trained nurses for the isthmian canal, Philippine and Indian services. The usual entrance salaries paid trained nurses in the Indian service range from $600 to $720 per annum, and quarters. The entrance salary for the Philippine service is $50 per month for the first six months, when the salary is increased to $60 a month (adequate laundry allowance is made in addition to board and quarters in the Philippine service), and in the isthmian canal service, the entrance salary for female nurses is $60 a month, with board, quarters and laundry. About half the female nurses in this service receive $75 a month, through promotion. The entrance salary for male nurses in the isthmian canal service is $90 a month, with quarters, but without subsistence or laundry, and they may be promoted after six months' satisfactory service to $105 a month, with quarters.

The Industrial Insurance plan perfected by the International Harvester Company, through which its 25,000 employes are insured against accidents, went into effect in all the plants of the concern April 18. Employes of the big harvester company will receive one-fourth wages during the first thirty days of disability and one-half wages after that time up to two years. In case of death the dependent will be paid three years' wages, with a minimum of $1,500 and a maximum of $4,000. For the loss of a hand or a foot one and one-half years' wages will be paid, with a minimum of $500 and a maximum of $2,000, and for the loss of both hands or both feet the minimum to be paid is $4,000. Unlike most of the mutual benefit insurance schemes in operation, the employes of the harvester company are not required to contribute anything to the plan to insure the benefits enumerated. Another feature of the plan is that the injured employe does not have to waive his rights to go into court and sue the company for damages. If he accepts the benefits provided in the plan he releases the company from further obligation, but he may refuse the stipulated benefits and go into court if he chooses.



NATURE STUDIES



A SPRINGTIME WISH.

Oh, to be a robin
In the spring!
When the fleeting days of April
Are a-wing,
And the air is sweet with knowing
Where the hidden buds are growing
And the merry winds are going
Wandering!

Oh, to be a robin
With a nest
Built upon the budding branches—
East or west!
Just to swing and sway and dangle
Far from earth and all its tangle,
Joining in the gay bird jangle,
With a zest!

Oh, to be a robin—
Just to sing!
Not to have the pain of hating
Anything—
Just to race the foremost swallow
Over hills and over hollow—
And the joy of life to follow
Through the spring!
—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in St. Nicholas.

Butterflies and Moths

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

When we see the butterflies and moths, resplendent in gay colors, hovering over flowers or flying apparently aimlessly through the air, we seldom stop to think of the life history of these insects. To the ordinary observer some moths seem very much like butterflies. But the butterflies are day fliers and have blunt or knobbed antennæ, while the moths fly chiefly at dusk or by night, and the antennæ are variable in form but are never knobbed. While apparently gay and without purpose, the mission of these insects in the realm of nature is as important as that of many larger creatures.

Often as early as March the beautiful velvety-brown butterfly, called the Camberwell Beauty, is seen hovering about the little snow trillium, making a meal from the nectar secreted by the flower.

The milkweed or Monarch butterfly is one of our most splendid-winged creatures; and is easily found among the milkweeds when in bloom. Its color is a bright, reddish-brown, with the wings and veins outlined with broad bands of black, while on these black borders are two rows of pale spots, and two rows of pale spots adorn the tips of the fore wings. This beautiful insect carries about with it its own protection in the shape of a scent-pouch which is attached to the hind wings. This pouch holds a secretion that is distasteful to birds and the butterflies' insect enemies.

Swarms of this exceedingly prolific species are supposed to migrate to the south on the approach of cold weather, the same as do the birds. Dr. Holland says, "Within quite recent years, with Yankee instinct, it has crossed the Pacific, probably on merchant vessels, the chrysalids being possibly concealed in bales of hay, and has found lodgment in Australia where it has greatly multiplied, and has thence spread northward and westward, until in its migrations it has reached Java and Sumatra, and long ago took possession of the Philippines."

In May before the milkweeds are in bloom, the caterpillars of the Monarch butterfly feed on the tender leaves of the scarlet-fruited hawthorn at the same time that the light-brown Hunter's butterfly visits the same tree to sip the nectar from its abundant white bloom. Later in the season the Hunter's butterfly selects for its food and a place to deposit its eggs, the clammy everlastings that grow in old pastures. This butterfly may be identified by the two "large eye-like spots" on the under side of the back wings. The caterpillar of this butterfly is a pretty little brownish-drab fellow, banded with black, and with tufts of hair on its back, and pretty red and white dots on the dark bands. In this stage of its existence, the leaves of the everlasting form its principal diet.

The beautiful, dark velvety Swallow-tail butterfly wears pale greenish-blue markings on its hind legs, and lays its eggs on the spice and sassafras bushes, the foliage of which forms the staple diet for its caterpillars. The fat, green caterpillars are speckled with blue which, near the period of transformation, changes to a yellow color.

We see in abundance the lesser forms of butterflies, the sulphurs that sit thickly on the edges of mud puddles, and make the clover fields gay as the little insects flit in and out among the pink flowers; the exquisite little lavender-colored butterfly that pauses a moment

to drain the tiny cups of the abundant white Eupatorium ageratoides, the painted lady that hovers over the thistles, the common white cabbage butterfly, and the little, sleepy-looking dusky wings, that lays her eggs on the wild indigo,—all these and many more.

The moths, as stated above, are abroad only after dark and during the night, consequently we are not as familiar with them as with the butterflies. The moths are especially adapted as pollen bearers for the deep-throated flowers, such as the honeysuckles, trumpet flowers, lilies, etc. It will be observed that the white and yellow flowers are conspicuous long after flowers of darker colors have faded into the general darkness.

The Chinese honeysuckles bloom when the Sphinx moth is most abundant; the flower's light color and strong fragrance being sufficient to unerringly guide its visitor, even in the dark. The caterpillar has a curious habit or raising the front part of its body, and remaining motionless for a long time (like an Egyptian sphinx), hence the common name. It is said that the Sphinx moth is the only creature that can reach the nectar in the deep tubes of the Jimson weed.



Cecropia Moth.

The Hawk moth often hovers over the white day lily and other deep-throated flowers. The yucca flowers wait for the visits of this southern moth, and if he fails to come the yucca sets no seed. This moth, because of the rapid motion of its wings while hovering over a flower, is often called the humming-bird moth, and is even sometimes mistaken for the humming bird.

The freshly-opened flowers of the evening primrose attract the little rose-pink twilight flyer—the primrose moth, and the sooty-wing sleeps through the day and feeds at night upon the Chenipodium album, more commonly called lamb's quarter.

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

People who desire the presence of a purple martin must issue a polite invitation. That invitation consists in the providing of a little home. The ideal is a box made out of inch lumber, 2 feet long, 18 inches wide, 12 inches high, with a roof-shaped cover, with partitions through the center, extending half way to the top making four compartments with an entrance at the bottom of the box two inches wide, two and one-half inches high. The box must be placed on the top of a pole twelve to eighteen feet from the ground in an open space and in the front of the residence if possible. Care must be taken to have the box in an open space and so far from the ground that freedom from cats is insured. It will not do to put the box on the top of a shed or in a live tree for the reason that the martin will not seek to raise children except in a location where it can always see its home while in the air gathing food for the family, and for the further reason that they are not trying to raise children to be used as cat food.

The martins come to my home in Rochester, Ind., from the 2nd to the 5th of April every year, and as the English sparrow commences to build a month before that time I keep the martin-box entrance closed until the 2d day of April, when the sparrows will have built elsewhere and the martin can have quick access to the box. After the martin has possession it can protect its home against intruders.

The martin belongs to the swallow family, and while it is no more of an air scavenger than the swift swallow it has this advantage in utility, it always stays in sight of its home. Therefore it must depend for its food and the food for its children upon insects in that immediate vicinity. It is strictly insectiverous and never eats anything that it does not catch alive in the air. The strange feature in connection with its appetite is its liking for mosquitoes. From break of day until dark it is the busiest scavenger of the air. Pity the sorry day, kind reader, when no air scavenger shall visit your home. Five years from that sad day that home of which you are now so proud would be absolutely useless.

I need not in this article call your attention to the fact that the mosquito is a very prolific insect, and that the females if not given their place as bird food propagate their species very rapidly, and that therefore the blessing that comes from having our air scavengers in May and June is beyond comprehension. May the time never come when we will realize the rapidity with which insects multiply in a locality where there are no birds.

Seven years ago the Mexican cotton-boll weavil escaped from its native habitat and appeared in the cotton fields in the South. For long, long ages it had been in southern Old Mexico, one of God's provided breakfast foods for his birds. The people in that far-away country had slaughtered so many sweet songsters that the bird food, the Mexican cotton-boll weavil, increased very rapidly, and journeyed to our country

leaving its parasite at home. A great many people have been investigating that harmful prolific creature and one result of all those investigations has been the issuing by the Secretary of Agriculture of a bulletin on the subject of the swallow family. In that bulletin the practical suggestion is made to people in the Northland that they shall cater to the swallow family so that we will have more swallows to cater to the cotton crops. Those investigations discovered that the Mexican cotton-boll weavil is just coming out of its winter hibernation as the swallows and purple martins are returning from their winter migration, and that for two weeks at least the swallow family are over the cotton fields in the Southland living almost exclusively on the Mexican cotton-boll weavil in the air. Our readers will do well to procure that bulletin from the Secretary of Agriculture and after reading it hand it to a friend to keep it in circulation.—*The Bible Record.*

WHO IS WATCHING THE BIRDS?

ARE you? What birds have you seen near your home? Have you seen or heard a robin, a wren, a bluebird, a woodpecker (flicker), a blackbird, or a catbird? Have you heard or seen a boblink, or a crow, or a bobwhite, or a cedar bird, or a goldfinch, or a humming bird or an oriole, or a song sparrow, or a thrush, or a scarlet tanager?

Those who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin: "Quick, quick! Do you think—what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird: "Purity! purity! I—oh—purity. Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink: "Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-linke."

Crow: "Caw!"

Cedar bird: "Tze! tze! tze!"

Bobwhite (quail): "Bob-bob-white! More—more—wet!"

Goldfinch (yellowbird): "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e, whew-e."

Humming bird: Mouse-like squeak.

Oriole: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" Female answers: "I will."

Song sparrow: "Olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrush: "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Bluejay: "Jay, jay, jay, whee-dle whee-dle."

Scarlet tanager: "Chirp-chirr! Pshaw: Wait-wait-wait for me, wait."

Blackbird: "Kong-pur-ree," or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee." Listen for these calls and learn to know them all.—*Children's Magazine.*

TWO CLEVER BOYS.

ATLANTA, Georgia, boasts of some ingenious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over three hundred pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small footpower scroll-saw and put together with screws and mucilage.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood.

The clock is fifty-one inches high and twenty-one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocket knife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may be justly proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.—*The Boy's World.*

Between Whiles

The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. "Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I should offer him one of these?" "Not a bit," replied the attendant. "He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks."—Chicago Tribune.

Jenny's uncle, who was a schoolteacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole party.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?"

"Sure, I can. There ain't anybody going."—Exchange.

Colossal!—"I want a few colored illustrations of beets and tomatoes."

"Life size?" inquired the artist.

"Catalog size," replied the seedsman, with a significant smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Hour-glass.—Nelle—"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?"

Belle—"I guess not—he's like an hour-glass."

Nelle—"An hour-glass?"

Belle—"Yes—the more time he gets the less sand he has."—Cleveland Leader.

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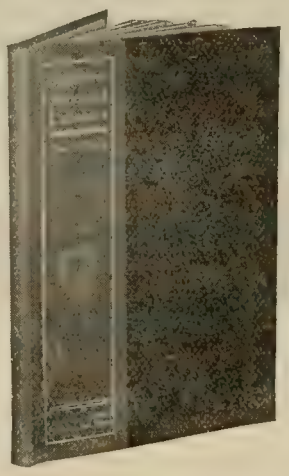
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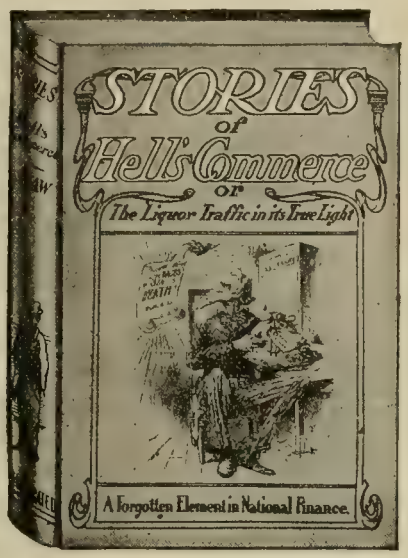
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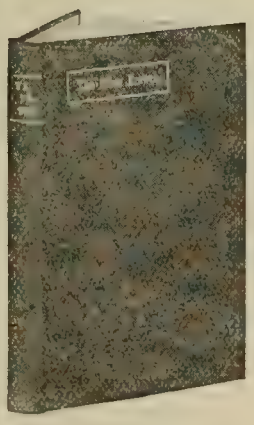
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58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
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I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard A. Walter, in Harper's Bazar.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
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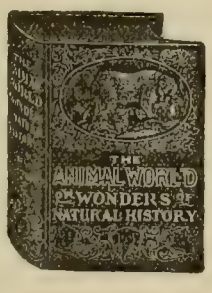
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

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Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

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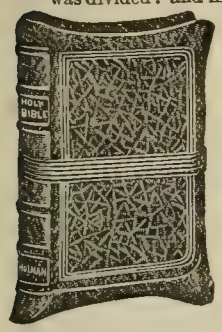
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19 And unto Ĕ'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]**And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vītes, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nīms, [f]and all they that had separated themselves**

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patric*

3875.
e 14,
5. 6.
sh.
.. 18. 24.

sixty and two years, and he [a]Ē'nŏch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he Ē'nŏch eight hundred years begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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CHAPTER 23.

THEN Job answered and said,
2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

B.C. 1000

[1] Heb. in an evil mind
[2] Heb. A

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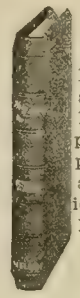
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37 And he will say, [z]Where are
gods,
The rock in which they
refuge;
38 Which did [a]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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e genealogy GENE

d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cāin
w.
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there
s born a son; and he called his

B.
[a] Je
13
[b] Ch

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THE INGLENOOK

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True Education

D. C. Reber, President Elizabethtown College

Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

In Five Parts:
I. The Parents' Duty.
II. The Child's Privilege.
III. Society's Demand.
IV. The State's Function.
V. The Creator's Will.

Part II.—The Child's Privilege.

IN education, as well as in other things, the best and that which serves life's purpose best is to be recommended. Granting that a true education is the best kind of education to possess and the only kind worth having, the parents' duty to seek every opportunity to bring the child within reach of it is undeniable.

An equally strong argument for being truly educated is found in the nature of man. Man only is educable. Lower animals like the dog or horse may be trained but not educated, strictly speaking. To neglect making the most of one's self so far as intelligence, culture, efficiency, and character are concerned, is to neglect childhood's and youth's God-given privilege and right,—yea, man's birthright.

However education be defined, some reference must be made to it as a process of evolution. Viewed from this standpoint, it may be said to be the complete development of the potentialities of the individual for the sake of his manhood and his Maker.

In all the universe, the form of beings both animate and inanimate at maturity is an approximation of the perfectly conceived ideal in the Creator's thought. Nature throughout is ruled by ideals. In the vegetable kingdom, the ideal is an unconscious one, but serves as a law for the plant in its development. In the animate world, the ideal is conscious in a limited sense, being felt as appetite or represented as an image more or less definite in consciousness. The lowest forms of animal life, under the instinct of self-preservation, move to appropriate food and in other ways continually adjust themselves to their environment. Thus the animal grows and develops until its ideal is realized more or less completely. In sentient beings, endowed with a mind, the ideal has conscious existence as purpose, design or end.

With the dawn of consciousness, human development begins and is continuous through life until the individual has fulfilled himself. The development of the child is conceived as a unity manifesting different phases. In infancy, the physical growth predominates. Psychic development takes place parallel with the organic and gains the ascendance when adolescence is reached. In due time the moral instincts assert themselves and the cravings of the spiritual nature demand satisfaction. The individual possesses instincts and desires which, if unhampered, but properly guided, lead to his fullest self-expression. It is plain then that man's nature, physical and mental, demands development and will normally develop but not necessarily in the right direction or to the highest extent desirable. Hence the necessity arises to provide conditions where this development may be stimulated and directed in accordance with the laws of his being and the design of his Creator.

The family is the organic starting point of all education. It exists by virtue of the long period of human infancy. The helpless babe unites the parents and family with a common interest. It is the function of the family to nurture the infant. The family bestows its physical inheritance upon it. This consists principally of a nervous system endowed with certain developed reflexes but with more undeveloped potentialities.

Herein lies the great difference between the lower animals and man. The brute is endowed by nature with certain instincts and desires, under the blind impulses of which it develops without much dependence upon the parent. The young horse, for instance, can walk a few hours after birth, and in a few months is entirely independent of its mother for existence. After a year or two it is all that it ever will be and its sphere of existence is limited to a very narrow range of possibilities.

But man is the most helpless of creatures at birth, with fewer instincts, but having a nervous system that is susceptible of forming habits of action which the individual did not possess formerly. It requires nearly a score of years for the child to become so adjusted to its environment as to be able to maintain its own existence.

Owing to the fact that man has possibilities of becoming more or less than his progenitors were or than he was at birth, of attaining a virtuous character or of becoming degraded and sinking lower than the brute, the formative period of life should not be spent idly, aimlessly and indifferently. Children should not be allowed to grow up merely but they should be reared.

From the psychological point of view, it becomes necessary to study the needs of the child peculiar to the different periods of its life so that suitable environment and instruction may be afforded. Hence the teacher is an essential factor in the education of the child. His function is to occasion the self-activity of the pupil to the fullest extent possible, and then to direct that activity along right lines so as to develop ideal interests which shall be a permanent factor in determining and maintaining that self-activity when formal education has ceased. To this end, the teacher's task is to select and arrange the subject matter of instruction so as to bring the right material to the child's mind when his intellectual and moral needs and interests require it.

The teacher's personality should be an inspiration and his life a fit pattern for the pupil. But he should constantly seek to implant higher and worthier ideals obtained from the best literature of the world.

Psychologically, education means development,—harmonious, symmetrical, and complete. "Education," says Prof. D. P. Page, "is a process that aims at realizing a typical man. This makes education a conscious art whose purpose is to bring the pupil to the typical perfection of his threefold nature. The type towards which the educator as an artist molds the child is an ideal, conscious at the outset, whose final product is the realization of his own conception."

The objects of education are generally stated as being knowledge, power and skill, or expressed in equivalent terms. But knowledge and the power its acquisition develops are of no value in themselves, hence they cannot become the ends of education. A steam engine is the embodiment of a vast amount of energy, but yet it is built not merely to be admired for its being a rare product of man's inventive genius. It fulfills its design only as that power is expended in ways peculiar to its nature and contributing to man's needs.

So man's complete development through the process called education is desirable only that that development, power or culture may be utilized in making him a blessing to mankind after having been blessed himself with the opportunities and means of making his attainments possible.

Knowledge, then, is to be looked upon as a means, and its value culminates in its use to noble purpose. The application of knowledge leads to action or the manifestation of power. In every idea there is a mechanical motor element which displays itself in action sooner or later. The repetition of the action leads to the formation of habit and habit gives solidarity to character.

Instruction aims to arouse deep and permanent interests which become motives for action. The acts of the child, to have value, must be purposeful—directed to the accomplishing of set tasks. Since it is the nature of the mind to express itself, education must aim to develop the will. It becomes, therefore, the supreme and highest aim of education to afford the ethical culture of the will.

Cultured personality, to be worthy of achievement, demands a true ideal, in the attainment of which the developed powers of man may be legitimately exercised and spent. Some one has stated this ideal thus: "The true ideal of education is to enable the pupil to acquire power to do his utmost through knowledge and to be his utmost through character."

SUCCESS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

WHO are successful? The ones who have acquired fame? The ones who have gained great wealth? The ones who have many friends? Alas, no. While these are very convenient and pleasant to have, they are not always a sure sign of success or happiness.

If they are not accompanied by a clear conscience, and a feeling that the best has been done under the circumstances, it is far from success. In the eyes of the world it might be considered success, but the proof of true success lies within *ourselves.* When we lay down life's work to take that in a better world, if we feel that we have done what we could, and can hear the "Well done, faithful servant," it has been a successful life, although it has been passed in want and clothed in rags, beloved and esteemed by no one.

If when we lie down to our rest at night, our sleep is pure and our minds free from remorse, life has been a success,—although everything we may have tried to do was a failure,—if our intentions were good and pure. What are the pleasures of riches if the possessor is visited in his dreams by the cries of want and suffering of those whom he has dishonestly dealt with or injured or neglected? We do not mean to infer that *all* rich people are dishonest or gain their wealth by dishonesty. It is possible for a man to become rich and defraud no one. A man might, for instance, discover or *buy* a gold mine, pay honest money for the price asked for it,

employ workmen, use them well and pay them good wages, and then the mine might yield so richly as to give him a great profit, and still he would defraud no one. He might even be an extensive tiller of the soil, and after paying good wages to his help, taken good care of his animals, and by his thrift and skilful management have a large gain.

If he be such a rich man he then has been doubly successful, but what if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? If he has gained fame, friends and wealth by bribery or dishonesty what pleasure is there in the distinction? Better be an honest postmaster in a little cross-road country grocery store than to fill the highest office of the nation, and feel that it is not his by right, that it was not the honest choice of the people, but bribery or stratagem that placed him there, and polluted what otherwise would have been the honest voters.

Is it true that man shall possess only what he earns by the sweat of his brow? It is God's plan that all should work, but should he have no more comforts in this beautiful world but just what he earns by daily toil? A laborer can barely earn enough to procure food, clothing and shelter for himself and those depending on him. Is that all they need in order to enjoy life and prepare for a better?

Who would establish all our enterprises, factories, railroads and mines if all were day laborers with no capital? We need the rich man in order to advance these great projects, but, we need the *honest* rich man, the money investor and the money spender and not the money grabber and miser. Such a man may have wealth, fame, honor, and friends but also he must have the clear conscience, to be a truly successful man.

Chinook, Mont.

The National Bank System

William L. Judy

NATIONAL banks are a creation of the government. The national bank act is a product of the Civil War. To Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of War, belongs the credit of originating and establishing the system. The war had not progressed far until the government found itself in need of money. There was no market for its securities; so Secretary Chase created one, by establishing national banks and requiring them to purchase government securities in order to issue their notes. In addition to this, a safe national currency of uniform value was secured, and the great amount of worthless paper money issued by the State banks was driven out. The national bank act became a law February 25, 1863.

Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, who came to Washington to oppose the measure became the first Comptroller of the Currency. This officer is appointed for five years, is under the Secretary of the Treasury, and is the head of the national bank system.

The act is very definite in regard to the establishment of a national bank. At least five persons are required to form the association. The charter is given for twenty years, at the expiration of which period it may be renewed at the discretion of the Comptroller.

The original capital of a national bank depends entirely on the population of the place in which it intends to do business. The least capital is $25,000 and this in towns of three thousand inhabitants or less. Between three thousand and six thousand the least is $50,000; $100,000 is the minimum in places between six thousand and fifty thousand; while in all cities of fifty thousand or more, it is $200,000. One-half the capital must be paid in before the bank can begin business; the remainder in monthly installments of not less than ten per cent each. All shares have a par value of $100.

The powers of a national bank are well defined. It can do a regular banking business, such as receiving deposits, making loans, and negotiating notes, drafts, etc. Investments are closely restricted as is also the loaning capacity. *No real estate can be held except that necessary for the transaction of business.* The reason is evident; were they allowed to do so, their whole capital might be placed in real estate and thus, though solvent, they would not be able to do a banking business. In order to get hold of ready cash, they might be compelled to sell their real estate and in all probability not get near the market value.

The board of directors is elected by the stockholders and must consist of at least five persons—each possessing not less than ten shares, unencumbered, of the capital stock. They are required to take an oath that they will well and faithfully discharge the duties of their office.

The "double liability" of stockholders is a special feature of the national banking system. If a stockholder holds stock to the amount of $1,000 he would be compelled in case of the bank's failure to lose not only the $1,000 of stock but also pay an extra $1,000.

Each bank is required to purchase United States bonds to the amount of one-third or one-fourth of its capital. Here is where the government finds a

market for its bonds. It also finds a market for them in the circulation of national bank notes. Each bank can issue notes equal to its capital; government bonds equal to the amount of circulation must be purchased and deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury. Should it so desire each bank can retire its circulation and return its bonds. A tax of one-fourth per cent is laid on the bank-note circulation.

One of the "safety valves" of a national bank is the cash reserve required by law. In cities of five hundred thousand or over, the reserve must be equal to twenty-five per cent of the deposits. In all others fifteen per cent is the required reserve. At least six per cent of this must be kept in the bank, while the nine per cent may be deposited in approved city reserve banks.

Five reports must be sent to the Comptroller during the year. He gives no warning of his call and may require a statement of any day's business. The report must be sworn to by the cashier and three directors. The government directly examines the banks in a second way. A bank examiner visits them at least once a year. These men are appointed by the Comptroller and paid in fees by the banks.

The one great merit of the national banking system is the unification of banking in all the States and territories. *Many people do not clearly understand the relation between the government and the national bank.* The government does not own but merely controls to a certain extent. It restricts their powers and investments. It requires a public statement of their condition. In case of failure it is there to secure justice to all depositors. Whenever a national bank is in danger of insolvency the government at once takes steps to restore and straighten out conditions. Furthermore, the double liability of stockholders is a safety precaution. IT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED THAT NATIONAL BANKS ARE THE SAFEST AND THE RECORDS SHOW THAT THEIR FAILURES ARE FAR LESS THAN OTHER BANKS. On October 31, 1907, the number of national banks was 6,650 and the capital $959,786,314. The present number is approximately 7,000.

Our entire banking system is in need of reform. The present Congress will have this as one of its difficult problems of legislation. The POSTAL SAVINGS BANK and the CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK enter into the question as does also the problem of a flexible currency.

We should not overlook the banks as a factor in the building up of American business and finance. We could not carry on our vast enterprises without their aid. In every community they are needed and are necessary factors in economic development.

The banking system is built on credit and confidence, the cornerstones of American business prosperity. Some call it faith in fellowmen. Without this mutual trust not only banking but all other business would come to a standstill.

The banker must possess business judgment, know the laws of business and finance, and be acquainted with the money market. But he must be more than a mere banker. He must be a man of honesty and character, a man strong enough to withstand the great temptation to juggle with other people's money.

The banking profession is known for its many men of efficiency and character. They are good men not only in their business but in other lines of activity as well. They are found in every battle for civic righteousness. They are known for their interest and practical help in all good movements. Surely the banker is worthy of his calling.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE JOURNEY ABRAM MADE.

H. M. HARVEY.

WHILE Abram was living in the land of Chaldea at Ur, the Lord gave word for him to go forth. Here he was blessed with the luxuries of a bountiful and prosperous community. Not only the climate was such as to make life easy, but the soil with its possibilities was such as would provide well for the tiller. He likely was of the farming or herding class of people, and these things were now to be laid aside as well as his friends. Then he must go out from all the great libraries and learning of the country which we now hear so much of from the man with the spade. These tell all that Abram must turn his back upon. Some of our people who have left the well-settled sections and gone out on the frontier will know something of what this means. There were no Indians for Abram to meet but Arabs, Giants, Ammonities, Amorites, with other vicious and wicked people. It meant a long journey over a route not very certain.

This was a strange call from a strange God, for we are shown clearly in Joshua 24:2 that Abram and his ancestors had been worshipers of other gods. Now comes a call from a new God. If he accepted this call as he faithfully did he must leave not only friends and country but his religion with its binding ties and endearing terms, priests, temples and rituals. These must be foregone. That would mean more than a little to us and so it did with him. This much may be said in favor of his religion, though it was heathen idolatry it was much purer than the religions of the tribes further to the west where Abram was soon to find himself.

The scriptures of most importance telling of this call are Gen. 12:1-4; Acts 7:2-5; Heb. 11:8-9. They readily fall into the following divisions: First, Abram called to go into an unknown country. Second, The promise of many blessings to himself and to all nations. Third, His obedience in going forth. Call, Promise, and Obedience.

The call came at Ur of Chaldea according to the Acts account. The manner of the call was "Appeared." Perhaps God appeared to him in a dream or a vision. That was an age when God appeared to men in dreams. Abram no doubt believed in manifestations from the gods, but this time it was not from the god of the moon but a strange God. These people were worshipers of things that they could see, idols, temples, and shrines. Therefore it is the more reasonable to think that God would present the call in some tangible way. Abram would need a strong sign.



Camels in a Caravan, as They May Have Appeared in Abram's Time.

The distance from Ur to Haran is about six hundred miles. How was he to make the journey? What the condition of the country? Who were to be in the country? What beast of burden is to be employed? The way would be up the river along the caravan route which must have been somewhere on the strip of land lying between the desert on the west and the river on the east. It was about thirty miles wide. Along this road supplies of water and food could be obtained here and there, sometimes not for long distances. It is very common to carry water on the camels for both man and beast. To leave this beaten path up the valley was to perish in the desert. This same caravan way is the same that has been used for thousands of years and is still the only exit to the west. It is the commercial highway from the Mesopotamian country to the great sea. The beast of burden for such a road and such a journey could only be the camel, "The ship of the desert," because of the scarcity of water.

The camel is equipped not only with one or two commissary departments upon his back but has a broad foot which will not allow him to sink deep into the sand. The tracks made in the sand are in a few moments filled with a blowing sand and made invisible. The camel can get much of its nourishment from the succulent plants along the way. This enables them to carry more freight and less supplies. The average burden he is able to bear is about six hundred pounds. This is bound upon him, to his humps and to the crotchet saddle which he wears. He is made to kneel while the burden is placed. He is made to carry anything, stone, logs, lumber, or any commodity. Lumber is loaded by having the camel kneel between two piles which are tied fast. While traveling the camels are tied together with hair ropes, one about seven feet behind the other. Sometimes twenty to forty may be tied together in this trailing fashion. Now these lines of camels are often led by a donkey, because of superstition. For the sake of safety other caravans may join in until six hundred or a thousand camels are in the procession. When they go through a city the people crossing their path may dodge through between the camels, but must be careful to keep clear of their heads. While they are extremely useful they are not by any means good natured. Their temper is bad. When compelled to kneel they do it with groans and complaint. A few times men have lost their heads by the camel bite. Their rate of travel is about two miles an hour for nine to eleven hours a day. An early start is made, say at four in the morning, and the tramp continues until nine when the camel is made to kneel and have his load removed when they and the men are allowed to eat and rest until three o'clock when the journey is resumed. This time it may last until seven or eight in the evening. If the weather is hot it is not uncommon to travel at night. According to this speed of travel it would have required Abram about thirty to thirty-five days to go the six hundred miles; a month or more. They may have journeyed alone or in company with others.

The company leaving Ur would have included these or more: Abram, family, Lot, cousins, and other relatives likely, servants.

The obedience of this man was of faith; as Hebrews tells, he went out in ignorance, not knowing where, but leaving all with God. God was allowed to do as he desired to do with his future life. I wonder if some of our farmers and mechanics would give him as complete possession of themselves, what the result would be. What an example of service and submission. Abram went by faith and he conquered as Gideon and his men did. If he had known all that he was to meet among the heathen tribes in Canaan he might have hesitated.

It is a blessed veil that hides the future. It is a blessed walk that is led by the unseen hand.

All this was asked of this man that a new religion might be brought forth. There were already many but one more was needful. The promise was to be forthcoming. "I will bless thee and make thee a great nation." "And I will bless them that bless thee and curse them that curse thee and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." There is in this a bit of personal benefit but by far the most of it is of the kind that would appeal to the very best in him. Not the selfish but the service of self. It was to be not only to him but to all the families of the earth. He was to be a father to many nations, Jew, Gentile and all, through obedience. Did it pay?

Did it pay to leave the plenty of a goodly country and walk a strange way by faith? His leopard spots were changed and Jehovah worshipped instead of the god of the moon. Did it pay? It paid us.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

A NEW SETTLER'S EXPERIENCE.

CHARLES O. BJELKSTROM.

THIS having been a cold winter with an unusual amount of snow, old timers are fond of relating stories and incidents of the cold-and-dreary of bygone days. I wish to call the readers' attention to the fact that the peculiar circumstances that the individual is in at the time has much to do with the impressiveness on his memory,—the vivid recollection of incidents in after years is but evidence of the strong impressions on the mind of the peculiar experience.

The winter 1896-'97 was noted for its deep snow—long and severe winter for stock and men—on the Sioux Range west of the Missouri River in South Dakota. Two years previous the writer had come to Presho with a small bunch of cattle. These were hired out to another new settler to be cared for while the owner struck west to earn some money,—working at a sheep ranch near the Bad Lands one hundred and forty miles west of Chamberlain, later removing to Mitchel Creek, fifteen miles north of Midland. Here I was a "partner" in a sheep-raising business when that memorable Thanksgiving blizzard, 1896, struck the plains. This is a storm with a history. The deep black clouds looked threatening indeed, and when Thanksgiving Day dawned the weather defied your venturing outside. The wind blew fiercely and the snow was so dense one could not see, the snow freezing over eyes and face instantly. Cattle and horses wandered with the wind, some being stopped by steep banks and froze to death in a standing position. People did not dare venture to reach their barns unless a fence or guide of some kind extended between the buildings. The ground was covered with from twenty to thirty inches of snow.

Immediately after this I got word to come and get my cattle, as they could no longer be cared for where they were. I started out on the one hundred mile trip on my saddle pony. I reached a ranch on Bad River the first evening. The next day about sundown found me at the White Clay Buttes—a rugged landmark of clay and rocks. I started to the southeast, knowing of a ranch about twelve miles in that direction. The snow being two feet deep and no trail, the travel was slow and difficult. I soon found myself following the general direction of a small stream with trees along its banks. It grew late, my horse was very tired, so I concluded to hunt the friendly shelter of a clump of trees and a grassy sidehill for my horse to feed on. I built a fire and might have been quite comfortable had it not been for the deep snow. Every time I went to gather drift wood I became covered with snow. This the fire would melt and all night I felt the sensation of steaming on one side and freezing on the other. At daybreak I saddled my horse and rode out to find I had camped within one mile of a ranch. It is needless to say I appreciated my breakfast, having had nothing since breakfast the previous day. I now had a well-broken trail to follow and reached my destination before dark.

I found no hay could be purchased in the neighborhood; no one would buy cattle and I could not take the cattle back with me through the deep snow. So they were taken to Chamberlain and shipped to Salem, S. Dak. On the evening of the first day of my homeward journey, I turned in at a ranch a little after dark, but was refused a night's lodging, as they could not spare the hay for my horse. This was the first and last time I was ever refused the privilege of a night's comfort by any settler on the plains. It is well known that new-settled districts contain the most hospitable people one meets. I had a faint hope I could go seven miles more, where I knew I could stay, but my horse having been in constant use for eleven days, was showing signs of weariness. I soon came in sight of a hay stack, and, after making my horse comfortable, crawled in the side of the stack and tried to be thankful for shelter from the wind on a cold wintry night. The next night was spent at a ranch. The evening following I had to pull up reins when yet ten miles from Midland, no house nearer and a tired horse; the novelty of sleeping under the stars all worn off, I provided for my horse as best I could. Putting to use knowledge gained previously, I gathered a large quantity of dry wood; built a good fire, and enjoyed the fresh, breezy air. Next morning I rode ten miles before breakfast; then the remaining fifteen miles home.

Though I had many new experiences for a young man not long out of his teens, I was none the worse off for my trip. For one thing, I learned to value my saddle horse, having never before known his real worth to

me. Blend perseverance with common sense—a determination to do the best you can—keep calm and you will win, no matter what the battle may be.

Hayes, S. Dak.

ACTIVITY CONDUCIVE TO INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

JAMES R. REED.

It frequently occurs in the course of affairs—and it is a part of life itself—that we are called upon to act. Some obligation is developed upon us other than repeating or reproducing what someone else has written or said; a requirement that makes it necessary for us to branch out in a line of thought different from anything we have entertained before. This is the case with every individual, I suppose, and I deem it far from the least important feature of life. Those who are so fortunate, or rather unfortunate, as never to be called upon to act independently are few indeed.

It is the ability to respond to the demand upon our inventive faculties that tests our power to stand alone.

As a general thing, it is not due to intellectual debility that we cower and procrastinate and show so much indifference when we are asked to perform some difficult task. Why is it then that we put off duties till forced by necessity, or till we go to work simply to escape the disgrace of not doing them? Have we not time? Is it because we do not desire to give the fruits of our talents and service to those who can justly demand them?

The answer is in the negative. We admire a thoroughly live article written or a noble task completed by some one else, and we aspire to the accomplishments of some as they lift us by the product of their own thought. We give time to useless purposes that could be spent in independent thinking. Every phase of life around us is full of subjects. We will not admit that we cannot master, in some degree, the topics of general interest. I ask again, why are we so disinclined to exercise the powers of our minds? Instead of taking a delight in conducting a train of deep thought independently, we stick so very closely to the text of some book, or to what someone else has said or written, so much so that when a lesson is recited or a duty performed, we congratulate ourselves—accompanied with a sigh of relief—that we have done all that is required of us; and then we are quite contented to rest in peace until some other duty intrudes into our affairs to mar our happiness.

The answer to this question comes to me something like this: In the sluggishness of our mental constitution we do not put into operation the powers we possess. We possess great possibilities but they are not converted into active energy. I think the lesson of what may be done if we will, was never more deeply impressed upon my mind than on one occasion when I was observing the manœuvering of several railroad trains in the train yards. The first of this I noted was a long, heavily-loaded succession of cars of all sorts and kinds, drawn by a small standard eight-wheeled locomotive. When the time came for this train to be off, the conductor gave the signal. The engine answered with two sharp toots, and then opening the throttle lunged into the links. But the engine came to a stand. The engineer swore that it could not be done—the load was too heavy. The start was a failure, and by the help of another engine, only, was the train set in motion.

The second train, the make-up of which I describe as I did the first, but notice this point of distinction: The time came for this train to start, and I stood wondering if it would share the same fate as the other. The sign to start was given, the engineer responded in the usual way—I might state there seemed to be determination in those two sharp whistles. The engine moved ahead, and seemed to exert all its energies—the wheels spun beneath the weight they carried, but the cars would not move. Defeated? No. The engineer reversed his engine, and backed—giving all the slack in the links and couplers that was possible. Then throwing the engine in the forward movement and turning on the sand, he applied the steam; and amid the loud, sharp pulsations of the exhaust of the sand beneath the wheels, and eruptions of black smoke and sparks, and the clank, clank of the heavy cars behind, as each one in turn received the jerk from its neighbor in front, every car was set in motion. And by prodigious efforts the little monitor headed its train over hill and vale till I could no longer hear the rumble of the onward-rolling wheels.

The leading question is not our capability but our disposition to undertake with might and main that which is placed upon us as a duty, and by making this resolution: Let no one say, "I have not time, I cannot."

The difference between the two engines was not in their hauling capacities, but in the application of the power possible to each. We possess powers diversified in the ways they may be applied, but unless we convert these capabilities within us to the power that moves, we will disgracefully fall short of doing that which is within our reach.

Let us take the lesson of the eight-wheeled locomotive, and meet our obligations to the best of our ability.

PIONEER SCHOOLS.

J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

In the early settlement and development of Iowa, the education of the rising generation was regarded as a very important factor. Liberal provision was made for free schools, at the public expense of the tax-pay-

ers, of whom many were nonresident landholders. Section sixteen in each congressional township, of thirty-six sections, was set apart for school purposes.

Wherever there were enough children, there was a school; often in a private residence, or any place a room could be obtained. My first term in Iowa was in a regular frame, weather-boarded and plastered schoolhouse, located on the south side of a natural grove (an ideal location), only one-half mile from the county line, hence, I had pupils from two counties, and drew my pay from them, in proportion to the number of pupils from each.

The fuel (wood) was furnished by the patrons. When the supply was exhausted the larger boys would go to the grove to gather a temporary supply, which, I am glad to say, was not often. The house was without foundation, except a few boulders that supported it about a foot off the ground. The chilling blasts of an Iowa winter went through under the house uninterrupted. The seats were loose. During a severe storm, they were arranged around the stove in a circle, large enough to seat all the pupils present. The teacher, sometimes inside the circle, but most of the time on the outside, actually froze his feet in the schoolroom. In the evening, when school was dismissed, every nail head not within four feet of the stove was covered with frost. (The floor was not blind nailed.) Some of the pupils came from the prairie, where there was no school and boarded within reach of the schoolhouse. There were about a dozen large boys and more than that number of large girls—over sixty pupils all told. There was but one pupil punished during the whole term, only one time, mildly. Teacher and pupils look back to those pioneer days, as an oasis in their several lives.

There were difficulties and discouragements to overcome. The school commenced on Tuesday, as a neighbor, who had his residence recently plastered, was, by proper consent, living in the schoolroom and moved out on Monday. In the early part of November there had been a severe "Squaw Winter" and freeze up, followed by mild and pleasant weather, and the children were kept at home to help gather corn and fix for winter, hence, the first day of school there were four pupils, the second day, two; the third, one; and the fourth, none. But the director visited the teachers that day and said: "It is not your fault; you will have plenty of company soon,"—which was fulfilled the next week, thereby preventing the teacher's resignation. It is a satisfaction to pick up that old brown register, as I sit at my desk and look back more than half a century, and note how that little beginning grew, and held out full to the end of the term, as indicated above.



Pioneer Schooldays.

The spelling book had been the only textbook in orthography. When an attempt was made, by the teacher, to introduce the common school dictionary, there was much opposition. The victory was complete. The old-time spelling schools were attended and encouraged by all, and before the close of the school, an Academic Dictionary was borrowed to *"spell down"* the pupils who could not be *"put down"* with the book they had studied.

One of my most pleasant terms of school was taught in an old log cabin. As there was no room available, suitable for a winter school, it was decided to rent and fix up this cabin for a six months' summer school. Commencing May 12 we had a term of twenty-four consecutive weeks without a vacation.

To enjoy a spelling school an ox team was hitched to a farm wagon with a hay carriage on it. An experienced young ox driver managed the team. Over a dozen of the larger school children mounted the *"buss,"* and over the undulating prairies we went four miles, to another school, and showed them how to spell. What kind of a time did we have? To say *"good"* would be putting it tame.

Sometimes, in those *"pioneer schools,"* a few days

before the close of the term, we would dismiss in the evening by "Taking the Parting Hand." This was done by the teacher standing near the door, with the larger pupils to his right, all in line, with the smaller pupils at the farther end. The last would turn to the left, and passing up the line shake hands with each one, followed in turn by every other one, and thus, every one shook hands with every other one. Though it was commenced in play, I tell you it was pathetic, when, for the last time, I looked into those clear, innocent eyes (sometimes moist with tears) and clasped those pure hands, I heard trembling lips say, "Good-bye, dear teacher."

Though those pioneer schools had many inconveniences, and even hardships to meet, the industrious and well disposed pupils achieved victories, and are not ashamed of their record, in helping to improve and develop this great country, and to hand down to the coming generations a heritage made the better for their having lived and labored in those pioneer days, for the good of others.

Panora, Iowa.

LIFE THOUGHTS.

SELECTED BY GRACE E. MOATS.

He who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops: and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.

Amid the discords of this life it is blessed to think of heaven, where God draws after him an everlasting train of music, for all thoughts are harmonious and all feelings vocal, and so there is round about his feet eternal melody.

We ought to love life; we ought to desire to live here as long as God ordains it: but let us not so encase ourselves in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw shoots for the other life.

It matters not what the day may be—
Sunshiny, rainy, or gray you see;
If only the heart is glad and gay,
'Twill make for you a sunshiny day.
Scatter the sunshine where'er you go,
Then love and joy and peace you will know;
A happy heart for yourself you'll find
By being loving and true and kind.

The soul, heart and mind must be put into all we do, to make each undertaking a grand success.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

The superfluous blossoms on the fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let our Christian lives, free from stains, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

A passing word of encouragement has so often helped others to their feet; nothing is so uplifting to another as to make him see how great are his own possibilities.

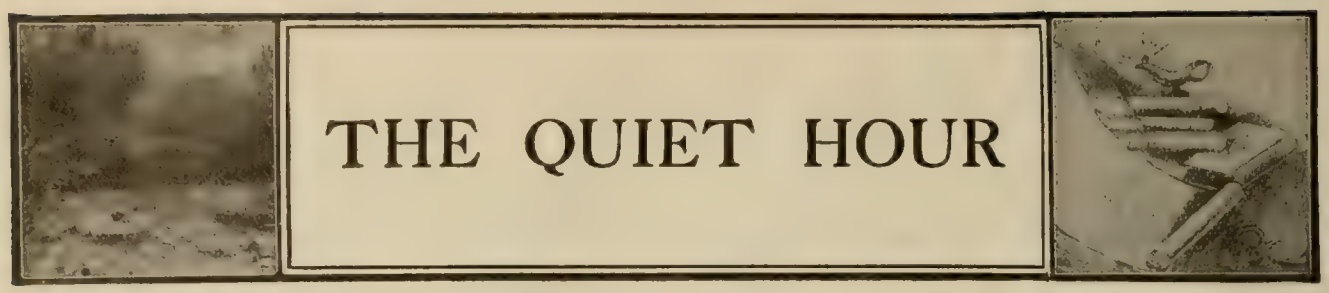
TO THOSE WHO FOUGHT.

You, perhaps, are one of those who stood in the front of the battle, and who went down in defeat. You worked, sacrificed, suffered, to free your town of the curse, or to keep it free. You gave of your substance—more than you could afford probably. You gave of your time, you counseled and planned, attended committee meetings, and were faithful in your attendance upon all public meetings. You worked hard night and day. You did the disagreeable work of personally persuading voters; it was hard; you shrank from it; you would have given much to avoid its unpleasantness, the rebuffs, the insults, the jests, the jibes, the curses and abuse—yet you did it. Through the long campaign, day after day, week after week, when your own neglected business, your professional duties, or your home duties called you—you labored with tired but unceasing hand and brain. You bore the heat of the contest, its burdens and bitterness, uncomplaining and without hope or expectation of personal reward.

Why did you do it? The chances are you have little to dread from the saloon; those who lead in the Anti-Saloon warfare are freest from its ravages. Why did you do it then? at such cost?

You bore it all—the toil, the sacrifice, the insult, the contumely, the stress of soul and mind, for the same reason and from the same motive that One, nineteen hundred years ago toiled up the hill with the cross on his bleeding back. You did it for another. You loved your neighbor as yourself—almost better than yourself. You were fighting and toiling and giving and thinking—to save men; to save them from themselves; to save them from a felon's or a madman's cell, from crime and shame and remorse—and for reward they pressed the thorns of discontent upon your brow, as they did the One of old.

(Continued on Page 432.)



ETERNITY.

FRANK B. MYERS.

Eternity! Eternity!
Oh, what an awful thought,
That every living soul must be
Into God's presence brought!

Eternity! Eternity!
Infinite and sublime;
That solemn, uncreated sea
Beyond the stream of time.

Eternity! Eternity!
When 'round God's judgment throne
The dead shall come, from land and sea,
Their destiny made known.

Eternity! Eternity!
Bright day which knows no end;
O paradise of ecstacy,
Where joys celestial blend.

Eternity! Eternity!
Black night of endless woe
To workers of iniquity,
Who down to hell will go.

Eternity! Eternity!
The spirit's boundless main;
Great Pilot, guide life's ship, that we
Heaven's port serene may gain.

Chicago, Ill.

Spiritual Worship

S. S. BLOUGH.

"THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshipers." This is the language of Jesus as recorded in John 4: 23. Jesus, after a long walk on the way from Judea to Galilee, was tired, but not too tired to teach when the opportunity was at hand. In his ministry as in his childhood, he was ready to be about his Father's business. Jesus, in this conversation with a Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, said that God, himself a Spirit, desires spiritual worship and is seeking spiritual worshipers. Jesus was always ready to teach a spiritual lesson no matter how small the audience. Here he taught a fundamental article of truth,—that of a change in the manner of worship. To worship God is man's highest glory. Man was created for fellowship with God and of that fellowship worship is the most sublime expression. What kind of worship will please God? Only such as agrees with his spirituality. God is worshiped in a spiritual way by his spiritual worshipers.

What is it to worship? It is service in the outward form to some supposed or known superior being. In this case that Being is not only supposed but known to be God.

The statement to this woman is the profoundest truth of ethics or religion. What Jesus taught was that with his dispensation a new era and kind of worship would begin. Instead of the many sacrifices, washings, rites and ceremonies of Jew and Samaritan, there would be a more marked movement of the heart toward God. Instead of formality there must be spirituality. Spirit worship rather than the elements of time and place.

The contention between Jew and Samaritan for supremacy and primal recognition of God caused this woman to ask for information, and thus is opened the point of contact for Jesus' profound teaching.

Jesus teaches that in order that there be spiritual worship there must be the great initial step of regeneration or Spirit birth. It is just impossible for one to worship in spirit and in truth if he have not that spiritual birth into the spiritual life. That there may be truly a spiritual worship following a spiritual birth, there must be also a consecrated life. No hypocritical worship is accepted. It must be more than outside formality. More than mere lip and body service. "This people honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men." Matt. 15: 8-9. Spiritless worship leads to formality and formality leads to idolatry. Christ strenuously condemned the Pharisees because their worship was not from the heart and their piety but from the lips out. By failing to worship in spirit we do not give God the glory due him as a Spirit and so do not perform the act of worship. Neither can we in this manner gain his favor or acceptance and so miss the end of worship.

No one can hope to live a low, worldly life and be able to sing or pray in the spirit or render any spiritual service whatever. This truth is brought us by Paul in Rom. 8: 4,—"Who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit" and also "Walk by the Spirit,

and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh." Gal. 5: 16.

Spiritual worship is voluntary. As a living spring bubbles up without effort so does spiritual worship from the regenerated, consecrated heart.

Spiritual worship is acceptable to God for he seeks for such to worship him. His Holy Spirit is passing through the world and touches the hearts of men and women, striving to convict of sin here, to cast down formality there, to silence hypocritical tongues and occupy surrendered hearts,—to build up an enlarged company all over this world who shall give the one Spiritual Godhead acceptable service here and hereafter.

To sum up then, spiritual worship is singing, praying, teaching, admonishing by one born of the Holy Spirit, prompted by that same Spirit as worship, to and for God as a spiritual Father, in the name of Jesus Christ a spiritual Savior and Mediator. Such a worshiper is sought and accepted of God for he always has the welfare of God's kingdom at heart, and continually brings acceptable spiritual worship. To attain to such a relationship is eminently worth while.

MISSIONS.

Part Two.—Where Should One Go?

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, Matt. 28: 19.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation. Mark 16: 15.

The burden of the subject and of the Scriptures is GO; GO on a mission for souls. Leave all, take up the Sword of the Spirit and the longing after lost souls, and GO.

But who shall go? Who shall impart the message of life to a lost world? We notice that Jesus, in the scriptures quoted, is instructing believers. The one, then, to bear the message must himself be a believer; he himself must have been born into the kingdom of God, and have received unconquerable strength from the water of the fountain of eternal life.

Once a believer, he is under the direction of the Holy Spirit, and goes where the Spirit calls. The question of "where" does not confront him, or else his time would be consumed without any results. But he finds work at once.

He may go to yonder poverty-stricken house. Though the inmates of that habitation of woe may be destitute, though they be a vile and worthless set, though they be in the depths of degradation and in the powerful clutches of sin, though they fear not God nor in the least regard his creation, nevertheless the bearer of the Gospel Light is at work with prayers and supplications, in tears and groanings; and their destitution is turned into plenty, industry and thrift crowd out the worthlessness, their degradation is transformed into purity, they are shaken from sin and a sublime blessedness falls around them: new creatures in Christ Jesus. Henceforth they are to go forth in the footsteps of him by whom they were led to repentance.

Or he may approach near a costly mansion. Though the occupants of that palace prove themselves the chiefest of thieving customs collectors, though their hearts be calloused by constant contact with their gold; though they be as cold as that yellow metal, though they sound back the clank of their precious idol, though the greed for gold has mastered all else, yet, through the softening Spirit of Christ their hearts are dissolved and made tender, they have the pure ring of the true heart; the greed for gold is transformed into hunger and thirst for souls, and they answer the call of the "go ye."

The winner traverses lanes and alleys, byways and highways, the mountain above and the valley below; and each time, through the influence of the Spirit, some one is led to a better life, they in turn to go forth, leading others in the same work.

We come back to the commandments of the texts, and behold! all nations are disciples, the whole creation knows.

A REMINDER.

THE great reason why we have so little good preaching is that we have so little piety. To be eloquent one must be earnest; he must not only act as if he were in earnest, or try to be in earnest, but be in earnest, or he cannot be effective. We have loud and vehement, we have smooth and graceful, we have splendid and elaborate preaching, but very little that is in earnest. One man who so feels for the souls of his hearers as to be ready to weep over them will assuredly make himself felt. This is what makes him effective; he really feels what he says. We must aim, therefore, at high degrees of warmth in our religious exercises if we would produce an impression upon the public mind. Without an increase of our numbers, the very men we now have, if actuated with burning zeal of God, might work a mighty reformation in our country.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

"GOD working mightily in the human heart is the Spring of all abiding spiritual power; and it is only as men follow out the sublime promptings of the inward spiritual life that they do great things for God."

"MANY claim to be praying for the conversion of the world who are not doing anything else."

"GIVING is made easy only by knowing what urgent need there is that we should give."

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"GOOD LUCK."

Despite our boast of a civilization that pays the highest regard to science and reason, it is remarkable how the veneration of former generations for the mystic spirit of luck has left its impress on the present generation. The charms and other means for exorcising this capricious spirit may not be found, but nevertheless it has its votaries and in return for its favor (?) requires the same abject surrender of all energy. initiative and individuality as was demanded in the ages when its power was well-nigh absolute.

Evidence of this faith in luck is found in the fact that the successful business man is quite commonly designated a lucky man. The successful farmer especially is considered in this light. If his crops are bountiful, it is because he has luck on his side. If his stock is free from disease and develops into animals that command high prices it is a case of pure luck. Then there is the one who always has luck with flowers and house plants. She can nurse the sickliest plant back to vigorous life. Everything grows in her hands, no task at all,—just a case of luck. And the good cook, too, how everything works in her favor. She merely throws things together and every dish turns out to be perfectly delicious. That woman always was lucky!

A strange thing about it all is that the man or woman who is supposed to be especially favored by luck never knows anything about it. If they were to give an explanation of their success it would be a story of hard work mixed with a lot of good, common sense. They would tell how the cattle were regularly fed and properly housed; how the seasons and soil were carefully studied in order that the crops might be planted, tended and harvested at the opportune time; how the tender plants were studied that they might be given the proper soil and care; and how the art of preparing wholesome and appetizing meals came through careful and painstaking work. No, the successful man and woman never gave any consideration to luck,—never had anything to do with it.

Another strange thing is that the person who can discern the spirit of luck, has strong faith in its power to bring fortune and has surrendered his own gifts in order to profit by its favor, never is rewarded for his faith. He waits in vain for the fortune that now stops on this side of him, now goes beyond him, as he thinks by a whim of luck, though in reality because earned and therefore merited.

We need to get rid of every vestige of the notion that luck has any part in the life of the twentieth century. There may have been circumstances that made it appear to have something to do with affairs in the ages that are past, but now such an appearance is so transparent that only those who will not see can be deceived by it. Granted that here and there is one who appears to have won success without honest endeavor, the iron-clad rule of this age is that real success is attained only through earnest, persevering effort. The sooner we are convinced of this fact the less time we will waste and the greater will be our contribution to the world's betterment.

There is nothing that is calculated to give peace of mind and bring out the highest and best that is in us like right relations with the world about us and a right understanding of our responsibility in the world, and this condition is possible only when we have rid our minds of every thought that chance or luck may be counted on to help us out. We must strike these words out of our vocabulary or else give them a new meaning consistent with the times. Then the dreamer can no longer conjure with them and for want of such employment may even cease to be a dreamer.

IMPROVEMENTS FOR THE LABORER.

Conditions in the industrial world are improving in many respects. However, they are yet far from being just, especially in the proportion of the gain that is taken by laborer and capitalist, the latter continuing to bear away an amount that allows for luxurious living, while the former must be content with little more, and sometimes less, than bare necessities. But the fact that improvements are being made right along, and some of them in this direction, leads one to hope that we are not far from the time when these matters will be as perfectly adjusted as it is possible to have them.

The present plans of the United States Steel Corporation for its employes stand for a decided improvement over former conditions and may pave the road for even better things. We give several paragraphs from a report concerning these plans that are being considered by the above-named corporation so that our

readers may see the trend of conditions with respect to the laboring class:

"Under this plan relief will be paid for temporary disablement, for permanent injuries and for death. The relief is greater for married men than for single men and increases according to the number of children and the length of service.

"During temporary disablement single men receive 35 per cent of their wages and married men 50 per cent with an additional 5 per cent for each child under 16 and 2 per cent for each year of service above five years. Following the provisions of all foreign laws and all legislation suggested in this country, there is a period of ten days before payment of relief begins.

"For permanent injuries lump payments are provided. These are based upon the extent to which each injury interferes with employment and upon the annual earnings of the men injured. In case men are killed in work accidents, their widows and children will receive one and one-half years' wages with an additional 10 per cent for each child under 16 and 3 per cent for each year of service of the deceased above five years.

"For some years the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation have been making payments to men injured and to families of men killed, in practically all cases without regard to legal liability. These payments have amounted to more than $1,000,000 a year, but it is believed that the plan now adopted will result in additional benefits.

"It should be understood that these payments are for relief and not as compensation. There can be no real compensation for permanent injury and the notion of compensation is necessarily based on legal liability, which is entirely disregarded in this plan, as all men are to receive the relief even though there be no legal liability to pay them anything, which is the case in at least 75 per cent of all work accidents.

"Experience will perhaps lead to some modifications of this plan, but it will be in operation for one year from May 1, 1910, and if it meets with success and approval from the men and the public, it is hoped that similar and possibly improved plans may be adopted in succeeding years."

There is no doubt about the plan being an improvement, and much good will be accomplished by means of it, but the fact that the work is considered purely as an act of charity will be against it, either in the refusal of employes to accept the benefits, or in the surrender of their independence and the lowering of their moral dignity if they accept them. Nothing can take the place of the plan that so equalizes values that one class is under no more necessity than another to accept charity. We would that the world might have a chance to try such a plan.

IN THIS ISSUE.

We will here take a hurried glance at the contents of this Inglenook and note some of the things it would be well for us not only to read but to consider and remember.

Under the general head of "True Education" the writer, D. C. Reber, is this week discussing the subject of the child's privilege. This truth, brought out in the discussion, ought to impress itself deeply on our minds, both with respect to our own lives and the lives of those influenced or directed by us: "To neglect making the most of one's self so far as intelligence, culture, efficiency, and character are concerned, is to neglect childhood's and youth's God-given privilege and right,—yea, man's birthright."

Writing upon the familiar subject, "Success," Maud Hawkins gives us some new thoughts and concludes with the statement, that "a man may have wealth, fame, honor, and friends, but also he must have the clear conscience to be a truly successful man."

In "The National Bank System" William L. Judy gives a clear, and plain explanation of an institution the particular nature of which is not as familiar to many of us as it should be. We are glad for the privilege of putting before our readers such valuable information.

"The Journey Abram Made" is the second of a series of four articles devoted to the subject of Abram's call. The subject is viewed in a different light from that to which we have been accustomed and it is evident that the writer, H. M. Harvey, has given it considerable study. In order to get the full significance of the call one should read the article preceding this one as well as the two that will follow.

A vivid picture of the life of a pioneer is given us in "A New Settler's Experience." From it the reader can get some idea of what it costs to make a country. All honor to those who have borne and are still bravely bearing the discomforts of living in a new country that they may win it to the greatest usefulness.

"Unless we convert these capabilities within us into the power that moves, we will disgracefully fall short of doing that which is within our reach," says the author of "Activity Conducive to Independent Thought," and we will do well to keep this in mind, and not feebly wait to be led by some one else.

"Pioneer Schools" may be looked upon as a companion piece to "A New Settler's Experience." It gives us a view of some of the pleasant things connected with life in a new country,—things that we wish might have been carried along down to the present time.

"Life Thoughts" is a selection of gems each one a sermon in itself. "To Those Who Fought" is a clip-

(Continued on Page 427.)



THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter I.—The Application.

DEAR MARY:

At last my cherished dreams of becoming a trained nurse are being realized. I have waited a long time for a suitable opportunity to leave home and enter a Training School. Whether I shall emerge from the institution a bright and shining light of the profession remains to be seen. Knowing how interested you will be in my wonderful venture I will try to keep you in touch with my life in the hospital.

To begin at the beginning, I must go back to the time Uncle John arrived from E., an enterprising little city, less than one hundred miles from Chicago. While in E. he had undergone a critical operation in the Logan Hospital of that city. So kindly and successfully was he treated by physicians, nurses and hospital authorities, that he never tired of telling about it. This, of course, stirred up my ambition anew, and finally all hindrances were removed and everything seemed to encourage my going.

The selection of a hospital was not so difficult after hearing Uncle John's glowing description of the Logan. Personally I knew as much—or as little—about one hospital as another, and "Uncle John's Hospital" had the preference. One serious question about the wisdom of my choice was the great distance of the Logan from my home. "All the better, all the better," quoth Uncle John. "She doesn't want to be too near home, should she contract nostalagia after a week or two of hospital life. She wants to win that nurse's diploma." This suggestion that I might be too easily discouraged at the difficulties to be met with in securing my coveted profession, only strengthened my resolution to win if possible. That such would be the effect of his words, Uncle John probably knew, when he spoke.

The particular hospital being decided upon, my first move was to send to the Superintendent of the Training School for an application blank and any information they might send out concerning the school and the qualifications of the aspiring applicant. In due time I received the application blank, and a copy of the rules governing the school, and setting forth the duties and privileges of the pupil nurse. After filling out the blank with the required data and facts, as to age, weight, height, previous experience, church affiliation, etc., and enclosing with it letters from family, minister and physician, certifying to my moral and physical eligibility, I returned it to the superintendent.

I then passed into a state of feverish anxiety—hope and fear alternating—over the ultimate fate of my application. As I studied over the rules laid down for regulating the life of the nurse, my enthusiasm waxed weak and uncertain. Compared to my hitherto free and easy life, the discipline-like prospect began to appear less inviting, nor did it altogether harmonize with my beautiful ideals of a nurse's life. I will give you the following extracts from the Copy of the Training School regulations received:

"If the application is filled out satisfactorily, the applicant is then received one month on probation. The Superintendent and Committee on Nursing have full power to decide as to the fitness of the applicant for the work, and to retain or dismiss her at the end of the month, or during the course, for misconduct or inefficiency. In doubtful cases the time of probation may be extended to three months. Probationers may not wear the school uniform. After being accepted as a pupil nurse, the nurse's uniform and textbooks are provided. Board, lodging and laundry work are also provided for the pupils during the entire course. Time lost through illness or vacation must be made up by the nurse. In illness the nurses will be cared for gratuitously by one of the members of the acting Medical Staff. If for any reason of her own, illness excepted, the pupil nurse leaves the school, she is required to refund to it the money expended for her maintenance. No visitors are to be invited to meals nor to spend the night with the nurses. Neither are the nurses permitted to receive callers when on duty. The parlor is for the reception of visitors, but a nurse may invite ladies to her room if agreeable to her room-mate. Nurses must not be absent from class or lectures without permission. Personal neatness, punctuality, courteous and kind treatment to each other as well as to the patients and others connected with the school and hospital will be required. The hours of work are nine hours' day duty and twelve hours' night duty. Pupils have a right to one half of Sunday and are often given a half day in the week. Night nurses must be in their

rooms from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. and will not be allowed to go out during the day without permission from the Superintendent. No food is provided the nurses out of the appointed time and nurses must not go into the kitchen nor give orders to the cook. The hour for closing is 10 P. M. and all inmates are expected to be within doors at that hour unless they have special permission to be absent. When coming to the hospital an accepted applicant should bring with her the following articles: Two gingham or calico dresses plainly made, six plain white aprons, a good supply of plain underclothing, each article to be clearly marked with the nurse's last name in indelible ink, two bags for soiled articles, a pair of scissors, and a napkin ring."

My state of suspense was happily relieved by the receipt of a formal announcement from the Superintendent stating that, "The Nursing Committee has received your application with favor, and you are requested to report for duty, if possible, by June first."

My fears and anxieties were now swallowed up in the bustle and excitement of getting ready for my journey. At the appointed time I was waiting at the little station for the west-bound train that would so swiftly bear me a thousand miles from familiar scenes and loved ones. As I now faced the stern fact that I was bidding farewell to home and home love and protection, to go among strangers and live among strange, perhaps uncongenial surroundings, I admit to there being a lump in my throat, as well as to a decided twinge of nostalgia somewhere within.

I shall pass over the details of my traveling experiences, interesting to me, but not to you, perhaps. Only too soon was my journey ended and I landed at my destination. As the hospital in E. is quite a distance from the depot, I went out on a street car. In a few minutes I reached the hospital grounds and had my first view of the imposing structure, many-windowed and with wide piazzas, that would be my future home for many months, if all went well. The exterior impressed me favorably. But how about the interior? Would it impress one favorably? With trembling hand I rang the doorbell, and a nurse in blue and white striped uniform, white cap and apron, admitted me, and showed me into the Superintendent's office. This personage, a tall, businesslike woman, in white uniform, was at her desk busily writing, a telephone at either side of her. She greeted me courteously and after a few moments' conversation she called in a nurse who was going by the door, and instructed her to take me over to the home and show me where to put my trunk and other belongings. "You will go on duty with the other nurses in the morning, Miss M—," she announced, and dismissed me with, "that is all for the present, I believe." I solemnly withdrew and in company with the nurse, Miss R—, crossed over the lawn to the Nurses' Home.

Miss R— explained to me on our way over that she was having her "hours off," a very mysterious expression to me, but by and by I understood that each nurse gets two hours for rest, some part of the day, unless it is too busy a season. On reaching the Home, we found several nurses within, resting, reading or writing. The rooms were pleasant and they were decorated and arranged according to the taste of the occupants. Miss R— introduced me to the nurses as "Miss M—, the new 'prob,'" whereupon I was given a joyous welcome and much valuable professional knowledge was imparted to me. Later on when the whole shift of day nurses came off duty the Home was a lively place, much to my astonishment, who imagined that nurses would naturally be of a sad or serious turn, owing to the grave character of their work. Seeing in my face doubts about the propriety of so much gaiety, one of the girls attempted to enlighten me a little. "You see, my dear, we are under such strict discipline, and have so many sorrowful and gloomy occurrences over there," indicating with a nod of her head, the Hospital, "that we just positively must relax when off duty in order to do good work when on duty." With another wise shake of her head, and an eloquent wave of her arm, she added, "Six months after this you will understand the necessity for such undignified deportment, better than you now do."

The arrival, that evening, of a nurse back from her two weeks' vacation, was a thrilling event in the Home. A large box of roast chicken, cake, pie, and other home-made dainties came with her, and there was an impromptu banquet right then and there. Some of the girls had already retired, but when the box was opened there was a wide-awake scramble. Fearing that we were seriously infringing on that Rule which forbids the right of a nurse to food except at the appointed time, I ventured to utter my apprehensions. My fears were routed by the voice of my former monitor, "Oh, Goosey, that means the Hospital won't furnish it. No matter how much we eat if we furnish it ourselves, and you will find out before you are here long that there is nobody so given to practical demonstration and investigation of the articles of food found in the corner grocery down the street, as we nurses."

The prob's bed was turned over to me with great ceremony, after the banquet was ended. This bed has a history—at least it is of such an unimpressionable character, that none but a tired, homesick probationer has ever derived much comfort therein. At last quiet settles over the Home and on her bumpy bed the prob sleeps her first sleep beneath the grim shadow of the dreaded hospital.

In my next letter I will tell you how it goes as a probationer.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

LITERATURE IN THE HOME.

HUBER SWIHART.

We must define literature before we can understand what is meant. Generally speaking it means those books and papers, the reading of which gives us pleasure, instruction and entertainment. For our present purpose we shall divide literature into two classes, the beneficial and injurious.

That which we term beneficial is those books and papers that are good for us, those we ought to read, those that enlarge our ideas for good,—make us better. In this class are many good books, for example, the standard poems, lessons on morals, stories of character building, lessons on nature study,—in fact any story—any fact that makes a boy or girl feel like doing better—being better. Of papers our own publications are very good; the *Messenger,* the Inglenook, the *Missionary Visitor* and *Our Young People* all direct the mind and heart to the highest and best. Many other publishing houses put out good papers. The supply is great. But above all else the Bible stands without a second.

Bad books and the ordinary cheap story papers should not be read. Books that have no elevating theme are books better unread, for instance, murder tales, and detective stories. Many love tales cultivate only the baser instincts of the reader and as a result add recruits to the great army of evil doers. Books that teach trickery and deceptions are too low for our consideration. Infidel books are unsafe; they are life trifling with death. I want to relate an instance or two of what these books have done.

"John James, than whom England never had a better man, declared in his old days that he had never got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book." Another reference. There were two boys at college. The one had an infidel book in his trunk. One day he said to the other, "Would you like to read this book?" His companion said, "Yes." He read it only for a few minutes. He was startled at what he saw there and handed it back and said, "You had better destroy that book." No, he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After a while he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up God as nothing. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the church of Christ as a useless institution. Farther relating, his former companion said, "I have heard of him but twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him as a confirmed drunkard. The last I heard of him he was coming out of the insane asylum,—in body, mind and soul an awful wreck. One infidel book killed him for two worlds." I quote: "I charge you to stand off from all books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passion. Today under the nostrils of this land, there is an offensive, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to the teeth, in this great battle against a depraved literature. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful book binderies, and some of the finest rhetoric have been brought to make sin attractive, and hypocrisy noble!"

A neighbor told in my hearing that he was once loaned a bad book. He said, "I read just one chapter and it haunted me for years." Readers beware of bad books!

There is also a class of story papers that are decidedly injurious. They may be injurious from at least three points of view: *First,* they are printed on poor paper and in poor type, so often produce physical defects. *Second,* they are filled with "get-rich-quick," and "something-for-nothing" advertisements. Many people are so greedy for the "root of all evil," that they willingly give their money to these advertisers and thus are deceived. Friends, why not deposit our money in the Lord's treasury? There are plenty of places,—to the poor, to the missionary cause, to rescue work, there is need of much more than is now received. I feel when I see a boy or girl who ought to be subject to his parents, devouring, as it were beneath the very shadow of the church such stuff, that reverence is gone. And what I say of boys and girls is equally true of men and women. Equally? Yea, a hundred times more true, that Christ is ignored. Why not turn our spare moments into working for the cause of Christ? What a waste of God's means! What a waste!

Third, within them are many fascinating stories, with nothing in them. Hours and hours are worse than wasted reading them. While you are reading your next cheap story ask yourself: Can't I do something to help some one? There is some one sick, some one down-hearted, some one poor, some one misstepping, some one forgetting Sunday school, some one forgetting his work, yes, some one serving "the god of this world," and you yourself reading a long-drawn love tale, wasting your life as it were with them. Why not read some book that points out your duty, that makes you anxious to be helpful, anxious to do good?

But you ask, How can I find out whether a book or paper is bad without reading it? Go to the index or illustrations. Look them over and you will find something that will tell you all you need to know. It will be either in the index or the illustrations, or better, Christian publishing houses have a great abundance of good books—you can find them by recommendation,—they are asking you to read them because they will do you good. When Paul was preaching at Ephesus you remember how the bad books were served? What kind were they? I quote from the Bible: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books to-

gether and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." What kind of books were they? Just such books as many people read now. You yourselves may not have any just like them but you have some that deserve the same fate. You have some very poor reading matter in the form of cheap story papers. They are poisonous. Put them in the fire. Take up reading matter that is good and it will stir you to do as the Ephesians did. They burned their bad books, they gave up Diana, they took on Christ. They counted the cost! Yes, brethren, you can count the cost of your so doing,—that will be easy to do; but the extreme loss caused by keeping them and reading them you can never, never count.

Churubusco, Ind.

HOUSECLEANING.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

'Tis in the charming spring and fall,
The nicest times of year;
In households over all the land,
This dreadful cry, we hear:
Up with the carpets, madam now,
It is housecleaning time;
Get buckets, brushes, paint-rags, brooms,
And, yes, the pan of lime.

Come, sweep and dust and brush and wash
Each corner of the house,
And spoil its home if you should find
A little hiding mouse.
Play havoc with each spider's web,
And every bed-bug, too.
Perhaps I should not mention them,
I like them not, do you?

Now turn the house all upside down,
So men will want to flee
Ere they are asked about stovepipes,
To in the cleaning be.
The carpets, too, fall to their share,
To get the dust all out,
And how they wish that they could just
Not have to be about.

Their papers all have disappeared,
And nothing is in place;
They cannot even find the smiles
On the beloved's face.
It's hustle, bustle, everywhere,
And women all tired out,
Until you wonder if they know
Just what they are about.

When every little spot is cleaned
They tack the carpets down;
And on tired women's aching brows
We'll often see a frown.
The furniture must all come in
And set the rooms to right.
How tired the women all will be
And glad when it is night.

Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW TO CHANGE AN OLD LINOLEUM INTO A NEW ONE.

MRS. MARTIN MOYER.

A LINOLEUM is something we generally put on the floor to stay. So when it is worn off very badly we hate to take it up and throw it away to get a new one; can hardly afford it.

The best way out of the trouble is to paint the old linoleum, either in squares or figures, or plain, but when plain it shows the dirt more. The expense is two small paint brushes one inch wide and a pint or two of paint; we used one pint for eight square yards.

It is best to paint the linoleum at a time of year when you can arrange so as not to use the room for a while. First clean the room and wash all dust and grease off the linoleum. Then fill the holes and chipped off places with putty, or bread made sticky is just as good as the putty after it is painted over. If you want to paint it in squares use pasteboard cut in squares for pattern, or any other shape you would like.

We used the paint made especially for floors. We painted the ground work dark buff and the squares green. Let the first coat of paint dry thoroughly before putting on the second coat, if a second coat is necessary. We had to put on two coats of the buff, but only one of the green. Let the paint dry two or three weeks before using linoleum at all, and it will be as slick as glass and nicer than a new one.

Never wash off with soap, but wipe off with a cloth, same as a polished floor, and it will be nice a long time.

I did not hire my painting done, but did it myself; so can any other woman. I had twenty-four square yards to paint, too, and feel well paid for time spent.

Goshen, Ind.

HOW SHALL GOOD MANNERS BE TAUGHT OUR CHILDREN.

"WHAT do you say to the lady?" How often we have seen the look of chagrin come over the mother's face as she attempted by the above remark to correct her child who had passed before some one without asking to be excused, or taken the proffered fruit or sweetmeat without so much as saying "I thank you."

One mother said to me: "I sometimes feel as if it were impossible to ever teach my children the little forms of ordinary politeness. I never fail to *correct* them, yet they seldom remember."

I wanted to tell her she was pursuing a very ineffectual course, but for fear of reflecting on her own good manners as well as her method, I refrained.

Children learn much by observing their elders, and many well bred people doubtless have never been *taught* manners. With many children, especially boys, some means must be used to deepen the impression. I wonder how many of us ever thought it worth while to

be as polite to the children in our homes as we are to the most distinguished guest. It is just here the foundation can be laid so firmly as never to be shaken. I know a baby of thirteen months who loves to play at taking things away from his mother, then handing them back again. She never omits a very gracious, emphatic: "Thank you, dear." His vocabulary is at present limited to five words and "tha" is one of them.

Another little boy who was just beginning to use sentences had been so instilled with the idea of always saying "Thank you" that he did not seem to know "Yes" and "No" as separate words, but always said, "Yes, thank you" and "No, thank you."

Do you think children thus taught will ever have to be reminded of their manners before company?

An elderly gentleman stopped outside my door to remove his rubbers. As they were not wet, I considered it too much of an effort for him, in view of his business call, and asked him not to trouble about taking them off. "Ah," he said, "my mother taught me when a little boy never to enter a house with my rubbers on. There are things one never forgets."—*American Motherhood.*

MOTHERS.

At a mothers' meeting a young woman recounted a number of proverbs about mothers.

"It is easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a poor mother." "That sad and striking proverb," she said, "is from the Swiss."

"A mother's love is new every day. He who will not mind his mother will some day have to mind the jailer!" Those are German.

"The Hindus say, poetically, 'Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be rich or poor!'

"The Venetians say, 'Mother! He who has one calls her; he who has none misses her.'

"The Bohemians say, 'A mother's hand is soft, even when it strikes.'

"The Lithuanians says, 'Mother means martyr.'"—*Household Journal.*

SALT IN COOKING.

If one-half of a vegetable is cooked in pure water, the other half in salted water, a decided difference is perceptible in the tenderness of the two. Those boiled in pure water are vastly inferior and in many cases will be almost tasteless. Salt brings out the delicate flavor of cauliflower, cabbage, potatoes, peas, beans and practically all vegetables. Onions cooked in water without salt can be rendered almost tasteless. As salt increases the temperature of boiling water above the average temperature of pure boiling water its cooking advantage is at once apparent. Salt in cold water is used to drive insects from vegetables growing above ground. They instantly release when they are plunged in salty water and can be rinsed off. Celery is improved by standing it in slightly salted water for one-half hour before it is served.—*Selected.*

CLEANING WOODEN FLOORS.

Many times when there is a large grease spot on the floor it is hard to remove it with soap and hot water. Fuller's earth will remove the most obstinate grease spot. Dissolve some dry fuller's earth in a small amount of hot water to the consistency of a thick paste. Then allow the earth to grow cold. When it is cold, spread it on the grease spot thickly and allow it to remain on all night or for several hours. When thoroughly dry, scour it off with cold water. Should the grease spot be deep it may be necessary to repeat the process once or twice.—*Exchange.*

COLLECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To fill any cracks in the stove, loose joints, or small broken places, wet up to a paste that can be handled equal parts of sifted wood ashes and coarse salt, and press in the openings, as you would any cement. This will harden very quickly. Should be applied to the cold stove, and allowed to harden before heating.

If moths are suspected, wash the floor well with boiling brine before re-laying the carpet, and when sweeping, sprinkle the edges well with coarse salt. A towel, made wet, laid on the edges of the carpet and ironed with a quite hot iron, will kill any eggs or larva that may be in the carpet."

"Nearly all large roasts, or any kind of meat, poultry or game, should be trimmed and washed in a pan of water in which is a spoonful of soda. If there be the slightest taint the soda sweetens and purifies it. Especially should liver, heart and sweetbreads be treated in this manner to remove the coagulated blood. In boiling meat of any kind, unless it is very tender, always add a small pinch of soda."

The Children's Corner

RAIN.

If every day the sun should shine
  And clouds forget to rain,
I couldn't wear my rubber boots
  Or sail my boat again;
I couldn't raise my parasol
  Like any soldier's tent
With bullets pattering on the roof
  By foreign armies sent.

I couldn't count the little pools
That jump so very high;
I couldn't watch the pussy-cats
All wet and sad go by!
I don't see why a little child
Should cry at rain, do you—
With mud and puddles everywhere,
And pleasant things to do?

—Little Folks.

STEPHEN AND THE WILD BIRD.

STEPHEN was a small boy who had always lived in a city where there were no sparrows, as there are in many towns and cities; and Stephen had only seen birds that were shut up in cages. Some of the canary birds in his mother's house, when their cage door was open, would hop out and sit on his finger. Stephen was kind to them and never frightened them; so they were not afraid of him.

When he was five years old, his mother took him into the country to stay during the hot weather. One morning he was walking by a grove of trees, and on a low branch he saw a beautiful bird. Stephen whistled to it, and held out his finger for the bird to come and hop upon it; but the bird flew higher up the tree, and although Stephen whistled again and again, it would not come. Then Stephen thought that perhaps the bird would rather sit on a branch than on a boy's finger; so he broke off a long twig, and held out the leafy end to the bird.

"Come, come, little bird," he said; and he offered it a crumb of cake. But the bird would not come, and when Stephen held the branch high, it flew to a tree beyond a brook. Stephen went to the edge of the water and looked at the bird. "What a strange bird!" he said; "it does not like cake, and it will not come to me."

Then he went to the house and told his mother all about it, and she said: "The bird was afraid you might hurt him if he should come near you."

"I never hurt birds, though. Why should this one be afraid?"

"He thought you were like those men and boys who catch birds or kill them whenever they can," said his mother. "If people did not injure these little creatures, or try to catch them, they would not be afraid of us. In some countries, which men have seldom visited, the birds are tame and will not fly away when a man comes near. Even in towns where there are many birds and where people are not allowed to disturb them, the little creatures become very tame. At first, birds were not afraid of boys and men; but after people began to kill and catch them they became very wild, and they have been so ever since."

"Then the birds think that all men and boys are alike?" said Stephen.

"Yes," said his mother, "excepting those birds that have been tamed, and taught that there are some little boys who are always kind to them, and will not do them injury."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing," said Stephen, "if we could begin all over again, and if every man and boy would be kind to the birds, so that they all would be tame?"

"Yes," said his mother, "it would be well in many ways, if we could begin all over again; but as we can not do that, you and I must try to be as kind as possible to the dumb creatures about us, so that they may find out, if they can, that all the people in the world have not grown cruel. That is all we can do toward beginning over again."—*St. Nicholas.*

IN THIS ISSUE.

(Continued from Page 421.)

ping taken from the organ of the anti-saloon forces in Illinois. It is addressed to those who labored earnestly in the recent campaign to drive the saloons from our towns, and encourages those who would look with discouragement upon the results.

We have changed the location of the Quiet Hour department and it will now be found immediately preceding the editorial pages, where Nature Studies formerly appeared. By this arrangement the home department gains two pages. We are counting on using a part of this additional space for choice selections in poetry and will be glad to have our readers send us such.

The contributions for the Quiet Hour this week are full of thoughts conducive to a deeper spiritual life. In his article S. S. Blough says that "no one can hope to live a low, worldly life and be able to sing or pray in the spirit or render any spiritual service whatever."

The series of articles on the experiences of a nurse in training, of which we made mention some time ago, begins in this issue. We are sure they will be followed with interest by many of our readers. Huber Swihart gives us some things worth thinking about in "Literature in the Home," a timely and humorous picture of housecleaning time is painted for us by Martha Shepard Lippincott, and Mrs. Martin Moyer gives a very practical suggestion that is in place at this time.

In Nature Studies John H. Nowlan discusses the interesting subject of "Plant Breeding" and gives much information for the short space devoted to the subject. "A Forest Tragedy" ought not to be passed over. Read it and let its lesson sink deep into your heart. After you have gone through this INGLENOOK from beginning to end, go back and commit to memory "My Creed," which appears on the cover; and more than that, make it *your* creed in deed and in truth.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine in London, a warning was sounded against the reckless use of radium. Even the reputed favorable effects of radium in the treatment of cancer were sharply criticised.

It is stated that President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has recently recommended the purchase of 18,000 new freight cars, which will probably involve an expenditure of between $18,000,000 and $20,000,000.

One thousand Cuban troops, including artillery, cavalry and infantry, have left Camp Columbia for Santa Clara province, where the negroes are rising. The trouble is believed to be racial, rather than revolutionary. Negro congressmen condemn the Santa Clara outbreak and attribute it largely to the speeches of Gen. Estenoz, leader of the negro movement.

The Illinois supreme court has declared valid the act of 1909, limiting to 10 hours the work day of women who are employed in mechanical establishments. The court revised Judge Tuthill of Chicago, who issued an injunction ordering Factory Inspector Davies not to proceed against the violators of the law. Judge Tuthill claimed that the law limited the right of freedom of contract.

A news item from Boston states that the high cost of the necessities of life is injuring the watch trade of the country, according to jewelers and other sellers of timepieces. In consequence business has been dull in manufacturing circles. Following five shutdowns since Christmas, the Waltham Watch Company has placed 800 of its employés on half time and 100 others were laid off indefinitely.

A bulletin issued by the interstate commerce commission shows that 1,090 persons were killed and 22,491 injured in railroad accidents in the United States during the last three months of last year. This is an increase of 101 in the number killed over the same period of the preceding year and an increase of 5,645 injured. In the same months of 1909 electric railway accidents killed 26 persons and injured 643.

The London money market is exhibiting nervousness in anticipation of the sudden withdrawal of millions of dollars to meet income tax payments, which are now being enforced by the revenue department under the authorization of the recent parliamentary resolution. The amount of back income taxes is $117,275,000, due to the rejection of the budget. As these taxes are now long overdue the government will demand their payment at once, which means the withdrawal of an enormous amount of money from the banks and the dumping of a lot of securities on the market.

George E. Green, secretary of the Illinois Merchants' Association, and other members from Missouri, Iowa, and Indiana have appeared before the house committee on agriculture as friends of oleo. They argue in favor of the repeal of the 10-cent tax now levied on oleomargarine. They contend that the law is discriminating and that the coloring in oleo is no more injurious than the coloring in creamery butter. Oleo, they argue, is the poor man's butter.

With crude rubber selling at the maximum price on record, the United States Rubber Company recently announced an advance of approximately 10 per cent in the price of rubber boots and shoes. The prices of automobile tires will not be advanced by the manufacturers until July 1, when a sharp advance is certain. There has been no change in tire prices since the basis of $1.85 for crude rubber was established. Since then rubber has sold at around $2.50 per lb.

At the convention of the Arkansas State Federation of Women's Clubs the women adopted resolutions favoring a State-wide compulsory education law, for enactment of the Mann bill to suppress the white slave traffic, for good roads, for the conservation of natural resources, for the protection of women's work and wages in contract convict labor, for the segregation of the news of crimes in the public press and for the bill pending in Congress for a national child-savings bureau.

Favorable committee report has been made on Senator Nelson's bill to tax unpatented railroad land grants which lie within the forest reserves. There are between four and five million acres of these railroad grant lands in the United States, of which about 2,000,000 acres are in Montana and 300,000 acres in Oregon. The States could not tax the lands, and no one has any benefit. The bill, as reported by Senator Hughes, would make the railroads bear the expense of resurveying the land.

The National Conservation Association, of which Gifford Pinchot is chairman, is opposing a number of bills which have been introduced by western senators and representatives, and the purpose of which is to transfer federal lands, where there are water power sites, to the different States. Such bills have been introduced by Senators Smoot of Utah, Carter of Montana and by Congressmen Smith and Englebright of California. The claim is made by the men who support these bills that non-navigable water is under the absolute control of the States and that there is no method by which the national government can dispose of or utilize water power sites, since it does not control the water. The conservation association makes the point that the government should control the water by reason of its ownership of the land. The association asserts that an attempt is being made to turn this water power over to the monopolies.

Responsible men of New York City have offered the board of governors of the Aero Club $100,000 for the international aviation meet—$75,000 for prizes and $25,000 for other expenses, with more if necessary. It is said the syndicate has made satisfactory arrangements with the Wright Brothers to pay the inventors a large percentage of the gross receipts. The tournament, if secured, would be held on the Hempstead Plains, near Mineola, L. I.

Alarm over the Chinese uprising is admitted by officials of the foreign office, who believe that only skillful handling of the situation by the other powers can prevent the most serious outcome. The latest dispatches indicate that rioting in Chang Sha and other parts of the Huan province has continued almost without interruption since the initial outbreak. Should the discontent and anti-foreign feeling now manifested in Huan sweep over the empire, the foreign office doubts the ability of the Chinese government to protect the lives of foreigners.

The Morrison, Illinois, city council has passed a stringent saloon ordinance. The most peculiar feature provides that no saloon-keeper shall throw an intoxicated person from the saloon into the street. If any saloon-keeper expels an intoxicated person from his saloon it shall be considered a violation of the ordinance and sufficient to revoke the license. The ordinance provides that it shall be the duty of the saloon-keeper or his bartender to take good care of the intoxicated person until he is perfectly sober, and that a place shall be provided for him to sleep.

Dr. Robbins, an English writer, calls attention to the development of the jaws of English boys who were taken out of the streets of London and sent into the British navy. He says: "Undoubtedly the important notable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analyzing this, one finds that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw." The change is due to the rations of "hard tack" and "salt junk" upon which these lads had subsisted.

County school superintendents of Oklahoma are urged to revive the old-time spelling bees and bring back into use the "old blueback" spelling books. State Superintendent E. D. Cameron and Assistant State Superintendent J. W. Wilkinson have written to all the county teachers on the subject. The movement originated with County Superintendent E. M. Sherry of North Dakota, and on April 19 and 20 the champion speller of each county of that State met at Bismarck and contested for the State honors, to which were added $30 in gold. Oklahoma will hold county, district and State contests.

A memorial service, rivaling any tribute paid by New York to soldier or statesman, is planned for the dead author, Mark Twain. With the news of his death in his Connecticut home, April 21, arrangements for the memorial were begun by his friends in New York. They call for a public service in the largest hall in New York. There are to be no formal invitations, reservations being made only for the closest personal friends of Dr. Clemens and the speakers. President Taft, Gov. Hughes and William Dean Howells, dean of America literature, will be asked to pay tribute to the man whose whimsical writings did so much to give America its real place in the field of letters.

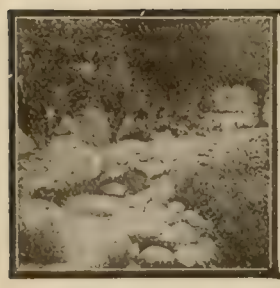
A simple method for replating various metal wares which promises to be of practical value and utility in all households has been devised, according to a dispatch to the department of State, by Augustus Rosenberg of London. The inventor uses a powder which he calls "galvanit." The powder is sprinkled on a moist cloth and rubbed on the surface to be plated, just as a metal polish would be applied. The desired result is obtained in a very few seconds. No preliminary cleaning of the surface is required and no heat is necessary.

Not satisfied with the results of the investigations into the weighing department of the New York custom house, the treasury department has announced its decision to extend the inquiry into all branches of the custom service. The appraisers' stores in New York have been selected for the next examination and the department has intrusted the work to four of its most experienced special agents. The inquiry is not based upon any charge of irregularities, but is a precautionary measure to insure that the "present methods of appraising foreign goods properly protects the government revenues."

Explosions are often caused in flour mills and breweries by nails or other iron particles that find their way in the grain, and which when they strike the steel rolls of the mills produce sparks and ignite the finely pulverized material about them. Recently a large malting concern that had been troubled by many such explosions installed a set of electro-magnets over which the grain is passed before being prepared for shipment to the breweries. All iron particles in the grain are thus picked up by the magnets and 800 to 1,000 bushels of grain are cleaned per hour. When the magnets have collected a large amount of metal, they are swung to one side, de-energized, and swept clean of any particles adhering to them by residual magnetism. Since the installation of these magnets, there have been no explosions in the mills.

Driven from their homes with barely time enough to take their poor household furnishings, 10,000 Jews are being exiled from Kiev, according to a special news dispatch from the Russian city. The wholesale expulsion, it is said, is being carried out on direct orders from Premier Stolypin. Their crime is settling in the city without permission from the government. All Jews are not affected. Those who have always lived in the city may remain, but subject to the most stringent restrictions. It appears that the Jews made inroads into the commercial life of the city and Russian merchants appealed to Stolypin, an anti-Semite. The order of expulsion was at once promulgated. Grave fears are felt that the move may be the beginning of anti-Semite demonstrations throughout Russia.

A series of tests was recently conducted for the Board of Education of Newark to determine the best form of lighting for schoolrooms. The rooms in which the experiments were tried measured 22 by 34 feet and were 12 feet high. Three systems were tried, consisting of twenty-two 16-candle-power lamps, five 75-candle-power graphitized filament lamps, and five 100-watt tungsten lamps with glass reflectors and frosted tips. The tungsten lamps were the most economical and gave by far the best light at each desk, as was determined by illuminometer readings. A similar investigation has been made in Boston, where it was suggested that the room be lighted by lamps placed along the side walls just under the ceiling in boxes with prismatic glass bottoms, which would cast the rays into the room at the desired angle.



NATURE STUDIES



Plant Breeding

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

In breeding plants two methods are commonly employed: one is the selection of varieties arising naturally, supposed to be the result of environment either directly or indirectly. The other is by crossing different varieties, species or genera. The latter is the method to be discussed in this paper.

A knowledge of the sex distinction of animals has existed from the dawn of history, but the sexuality of plants was unknown till within the last two centuries. The ancients produced hybrid animals but the possibility of hybridizing plants was unknown to them. Proof of the sexuality of plants was published by Camerarius in 1691 and it was not till after that discovery that the function of the pollen and its office in seed production became known. Later Thomas Fairchild produced the first known hybrid plant by crossing the carnation with the sweet william. This plant, known as Fairchild's sweet william, for a long time was grown under that name, and may yet be known. Later (1760) Koelreuter made the first careful studies of hybrid plants and for almost a century his work was unsurpassed. In general, hybrids can be produced only between closely-related species. Oaks and verbenas often hybridize naturally, the former being often met with by lumbermen. Ordinarily, however, this does not occur.

Breeders are beginning to discover that there are other laws which affect the propagation of the plants after the first generation.

Naturalists usually apply the term hybrid to the offspring of two plants or animals of distinct species; the term cross or mongrel being applied to the union of two races or varieties. To indicate the various degrees of difference in the forms crossed would require more than the words available, conformably to the Century Dictionary the term hybrid is now used to include all organisms arising from the cross of two different forms, however great or slight.

The essential, or sexual organs of plants are stamens and pistils. The pistil, the female organ, is in the central portion of the flower. The upper portion is swollen and somewhat rough. It is on this swollen portion that the pollen from the stamens must fall to produce fertilization.

The stamens, the male organs, are usually several in number and surround the pistil. The swollen part of the stamen is called the anther. The pollen is borne in sacks in the anthers.

In the majority of cases the essential organs are borne in the same flower, as the tomato; in others they are on different flowers on the same plant, as the walnut, castor bean, etc., or on different plants as persimmon or hemp.

Usually the stamens ripen their pollen before the stigma on the same flower is ready to receive it. This insures a cross fertilization, that is, a fertilization from some other flower.

The breeder selects the plants he desires to use as the parents of the hybrid he wishes to produce, removes the stamens before they are developed, and covers the pistil to avoid the entrance of any stray pollen. When the pistil is developed he fertilizes it with pollen from the plant selected as the male parent. This he does by one of several methods, the commoner being to take the anthers in a pair of forceps and rub them over the stigma, or to take the pollen up with a fine brush. After this is done he again covers the flower to exclude any stray pollen.

Sometimes the hybrid is sterile. In this case the plant must be propagated by means of grafts or of cuttings. In case it develops only a few seeds by saving these and carefully selecting, the plant may be preserved.

Hybrids are notoriously unstable; qualities appearing in one generation may be almost or entirely missing in the next. To catch and fix these transient desirable qualities is the end to be achieved.

When a desirable hybrid is produced it should be fertilized with its own pollen and the seedlings that are best saved to propagate from. These seedlings should be inbred till the desired qualities become fixed and the plants come true to seed.

What is to be gained by producing hybrids? One plant may be hardy but be of little or no value for fruit. Another may produce valuable fruit yet be so delicate that its cultivation is limited. A cross between the two will likely produce many hybrids with the undesirable qualities of both parents; but some may have the

good qualities of both. These are the ones the breeder desires to utilize.

Burbank crossed the English walnut with the California black walnut obtaining a tree that grows "twice as fast as the combined growth of both parents." A cross between the black walnut and the California walnut produces fruit of excessive size. "Primus" is a cross between the western dewberry and the Siberian raspberry, the fruit ripening several weeks before either parent, excels them in productiveness and size of fruit, yet has the flavors of both.

Many of our best grapes, citrus fruits, etc., are hybrids. An article in the daily papers states that a convict in the Minnesota State prison has produced a cross between the grape fruit (a hybrid) and the lemon, the resulting fruit being of large size and able to withstand the severe climate of that State. Many of the new fruits are hybrids.

The writer has found in this county two trees that are a union of walnut and butternut, one of them being now in his possession.

The field is an extensive one and the opportunities for doing good to the human race are almost unlimited.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A FOREST TRAGEDY.

At a station of that part of the Maine Central Railroad which runs through the little valley of the Swift River, in the Rangeley region, there alighted, one afternoon in October, two men, one of middle age and one younger, who asked old Peter Powers, the section man, for the most direct route to one of the several camps that were scattered through the near-by foothills. He responded to their request for information and, when they left him, broke out into the following soliloquy:

"I was born in this region long afore the railroad bored er hole in ther forest—when it was nothin' but er solitude—nothin' but ther home of wild animals—which wuz tame in them days—but I never expected ter see 'um made wild by what we call civilized man, who seem wilder'n ther beasts. They're mad! That's what! Mader'n a March hare. I never expected ter see God's wilderness—God's temple—made inter an annex to ther State Insane Asylum. 'Tis queer men'll leave good homes, when they don't havter, ter climb rocks and sleep in shacks jest ter kill, kill. They're so anxious ter kill they havter wear fire red shirts ter tell 'um from bucks. If they see er leaf stir they shoot, no matter what's behind the leaf. Oh, they're mad, mad!"

In due time the hunters reached their camp on the hillside, and threw down their packs on the ground. The younger man stood for several moments looking down through the valley and then up to the mountains in the far distance.

"It's grand country," said he.

"It's a good country for hunting," said his companion. "I am glad you have concluded to try the woods this fall. I have been coming here for fifteen years and there is no such place for stirring the sluggish blood. You can shake off your civilized veneer and be as savage as you like. There is great sport here. Last fall was an exception. Was here a week. Got just one shot and missed that. He was a fine buck, too. Came out on a little bluff on the mountain side, not a quarter of a mile from this camp, he and a doe, and I was just below. It was a good shot, but I had been out all day and it was chilly. I couldn't hold my gun steady so I slipped the barrel through the crotch of a bush, but just as I pulled the trigger, the bush bent, so that I missed the buck. I hit him somewhere, for I heard a cry of pain. I think it was in one leg, as he made a big time in getting away. I followed, but it became dark so soon that I lost him."

"Isn't that a cruelty to animals?" said his companion, who was somewhat shocked by what was evidently a new idea to him. "Are many animals maimed in these annual hunting bouts?"

"Oh, yes," said his companion. "Anyone who can fire a rifle comes up here, and they shoot at any animal which comes along—aim at her anywhere—and their bullets are fully as likely to maim as to kill. To wound and not to kill prolongs the sport."

"And people come hundreds of miles to this region, which might be an inspiration in itself, to kill innocent animals? Yes, not only to kill, but to maim—to cause them to die slowly and in agony—and call it sport?"

"Oh!" said the hunter, "the deer would overrun the State if they were not killed, and of course a man will miss his aim once in awhile."

"Deer probably would be killed anyway," said his companion. "They were killed before there was a close time placed on them, but they were killed for food. Now they are protected not because they are valuable for food, but for sport. Because railroads get a benefit from passengers carried, and the number of State officials is increased."

"Oh, well!" said the old hunter, "take a night's rest on the subject. You will not be so pessimistic in the morning."

The next day was spent in hunting. No game was seen until near sunset. At this time they were near a brook running between steep and rocky banks. As they stood in the forest, their attention was attracted by a low coaxing, and in looking in the direction of the sound, they saw a doe evidently communicating with some animal on the other side of the stream, but out of sight by reason of a big rock. In a moment, however, the reason of her coaxing was apparent, for a big buck leaped across the stream. His body and antlers were of noble proportions, but on reaching the bank he stumbled slightly and the doe lent her body to steady that of her companion. Then it became evi-

dent that the buck had but three legs, one being missing from the knee down. The attention of the young man was riveted on the spectacle—the maimed buck and the attention of the loving doe—but he was awakened by a loud report and he saw the buck fall. The shot called him to his senses.

"Oh, Joe," he said, "how could you?"

"Oh!" said Joe, "those horns are too good to lose. I want them for my dining room. He's the one I fired at last fall."

When the two men left for home a few days later, Joe showed the antlers at the depot, while waiting for the train, with a good deal of pride. Old Peter, the section man, listened to his talk and said as he turned away:

"Young Tom Gould, who went inter ther army in ther Spanish War an' went to ther Philippines, said there wuz men out there who smoked their heads of their enimies kilt in battle an' hung 'um up in their houses, an' this same Joe Brown, what's got the buck's head, heard 'im tell ther story, an' he said 'them men wuz savages.'"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TO THOSE WHO FOUGHT.

(Continued from Page 417.)

You were fighting to save womankind; to save her from a life of pinching poverty, of ostracism, of the shame of a drunkard's wife or mother; to save her from the haunting fear and dread of the returning footsteps; from hours and hours and days and months of misery unspeakable.

You were fighting to save childhood; to save it from the shames and handicaps of drunken parentage; from pinching want and early sorrows; from hunger and beatings and hot tears and sleepless nights. You were fighting to give it a fair chance in this great battle of life, to give it a heritage of health and sweetness and hope and purity, the heritage of a good name.

Soldier in the Temperance Warfare, this tribute is to you. These are the things you fought for, and they are worth while, worth it all. You could do it again—you WILL do it again. In the hour of defeat you were perhaps discouraged; you saw your beloved cause go down in defeat. And yet it was not defeated—Right cannot be defeated—its victory is only delayed some times.

"For humanity sweeps onward, where today the Martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands.
Far in the front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
And the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

You have not asked for reward, but you have it. You have it in the satisfaction of a great service done. You would not trade places with the victors—would you? You have no guilty load on your conscience. You do not have on your soul the blame and the guilt of that awful traffic. You cannot be charged with its crime and sin and misery.

No holy warfare is surer of its heroes than this. Take this credit—you are entitled to it; you fought in one of the early battles of the greatest warfare yet waged for the freedom of men. You fought well. You did your best. You are a hero of the War of Right against Wrong. This battle was but an incident in the war. The War will go on—you will still be in the ranks—and in God's good time the Cause so dear to your heart will triumph—the Victory will come.—*Illinois Issue.*

Between Whiles

This One wasn't Spoiled.—A boy of twelve years of age, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher, and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

Dear Sir.—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday.

He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung on to licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had to give him another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time.

He thinks he will attend regular in future.—The Christian Advocate.

The pupil said in writing that "The Ionic form of architecture consisted of a pillar with a polluted top." Some of us mortals surely must be Ionic.—Ohio Educational Monthly.

Sibyl—What is worse than to find a worm in your chestnut?

Pete—To find part of a worm.

The new minister in a Georgia church, says Everybody's Magazine, was delivering his first sermon. The darkey janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, that man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know he had!"

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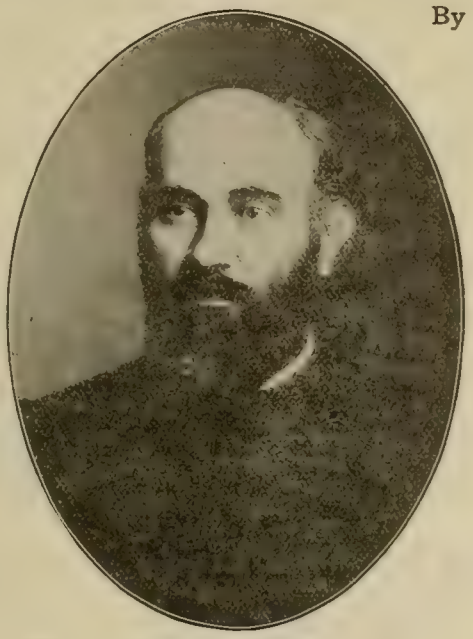
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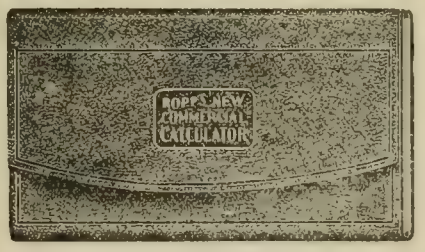
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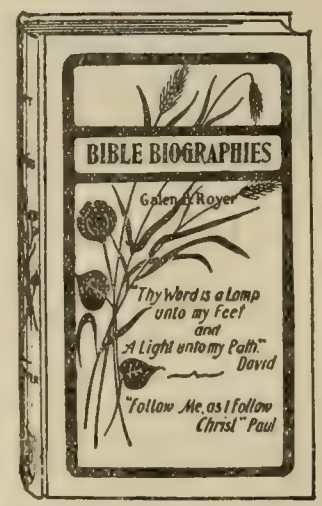
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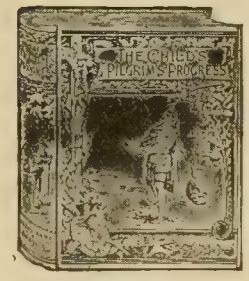
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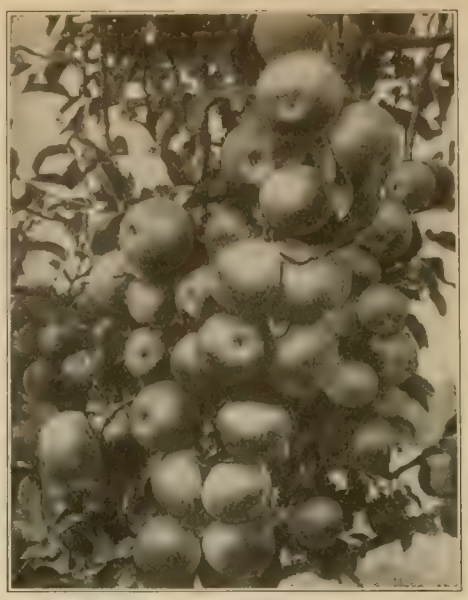
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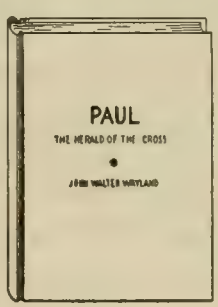
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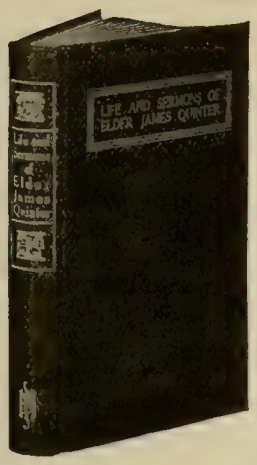
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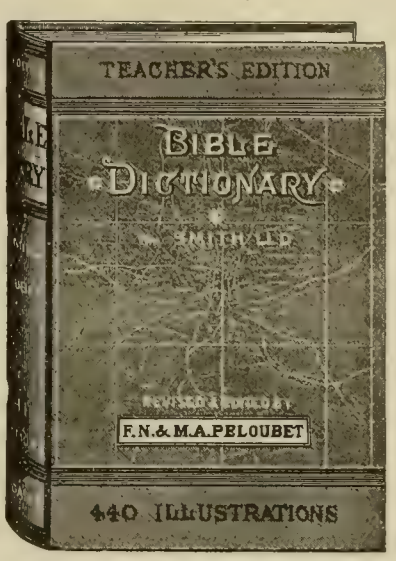
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. May 10, 1919 No. 19.

True Education

D. C. Reber, President Elizabethtown College

Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

In Five Parts:
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II. The Child's Privilege.
III. Society's Demand.
IV. The State's Function.
V. The Creator's Will.

Part III. Society's Demand.

CIVILIZATION owes its progress to five great institutions,—namely, the home, the school, society or the vocation, the state, and the church. Through life in these institutions, the human race has advanced from its beginning in the distant past to the living present and will continue by these agencies to achieve a more glorious future. In these institutions originate the forces that chiefly educate, socialize or civilize the individual.

Education, in a narrow and technical sense, is limited to the individual's contact with the first two of these institutions,—the home, and the school. The first, of divine origin, is the basic institution of civilization. The second, of human origin, is an outgrowth and extension of the home. The time the individual spends in these institutions covers the long period of his dependence upon his parents. In the home the child's physical growth predominates and receives attention. He stands in relation to parents, brothers, and sisters whom he imitates. Here he learns obedience to authority. In the school, the youth stands in relation to teacher and fellow-pupils. This is the period of physical and mental development where his powers develop, and where he gradually is put in possession of the conserved wisdom derived from the race's inheritance. It may require one-third of the individual's life to become adjusted to his place in society. This adjustment comprises more than receiving instruction in a formal way. It aims to furnish high ideals, and to fit the child for life in institutions. It means the formation of habits of conduct, and the achievement of skill either physical or mental that shall render him capable of social service.

When manhood or womanhood is reached, the formative and preparatory period having been passed, the individual chooses a vocation either in the form of a trade or a profession. No longer a consumer merely, he now becomes a contributor to the life of society. No longer being dependent, he now enters upon a life of independence or rather interdependence. His school life having ended, he now enters the school of life. His education in the broad and comprehensive sense begins. Life itself is the great school, and all life is educative.

Hence we see that the scope of education is coextensive with human life. The human being continues to be educated until the end of his earthly life. The plying of a trade, the practice of a profession, the rearing of a family are educative processes in life's school. The disciple of progress in any field of activity ever studies the old in a new form. The entire individual experience from the dawn of self-consciousness to the close of life is the education of the soul, the contest of the soul in its quest for truth, freedom and perfection. The conception of the universe enlarges with the soul's unfolding. Man's spirit is progressively revealed, liberated and realized in the perfect knowledge of all truth in the eternal world. Prof. Horne of New York University defines education adequately thus: "Education is the *eternal* process of superior adjustment of the physically and mentally developed free, conscious human being to God as manifested in the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment of man."

The transition from school into society is more marked than the transition from the home into the school. Although leading an institutional life when in the home and in the school, yet the individual's institutional life is quite different. In the former, he assumes a passive attitude to his environs; in the latter, he is active. In the former, he is molded by the en-

vironment; in the latter, he influences and creates the environment to a greater or less extent. He now stands in relation to his fellow-laborers or professional colleagues. How does society define a truly educated man? What may society reasonably expect from the young men and women who constantly enter its ranks?

Man is a social being and education is a socializing process. The sociological aspect of education is coming to be recognized as of vital importance in estimating to what extent the school succeeds in performing its social function. The school is or should be organically related to society. No gap should exist between school and life in society. Since it is the mission of the school to adjust the individual properly to society, what may society rightfully demand of the school?

In the first place, as society is a variable quantity, the demands made upon the school by it are constantly changing with the progress or regress of social conditions. What the world regards as a truly educated man today differs vastly from its concept of such a person in ancient and medieval times. While society constantly raises its standard of the product of the school, be it remembered that the school is one of the leading forces reforming and advancing society. So that the school indirectly is building its own ideals while at the same time directly discharging its mission in contributing to the realization of these ideals.

Modern society is a very complex organism. Into it the young man enters expected to fit into useful and honorable calling where he may help to solve the many perplexing problems that are vital to the preservation and progress of society. He is expected to know some things thoroughly and with a disciplined mind he can quickly master the details of other things. He is expected to possess a certain amount of culture and manifest a lively interest in things that tend to refine, uplift and better mankind. Again he is expected to possess ability to perform skillful and efficiently the tasks set for him and his duties to family, state and church.

Society demands not that only one out of every family be thoroughly educated and that one to be a boy. But on the other hand, every normal individual whether boy or girl, whether rich or poor, whether white or black, whether talented or dull, is expected to be so educated that he may be economically, politically and socially a benefit to society. Every able-bodied and rational person is expected to be trained to render efficient service to those dependent on him and to the community in which he lives.

The question may be asked, "To what extent shall the school furnish vocational training?" In the elementary school, specialization is unwise. Whatever of manual training it may provide, is only for the sake of developing and training the mind through the hand.

In the high school and technical school, manual training, commercial studies, agricultural branches, etc., may be pursued for learning a trade, where one's educational advantages are limited by lack of time and money. The professional schools exist for the distinct purpose of fitting the individual for a learned profession, and as such they need ever to be up-to-date and alive to the strictest demands of a strenuous business world.

Modern society is a vast plexus of economic, civic, educational, industrial, and religious organizations which require to be officered by physically sound, mentally keen, morally clean and religiously strong men and women.

The person which society demands to live completely as a social being cannot be actuated by selfish motives in securing the necessary equipment. An education for getting rich quickly by taking advantage of his fellow-man, an education for the sake of posing as an ornament to society merely, an education merely for leisure's sake are denominated by society as false and dangerous. On the other hand, modern society calls that a true education which inclines a man to industry, economy, cleanliness, honesty, benevolence, charity, patriotism, Christianity—in a word, to social efficiency in the highest interests of humanity. Such is the sociological argument for a true education.

DAVID WILMOT.

MAUD HAWKINS.

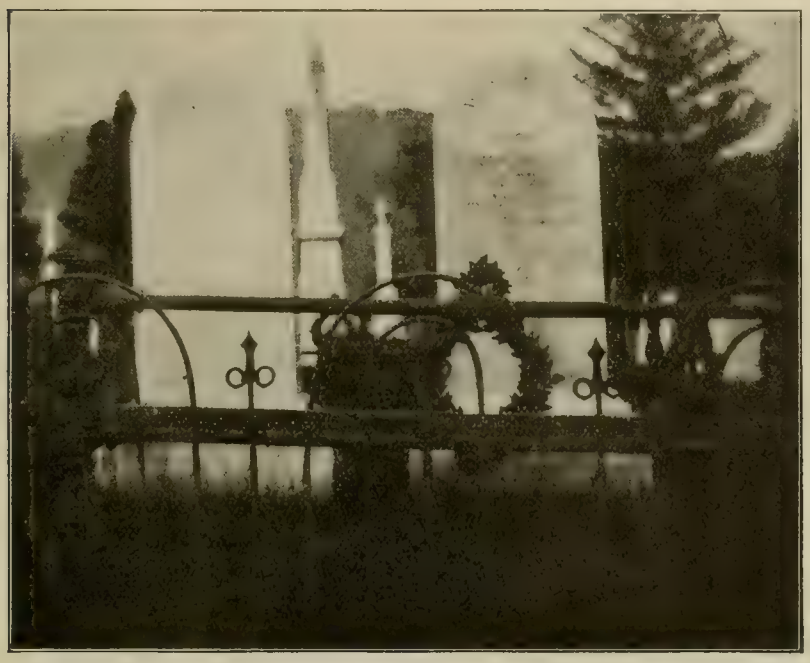
Although David Wilmot's name appears in the history of our country, very little of his life is known beyond his own State. No man ever lived in northern Pennsylvania who achieved so wide a reputation as David Wilmot, says the history of Bradford County from which this is an extract.

He was born in Bethany, Pa., where he spent his babyhood and youth. At the age of eighteen he commenced the study of law at Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he remained until his admission to the bar when he removed to Towanda, Pa. Immediately he took and for several years occupied a commanding position in political affairs of the country and won a wide reputation as an able and effective speaker. In 1844 he received the unanimous nomination of the Democratic party of the twelfth congressional district, composed of three counties which were afterwards known as the "Wilmot district." He was elected by a large majority and took his seat at the opening of the twenty-ninth Congress in 1845 where in common with the Democratic party he favored the annexation of Texas.

In August, 1846, the President sent to the Senate a confidential message, asking an appropriation to negotiate peace with Mexico. A bill was introduced in the House appropriating two million of dollars for the purpose specified. It had now become so apparent that the proposition was intended to strengthen the pro-slavery influences in the general government that, at

Wilmot's suggestion, a consultation was held by a few of the northern representatives who were opposed to the extension of slavery, the result of which was the offering by Mr. Wilmot of the celebrated proviso which has been so generally known as the "Wilmot Proviso," which provided that in any territory acquired from Mexico, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist except for crime in any part of territory. This proviso was adopted in committee and the two million bill containing the proviso, was sent to the Senate, where it was killed by John Davis of Massachusetts, talking against time and preventing its passage.

In 1846 Mr. Wilmot received again the unanimous nomination of his party for Congress and was re-elected. In 1848 the question of slavery began to be agitated and the Free Soil party was formed which nominated Van Buren for the presidency. Wilmot, however, received the unanimous nomination for Congress and was re-elected by a large majority and was succeeded in 1850 by Mr. Grow.



David Wilmot's Grave.

On the formation of the Republican party, Mr. Wilmot very soon espoused its principles and identified himself with the movement. In fact the very measures he had proposed in Congress in 1846 had no small influence in leading to its existence.

At the Republican national convention held in Philadelphia in 1856, Mr. Wilmot was proposed as the candidate for Vice-president on the ticket with Freemont. He could have commanded the unanimous nomination but was averse to it. He was the chairman of the committee on resolutions and drew up the platform adopted by that convention.

The next year, 1857, he was nominated for governor of Pennsylvania. He had under the amended constitution creating an elective judiciary, been chosen presiding judge of the judicial district, composed of his own county and two others. In 1857 he resigned the office for the purpose of entering the gubernatorial contest. His speeches made throughout the State had awakened a deep interest in the principles of the Republican party and though defeated, the party was strengthened by the canvass.

In 1860 Gen. Simon Cameron was named in the Pennsylvania Republican convention as their first choice for President and according to usage Mr. Cameron selected Mr. Wilmot as delegate at large to the Chicago convention of which he was temporary chairman, and when Mr. Cameron's name was withdrawn, he used his influence to secure the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, whose confidence he enjoyed during his administration.

The selection of Mr. Cameron for secretary of war created a vacancy in the United States Senate which Mr. Wilmot was elected to fill. He took his seat with that body March 18, 1861. A wide field of honor and usefulness seemed to be opened before him. He was in the prime of his manhood, in full vigor of his mental powers, revered everywhere as the champion of freedom and his friends confidently expected him to win for himself a still loftier name while advancing the cause of human rights. But at the outset of his senatorial career his health began to fail until it was almost impossible for him to attend to the routine of his duties. He served two years on the committee on foreign affairs, claims and pensions.

At the conclusion of his senatorial term he was appointed by President Lincoln a judge of the court of claims which office he filled till his death.

He was a man of strong convictions and outspoken in the expression of his opinions; a man greatly beloved by his friends and unsparingly hated by his enemies. He was a powerful speaker, keen in debate, carrying with him the hearts of his hearers and producing conviction in others frequently by the strength of his own. He died at his residence in Towanda, Pa., March 16, 1868, aged fifty-four. He is buried in the Towanda cemetery, close to the public highway and his resting place is marked by a plain slab on which is inscribed the celebrated proviso which has made his name immortal.

The Lorelei

John W. Wayland

On the right bank of the historic Rhine, where it winds through the romantic regions a few miles north of Bingen, Lorch, and Bacharach, a rugged promontory rises from the water's edge to the height of more than four hundred feet. Among the crags is a wonderful echo, said to be repeated occasionally fifteen times; on the surrounding heights are the ruins of medieval castles; and on the terraced hillsides are vineyards of matchless wealth and beauty. In times past the promontory in question was very dangerous to navigation, and many lives were lost in the wrecks that frequently occurred at its foot. This fact, in connection with the wonderful echo, doubtless gave rise to the legend that has long been repeated in the neighborhood, and that has become firmly implanted in German music and literature. The story reminds us of that of the sirens in ancient mythology, and contains a true picture of human life, as well as a warning that is too often unheeded. It was not by accident that ancient myth placed the graveyard of the sea at the feet of the sirens; neither is it by accident that the Lorelei echo has been credited to a sweet voice and a fair form. Beauty without wisdom is a dangerous gift; and art without goodness is a snare of souls.



Heidelberg Castle on the Rhine.

The most famous poem on the Lorelei is the exquisite little lyric by Heine; and the finest description in prose that I have found is one by Menco Stern. For the benefit of Inglenook readers I have translated these two pieces below, though of course no translation can do full justice to the inherent charm of the originals.

Shall I tell it once more, that old, oft-told legend? sing it once again, that old, oft-sung lay? Only when you yourself have seen the rock and the stream that swirls about it can you understand the story; only when you, moreover, sometime on a starry, moonlight July night, on a boat with a hundred meditative students, shall have cast anchor under the shadowy crag, and shall have heard Heine's Lorelay from a hundred youthful throats, only then can you appreciate in full the sweet, touching, wondrously sad melody. Not before.

But her name is really not Lorelay, that death-bringing, beautiful maid magician of Bacharach; her name is Lore; in the oldest legends of the Middle Age she is always called Lore. Whence then comes the "lay"? and what does that word signify?

All this you may discover in the district about yonder crag, if you pay attention to the speech of the people living there. The heights along this part of the Rhine are almost altogether of slate formation; but "Schiefer" (the ordinary word for slate) is, in the speech of the Rhineland folk, "Lay." Instead of "Schiefer-roof," "Schiefer-quarry," etc., the people in that region say "Layen-roof," "Layen-quarry," etc. With them the children go to school in the morning with their "Layen-tablet" (slate) instead of with their

"Schiefer-tablet." Accordingly, in that region where the charming maiden lures the sailors to their death, the people call every crag "lay" for short. Lorelay, therefore, means the crag of Lore.

But what profits this etymological hairsplitting? What is there in a name anyhow? In this glorious, echo-haunted neighborhood, so hazardous to navigation, such a legend must of necessity spring up. Everything there lends itself to romance. About the mountain, costly wine; in the rugged fastnesses, the Nibelungen treasure; upon the height the maiden fair—what more can one want? Is not this all that one can wish for?

No, that is not all. Man needs yet something more: sympathy. The beautiful Lore and the precious Rhenish wine, and with them the shining Nibelungen gold, can not satisfy us if we do not also have at hand someone whose cheeks flush at our joy, whose eyes grow dim at our pain. We want sympathy; and this indeed the Lore-crag and its neighbors give us.

What is then the fifteen-fold echo if not the spoken sympathy that nature feels for your joys and sorrows? These mountains have for so many thousand years looked down upon the struggles of the peoples below; these mountains have for so many hundred years borne with patience upon their summits the castles of joying and sorrowing men. They have learned to sympathize with us. Every hill, every height, every crag and mountain, all rearing their heads one above another, gaze down with wondering eyes. Do you not know why? Out of their sympathetic hearts they wish to gaze upon you; and when you send up your cry of joy or pain to them, they send their cry back to you: just as if they try to say, "We understand you."

With this sympathetic introduction we may with fuller appreciation enter into the spirit of Heine's poem.

The Lorelei.

I know not what it meaneth
That I'm so sad today,
And in my heart doth linger
An ancient, mournful lay.

In cool and dusk 'tis flowing,
The deep and steady Rhine;
The wooded heights are glowing
Where fading rays still shine.

High on the crag reclining,
A maiden strange and fair,
Her golden jewels shining,
Doth braid her golden hair.

Gold comb in golden tresses
Her witching skill doth ply;
And all the while she's singing
A weird, sweet melody.

Yon little boat is swaying—
The boatman feels the spell;
He heeds not reef-waves playing—
The song doth please him well.

Methinks I hear knells ringing,
Where dark the waters run;
Alas, that with her singing
Thus Lorelei hath done!

ABRAHAM LEAVING HARAN.

H. M. HARVEY.

No. Three.

ABRAM was now ready to make a second start. It was the severing of the last ties. Some of his relatives, a father and likely several others, had come this far with him and now these were to be left in the rear and the final dash made, as we say in common parlance. Not a word has been left as to the length of time the family lived at Haran. Nothing is said as to the kind of a place it was. There are numerous questions to be asked about it but who will answer? How did Abram get along with the people at this place? I wonder if he liked it. Did he continue his heathen worship or did they have here a strange god unto whom they offered worship? The Sacred Record is silent on these things. Something, however, is told us about him and his company at the time of leaving. Mention is made of the wealth that was taken along. This likely was no small thing. He had brought more than a little of this world's goods along with him from Ur and added to that the increase on the way and during the stay. It is no more than likely that he had more than a little about him by that time. Mention is made of the souls that had gathered about them, indicating that they were a magnet. It was promised. Should it not be? That was the promise from the beginning. Lot, the only mentioned relative, accompanies the group. The man who would be seen as the leader of this procession was now seventy and five years old. "So Abram went as Jehovah had spoken unto him." Obedience.

They came into the land of Canaan and passed through the land to the place of Shechem. The Canaanites were there. An altar is erected. The first to the new God for him to erect. Here he has time to draw a good breath and rest. Let us note that this is a new country for God's people. The first of a long residence. By what mode of travel had the journey been made? Here was made another journey, this time of four hundred miles, and not a word said as to the mode or the time. As to the means of conveyance, no way is more probable than that the same burden-bearers were used as the time before. He must have had camels and equipment already on hand. That was then the usual way, to make journeys from Haran to the sea.

The highway from Egypt to the East was again the highway for the friend of God. This international camel highway came down on the east side of the Sea of Galilee and crossed the Jordan and on to the west until this place where Abram is stopping was reached. From here it turned to the south after passing through the valley between the mountains of Ebal on the north and Gerizim on the south. The great

caravans of that day followed the road down over the rough, hilly country until the corner of the sea was rounded and the upper part of the Nile reached.

Why should Abram come over into this land when there was a better one behind him? This country was not nearly so promising as the one he had left. Why did not God ask him to move to some other location in his own beautiful land of Mesopotamia? We dare not say why it should so be. We might guess that God wanted him to be moved wholly away from the heathen religion of his native country so he would be the more open to his voice when he should call. But who knows? While there were evil religions in this country, it is certain that Abram would be less likely to follow after a strange kind than the one he had followed from his childhood. This may be made as a conjecture but that is all. It is open for all to guess. We will have to take it just as Abram made the whole journey. The Word says that he went not knowing whither he went. He undertook to go to this land as a stranger, having nothing to confide in except what he could guess about the country and the confidence he had in God. That was faith. This was trusting in the thing not seen, and is what we term sometimes as walking out on the promises of God. Most people now want to know where they are to be led if they give themselves up fully. Then others will not resign if they know definitely what the Lord wants them to do. Not many will leave a comfortable home and tramp across the country for a distance of a thousand miles, even if God would promise to bless those that bless them and to curse those that curse them. Abram was not looking for a snap. He went out of one heathen land into one more heathenish. For some reason the narrator was careful to say that the Canaanites were the inhabitants of the land. It is not clear why this should have been told, but we must presume that the writer knew for what intent he spake. We may know more about it as we come to know more about that people. Various things have already come to the surface, about them later we are sure to see more. The Canaanites were the very early inhabitants of the entire country of Palestine. They are the Indians of Palestine, bearing the same relation to that country that the Indian does to America. They are the primeval sons, the first to be found there when history first opens her eyes upon that country. The nap that history had taken was a long one but was at the coming of Abram drawing to a close, and the child of early birth begins to rub his eyes. It may be said that the name Canaanite bears the same relation to the many tribes of that country that the name Indian bears to the several early Indian families of America. It is generic. The name is, however, used at times in the Bible to refer to only a single tribe. According to Bible mention there were Hittite, Jebusite, Hivite, Perizzite, and Amorite. For a long time not much was known about Abram's early neighbors so far as their daybreak of history is concerned. Not until recently. Now the spade has turned out records of many of their doings. The most important of these are the Amarna tablets. Not nearly all of these have been deciphered to the present. Several things of interest in our story of Abram as to their religion has come before our gaze. Their deities were originally nature-powers, such as the sun, the heavens, the moon, thunder and lightning. Their places of worship were the tops of hills. Shrines were employed much after the fashion of those later used by the Greeks. The above things mentioned as deities were later on blended into a concept of a single deity or god. His name was Ba'al. Ba'al of their own city, as "Baal-Hermon." In some of these places vice was employed as religious rites, also self-mutilation, and infant sacrifice. There were other religious practices among them that savor of animism, totemism, and fetishism.

These people were the first to be neighbors to Abram. They were neighbors so far as proximity is concerned but were never to be friends.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

THE HERO.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

He who enters first the race
In a noble work to do,
Shows his soul of finer mold,
Proves his heart is also true.
He it is that leads men on
To their nobler, greatest deeds;
His grand inspiration, too,
Is what all the world most needs.

Not the later man to come,
When the laurels are most won,
Is the one to do most good;
Though he brags of what he's done.
Greatest fame will rest on him
Who first enters in a cause,
Working on with faith and trust,
While most others doubt and pause.

While the world will scorn and jeer
At ideals of nobler men;
Trying to drive great reforms
Back to older ways again,
He, the hero is, who stands
Nobly up to shield the right,
When the way is dark and hard,
Ere appears the winning light.

Philadelphia, Pa.

VICTORY comes in cans and defeat comes in can'ts and any man can can his can't or can't his cans at will. The wise man says of his opportunities what the poor man says of his cherries: I use all I can and what I can't use, I can and what I can't can I leave to the neighbors. "Whosoever will, may."—*Selected.*

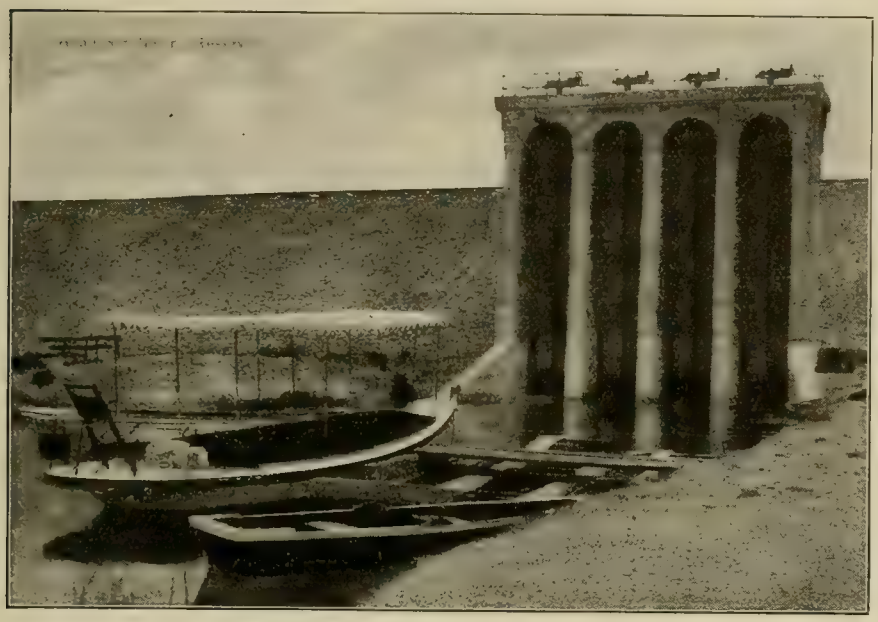
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DEER-FLAT.

ADA KIRCHER.

We went down the diagonal streets of Nampa, Idaho, laid out without any regard to the four corners of the earth, through mud that even in Missouri would be considered awful. But of course we came with the intention of liking it, so we said nothing and were glad that the sun rose no farther north than the northeast and that the mud was no deeper.

We were headed for Deer-Flat. I had heard so much of it and my imagination had assisted a little until I had pictured it the Land of Milk and Honey.

We passed several ranches which one of the party informed us belonged to him and his brother alternately, the account of their passing back and forth between them making a long story. After that we passed no more houses, for whenever we came near a house the road described a semi-circle in the opposite direction. We went over a hill, then came near a ranch where we were informed they never had any hope of getting water upon the place, unless it was siphoned in from another high point farther north. But these people had a home here and it was very evident they meant to keep it, hoping for something to turn up to make it worth while, and after all it was home and to the many homeless ones of this world that means a good deal.



This Is Part of the Reservoir. Water Teems with Fish.

We went over another rise and there at the very top stood a cabin, not a log cabin as in former days in the Eastern States, but just a plain box house. There it stood, deserted and desolate,—one more testimony that another had lost in the bet with Uncle Sam that he could live five years in the sage brush without water, in order to be presented with a home and a hundred and sixty acres in the end.

From here we looked down into the valley and beheld for the first time Deer-Flat, with Silver City Mountains in the distance covered with snow until they appeared as pure as an angel's wing. The brilliantly-colored clouds back of them with the valley of sage brush at our feet made a picture that would surely stir the soul and delight the eye of the most fastidious.

Going along we came to where some one had put up a new house and stable. The house was not yet completed but was being occupied. "There," says one, "what do you think of that?" "That's beginning at the beginning," says another. "That just reminds me of the first house I built," says a third. "It was made of sod and it just cost me one dollar and sixty-five cents. I paid that for a window. After I had finished it I sat down and I looked around and I said, to myself, 'This is mine,' and I have never felt so good in my life since." He is now worth something like one hundred thousand dollars. Just a little more proof that wealth does not bring happiness, and yet it is the very thing for which we are always striving. Do we prefer wealth and the honor of the worldly-minded to happiness and a better hope of a home in heaven? for does the Master not say, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God"? and "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"? Is not the almighty dollar the god of many?

We were driving along what is to be the edge of the reservoir when it is filled. The driver informed us that it will cover eleven thousand acres and will water one hundred and fifty thousand acres. Now here is the canal that will fill the reservoir from the Boise River. It is about the size of the river that runs along by your place back east, the swimming hole and the fishing place of the neighborhood.

We passed a mansion 'way out here. Away from every one a modern house of just eight rooms looks like a mansion.

In telling you the price of land they give you the net price, so to speak. You must allow three or perhaps four dollars per acre for clearing of sage brush and leveling the land, and in addition to this twenty-five or perhaps thirty dollars per acre for water rights, but of course they always insist on giving you a bargain,—the sage brush is always thrown in.

We now go across what is to be the reservoir some day. As there is no track we make one of our own and the odor that arises as we tread the sage brush under foot is not altogether disagreeable but it permeates one's clothing so thoroughly that one can smell it for several days.

Upon the range just back of us sat a small cabin. "He is above the water line, he can't enter the promised land," says the driver, pointing to the house. "He can only look over into it," says another. I wonder how many of us have set our ambitions in this world too high as did this unfortunate ranchman so that we can never enter the promised land.

We next went down past the government alfalfa stacks. I might just as well say hay stacks but some way or another it doesn't seem like hay to me. But then it's really hay and corn both, for they feed their stock on it here and they are in as good condition in the spring as they are on both hay and corn in the Missouri Valley. Those stacks were immense which shows that this country is good for something. We also passed an orchard that some day will be in the reservoir so they have neglected it. Here we saw sheep, hundreds of them, pasturing on the sage brush; then we came to the dam.

The driver said he would have to drive around but that we could walk through the flood-gates, if we liked to get a good idea of the size of the dam. Of course we liked. It seemed to us that it must be about six hundred feet through and at the other side stands quite a pool of water. One of our party attempted to cross on the ice and got wet, going into the water up to the waist It then became apparent that there was no other way than to go back and climb over the dam, which served to give one a good idea of the magnitude of the government work. The immense bank of earth a mile long,—what an interesting account might be written of its construction if only one knew the details.

Then one pauses and compares this small embankment to the mountains on the other side the embankment that God has made and one is made to exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Our large undertakings are so insignificant in comparison to a very small part of God's handiwork.

Nampa, Idaho.

COURAGE TO SAY NO.

NELLIE BECKNER BARLOW.

'Tis but a little word, yet how many might have been spared a broken heart, how many souls saved from destruction, could they but have had the courage to say "no" and the strength of resolution to stick to it.

Many are the homes that today are desolate and poverty-stricken, which might have been cheerful and happy, but for the lack of strength and courage to say this one little word, no.

It has been the means of saving many from a drunkard's grave and would have saved many others had they but realized the evil its neglect has wrought, and said it firmly and steadfastly, before their bright career was darkened, and their honor destroyed forever.

Many young men have started out in life, filled with eager ambitions, seeking the fame and honor which today might have been theirs had they but stopped to count the cost of what is termed "the social glass" and refrained from touching that which proved to be their eternal ruin.

How frequently we hear the remark, "I could not refuse a glass with him, as he was an old friend." Friend indeed! Dear readers, consider the meaning of that word, and you will never again abuse it by coupling it with the name of one who would willingly hand you the glass wherein lurks the hidden evil that will, in time, break the hearts of your parents and friends, blast your fondest hopes, and sink your soul to perdition. Stop, young man, for a moment and think. Will you, knowing the awful consequences, unheedingly take the glass, drink the deadly poison, and *die,* merely for the sake of being social?

Could you but look into some of the wretched hovels in which live, or perhaps merely exist, the drunkard's wife and children, and see for yourself the misery, privation and degradation therein, and think how these might have been the homes of happiness, luxury and honor, had they not been overshadowed by the awful curse of ruin, surely this would strengthen your resolution to say "no," whenever offered that which has driven so many souls to destruction.

Touch not, taste not, even if it be nothing more than the social glass, for do we not see the results of that same glass, in the many drunkards' graves filled by men, who today might have been holding honorable positions, and enjoying an honest and upright life, had they not listened to their so-called friends?

Think of these things while there is yet time and forever refrain from following in the footsteps of those poor lost souls who are now reaping their never-ending reward in an awful hell, and who, had they the power, would surely advise you to say no whenever tempted.

MRS. BUTLER'S TRAMP.

It was a bitterly cold winter's morning. The snow lay thick on the frozen ground, and trees and bushes were heavily weighted with the white covering. A raw northeast wind was blowing a gale, shrieking about the corners, rattling the windows, and wailing down the big chimney of the Butler farmhouse with dismal insistency.

Within, all was bright, cozy and comfortable. A

summery heat diffused itself through the ample kitchen, and pleasant odors from the bakeoven of the big range told a savory story of good things to eat. Mrs. Butler was in the midst of the midweek baking; "up to her eyes in work," as she was fond of saying; and Mary, the only daughter of the house, was just as busy getting things in train for dinner.

"You'll have to move your pan of beans to the front of the oven, daughter," said the busy housewife, making prints in her mince pies with a silver thimble. "I want the hottest place for my pies and bread. They are almost ready to put in. What time is it? Eleven? Oh, no; half-past ten. My, I was frightened! I want to get everything baked before dinner, for we've got to get an early start, if we go to missionary meeting. The mite-boxes are to be opened today, you know. Miss Curtis stopped in, this morning, to remind me. She says there's to be a fine program. The topic is a Home Mission one, 'The Stranger Within Our Gates.' I guess it's on the immigrant question. Of course, we hope to get a good lot out of the boxes. Mine isn't half full, and I'm sorry for it, but, do the best I could, I just couldn't fill it. I've sacredly given a tenth, too, of all I've had, but I haven't had much. The hens have been so mean about laying, and since your pa sold the Jersey cow I haven't had much butter to let go."

"I have only fifty cents in my box," said Mary, laughing. "Chances to earn money have been slim this year."

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Mrs. Butler. "No one is required to give what she hasn't got. I did want to put in a nickel a week, anyway, but there's been such a heap of calls; more calls than money to meet them. I'm afraid it will be bad walking to the church, but we'll make it all right, I guess. Somebody's at the door, Mame; open it, please."

Mary opened it. Upon the step stood a man about twenty-five years of age, poorly clad, his clothes being exceedingly thin and threadbare. He had no overcoat, and was shivering pitifully. His eyes looked into Mary's with wild entreaty, then wandered wistfully to the big fire in the warm kitchen.

"Can you give me a bite to eat, lady?" he asked, in a tremulous, hesitating tone. "I hate to beg, but I'm on the verge of starvation. If there's any work of any sort that I can do to pay for it, I'll be more than glad to do it. It's a bitter day," and he shuddered as an icy blast swept round the corner, tearing at his thin coat and nearly taking him off his feet.

Mary had it on the tip of her tongue to say, "We never feed tramps," but the silent entreaty in his sad eyes arrested the words. She turned to her mother. "Shall I let him in?" she asked in an undertone, adding half playfully, "It is Home Mission work, perhaps it will do as well as a full mite-box. He is a 'stranger within the gates,' you know, mother."

The idea seemed to strike Mrs. Butler with approval. She craned her neck to look out of the half-open door. The storm was a cruel one, really, she thought. She smiled, nodded briskly, and said: "Why, yes, daughter, let the poor creature come in by the fire and get good and warm. It is awfully cold, sure enough; I'd hate to shut a dog out in a day like this. The teakettle is singing a right good song; you might make him a pot of coffee, if you care to, and dish up a lot of them beans you've got baking." And then, with her own hands, she wheeled a stand near the fire, spread it with bread, butter and apple-sauce, a cup and saucer, plate, knife and fork and spoon, and placed a chair for the stranger before it. Then she turned and looked him over critically. He was certainly very dirty. His hands and face were grimy, and his unkempt hair looked as if it had not known a comb for a week at least.

"Suppose you take a good wash before you eat," she said, as he stood before the grateful heat of the fire and held out his cracked and bleeding hands. "You'll feel better, and enjoy your meal better, too. There's a plenty of hot water in the reservoir, and a basin and towel and soap in the back room there. And here's a comb! It's a new one, and you can put it in your pocket and carry it along with you; it'll come right handy."

The tramp thanked her humbly, and gratefully accepted her offer. While he was engaged in the cleansing process Mrs. Butler and Mary held a whispered consultation, the result of which was an addition to the repast of a large quarter of apple pie and a couple of fat doughnuts.

"Now, set right up and eat your fill," said the good woman, as the man again appeared, greatly transformed. "You can eat and warm at the same time, and I hope the good Lord will make you truly thankful for what you receive."

It seemed like a sacrilege to Mrs. Butler to partake of food without asking a blessing, and in this way she pronounced grace for the stranger, seeing that he was not minded to do it himself.

"I hope he will, ma'am," said the man, gazing at her with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. "Though he has no need to do that, either, seeing I am about as thankful as I can well be, to you, at least."

"It is much more fitting that you thank the good Lord than me," said Mrs. Butler, who delighted in sentence sermons. "It is from him that 'every good and perfect gift' comes. 'He gives us richly all things to enjoy.' You know that, don't you?" she asked.

"I presume I knew it once," said the stranger, falling to upon the hot, comforting food with great appetite. "I was not badly taught. But the biggest part of my religious education is like an old, forgotten

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THE QUIET HOUR



"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

JOSEPH D. REISH.

I desire fruit that may abound to your account.—Philpp. 4: 17.

THE husbandman who plants an orchard or vineyard of various kinds of trees and shrubbery, and who keeps it in a thriving condition, naturally expects fruitage therefrom at the time of year when the fruit of each variety should be fully matured. 2 Tim. 2:6; Matt. 21:41.

Even so God, as the Husbandman of the world, naturally expects fruitage, in their season, from all those who have been implanted in his vineyard, the world. Matt. 21:43.

As in the natural world there are two kinds of growth, the good and the bad, each bearing fruit according to its kind (Matt. 7:17, 18), so is it in the spiritual world. Gal. 5:19-23.

In the natural world the end of the bad is destruction. Matt. 3:10; 7:19. The same is true in the spiritual world. Philpp. 3:18, 19; Job. 21:30.

To determine, in the natural world, whether a tree is bad or good we have one infallible test given in Holy Writ, which is: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Matt 7:20; 12:33. The same test holds equally well in the spiritual realm. Matt. 12:35; Luke 6:45. This means we can tell by a man's works or deeds whether he is a true Christian or not.

In Psa. 1:3, R. V., the Psalmist, in portraying the character of the Christian, says: "He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season; whose leaf also doth not wither." From this we glean that the Christian is a bearer of good fruit only, for the tree that bears fruit in its season bears only matured, ripe or good fruit.

Since the Christian must be "filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5:18), or allow the Spirit to be grafted into him as it were, we must conclude that he would bear the fruit of the Spirit, for the graft invariably determines the kind of fruit borne. This fruit of the Spirit Paul describes in Gal. 5:22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Naturally the question will now arise as to when "the season" is for the fruit of the Spirit to mature.

Our answer is, it matures when needed.

Taking the elements of the fruit in the order that Paul has given them to us we find:

1. Love is needed when we are hated. Matt. 5:44. When the Christian is confronted by those who hate both him and his work he needs a power stronger than his human nature to quell the revengeful spirit that may spring out if allowed, so love, the fruit of the Spirit, is perfected or matured in him, or given him as the necessary power to keep him from sinning.

2. Joy is necessary in trial. Jas. 1:2. When tempted and tried it is human nature for one to become despondent, lose heart in his work and think of giving up the strife. Then it is that the Christian fortifies himself against all such attacks of despondency by having joy in his heart, realizing as he does that chastening is of the Lord, Heb. 12:6, and "is but for a moment," and "worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. 4:17. This buoys him up to withstand the trials bravely and manfully.

3. Peace, to keep one's balance spiritually, is required in the storms of life. Psa. 46:1-3. Amidst the vicissitudes of our daily life oftentimes storm clouds arise. They blacken, lower, and threaten our spiritual welfare. If through it all we remember that behind the clouds God's love and mercy are still shining brightly as ever and that even the storms obey his voice, the storm seems to abate, the clouds disperse and the "peace of God which passeth understanding," Philpp. 4:7, takes possession of us. All this because of our implicit trust in the God of the universe.

Peace is perfected in us when we trust wholly in God and do not let the things of this life distrust or trouble us. Matt. 6:28-34.

Christ, today, says to all the troubled, from no matter what cause, as said to the waves of Galilee, "Peace, be still."

4. Longsuffering is indispensable when we are injured. 1 Cor. 13:7. When the evil class, which surround us continually, attempt to injure us by doing what they can against the work in which we are engaged, then it is we need the Christian's fortitude that causes forbearance under injuries. If we possess the needed fortitude then longsuffering, a fruit of the Spirit, will, if we allow it, mature in our heart's soil. We will then be prepared to meet the emergency and

will not resent the actions of the evil ones but will forbear with them.

5. Gentleness is a requisite when we are opposed. 2 Tim. 2:24. We all, more or less, form our own opinions on most any subject after we have studied it somewhat, which is just and right, but the difficulty too often is we too frequently and freely present these views and then contend that they are the facts and not merely our perhaps biased opinions. Naturally this causes strife and contention in which, we are told, the servant of the Lord does not engage.

Gentleness is then matured in our lives in order to counteract the natural propensity to oppose.

6. Goodness is expedient in time of need. Isa. 58:6, 7. In this reference there is a fixed time designated for the manifestation or ripening of the fruit goodness and this fixed time is "its season" for maturing.

Christ says "Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." Mark 14:7. From this we learn that the fruit goodness may be perfected quite frequently in the Christian's life.

7. Faith is essential when many are failing. Matt. 24:12. Many today have departed from the strait road because iniquity abounds. They imagine their sinful neighbors are enjoying life as well or better than they are while taking the strait course, so their love waxes cold and they leave the road to life and take up their journey on the broad road to destruction.

With this fact confronting us it is expedient for us to allow the fruit of the Spirit, faith, to be perfected in us that we may remain faithful unto the end, for "he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Matt. 24:13.

8. Meekness is necessary when we are reviled. 1 Pet. 2:23. At times the finger of scorn is pointed at us because of our religious convictions at which times we think we should refute the charges made against us, but Christ, our Example in all things, has given us a pattern for this trying time in that when he was reviled, he reviled not again. Meekness, then, will naturally crop out when we are reviled if we are Christ's, or Spirit-filled Christians, as that would be "its season" for maturing.

9. Temperance in good things and total abstinence from evil (1 Thess. 5:22) at all times, or self-control when eating and drinking (1 Cor. 10:31) is needful. Since the vice of intemperance has gotten so deeply rooted in the heart's soil of humanity it behooves us to permit the fruit temperance to abound fully in our lives that we may steer clear of the many sins intemperance leads to.

Let us watch every action of our lives and use, moderately only, all lawful things and totally abstain from all that have the appearance of evil.

The next question to arise will undoubtedly be: How much of this fruit should the average full-grown Christian yield? Or how much good should he do during his life?

In Philpp. 1:11 we have these words: "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness," and Christ says: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." John 15:8. Also in Matt. 5:16 Christ urges us to let the goodness of our works be seen in our conduct.

From these scriptures we infer that whatsoever the Christian does is good, as his actions are all prompted by the maturing of some fruit of the Spirit within his life. Paul would say: "Whatsoever he does is done to the glory of God." See 1 Cor. 10:31.

In the introduction we stated that God, as the Husbandman of the world, expects fruitage in season from all those who have been implanted in his vineyard. In Jas. 5:7 we find: "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it." This is a just demand on his part and it is our duty as Christians to comply with it.

Let us then be up and doing and permit the fruit of the Spirit to be perfected within us and thereby we will yield bountifully of the precious fruit of the earth by "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

"For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful." 2 Pet. 1:8. We shall then be among the number who are welcomed home. Matt. 25:34-40.

ABIDING.

Do you abide in God? Is God the main thought of your life, the chief delight and object of your being? If it be not so, I earnestly invite you by the Spirit's help to make it so. You must engage your heart to come to God in Christ. There is no coming to God without sincere resolve and eager desire. Are you engaged to such an end? Alas! it may be you are drawn elsewhere. Are you engaged? Alas! some are engaged to Madame Bubble; some are engaged to Belial; some are engaged to self; some are engaged to mammon; some are engaged to the very devil of the pit. Be wise and break these unlawful engagements. Let your covenant with death be broken and your league with hell be disannulled. Though you be weary of my words, yet would I stir you up to the interest in this all-important matter. Break those deadly bands asunder. God help you, bu sudden energy which he shall give you, to snap your fetters once for all, and then at once firmly engage your hearts to Christ.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"A good many people who start out to fight the devil with his own weapons wind up by tickling the devil with his own ticklers."

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THERE is a good deal said about getting a start in life,—that is, having some one give us a start. The best start in life any one can have is a pair of willing hands and a goodly amount of pluck and perseverance.

No one can be really happy who thinks much about himself. True, happiness must come from within, but it is born of a loyal devotion to duty, of interests that take one out of himself and have to do mainly with the welfare and happiness of others.

IT is hard to smile,—hard to see the silver lining—when there is sickness, or the freeze comes or the hot winds blow. Afterward it is just as hard to see how we could ever have looked upon these "light afflictions" as though they had complete control over our happiness and well-being.

HOUSEKEEPERS, do not forget the contest which we announced two weeks ago. Better sit down now and write out the general order you follow in doing your housework and send it to us. If you put it off longer the time may pass before you are aware when the articles should be in our hands.

IT is with sadness that we announce the death of one of our contributors, John S. Fernald, Belfast Maine, who after a long and painful illness passed away April 27. Mr. Fernald will be especially remembered because of the interesting and valuable articles he gave us during the past year on subjects concerning seacoast life. His interest in the INGLENOOK was more than that of a contributor only and we feel that we have suffered a great loss.

SHALL THE "BEAST" RULE?

IT would be impossible to describe the feelings of one who has closely followed "The Beast and the Jungle," written by Judge Ben. B. Lindsey of the Denver Juvenile Court, and appearing in *Everybody's Magazine,* October to May, inclusive. Of course it would depend on who the reader was—whether "one of the people" who has innocently and ignorantly stood by and seen his *own* interests sacrificed to the "interests" of the "enterprising" men of his town, or whether he was one of the enterprising party—as to the nature of the feeling aroused by the said articles. But we refer to the reader on whom the miracle of restored sight has been worked by the reading, or perhaps it would be better to say the miracle of giving sight to one born blind—one who has known nothing about the game of modern politics, though he may often have been the victim or the tool in the game.

The dominating feeling in such a one, all through the reading, is that of astonishment and horror and he constantly asks himself the question, Can these things be—here in free America, under "a government of the people, for the people and by the people"? He knows while the writer has concerned himself only with the conditions as he knows them in his own city, that that city is not the only victim of the "system," that it is not corrupted above all others, and he almost loses faith in all mankind. Only the earnest, courageous work of the "kids' Judge" and the remembrance of the noble efforts of a few others along similar lines save him from this most unhappy state.

And then the reader has conflicting feelings about his own duty. He hates the "Beast" with its greedy, merciless, conscienceless selfishness, but what is his attitude to be in the whole matter when his influence is sifted down to the finest point? Sometimes he feels that since his hands are clean he will keep them so—he will do nothing to hinder the wealthy and powerful corporations from continuing to choose corrupt politicians through whose aid they may go on piling up wealth and fame at the expense of the public. Then again he has to wonder whether his hands can be clean since he has done nothing to check the course of the wholesale robberies and whether he can realize his ambition to be a useful citizen without openly throwing his whole influence against a system that has for its sole aim self-aggrandizement.

Judge Lindsey feels that his fight in Colorado has not been in vain. He realizes that more remains to be accomplished in the way of reforms to control the "Beast" than has yet been done, but he has great faith in the results of the campaign of education through which the people's eyes have been opened not only to the infamous tricks of the "Beast" but also to a realization of the power that lies in their own hands to improve conditions. Of this in his concluding article

he says: "They (the people) are on the trail of the Beast, and some day—soon—in Colorado, they will be cutting its hide into cat o' nine tail strips for the backs of the legislative traitors and hired betrayers of public trust who have sold the community into slavery and been rewarded with an eminence of shame. This state, founded in liberty, cannot be governed by the criminal intelligence of corrupt men. Our people, born to freedom, will not see injustice bought and sold in their courts, laws purchased in their legislatures, cities robbed of their streets, vice protected in its dens, homes despoiled, girls debauched, children ruined, the poor starved at their work, and the hired procurers of political prostitution enriched with the profits of all this tyranny, this misery, this disgrace. The day is coming. The reckoning is due."

We would not take it upon ourselves to urge any one to enter politics for the sake of fighting the "Beast" and freeing the land of its corrupting influence—the pitfalls there are so many and so skillfully laid for unwary feet. But the field of the "Beast's" activity is so broad, its need of helpers so great and so varied that it is possible for one to deal it deadly blows even in pursuing the course of an ordinary business life. The starting-point for all this high-handed corruption lies in an abnormal love of money and power and one may enter upon the iniquitous practices of the "system" while he is yet a poor man. Here is where we need to watch ourselves as individuals. Let us make room for the spirit of the golden rule in our hearts and let us live out the conviction that this rule is practicable in all the affairs of life. Then we can never be a part of the system either as a principal or a hireling.

In his concluding paragraph, in speaking of his work in publishing before the world some details of the fight made in Denver against the corrupt corporations, Judge Lindsey says: "Well, I have done. I have tried to write without malice—to do no one an injustice—to tell the truth, without fear as without favor, in the firm belief that the truth shall make us free. I shall be called 'an enemy of the state,' because I have attacked the enemies of the state—for the corporations in Colorado, like King Louis in France, hold majestically, 'The state—It is I!' I shall be called a traitor to the community because I have tried to expose the traitors in the community; and the traitorous newspapers of the community will be the first to raise the cry. I shall be called 'a blackener of the fair name of Colorado' because I have named the men who have corrupted, debauched, and prostituted Colorado—for no men hate the light more than the men who profit by the crimes which the light discloses. Heaven help them! —Heaven help us all. We are struggling toward better things, a happier country, a more perfect civilization. We may never arrive, but, whatever the end, the aim is worth the agony. Let us struggle. Let us hope!"

MRS. BUTLER'S TRAMP.

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song; there's a familiar strain comes to mind once in a while, but I couldn't sing the tune through to save my life."

"Well, I never!" This exclamation of surprise was not so much because of the stranger's forgetfulness as the manner of his expressing it. Mrs. Butler mused upon it as she tested her bread to see if it was sufficiently light, and put it in the oven. Then she stopped directly in front of her guest and put an abrupt question:

"See here," said she, "where did you come from, and what's the matter? What business has a sensible, smart, able-bodied young man like you to be tramping about the country begging your bread, when you ought to be earning it? That's what I want to know."

The man looked at her a moment, as if he pitied her ignorance of the great, hustling, crowded, busy world, and then answered civilly:

"Madam, I am one of the many victims of the recent strike in Ogdensburg. I have been without steady work for over two months, and have barely existed by doing odd jobs here and there. Finally, I found I had no chance in Ogdensburg, so I took to the road and have tramped it here, hoping to get a job in a shop or on a farm, but I haven't had a bit of luck. Everybody seems dead set against me, and it is hard to get even a slice of bread, though I'm willing to do any kind of work to pay for it. If you'll believe me, ma'am, this is the first really decent meal I've eaten for more than a week."

Mrs. Butler was used to tramps and their cunningly devised stories. She was not much inclined to befriend them, but something in this man's words and manner touched her. He was more than ordinarily intelligent and seemed honest and truthful. She drew Mary into a corner of the kitchen, where they consulted together for some time in low tones.

"I can help him just as well as not, if I have a mind," said the older woman at last. "What do you think, Mary? Would you do it?"

Mary's blue eyes twinkled. "Yes, I believe I would, mother," she said softly. "This is as much Home Missions as anything, it seems to me. Perhaps it will be equal to a full mite-box. Don't you think perhaps the Lord will look at it in that way? 'Inasmuch,' you know."

"Yes, Mame, I do think so; you're right, and I'll do it." And, coming back to the stranger, she spoke out straight and square, as her fashion was: "See here!" said she, "I am not in the habit of doing risky, foolish things, but I'm going to try it this once, because I believe you'll work if you get the chance. I've got a son living in Crompton. It's ten miles off, but

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THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter II. The Probationer.

DEAR MARY:

The month of probation is full of surprises, perplexities and anxieties. Many ridiculous, if not serious, blunders are made by the beginner. In fact my first week here was actually devoted to learning the rules of the institution by the embarrassing method of breaking them. There is little or none of the privacy of home. On the contrary one is in a big building filled with sick and well, all of whom are comparative strangers to each other, and the nurse must learn to adapt herself to all classes and conditions of people. No distinction is made between the rich and the poor girl in training. All start on the same level, and natural aptitude and ability are the main factors of success and promotion in the profession.

One's first experiences are apt to be discouraging, at least so far as romantic ideals are involved. The menial, ofttimes disagreeable, duties assigned to the probationer are a far cry from the sentimental existence of the nurse pictured so often in fiction. Most and vitally important for the probationer to learn is prompt and willing obedience to the commands of her senior nurse. A disputatious, sullen, noisy or slovenly probationer will not be accepted in any reputable hospital. Neither is a gossiping nurse approved of. When on duty the nurses address each other formally by their last name and the prefix Miss or Mrs., whichever it may be. One discovers either by hearsay or personal experience that hospital discipline is not to be lightly violated. Insubordination or misconduct is not tolerated in the pupils, senior nurses not excepted. As an illustration of how severely such an offense is sometimes dealt with, there is a story handed down from some remote period in the history of the institution, about a gifted and capable nurse who flagrantly transgressed an important rule of the hospital, near the completion of her training. She had presumed on this fact and her previous stainless record to absolve her from punishment. The authorities thought differently, however, and she was dismissed in disgrace a few days before her completed course would have given her an honorable discharge and the hard-earned and coveted diploma.

Now a little about my actual work.

Breakfast over (the nurses and superintendent eat in a pleasant dining-room on the first floor), the nurses immediately hasten in an orderly manner to their respective floors, and the duties of the day begin at seven o'clock sharp. The probationer goes with the other nurses to the floor to which she has been assigned by the superintendent. Here, after her first morning of hopelessness, almost dismay, she finds a regular routine of work awaiting her, new items being added from time to time according to her ability to perform, or by an unusual influx of new patients, perhaps.

Under the instruction of the senior nurse of the floor I was given practical lessons in sweeping, bedmaking, answering bells, caring for bathroom and lavatory, and other simple duties which fall to the lot of all probationers. Nevertheless I found several lessons necessary before my work could pass without criticism under the keen inspection of Superintendent and Senior Nurse. In the hospital, even bedmaking has its rigid rules of exactness in every detail, and there is quite a distinction between surgical cleanliness and mere soap and water cleanliness. Careless and slovenly work in the care of the bathroom, or untidy and ill-made beds, afford an indisputable argument against retaining a probationer, who, so careless in little things, will likely be equally unfaithful in greater matters, involving life and death perhaps. In time, however, I was gradually educated along these lines, thanks to the patient and kindly instructions and encouragement from the older nurses. I was also instructed in the art of keeping neat and accurate records of all done to the patients. Each patient has an individual record sheet, and herein is written every momentous event of his hospital life, from the daily, perhaps hourly, record of his pulse, temperature and respiration, to the not less necessary items regarding his eating, drinking, sleeping or any other normal or abnormal physical function. When you carry away a patient's tray after meals you must notice and record what he has eaten. When you give a patient nourishment between meals, you must at once put the matter down on the record, and the hour at which it was given. This record sheet enables the attending physician to have a clear and comprehensive view of the patient's condition and the effects of his

medicine or treatments, and avoids the necessity for much questioning.

As the month draws towards an end, one becomes more anxious about her own fate, than she was about the fate of her application. Hoping yet fearing that her work and deportment have been found satisfactory, one wonders daily whether she really has the requisite patience, tact and endurance for the life work taken up. As she gets a glimpse now and then of the more responsible and tragic phases of a nurse's work, she almost regrets that she came. But then when she beholds the vast possibilities held out to the competent nurse to aid a suffering humanity, she bows her head and asks for grace to hold out faithful to the end. And as I remembered Uncle John's words about getting homesick and losing the prize when I have a chance to secure it, I took courage and resolved, if accepted, to do my part toward winning that diploma.

One morning I was summoned to the superintendent's office and received my verdict. First asking me if I liked the work, and if I thought I wanted to stay for the entire course, which I answered in the affirmative, she then told me that the managers had decided to accept me as a pupil nurse, and as far as name would be concerned, I would be a probationer no longer, but until another new applicant would come into the training school I would still be responsible for my accustomed probationary work. When the other girls knew that I was an accepted Junior, I was deluged with congratulations, and a banquet committee at once took it in hands to celebrate the event by a "spread" in the Home that evening. Arrangements were made by the superintendent to have my new uniforms made, and really, for a little while, I felt that I was the center of attraction about the hospital. Of course I immediately wrote the great news to the home folks, and also to Uncle John. More than mere acceptance is the fact that hard and faithful work along humble and obscure lines has been the means of this next higher step being possible.

I shall tell you something about my work as a Junior in my next letter. Good-bye. From

KATHLEEN.

FLOWERS.

JENNIE NEHER.

BEING a great lover of flowers, I cannot refrain from saying a few words on this subject, thinking it may brighten some one's life. A vase filled with fragrant flowers is on the table in front of me while I am writing. I often make the remark that it would not seem like home without flowers. They are sweet messages of love and cheer sent into this world to give sweetness and light; and why not have plenty of them in our homes when seeds, bulbs and roots can be purchased so cheaply? Often you can exchange with your friends and neighbors and by so doing can have quite a variety. If you have not time to spare to plant annuals, plant perennials, roses and shrubs, also bulbs; have at least some flowers.

We think, too, that the cultivation of flowers has a refining influence on the minds and hearts of children. It always pleases my little girls, when they are ready to start to school, if I tell them to break off a few flowers to give to their teacher or schoolmate. Last season when our aged minister was leaving, after making a short visit, I gave him a bouquet of flowers to take home to his wife. On reaching home he found her very tired from hard work and caring for a sick child, but she wasted no time in calling me up over the telephone to tell me how she appreciated those flowers. She said she just sat down and looked at them. Was it not restful to her to see the beauty and inhale the sweet fragrance of those roses? Often do I, in writing to my aged mother, who is nearly a thousand miles away, enclose a few flowers pressed, with a leaf or two of the fragrant rose geranium (which is her favorite plant), and she is greatly pleased to be thus kindly remembered. Better to give a bud or blossom to friends and dearly-loved ones while living, when they can enjoy it, than to place a whole wreath of fine cut flowers on the coffin lid after death.

I call to mind an instance where a little boy of seven or eight summers met with a very severe accident and was taken to the hospital for treatment. On one of his mother's visits she asked him if he would like to see me, and have me bring him a bouquet of flowers. He said he would. It being early in the spring and but few flowers in bloom, I could not take a very large bouquet, but I will not soon forget his smile and how his eyes brightened as he reached out his hand for the flowers. His nurse then placed the bouquet in a vase and put it on the stand near his little bed. Two other patients, as they walked past the open door, said, "What pretty flowers!"

Thus we see that many lives are cheered and brought in sacred nearness to God by the use of flowers. They do good in many ways; in the sick room, in the pulpit, in the school room, in our home rooms, to beautify our door yards and also to plant in the cemetery and to give to friends on leaving. By having shrubs, perennials, annuals and everblooming roses, we have plenty of flowers from early spring until frost cuts them down late in autumn. Then our house plants are taken indoors to enliven our rooms during the cold winter months. With ferns, asparagus sprengeri, umbrella plant, bright geraniums, asparagus plumoso, begonias, sultanas, with a few vines of parlor ivy and wandering Jew, your rooms will look cheery even in wintry weather.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR CHILDREN?

(Dedicated to the Women's Christian Temperance Union.)

Wrung from the lips of the mothers of men,
Charged with an anguish no others may ken,
Rises the heart cry of Rachel again,
What will become of our children?

Drink-shadowed firesides of village and farm
Summon the guards of the hearthstone to arm,
Lifting to heaven that cry of alarm,
What will become of our children?

Down in the hell of the city retreat,
Voices in the jargons of alley and street,
Rum-ridden millions the question repeat,
What will become of our children?

Born in the wedlock of passion and drink,
Sin-set and sick ere they learn how to think,
Damned to defeat from the cradle's white brink,
What will become of our children?

Slaving for substance others should earn,
Buying with blood what the dram shop will burn,
Robbed of their birthright to play and to learn,
What will become of our children?

Troubled, the far-visioned prophets of state,
Ask themselves, How can the nation grow great?
Ask, as they scan the red records of fate,
What will become of our children?

Herod still slays—and in hovel and hall
Poor little brothers of Bethlehem fall,
While from his manger Christ challenges all,
What will become of our children?

Answer, O Land, on which heaven has smiled!
Answer, O Church of the Bethlehem Child!
Speak! if the Rum-Beast is left to run wild,
What will become of our children?

Gird thee, O Church! and arouse thee, O State!
Else be the woe of the millstone thy fate!
Banish the Beast! Let the glad years relate,
What will become of our children?

—American Issue.

OUTDOOR COMFORT FOR BABY.

A BABY is either taken out of doors to give him fresh air, or he is taken out because his mother must go, and cannot leave him at home. In the latter case, poor baby must be the second consideration. If mother has to go to market, or to stores, or on some visit, the little one is of necessity left in some safe niche while the affair that brought her abroad is transacted, and then the line of march is taken up and if baby has profited so much the better; if not, it cannot be helped.

This situation has my deep sympathy, and in many instances it is better for a small child to be under his mother's care, even if she cannot do just as she would like to do for him. But again, there are inexperienced mothers who do not think of all the miseries to which a little lack of oversight may expose a helpless infant, and to these I must say a word of warning that may bring to their minds some of the evils of the streets to the carriage-confined tots.

Yesterday I passed a large department store in New York, where it is a custom to employ a man to look after the crowd of babies whose mothers are inside shopping. Drawn up on the curb, almost in the very gutter, is a long row of carriages—or rather go-carts, of which more, anon!—and each cart has dangling from it a check, the correspondent number of which is on the arm of the absent mother, inside. The pavement is crowded to overflowing, cars pass every moment, boys yell, bells ring, dust flies, and the cutting winds wind through the slight coverings under which cower the throng of frightened infants, vainly trying to lose a sense of their discomfort in a nap. The tall man parading in front of his regiment of *in*-voluntary recruits, casts from time to time an indifferent look upon a crying sufferer (for that the child suffers is apparent to any mother), and sometimes draws tighter a strap or a falling cover. I never can meet the eye of a tiny comrade in trouble without stopping to try to do a little for him; so I must pause in this instance, to say a soothing word to a baby whose eyes are red with weeping, and over whose face is a blue pallor of prolonged misery. But to see that pathetic droop of the lips, and hear the indescribable sound, an entreaty, a plaint, and a prayer, all in one, that baby combines in a syllable, was to long to rush in the store and beg that mother to come at once to her child. "We have all cried," philosophically observed the man, resenting my sympathy for his charge. And I went away, feeling guilty at not being able to answer that innocent, confiding appeal with something more substantial than mere pity.

I must disapprove with all my soul, of the "checking system" for babies. It is not only a misery to the children but it is a great risk. Suppose an alarm of fire with its excited rush of feet along the pavement—or a runaway horse, or an automobile accident, to distract the attention of the masculine guardian. What terror, what danger! And if none of these things happen, there are always small, often undiscovered accidents occurring every day that leave their lasting trace on the baby brain and nerves, and not seldom on their frames.

But as there are some circumstances in which babies must be left to themselves for brief spaces, reposing in their carriages in safe and quiet places, let one thing be well arranged,—their resting place. Give the baby a large carriage, where he may be comfortable either reclining or sitting; with room for his head and his feet, and space for ample coverings. The abominable little go-cart, meant only as a toy, is an affront to babyhood. I see small inmates with their feet dangling out, their arms at large, while the little fingers become blue with cold, and often their heads lolling from one side to the other, like unhappy puppies carried upside down!

Lately such an one wheeled past me on Seventh Avenue, which all New Yorkers will remember as the driving quarter of Harlem, where noise and dust abound; and I heard a mother exclaim, thoughtlessly, no doubt, and without at all realizing the cruelty of her discipline: "Go to Bye-Bye, Mamie, or mama will whip you!" And the wail of the small one echoed long in my ears.

I want to say most earnestly, that of all unsanitary conveyances, I regard a go-cart as the worst for all children under three or four years. Have you ever ridden in a trotting sulky? If not, please ask your husband or brother, or friend, to describe to you his first experience in that insecure vehicle, and you may understand something of the discomfort of shaky, cramped quarters in the act of locomotion. Not the least of the reprehensible features of this hideous thing is that it must trail along the ground, where the air is colder than it is higher up, and far more filled with disease germs. Then think of the impossibility of movement in there, and this too, with creatures whose instinct it is to move constantly, as being in one position long at a time is most wearisome. Go-carts are the delight of nurses, no doubt, as they are easy to push. But that is not a weighty consideration. They ought to be banished from every well-regulated home, on the score of their hurtfulness to the little creatures whose welfare we are bound to consider, before all else.

The first promenade of Master or Miss Baby, should be in the arms of a careful nurse. For the first six months he ought to be carried in arms, and never wheeled. After that, a carriage ought to be selected that is roomy, and has a covering for the head in case of wind or strong sun. And then the person who conveys baby abroad should use the utmost discretion in manipulating the said cover. Baby's delicate vision must not be smitten by the full rays of the sun, nor must he face a wind. I have, myself, shifted my child's carriage around every moment when out with it, to avoid all such discomforts. And, also, I have recollected that a little one's outing is not a penance but a recreation, and have given some attention to amusing the small person on the way. A little talking, a few social interchanges wonderfully brighten this outdoor hour for baby, and if he is happy and interested in something, do you know that his chances are very much greater for resisting cold, or other little discomforts, and for profiting by his outing? Happiness is a fortifier of the nerves, and babies do not differ from grown persons in this respect. This is one reason why I am always made anxious on hearing a baby fret and wail on the street. At these times, his vitality being at a low ebb, he is especially open to the dangers of disease infection, and to the ill effects of weather. I could talk a long time on this pet subject of comfort for baby. But perhaps I have said enough to stimulate some mothers to look for themselves into the matter of their recreation, and with a mother, to begin to think, is to find the right way in everything.—*American Motherhood.*

HOW TO HAVE THE FOOD ALWAYS TASTE GOOD.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

SOME young wives find to their dismay that they never can cook to please their husbands, try as they may, unceasingly; yet their tables are always laden with a great variety of expensive food, carefully prepared. Husband scowls at the table, and then grumbles when the bills are to be paid.

Poor, young wife, roasting her brains over a cookstove, and then shedding bitter tears of disappointment because hubby is so hard to please! The sooner she learns to quit sacrificing her health and freedom over a hot stove to please a fastidious man, the sooner will she succeed in gaining his approval (unless he is a confirmed pessimist; in which case it is not worth trying to win) and the name of being "a good cook."

By all means, let us try to learn to cook things so they will taste good, and *be* good. But a hurriedly-cooked meal, prepared by a distressed, worried woman, can never be good. Instead of trying to have John's favorite dishes, pie, cake, puddings and meats, three times a day, just try to have *one of them* at a time, once or twice a week. When meat is served, leave the butter down cellar. If John insists on having it, let him go after it; make no motion to go yourself. After a while he'll get used to not using both together, which will be better for both health and pocketbook. But *don't* have meat every meal. Once a day is often enough to have meat: have other good, substantial food for the other meals, and after a short time the meat will not be missed at all; and John's disposition will improve somewhat. A dyspeptic can't help feeling sour. Use a little common sense and pay no attention to the clamor for more meat, any more than you would for the demand for more whiskey. Don't parley about it in the least; never say a contrary word; just go ahead and *do* what you know is right, and say *nothing*. The healthiest and happiest young man we know, is one whose wife never has more than three kinds of food at a meal, and meat not oftener than twice a month. Her husband never grumbles a bit. He always seems happy; and she is a much healthier and happier woman than are the wives of men whose appetites are depraved; and who must be classed among the gluttons whom God says shall have their final place with the unsaved drunkards.

Much flesh food is conducive to carnality, low ideas and evil inclinations. It makes the animal part of man to predominate. God was not pleased with the Israelites when they demanded flesh food, and complained

against the manna which was much better for them. We do not mean to dispense with animal food altogether, only do not use it continually. And do not have a great variety of food at each meal. Three or four kinds are plenty, and if meals are served three times a day, it is better to have only two kinds, for one of the meals. Jesus was not ashamed to feast the multitude upon bread and fish—just two kinds of food—plain and nutritious, and never made any apologies for the lack of pie or cake. When we have eggs, we ought not have meat. The eggs are animal food and no meat is needed with them. Mixed drinks will make a man drunk much sooner than one kind of liquor; so, mixed foods are detrimental to the health and disposition.

A woman took into her home an orphan child whose parents had probably never counted the cost of table luxuries. The child had no appetite for anything which her new mama could think of to prepare. The only thing she would eat was cream cake. At last she tired of cream cake. The mother purchased unusual and expensive dainties, but only to be met with petulant remarks. "You never do cook any thing I like," "I don't like this," "I don't like that," "This is not cooked enough," "That dish is too salty, the other isn't sweet enough," "I hate old, cold bread," etc. At last the woman quit trying to please so capricious an appetite. She did not bake a cake for a long time; then when she ventured to bake a plain one, it fell: discouraged, she put it away, but the child ate of it as though it were good as long as a crumb remained. After a week or two, the woman tried it again. She mixed some plain cake dough and baked it in gem pans before school time, so daughter could have a gem or two in her lunch. Well, it would have pleased almost any lover of children, to see that child dance, hop and caper about for glee, because she was going to have some of those little cakes in her lunch. No less than five would satisfy her: two to eat on the way and three for dinner. How much nicer that was than the dissatisfied scowl and fretful remarks of an overfed and spoiled child.

Don't *tempt* men's appetites, and do not pamper an overfed stomach. The men may complain at first, but it is easier to bear their fault-finding a few months than a whole, miserable, long lifetime. Have a few plain, substantial, healthful dishes, and have enough of such as it is. But don't have nicknacks every day. We can train the appetite so they will relish plain food, and praise the wife for making good bread, and at last be proud to tell their friends that "Mary is a good cook."

* * *

"To boil a cracked egg, gently moisten the cracked part of the egg with salt, let stand a few minutes in order to penetrate it, and this will keep the contents of the shell from oozing out, and it may be boiled without bursting."

LIGHT DUMPLINGS FOR POTPIE.

HATTIE BELL.

Cook meat until it is tender. Season with salt and pepper, and put in potatoes sliced about an inch thick. Have just enough water to boil up over potatoes when boiling fast but not enough to boil over dumplings when they are put in. As soon as the potatoes are in, take a pint of flour and sift it with two small teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda; add a quarter teaspoonful of salt and rub in a teaspoonful of butter, or add a little cream to the milk, then add milk enough to stir very thick, so when dropped from spoon they will keep their shape. By this time the water should be boiling. Now wet the spoon, drop the dumplings on top the potatoes, and cover kettle tightly. In fifteen or twenty minutes the dumplings will be ready to serve and will be as "light as a feather." We like this better than any recipe we ever used for dumplings, as they are always light.

Beatrice, Nebr.

* * *

A SIMPLE FLY EXTERMINATOR.

When flies become troublesome they can always be got rid of by a very simple mixture. Half a teaspoonful of black pepper finely ground, should be mixed with double the quantity of brown sugar, the compound to be moistened with condensed milk. The flies will generally eat greedily of this mixture if placed where they can easily reach it; but it will be their last meal for the least taste of it will poison a fly. If watched they will often be seen to drop dead within a short distance of the plate which they have just left, and some of the greediest eaters do not live to leave the plate.—*Mrs. William S. Birge, M. D., in House and Garden.*

* * *

MEASURES.

The following equivalent measures will be found valuable to the housewife. The list does away with the necessity of weights and measures:

Two cupfuls of solid butter equal one pound.

Butter, when soft, one pound equals one pint.

Loaf sugar, broken, one pound equals one quart.

Two cupfuls of granulated sugar equal one pound.

Two and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar equal one pound.

White sugar, powdered, one pound and one ounce equal one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces equal one quart.

One pint of milk or water equals one pound.

One dozen eggs should weigh one and one-half pounds.

Ten eggs equal one quart.

Wheat flour, one quart equals one pound.

Indian meal, one pound and two ounces equal one quart.

One teaspoonful of soda to one cupful of molasses.

One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder to one quart of flour.

THE UNCOOKED FOOD CRAZE.

THERE is always some truth at the bottom of every fad which gains perceptible following. Except for such truth nobody would be fooled at all and the fad would not exist.

All raw food people claim that cooking destroys the organic life-giving nature of the food, and cheerfully proceed to chew raw wheat and secure most of their real alimentation from milk, eggs, fruits and nuts.

While raw food of the proper kind is wholesome and useful, it is the height of foolishness to eat starchy foods without cooking.

There are very good reasons why we should cook our ordinary food, namely:

1. To render it more agreeable to the taste and smell. Potatoes and beans should not be eaten raw. Cooking brings out both flavor and odor.

2. To facilitate mastication, and thus enable us to get more nutriment material from the food than we should if the food were uncooked.

3. To change the chemical character of foods, as, for example, in starchy foods, the cooking converts the starch into dextrin, which closely resembles sugar both in its chemical properties and in the ease with which it is digested. Sugar is also turned into caramel.

4. To make the food warm, which promotes digestion by causing an increased flow of blood to the digestive apparatus, and hence a more copious secretion of the digestive fluids.

5. To destroy parasites. The scalding of milk and the stewing of dried and stored fruits are instances of cases in which man protects himself from possible bacterial infection.

Nevertheless, some foods are preferable uncooked, as fruits, many nuts, salads, etc. A true discrimination is necessary.—*The Healthy Home.*

"To remove marks of match scratches from wood work, rub the scratches with a cut lemon, and then apply a little vaseline, rubbing well in; this will prevent any further scratching of matches on that place, as the match will not ignite from the scratching."

TO REMOVE MILDEW.

MILDEW may be removed by moistening the article in lemon juice and placing in the sun. As fast as it dries renew the lemon. If this is not effective, make a paste of soft soap, to which you have added one tablespoonful of powdered starch, the juice of a lemon and a little salt. Spread over the spot and place in the sunshine.—*Exchange.*

The Children's Corner

THE RECIPE.

A little cup of water. A heap of sand and dirt.
Mix them all well together; and then it will not hurt
To add some chopped up dandelions, of grass and twigs, a few.
When all has been well kneaded, just add a stone or two.
Then fashion to your fancy. Place in the sun to bake.
These pies will never fail you, they're same as Grandma used to make.

—Jewels.

THE SPARROW'S THANKS.

"SAYING 'thank you' to God," was what Robbie called it when his father asked a blessing at the table. His mother had taught him to shut his eyes and fold his hands while his father gave thanks, but one morning she was surprised to see that Robbie's eyes were open, and he was breaking his crust of bread into a bowl of milk, before his father had finished.

"What was the matter, Robbie?" she asked. "Couldn't you wait to say 'thank you' to God?"

"No. Hungry. Tell Dod 'thank you' after breakfus," answered Robbie.

When the meal was over he went out to play in the garden. After a while his mother called him to sit on the garden bench with her, while she showed him his picture-book.

"Oh, see!" cried Robbie. "Little sparrow eat his breakfus."

The sparrow was hopping about on the ground near them, picking up seeds. All at once he threw back his head and poured out a happy little song. He hopped farther and picked up some more seeds, then burst out singing again. The moment the song ended he would fall to eating as fast as ever, for all this time he stayed on the ground. Robbie listened and watched and then looked up at his mother with a smile.

"Sparrow happy. Can't wait to eat his breakfus."

"Yes," answered his mother. "The little bird has to say 'thank you' to God between every mouthful."

Robbie said nothing but he thought hard. Next morning at breakfast his mother noticed that he folded his hands and shut his eyes while his father asked the blessing. Presently while Robbie was eating his bread and milk, he laid down his spoon, shut his eyes, folded his hands and murmured, "Thank you, Dod."

"Why, we've had the blessing, Robbie!" exclaimed his father in surprise.

"Sparrow say 'thank you' all the time," explained Robbie.—*The Mayflower.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Announcement is made by the Postal Telegraph company that beginning June 1 wages of operators in its principal offices will be substantially increased. The advances range from 5 to 25 per cent.

At a recent meeting of the Electrical Club of Chicago, it was brought out that there are three thousand storage battery automobiles in Chicago. There are thirty-three storage battery installations in the city with an output of 47,000 kilowatts, while in New York City the total output is 57,000 kilowatts.

Chile has taken further steps to prevent the threatened Peru-Ecuador clash by notifying Peru that she can not view such a war indifferently and informing Ecuador that Chile would not give her assistance in the event of war. It is believed that war would have been declared but for the warning of Chile.

The first practical application of Louis Brennan's monorail invention is to be made in Alaska, where a system of monorail railroads will be built connecting several camps. Exclusive rights to use this car in Alaska have been granted to an American syndicate, which has agreed to build 100 miles of railway within one year following the completion of two cars, an order for the construction of which was given April 29.

It is reported that with a crew of 13 fellow-countrymen Capt. Raold Amundsen will next year start for the north pole from San Francisco, Cal. He will use the Fram which Nansen used in his "farthest north" expedition. The Fram will be brought around Cape Horn and outfitted at a cost of $100,000. It is proposed to go through Bering Straits and freeze in and drift with the floes and currents. Capt. Amundsen will go prepared to remain seven years.

Although there is some apprehension at the State Department over the situation in Hunan, where antiforeign disturbances by the Chinese have broken out afresh, it is not likely that the United States will accept the proposal of Great Britain, unofficially reported to have been made, to join in a concerted movement to restore order. This government will use all the means at its disposal to protect American interests but at present does not regard it advisable to interfere in China's internal affairs.

It is officially stated that all the excavation that was contemplated in the original project of the Panama Canal has now been completed. The original plans of the canal called for the removal of 103,795,000 cubic yards of material; and a few weeks ago the total excavation done to date under American occupancy had reached that amount. The 71,000,000 cubic yards remaining to be excavated represent the additional work necessitated by the enlargement of the canal, which was decided upon during the Roosevelt administration.

Emissaries of King Edward are working strenuously among the Liberal and Conservative leaders to have them compromise the "lords' veto" question. The king has given orders that everything be done to prevent a conflict in which he will stand to lose more than any other man in England. Only such a compromise as the king seeks will prevent Premier Asquith from asking the creation of enough Liberals to put the "lords' veto" resolution through the upper house. And when the premier does that the king will have to proclaim himself definitely a Liberal or a Conservative and from that moment he knows the party he displeases will work for the abolition of the monarchial system.

Details of the murder and eating by cannibals of Rev. Horatio Hopkins and his assistant, Rev. Hector Laune McPherson, Presbyterian missionaries on the Savage islands near the Tangas, were recently brought to Seattle, Wash., by the barkentine Mary E. Winkleman. Hopkins and McPherson were teaching in the mission building when 200 savages descended upon them howling war cries and brandishing clubs and spears. The missionaries and about 20 converts were made prisoners, but nine of the latter escaped. Hopkins and McPherson were taken to the crater of the extinct volcano Van Iue, in the center of the island. After a revel lasting two days and nights the savages put them to death and devoured them.

The London Daily Mail long ago offered $50,000 to the person who first flew from London to Manchester, a distance of 185 miles, in 24 hours from the time of the start and with but two descents to earth. White, an Englishman, announced his intention of competing for the prize some time ago. He made one flight and failed to win. Before he started on another flight, Paulhan, the already famous French aviator, entered the field and so the contest became a race. Paulhan had a start of 70 minutes on White, which the latter cut down during the race to a 20-minute handicap. White, however, flew only to Polesworth, where he quit. Paulhan continued to the limit, covering the 185 miles in 253 minutes, not counting a stop of 7 hours, 59 minutes, and winning the prize.

According to the report of the bureau of statistics the total trade in domestic merchandise between the United States and the Philippine islands during the eight months ending February 28 showed an increase over the corresponding period the previous year of 35 per cent. The enormous increase is attributed to the removal of tariff duties on domestic merchandise passing between the two countries. The value of such products shipped from the United States to the Philippines during the period mentioned was $10,151,176, against $6,871,764 in the corresponding months of last year. The value of the merchandise imported into the United States from the islands was $11,520,475, against $7,076,132 last year.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma is being swamped by the numerous entries he is receiving from his State in response to an offer of a prize for the largest crop of corn raised on one acre of land. The Senator said that between 3,000 and 4,000 boys have entered the competition, and that two girls, Mamie Tennant of Yukon and Anna Morrison of Ocheleta have asked permission to take part. The conditions are that the boy or girl must be less than 16 years old and must do all the work without assistance. In a similar contest in South Carolina last year a boy raised 155 bushels of corn on an acre of land.

Twenty-one American republics have taken possession of the new $750,000 building which Andrew Carnegie erected for them in Washington, overlooking Potomac Park. President Taft was at the opening and with the donor planted a peace tree in the patio or courtyard as a memento of the auspicious event, and there was a distinguished crowd of diplomats and other notables. Cardinal Gibbons delivered the invocation and addresses were delivered by President Taft, Secretary of State Knox, former Secretary Elihu Root, Andrew Carnegie and the Mexican ambassador, Francesco de la Barra, the latter on behalf of the Latin-American diplomatic corps. The new institution represents an outlay of $1,000,000, the greater portion of which was supplied by Mr. Carnegie. It is a beautiful structure of white marble of a combined classical and Spanish type. One of its attractive features is the patio, filled with tropical plants and flowers from the various republics. Upon the walls of the building are the escutcheons in colors of the American republics with names of their heroes of war and peace. Andrew Carnegie calls it "a temple of peace, commerce and friendship," and Senator Root once referred to it as "a capitol in the capital of the United States of all the American nations."

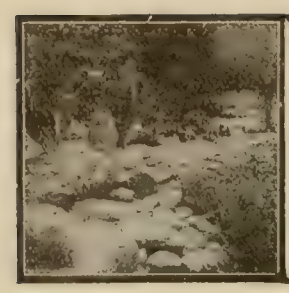
An event of importance to the wood-using industries of the country and to engineers is the completion of the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wis. June 4 has been set as the date for the formal opening. The laboratory has been established to aid, through experiments and demonstrations, the lessening of waste in the manufacture and use of wood. It is a coöperative undertaking between the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the University of Wisconsin. The State has erected for the purpose a new building at the university and will furnish also the light, heat, and power. The Department of Agriculture has supplied the equipment and apparatus and will maintain the force of thirty-five or forty persons required to carry on the work. Through this arrangement, the United States has secured perhaps the largest and best equipped wood-testing laboratory in the world. A number of vacancies in engineering positions in connection with the work will be filled in May and June. Among these are positions of engineer in wood preservation, engineer in timber testing, and chemical engineering. These positions will be given to men with a basis of thorough engineering training, or two or three years' experience in practical work. The laboratory will be prepared to make tests on the strength and other properties of wood, to investigate the processes of treating timber to prevent destruction by decay and other causes, to study the saving of wood refuse by distillation processes, to examine the fiber of various woods for paper and other purposes, and to determine the influence of the microscopic structure of wood on its characteristics and properties. Facilities are at hand, in fact, for almost any kind of test on wood that practical conditions may require.

Deputy Sub-Treasurer R. B. Barrett, of Cincinnati, who has just returned from Washington, expects the government to establish in the former city very soon a laundry machine which will make soiled and partially mutilated currency look like bills just from the printing press. Mr. Barrett says he saw the machine while in Washington and that eventually they will be established in all of the large cities of the country, but Cincinnati made the first request.

The Senate committee on judiciary has decided to recommend the confirmation of Gov. Hughes' nomination for associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The protest against the nomination filed with the committee by the American Antitrust League had no effect. In reference to it, a member of the committee said: "The members of this committee know the mind of Gov. Hughes, his character and his record as well as any one in the country. There was no necessity to spend time in an investigation of a matter on which the committee is fully informed."

The effort to establish a Corn Day in the rural and village schools of Illinois has brought forth results far beyond the expectations of those who suggested it. In many counties the county superintendent and teachers have observed the day with programs and exhibitions to which the people of the districts were invited, thus arousing the keenest sort of interest in the subject. County exhibitions have followed this in which the best exhibits in the various districts have been shown. It is doubtful whether any one thing can be done which offers a better opportunity for giving instruction along definite lines of agriculture than through the observing of this Corn Day. The Department of Public Instruction will send out a publication containing programs and suggestions for the observation of the day. It is very essential that teachers urge the children to select seed and plant some corn of their own. The keeping of a record of all that is done from the planting to the gathering of the corn is a very important part of the plan. November 4, 1910, is set apart as Corn Day.

Edward Payson Weston, who lately walked from Santa Monica, Cal., to New York City in 78 days, was born in Providence, R. I., on March 15, 1839. As a child he was weak and sickly, but since he began pedestrianism in his eighteenth year he has been in wonderful health. In 1861 Weston walked to Washington from Boston to attend the inauguration of President Lincoln. He covered the 453 miles in 208 hours. In 1867 he walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, 1,328 miles, in 26 days. In October, 1868, he walked 100 miles in 22 hours and 19 minutes. In January and February, 1869, he walked through New England for a distance of 1,058 miles in 30 days, most of the time in the snow. Two years later, in St. Louis, he walked 200 miles in 41 hours, making two of the miles backwards. In 1874, in Newark, he walked 500 miles in Industrial hall in 5 days, 23 hours and 38 minutes. In 1906 he walked from Philadelphia to New York, 100 miles, in 23 hours and 54 minutes. On October 29, 1907, Weston started to beat his Portland to Chicago record, and took 29 hours off it. Starting March 15, 1909, from New York, Weston tried to walk to San Francisco in 100 days.



NATURE STUDIES



THE LARK.

The lark builds lowly his humble nest,
Not on a branch of a loftly tree;
Not 'mid the leaves
His nest he weaves,
Nor in bush nor in hedge shall it be;—
But snug in the grass, close to the ground,
The home of the modest lark is found.

An early bird is the happy lark:
Up with the dawn he soaring sings;
And all day long
His cheering song
To the listening heart he brings.
The lark is the plainest bird of all,
But who has a heartier, merrier call?

From lowest nest to the highest sky,
Far from the ways of earth he wings
His spiral flight,
Till lost to sight
And in the purest air he sings.
The lowliest shall heaven see;
The humble shall exalted be.

—George Birdseye.

TULIP-TREE (LIRIODENDRON TULIPIFERA).

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE tulip tree, in the early history of our country, was one of the most common as well as one of the largest of our forest trees. Tall and straight as a shaft it stood among its tree neighbors, and in its towering symmetry was one of the handsomest of them all. There is in all the world but one other species of the tulip tree (Liriodendron chinensis), a native of China. Both are members of the Magnolia family.

The range of our species extends from southern New England southward to Florida and Mississippi. It is rarely found west of the Mississippi River except in southeastern Missouri and Arkansas. Where found growing naturally, it is indicative of rich soil, and usually reaches its greatest development in alluvial bottom land. Yet it sometimes reaches gigantic proportions on mountain sides and in dry soil. "On the steep slopes of Mt. Mitchell, North Carolina, the highest point of land in North America east of the Rocky Mountains, stood a great tulip tree, growing near the basin in which Professor Elisha Mitchell lost his life in 1857. The trunk of this tree measured thirty-three feet in circumference three feet from the ground." It has been observed growing freely in second-growth timber, a fact which suggests that it would well repay culture.

No more satisfactory tree can be found for lawn or roadside planting, but it should be transplanted while quite small, as it soon develops a long strong tap-root with but few lateral ones that are weak and tender. As this tree seems in danger of extermination at the hands of the lumbermen, farmers and land-owners should carefully preserve the few remaining ones. It is quick growing, especially while young, often adding one foot annually to its height, while its diameter is increased from one-tenth to one-fourth inches per year. The life of the tree is sometimes three hundred years.

The bark of the trunk is dark brown, and deeply furrowed near the base, the furrows becoming more shallow as they near the stout, almost horizontal branches. These branches are brownish gray and covered with many lenticels. The twigs are also stout and accentuate the sturdy character of the tree. They are shiny brown, and, like the branches, are conspicuously covered with lenticels, which are small openings provided for the breathing out of any excess of moisture which may have accumulated. These vents are open only during the summer. As autumn comes on, a thin plate of cork, more compact than that which composes the lenticels, grows under the vents and thus shuts off the expiration of moisture at a time when but little water is being taken up by the roots. In most trees the lenticels are very small and hard to find without a magnifying glass, but in the birch they are very conspicuous to the naked eye.

The terminal buds are large and round, and covered with two shiny brown scales enclosing both leaves and flowers. The lateral buds are small and contain only leaves. In the latter part of May or early June the terminal buds unfold and display their shining green leaves, and in the midst of this tuft of greenness, upturned to the sky, sits the handsome tulip-shaped flower. They are of a greenish yellow, plentifully splotched with orange and red. The flowers abound in honey, and where there are several trees near together the bees in the neighborhood enjoy a golden harvest while they are in bloom.

The seed-pods are long, cone-shaped receptacles con-

taining the seeds. It is said the best seed for planting are found near the center of the cones that grow on the highest branches. If planted the same fall after they mature, they germinate and grow the next spring. In the forest they are scattered by the wind and in protected places seedlings appear in great numbers.

The large saddle-shaped leaves grow on long petioles and are easily shaken by the wind, somewhat like the aspens. They are a dark, glossy green on the upper surface, pale and duller on the under side, where the mid-ribs stand out prominently. The leaves are not generally affected by any of the common fungus dis-



Flower and Leaves of the Tulip Tree.

eases, and color a beautiful yellow in the autumn. But unfortunately they fall early.

The wood of the tulip tree is soft, weak and brittle. It is greenish yellow or write. When grown on dry, gravelly soil the wood is white; but when grown in rich, moist soil the color is a darker hue. It is easily worked and is used for a variety of purposes; building, pattern making, cabinet work, woodenware, interior finishing, etc. Very early in the history of the country the Indians made canoes from the trunks of these trees. The bark yields a highly beneficial tonic, while a white crystalline compound called liriodendrin is procured from the roots.

Britton in his "North American Trees" says: "The geological history is extensive, fossil leaves of its ancestors occurring in the rocks from the Lower Cretaceous period to those of recent formation." The name is Greek, signifying a tree bearing lilies.

THE VALUE OF BIRDS TO MANKIND.

V. L. STUMP.

It is again the time of the year when the sweet singers of our bright summer days are coming back after their sojourn in the South where they were protected from the ice and snow, coming again to brighten our forests, meadows, orchards and our lives with the glitter of their beautiful plumage or the sound of their happy, joyful song.

But a bird does more than rustle his feathers in the sunshine or fill the air with the sound of his melody be it ever so sweet; he works and that alongside of every man who tills the soil from whence we derive the greater blessings of life (that is in temporal things), and it is that work of which we wish to speak. When I was a boy the impression seemed to be general among boys, and I am not saying too much if I say among older people as well, that all birds with few exceptions were our enemies and the more birds we could kill, especially during fruit time the more fortunate we thought we were. However, since that time we have learned that the birds we have around us are not our enemies but our helpers, as it were, from heaven.

We will give you a short account of the habits of a few species. Take the robin for one, a bird which nearly every farmer and fruit grower utterly despises, and the common complaint is we would have more cherries if the robins did not eat so many, but did you know that fruit is the smallest part of a robin's diet and that by the havoc he creates among the worms he more than compensates for the damage done by his lapses into vegetarianism? It is hardly conceivable, the quantity of worms the robin consumes. On experiment with some young robins it was found that each one required sixty-eight worms per day, so each bird eats forty-one per cent more than its own weight of crop-destroying pests in twelve hours. The length of these worms if laid end to end would be fourteen feet. Perhaps the last robin you killed you said to yourself, "There, he won't eat any more cherries," but did you reckon how you were going to get rid of that fourteen feet of worms every day that were hard after your crop? Prof. Forbes, director of the Illinois State Laboratory of National History, found one hundred and seventy-five larvæ of Bibio, a fly which in the larval stage feeds on roots of grass, in the stomach of a single robin and as many more in the intestines.

The sparrow is also a very useful bird; there are different species of the sparrow; the field sparrow, swamp sparrow, chirping sparrow, tree sparrow and perhaps others, each finding its employment in eating insects, worms and seeds of harmful weeds and plants. Long after other birds have flown south the tree sparrow continues its hunt for seeds which are on the ground or in bushes of weeds that have not been cut

down and which would make it almost impossible for the farmer to grow a decent crop if it were not for the sparrow who helps him keep down the troublesome things.

The woodpecker, or redtop as he is called, and the chickadeedee and numerous other birds of the forest are most useful in looking after the trees, etc. The little chickadeedee is especially useful in destroying the canker worm and picking larvæ or eggs off of trees, going cheerfully over trunk and branches and even looking under leaves so that none may escape. These birds with many others work in the daytime and as they go to their rest the whippoorwill and the night hawks and the owls, etc., take up the work and the insects that would escape the day catchers are subject to the night workers. Is it not wonderful how our God has provided all these things,—one set of birds about the house and gardens, fruit trees, etc., one set in the fields and one in the forest?

Most farmers regard the hawk and the owl as their worst enemy but they too are beneficial, there being but two kinds which are not and we don't have that kind here. If we were deprived of the services of the birds the earth would soon become uninhabitable. Nevertheless the feathered protectors of our farms and gardens, plains and forests require so little to encourage them in their work, all we need to do is to let them go unhindered: they give their services as free as the air we breathe, and we are greatly in their debt, though many never thank God for them and seldom if ever look on a bird with a feeling of gratitude to our heavenly Father for its life. But many, many will begrudge the birds the small morsels of food they may eat of which you could have partaken and forget that the same God who made us made the birds also and that he feeds us all from the same boundless store. Boys, never kill birds, for it creates a habit and spirit in you which is not to be desired when you arrive at the age of manhood, but ever befriend them, learn their habits, listen to their song, watch their activity and they will teach you many helpful lessons. Fathers, you who kill or encourage your sons to kill birds, and furnish the means, are spending money for that which is not bread neither glorifying to God, but with the life of every bird you destroy you leave your crop fruit or vegetable to the mercy of innumerable pests. O consistency, thou art a jewel.

MRS. BUTLER'S TRAMP.

(Continued from Page 445.)

the road is a good one, and there's lots of travel on it, and likely you can get a lift along the way. My son is a big coal merchant, and employs lots of hands. I'll have my daughter, here, write a note to him asking him to give you a job, and you can carry it straight to him yourself. If you ain't in the habit of shrinking from hard, dirty work, you'll get on all right. Be sure you hunt him up right away, now, and give him the note. The address is H. C. Butler, 125 Pine Street, Crompton. She'll put it on the note so you can't miss it. I'll be sure to know whether you give it to him or not, rest assured, and I'll know, if he don't get it, that you ain't worth the sympathy and help we've tried to give you."

The man looked perfectly dumbfounded as he took the letter and put it in the pocket of his shabby coat.

"He'll get it, lady, don't you be a bit afraid," he said, "He'll get it this very day. What are ten miles after a meal like the one I have just eaten? I feel like a new man. God in heaven bless you both; you're Christian ladies, if there are any such in the world." And out in the storm he strode, no longer with dejected air and shambling tread, but with a firm, quick step and uplifted head, as if he felt that life was again worth the living.

Two days later there came a letter from the son in Crompton. "Your tramp turned up all right," it said, "and I've given him a job. He seems all O. K."

Another letter, a month later, stated: "Your tramp, Willard Kent, is doing fine. Has joined the Y. M. C. A., and goes to Sunday school and church like a Christian. In fact, I think he is one. He often says that you taught him what Christianity means."

"There's more than one way to fill a mite-box, isn't there, mother?" said Mary. "If we haven't always silver and gold, we can give what we have, if it is but a meal of victuals or a helpful word."

"The thing of it is," said Mrs. Butler, "I shan't feel like refusing to feed tramps any more. I hate to be taken in by them, but if I help one in twenty, even, I suppose I oughtn't to mind. After all, Mame, it was a mighty little thing we did for that poor fellow, and to think it saved him from despair, and maybe starvation."

"And saved him to God," said Mary softly. "Mother, my interest in Home Missions is on the increase."

"And mine, too," said Mrs. Butler, emphatically.—*Susan M. Griffith, in Christian Herald.*

BETWEEN WHILES.

Not Running.—When Senator Vance was running for Congress, he called on an old negro, who had in early life served the Vance family. Asked after his health, the negro replied, "Mighty po'ly in this worl', but it's all right over yander." "Do you believe in the doctrine of election?" asked Vance with great solemnity. "It's the doctrine of the Bible," answered the old man. "Uncle Ephraim, do you think I've been elected?" asked Vance again. "Massa Zeb, I'd a leetle ruther you wouldn't draw that question. I'm too near de grabe to tell a lie, but de fac' am, I neber yet knowed nor hear tell of no man bein' elected what wan't a candidate."—Christian Register.

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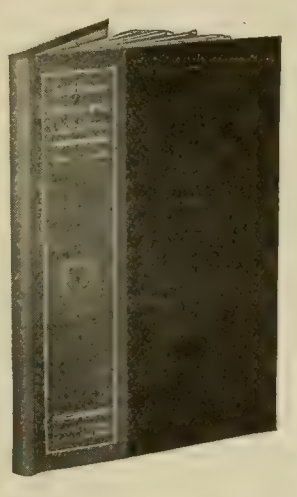
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56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
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The **Northwest** contains the only extensive territory being **successfully** planted to apple trees. The market for good apples is hopelessly under supplied and prices are tending to **increase** rather than decrease. Already a number of Brethren have investigated and purchased some of the famous **Yellow Stone Valley** fruit lands offered for sale at the exceptionally low figure of from $50 to $60 per acre with **perpetual water right,** by **GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY, Big Timber, Montana.**

R. E. Arnold of Elgin, Ill., is planting ten acres of apple trees this spring on his quarter section.
Prof. Robert I. White of Elgin, Ill., is planting 15 acres on his quarter section.
I. B. Trout of Lanark, Ill., is expecting to plant some on his land.
Another party is planting 100 acres of apple trees in one tract.
Many others too numerous to mention are putting out orchards.

A good apple orchard five years old is worth from $500 to $1,000 per acre. Now is your opportunity to get in on the ground floor.

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THE INGLENOOK



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

May 17, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 20*

Meet Us on the Conference Grounds

At Winona Lake, Indiana

Geo. L. McDonaugh
Omaha, Nebraska

D. C. Campbell
Colfax, Indiana

Isaiah Wheeler
Cerro Gordo, Illinois

E. M. Cobb
Elgin, Illinois

We want to make new acquaintances and renew old ones while at the Conference. You all know that the Northern District of California has made a call for the Annual Conference to be held at Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley, in 1911. Many of you have received letters describing the San Joaquin Valley. We will be prepared to tell you more about it, and would like to take a number of representative members with us to see the country on a personally conducted cheap excursion after the close of the meeting. This excursion will be run over the

Union Pacific

If you want to join this excursion, advise me by return mail at No. 605 Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH

The Life of Elder R. H. Miller

By Otho Winger

¶ It is a great and blessed privilege for any one to be permitted to live in close touch with great and good men. If this be not possible the next best thing is to read the biographies of such men. The history of church and state is read to a large extent in their lives.

¶ One among the men who were the strong pillars in the Church of the Brethren during a long period of time in which many epoch making events occurred was Elder Robert H. Miller. Perhaps not one of them was stronger and wiser in helping to direct the activities of the church than he. His life was a benediction to those who were brought into intimate relation with him. He is among us no more but those who read the book, just published, which gives a faithful record of his life and labor, will find it full of interesting and important history and a source of much spiritual uplift and comfort.

¶ This is not a book to be read once only, but it is a book to be read and placed in your library for future reference and re-reading.

The several chapters are headed as follows: **Early Life and Ministry, Debates, Editorial Work, Selections from Editorials, Educational Work, Division, Annual Meeting, A Preacher of the Gospel, Selected Sermons, Later Life and Death, Contemporaries.**

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ELGIN :: ILLINOIS

Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

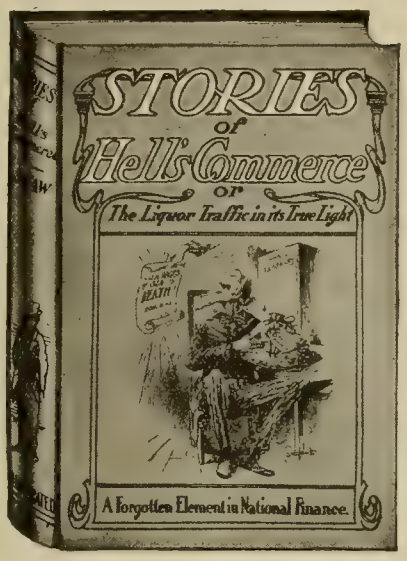
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. May 17, 1910. No. 20.

True Education

D. C. Reber, President Elizabethtown College

Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

In Five Parts:
I. The Parents' Duty.
II. The Child's Privilege.
III. Society's Demand.
IV. The State's Function.
V. The Creator's Will.

Part IV. The State's Function.

ASSUMING that the parent clearly apprehends his duty to educate the child, that the child is eager to enjoy the privilege of the complete development of his powers, and that the educator is equal to the task of educating him to meet the most stringent demands of twentieth century society, the question now confronting us is, "Who shall provide the educational facilities that shall enable the parent to discharge his duty, the child to receive his social heritage, and the race to advance toward its divinely-appointed destiny?"

Various answers to this question have been given as recorded in the history of civilization. In ancient Persia, the individual did not belong to himself, but to the state. There the state assumed the function of education in order to perpetuate its own existence. But as the nature of the education given was inadequate, being only physical and moral, the state perished. Among the ancient Hebrews and in the early centuries of Christianity, the parent was the teacher of the child. The father taught the Scriptures and his occupation to the son, and the mother taught the daughter domestic duties. During the Middle Ages, education was entirely in the hands of the church and was exclusively religious in aim. There were church schools, parish schools, cathedral schools, and the monasteries were the centers of learning. So at different times in different countries education was either an individual, a state, or a church affair.

It was not until the Reformation instituted by Martin Luther in the sixteenth century that education was deemed necessary for the masses instead of only for classes. When the world recognized the fact that the individual does not exist for the state, an institution, but that the state exists for the protection and the welfare of the individual; when the worth of the individual was recognized, and also his right and his power to rule himself and to say by whom he is to be ruled, then the republican form of government was established and with it came the modern public school, a republican institution instituted and maintained by the state. This was accomplished only in the nineteenth century.

This last answer after experimentation covering a period of more than two thousand years is proved undoubtedly correct. The business of education cannot be safely left to the choice of individuals because they may not realize its importance and so neglect it altogether. If the church controls the school, it is bound to make education serve the interests of the church and to use it as a means of extending and perpetuating a particular creed, as for example the Jesuit schools established by the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. True education is not narrow or one-sided. It comprehends the education of the hand, the head and the heart.

But it may be further asked, "What justifies education at public expense and levying this heavy tribute on the public purse?"

The only answer can be this: "The state has no right to undertake the work of universal education except as a measure of protection, perpetuation and improvement to the state; the product of public education must be good citizenship." But what are the marks of a good citizen? One who renders to the community a just equivalent for all he receives from it. Again a good citizen gladly does things for the community without expectation or desire for personal return. These are the marks of a good citizen, whether it be a man or woman. So education becomes a duty of the state because education enhances the intellectual,

moral or religious character of its subjects and in so far indirectly makes them better citizens.

Without intelligence and virtue in a community, no state can attain the highest degree of prosperity, nor realize true freedom and nobility.

The ability of citizens to understand their rights and privileges, and the disposition to maintain their rights and enjoy their privileges is altogether contingent upon the general intelligence and the religious culture of its people.

The state then assumes the function of the universal education of its subjects as a matter of duty as well as of expediency. Education is indeed a necessity to the state's existence and progress. It is the chief defense of nations. Education diminishes illiteracy, pauperism and crime,—all of which are menaces to the perpetuity of the state. The progressive state constantly seeks to eliminate from its citizens those social evils that imperil its existence and to foster those forces and agencies that tend toward safeguarding its growth and life. The efficiency of the state as a political institution depends upon the benefits it confers upon its citizens as to whether it subserves the purpose for which it exists, and upon the moral qualities and expert knowledge of its leadership. If the leaders are incompetent and selfish, they will seek their personal gains rather than the general good, and use the power of their offices for personal advancement instead of performing their duties. In a government of the people, by the people and for the people, education is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the democracy.

What kind of educational facilities shall the state provide? The system of education established shall be for all its subjects irrespective of race, rank or sex. It must extend from the public kindergarten to the State university. The state must organize and supervise a thorough system of education that aims at efficient citizenship. It dare not educate certain classes to the neglect of other classes. Hence, religious instruction is separated from the public school as inconsistent with our democratic form of government in which church and state are separate. Yet the teachers dare not be immoral, and should not be irreligious. It is not a desideratum to have the Bible as a textbook in the public school since to lower it to the level of an ordinary textbook would be to lose its sacredness as the Book of books.

While the modern public school is charged with laxity along the line of moral instruction and a consequent tendency toward tolerating immoral conduct, the state fosters and encourages several other methods of education. For the well-to-do and aristocratic, a system of home instruction by governesses is permitted. For another class, private schools exist which include seminaries where the pupil may select special studies according to his own taste. And finally there exists the denominational school which may or may not be sectarian in its teaching. But in whatever school or system of instruction the individual may be adjusted to his environment, the state has a right to insist and must provide means for the new individuals, who are constantly taking the place of those that perish, to be put in possession of the accumulated experience of countless generations which treasure the school seeks to conserve and transmit to every member of society.

DETERMINATION.

MRS. C. O. BJELKSTROM.

DETERMINATION is one of the necessary requisites to keep us going on until we reach the coveted prize. We have first to choose our course, feel a deep desire to succeed, feed that desire to keep it alive—determined to satisfy it in the end by gaining the victory.

We may need to vary some from our first plan of proceeding,—may need to slacken our pace or leave the shortest trail in order to turn the tide, but these things invariably prove helps instead of hindrances. At such times and places we need to watch that our determination does not ebb into stubbornness. If the determination is real we will allow reason and our better judgment to show us in what direction to exert our will power—a power whose value can not be estimated when properly trained, but whose destructive element is just as immeasurable when allowed to drift into stubbornness—a characteristic very detrimental to ourselves and annoying to others.

He who goes through life without determination is like a ship without a rudder—tossed hither and thither by the opinions of those around him. Instead of governing, he is governed, instead of creating environment his character is moulded by his surroundings whether desirable or undesirable. In short, he is not *himself* but what others make him to be.

Each human being has a guiding impulse of his own. Let that be his guide. Each has thoughts worthy of expression, though they stand out alone. If he does not utter them soon some one else will and he will be forced to take second-handed what first belonged to him.

Be determined to bring out the best there is in you; it is good, for there is good in all of us. Be determined to accomplish something of worth—to bring forth the latent powers stored in your life; they are there, find and use them.

Find your natural aptitude—determine to carry on the occupation in which you can develop your natural tendencies. The sooner you pursue this course the farther you will be enabled to go. Begin now to do

anything and everything along that line that can help you. If you think you see difficulties ahead, go on and by the time you have reached them they will have vanished. Each day do each day's duty, keeping up your determination to win and you will reach your desired field all the better prepared.

With determination must go careful preparation, good judgment, tact and perseverance; and it must be fed and nourished by faith. Whatever your position is today begin where you are and work yourself into higher, nobler, and greater things. Begin by having the faith that you can—not a mild, wavering faith, but a faith so strong that every atom of your being is fired up to the white heat of unquenchable determination.

With such a faith united with such a determination, your success will be as certain as the sunset of today, the sunrise of tomorrow. To such a course obstacles mean nothing—there will be no obstacles. What previously appeared as such are now opportunities.

When things appear dark, proceed, knowing you have power to turn the tide. Recognize the real life of that power and you will become alive with a determination that is irresistible,—that is backed by power to do what you determined you would do. As the cause is always as strong as the effect, the more determined you are to do a certain thing the more power you will have to do it. You thus steadily become stronger and stronger every day, working up to the masterful position Napoleon occupied when he exclaimed, "Circumstances! I *make* circumstances."

If we want to be something more than a mere cog in the wheel of destiny,—more than the wheel itself—want to be the power that *drives* the wheel, we must expect what we desire—expect with a continuous, positive expectation combined with the application of all the powers in our possession. Be determined to gain this position and work in the spirit of that determination with unbounded faith.

The door to the greater will be opened, the goal will be reached, the aim will be realized. Determination invariably wins!

AUDACITY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

Liquor dealers are asking a compensation or pension for the loss of their business in places where local option has gone into effect. Did any one ever hear of such audacity? If one were to set up a place for wholesale murder and robbery, must the law compensate him for the loss of his trade if it is forbidden? The white slave dealer if put out of business will next set up his claim for reimbursement for his lost occupation.

Chinook, Montana.

Success

Richard Braunstein

If he succeeds, whose coffers, heaped with gold,
All red with ruined and despairing lives,—
The man who owns a mint to coin tears,
Expert to win a farthing from a heart,—
Though all the world pay homage, all the world
Envy the wretch—if this be to succeed,
My pride and all my hope shall be to fail!

If he succeeds, who bids the magpie crowd,
Tossing his name upon its chattering tongues,
Talk, write, and dream of him and they obey,
While the praise, alive on lips of men
Has breathed his soul into the bubble fame,
And lives an empty life—if he succeeds
Be mine a life of failure to the end!

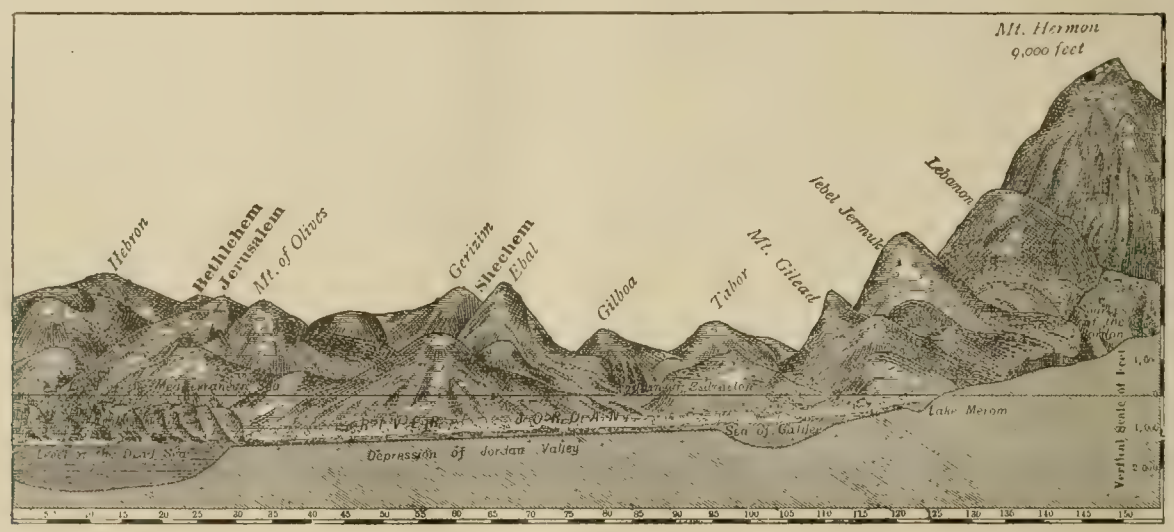
If he succeeds, the man of strenuous brain,
Skilled in the depths and heights of many a lore,
Bent with the plundered wealths of libraries,
But ignorant of love, and ignorant
Of all the roses and the stars of life—
Though men unite to wonder and applaud—
If this is called success, be mine defeat.

But these are success: success it is
To front the angry tumult of the world
With Right for comrade; faithfully to work.
To wear contentment shining on the brow;
Above the gathered treasure of the Globe
To reckon brotherhood, and make it mine,
This is success, and this my prayer shall be!

ABRAM'S NEW HOME.

HENRY M. HARVEY.

So far we have been able to follow Abram into this new country and locate him, making mention of none but his neighbors. Little has been said about the country, its geography or history. It is no more than fitting that we look around him as he is tenting here for a time. We may lift up our eyes and look about his country as he no doubt did. He is stopping now at the same place where Jesus did some nineteen hundred years later, spending three days among the Samaritans. Here he had told his disciples to look upon the fields already ripe unto the harvest. The field he looked upon was a field of ripe souls, Abram's and ours a field ripe unto discovery and investigation. Abram was able to ride over much of it and to look upon it; we shall have to be satisfied to use our imagination. Mayhap later a visit in person to this land of early scenes will be in place.



Physical Features of a Part of Palestine.

The land just entered by this obedient servant and what we know as Palestine is a small bit of country, the size of Massachusetts. The physical features of the country are much diversified.

Far to the north along the border of the sea begin the Lebanon Mountains, while still further inland are the Anti-Lebanons. These extend alongside each other southward past Tyre and Sidon and on to the very northern limit of Palestine proper. Here they assume an unusual elevation, making a northern barrier for the land. From this elevation of nine thousand feet to the south there is a decrease and the country becomes more broken. These mountains furnish Palestine its climate and its timber. Mt. Hermon is the loftiest peak of the clump. It is also the loftiest in all Palestine. It is the Olympus of that land. The Jordan has its source upon its slopes and finds its way to the south for some two hundred miles. A broken plateau, starting with Hermon, hubs close to the river on either side,—the Anti-Lebanon on the east and the Lebanon on the west, each plateau with a height of from 2,000 to 3,500 feet.

We will take first a visit to the east side. It will be found for the most part a high tableland, receding in height as the south and east is approached. This eastern plateau may be seen from Jerusalem outlined against the blue sky. In the northern part somewhat to the southeast of the Galilean sea is the land of Bashan, the famous high country noted in the Bible for its fat cattle. It becomes a proverb. There is to be found grain growing and farming, while from the ground come jets of sulphur water. The underlying material is soft gray limestone. To the south the land is rough and on the east loses itself in the great desert.

Coming over to the west side of the river we enter the main part of the country. In the northern part the mountains break up and leave gorges and very broken land. This is in northern Galilee. This is to be remembered as the place where Christ spent the greater part of his ministry. On to the south Mt. Carmel is seen and the Samaritan province passed over, the surface still being rough and the hills high. The famous fertile Esdraelon Valley with its blooming fields is left to the west; later the plains of Ephraim are reached as the journey is continued over the old Egyptian road. This road was the railroad to Egypt of Abram's day. A little further to the south we are passing to the east of the Plains of Sharon called also the Maritime Plain, while still further on the Sheffelah is traversed. Over next to the sea may be seen the Philistine strip of country. This was the greatest of all of Israel's enemies. The under stratum of all this country is a red granite, on that a black granite, then a layer of sandstone and on that a white limestone. This white limestone is the common stone in Palestine. It crops out

in the side hills and becomes the building material of the country.

Abram had entered a country of great physical variety. A grand combination of mountains and valleys called, in contrast to the plains of Arabia, the land of mountains.

Having taken a view of each side of the river, the central range on the western side and the eastern range on the eastern side, it now remains to see the green thread between, the Jordan River. The term green is justifiable because of the profuseness of the vegetable growth in the valley. The hearty growth is due to the rise no more. No other portion of the surfaec of the earth uncovered by water sinks so much as three hundred feet below the level of the sea, but there is one a hundred and fifty miles long and three to fifteen in width making a descent of 1,300 feet below. This very remarkable river loses itself in a sea more remarkable still. Speaking approximately it is the sea of thirteens. It is three times thirteen miles from the Great Sea, four times thirteen miles long, thirteen miles wide, and thirteen times three hundred feet below Jerusalem, thirteen hundred feet below sea level, thirteen hundred feet deep, and three-thirteenths salt.



"Thou Shalt not Muzzle the Ox that Treadeth out the Corn."
Threshing Scene in Palestine—Abram's Inheritance.

tropical heat of that part of the land. It reaches as high as 100 to 102 degrees in the summer, growing a rank vegetation consisting of dense thickets of jungle, trees, bush, and rush. This is the haunt and the home of the wild boar, the wolf and other animals. The whole spectacle may be called an "enormous green serpent." Most of the tropical fruits thrive here.

The portion of the river between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea is called the Ghor, meaning rift. The distance between these two points is sixty-five miles; the river adds to that as much as 135 miles by its ins and outs. It makes a descent meanwhile of six hundred feet. Along the Ghor the valley is some ten miles wide in one place and in another it has narrowed down to three. Sometimes a valley for a few miles back, sometimes a tributary adds more to the volume of the river.

It is not such a large river but none other is so important. Not a city graces her banks. She sinks to

The crops of Palestine are barley, wheat, flax, figs, grapes, pomegranates, almonds, dates, bananas, and some timber is to be found. There was more than the products of the soil for God to consider in the selecting of a new home for this man. It was the training of a people he planned. This land was convenient for both religious training and political contact. Isolated from all the great centers of political power it was. Bound by the Lebanon Mountains on the north, the Syrian desert on the east, the desert of Arabia on the south, while on the west was the Great Sea. The sea by the ancients was considered a great barrier placed there by God. While it was not the location of any of the great world powers, it was the highway between them. It was the intermediate ground for commerce or for war, a veritable war path. Its mountains furnished a retreat, the low lands an open door for public transactions. Her inhabitants might be out upon the mountains overlooking the spectacle or they might be

down wading in the stream of human activity. Along with the martial and commercial hosts came the languages and the wisdom of all the ages. On the one side were India, Persia, Syria, Assyria, and Babylon; and on the other Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Palestine was the neutral ground. One after another of these nations rose and was swept off by its successor. Palestine was the spectator of it all; she became the receptacle for the language and learning of many of them. Rome was to furnish to the world a fitting government for the coming of the Son of Peace, Greece was to supply a language second to none in the world for the transmission of it. Abram in this small compass of much diversity was to be a blessing to many nations. Through his going forth comes to us not law nor learning but the religion of the world.

3435 Van Buren Street, Chicago.

Crevicing

H. D. MICHAEL.

Along many of the Pacific Coast streams traces of gold can be found their entire length. Wash out a few panfuls of the gravel and "colors," as the fine particles of gold are called, can be seen. These traces have led many miners and prospectors to believe there were large mother lodes or ledges near the heads of these streams. Consequently they have been worked almost continually since the great '49 strike in California. Several rich deposits have been found and numbers of smaller ones.

Now there are mining camps scattered along these streams where some company has holdings and employs a number of men to work them. It is these men that often go crevicing.

The streams near the camp contain crevices filled with gravel, with some free gold in it. A person can sometimes find a good crevice and take out one or two dollars' worth of gold in a few hours and it is this feature that holds an attraction for the men employed at the mine. Of course many an hour is spent, especially by the inexperienced, without finding any gold. On the long summer evenings and often on Sundays the men may be seen going to the creeks or river near the camp each armed with a crooked wire, crooked piece of barrel hooping or some such instrument to scrape the dirt out of the crevices and hunt for the gold. A gold pan is taken if it is to be had and they usually are in evidence in such places. When a crevice that looks to be a promising one is found and the person wades into the shallow water near the edge of the stream the interesting part begins. As the dirt is scratched out the interest deepens, the expectations grow greater until the person is completely absorbed in his hunt. As the water trickling along carries away the muddy water and an occasional bright piece of gold is seen one's attention is so completely held by the fascination of the process that often time flies by and darkness begins to fall before he is aware that more than a few moments have passed.

There are often two or three different shades and colors of gold in the same stream, supposedly coming from different ledges. Then, too, one finds that, "not all is gold that glitters." An inexperienced hand may find copper sulphates or paratetes of iron and feel quite elated over the "rich haul" until one with more experience tells him it is worthless, or practically so, for though they carry some gold and resemble it somewhat they are in reality worthless to the individual without the necessary apparatus to refine them.

One Fourth of July four of the men of one of the camps started out crevicing to spend the day that way instead of doing as the larger number did,—go to town to spend their last month's wages. A large hole in the bedrock of the creek was selected and operations began. In the clean-up their gold weighed out twenty dollars' worth, making their way of spending the day more profitable than the way the rest had done. The labor was not hard and made doubly easy by that allurement mining holds for the miner.

This crevicing, beside offering a very pleasant way to spend the leisure hours, forms a side line by which the employees may get a few extra dollars each month, making it a good way to utilize some of the moments that would otherwise be worse than wasted.

Now let us look at crevicing along the other stream, —the stream of life. Along this stream we all must pass. It too has crevices, nooks and crannies that hold many bright and shining nuggets if we will only go crevicing for them. How many of the bright things of life we miss by waiting for them to come to us instead of us crevicing for them! Is there a kind deed we might do, a kind word we might say? Do it! It will prove richer than gold. It will bring joy and brightness into our life. Far too many professed Christians are passing through life, solemn and long-faced, seemingly thinking it is demanded of them when we as Christ's followers should be happy and cheerful continually, else Christ would not have said, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might be in you and that your joy might be made full."

Then shall we not look for the bright side in all that comes to us, whether it seems for weal or for woe? We are not called to be sad and casting a gloom on all those around us: We are called to be a light to the world and there is nothing that will throw a brighter light than our always crevicing for the hidden nuggets along the stream of life and always showing a bright, clear and smiling countenance.

Another mistake too many seem to be making is rushing on along the stream, looking only for the large mother lode or ledge of happiness and neglecting these small particles that may be ours continually. They are scattered all along our way and go to make up our fullness of joy if we only crevice them out.

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage to the glass
You will meet a smile."

Be careful though and make sure you are finding real gold and not just the glittering, enticing allurements of the world. They might bring a kind of happiness until, like the "green" hand at prospecting that finds copper sulphates, you are told or find that they possess no real value; then your happiness would turn to remorse for having spent your life in the pursuit of that which profiteth nothing.

Try this crevicing as you pass along the stream of life and you will find it holds a drawing power, a something that fascinates and gives you true happiness.

Pasco, Wash.

Soil Survey

John H. Nowlan

THE soil of the United States is the one great, almost inexhaustible resource of the country. It is the source not only of food and raiment for the people, but also supplies almost one-half of the material used in manufacture and the major portion of the articles exchanged with other nations. From this same soil the husbandman has drawn a living for himself, his family, his fellow-countrymen, and has had a goodly surplus to exchange with the citizens of other lands, thus rendering our land almost independent of the world.

With all our vast estate we have by no means reached the limit of possibilities. About one-half of the country is included in the term "farms" (approximately eight and one-half million acres), but of this much is not cultivated. About one-fifth of the total area is in cultivation.

With this vast showing let us look at some foreign countries. France has one-half as many people and one-seventh the farm-land area; Germany has three-fourths the people and only one-eighth the farm-land area; England and Wales have almost half as many mouths to feed and only one thirty-first as much land to produce the food for them. Were the same intensive methods of agriculture applied here as are in vogue in the countries of Europe the American farms now existing would feed many times the present population and still have a surplus for the other fellow. Further, of the land not included in the cultivated area, we find much that with proper treatment could be made to yield profitable returns for the labor invested, and some of it rivals in dormant resources the finest land in this or any other country.

The soil is sometimes compared to a bank account which has a fixed value, but this comparison is erroneous. If no drafts are made upon a bank account and no deposits made it remains the same. A better illustration would be to compare it to an invested fund in which the interest increases the value of the fund. If the drafts exceed the interest the principal must supply the deficit and become smaller. On the other hand if they are smaller the interest augments the principal.

The forces of nature that formed the soil have not ceased to act but are still forming new soils. These forces may represent the annual interest and if the demands upon the soil are smaller than the additions it improves in value; but if they are greater it deteriorates.

With mines of metal or coal it is possible for a skillful engineer to estimate closely the amount of material to be removed and the length of time the mine may be operated profitably. With the soil such is not the case. Where through mismanagement its crop-producing power has been impaired a change in crops or method of working will again render it productive. Even where the entire surface soil has been removed and useless subsoils exposed nature at once proceeds to change them into productive soils. Counting time geologically this change takes place rapidly, but from a human standpoint it is slow; hence we must assist nature.

Our cultivated soils are not being used to their full capacity to supply the immense crops produced. The farms of Germany average nineteen acres, those of France thirty-four acres, and in England and Wales the average is sixty-three and two-fifths. In the United States they reach the average of one hundred and forty-six and two-fifths and then only about one-half of the area is improved. The time may come, and doubtless will, when more land will be needed for farms; but much sooner will come the time when the area in cultivation must be handled more intensively in order that each acre produce to its full capacity the crops for which it is best fitted.

"Forewarned is forearmed," and in anticipation of the time when this state of affairs shall come to pass

the government years ago (1899) began a series of soil surveys.

There are two sets of influences that affect the production of crops—the climate and the soil. Ignoring either leads to failure more or less, according to the influence of the ignored factor.

Certain crops grow best where the combination of these factors is of a particular value; hence we have the "cotton belt," "corn belt," "wheat belt," etc.

In the study of the soils are considered their texture, structure, organic matter, internal drainage, and topographic relief. All areas of soil found to be closely similar in all these respects are said to be of the same soil type. Under similar climatic conditions they are capable of producing similar crops, and with equal management may be expected practically to produce equally in amount.

It has been found that several soil types in a region differ only in texture (the relative amounts of fine or coarse particles of which they consist); such a group is called a series.

Further, several series are found to be derived from the same classes of materials by similar processes, and to have, in a broad sense, similar climatic conditions. This region is called a soil province.

Where is the benefit of the soil survey? For example, the type known as *Norfolk sand* is a warm, porous soil, suited to truck farming. It has been mapped in fourteen States, extending from New England to Texas. The area examined is 2,660 square miles, and there are no doubt in these fourteen States many times as much. In all this region nature has placed a limit on the crops it will produce profitably and he who attempts otherwise only courts failure

Similarly 6,126 square miles of the *Marshal silt loam* have been mapped and we may safely presume that there are many unexamined areas. This is preeminently a corn area, and while about one-eighth of it lacks the climatic conditions for the production of corn, yet it will produce other crops of perhaps equal value.

The farmer who lives in one of the mapped areas can send to the Department of Agriculture and get a soil survey of the area. From this he may get unprejudiced, expert opinion on the value of his land and the crops it will produce to the best advantage.

Should he contemplate removal to another locality, though distant, he is able to get an opinion on its agricultural possibilities which will be more trustworthy than that furnished by some realty company.

If unacquainted with the publications, state the locality in which you are interested, and ask for nearest soil survey map.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.

CORA MAY HORST.

"THERE are days which occur in this climate at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony" such as can never be paralleled by anything which bears the imprint of human skill. A certain indefinable sense of unity and concord seems to pervade the surrounding elements, we know not why or how. We only know that for the time, at least, we are glad to be alive, and content merely to bask in the smiles of Nature at her best.

Such is the potent influence of true harmony. There is no other remedy so effective in calming the feverish excitement of present-day activities, no better diversion from the monotonous round of daily duties than that which Nature affords. And her only price is that we simply come and take. That which Nature does is well done. Where she reigns, harmony prevails.

Not to the eyes of all, however, does this beautiful arrangement of infinite wisdom become apparent, nor is it loudly heralded by trumpet blasts. But, in myriads of small voices, Nature whispers her secrets to those who have attuned their ears to her music. Would that day in June be perfect, were there lacking the blue sky bending above, the mellow sunbeams, the growing grass, the blossoming flowers, or even the happy twittering of the birds? Does Nature ever produce a winter day in which the howling storm does not seem more dismal because of the leaden sky brooding over all? She leaves no detail wanting so as to mar the harmony of the whole. Look abroad into space and see that the movements of the planets which trace their mighty orbits of millions of miles around the sun with unerring accuracy blend harmoniously with the regularly recurring seasons on our globe, and with the alternation of day and night. The ancient Pythagorean Theory of the Music of the Spheres was simply a beautiful expression of the general and unchanging system in which everything has its place and function.

Now turn from this majestic manifestation of Nature's unity, and note the texture of the little flower at our feet. Its bright coloring and its delicate perfume combine to make it perfect. It blooms, the little bird sings, the brooklet ripples, and the breezes sigh, each one in order to perform its own part in the chorus of Nature, which is, after all, the only true music. And whence comes the artist's conception of color scheme, if not from the landscape scenes all about him? Far too little do we realize how closely we are bound to Nature, and to how great an extent we unconsciously conform to her general laws. Our bodies are composed of a perfect system of symmetrical and proportional members, all of which experience growth and decay in the same manner, essentially, that is characteristic o plants and animals. So long as natural laws are heeded,

life continues. When they are broken, death follows sooner or later.

Thus far nothing has been found to destroy the harmony existing in the universe. But at this point a change takes place. The analogy between man and the lower forms of life has been approximately perfect. Now, where instinct in animals tends to hold them in accord with their surroundings man is endowed with a mind possessed with wonderful powers, and capabl of infinite development. That the mind becomes conscious of the physical world by means of the senses is a well-known fact. Along with natural growth and development comes the ability to understand, at least in part, the workings of Nature. The geologist, as he delves into the bosom of the earth, the botanist as he discovers the secrets of the plant world, the astronomer, as he with his powerful glass surveys the magnificent panorama of the heavens, and learns the movements of the stars,—all these are but thinking the thoughts of the infinite Mind, although imperfectly. The power of the mind to investigate the natural world, and still more, the power of communion with other minds is striking evidence of the harmony which exists between man and the infinite. That which has been brought into existence at the word of the Infinite can not be reasoned upon by anything which is out of harmony with that power.

So closely is the spirit of man allied to the infinite that not only does it reach out and seek to fathom the mysteries about it, but it has implanted within itself a something which persistently acknowledges the supreme source of its existence. This same inherent conviction is that which rebels at any act which is not in keeping with its origin. He who has learned to blend his life in accord with the great universal plan has learned the art of living a happy and helpful life. It was because the great heart of Lincoln beat true to the eternal principles of equity and justice that we now honor him as the Great Emancipator. Likewise, Whittier, the Quaker poet, who voiced his sentiments in verse against the slave traffic of his day. The spirit of love for unfortunate humanity found an echo in the heart of General William Booth, and he went forth on his world-famous campaign.

Search the pages of history and you will find that every great benefactor of the race has been moved by a spirit of harmony with the infinite. Not until the beauty of the flower and the splendor of the sunset are reflected in the lives of men until they shine forth in pure, untarnished character; not until the music of the birds and breezes is echoed back from hearts filled with divine melody; not until all mankind moves in harmony with the great eternal plan, will the anthem of the ages reach perfection. When that time comes, the era of true life and true living will have begun.

No. Manchester, Ind.

PROFANITY ON A SMALL SCALE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

WHAT is more mean, more degrading, more detestable than profanity? And all the more so because it yields no remuneration. The devil exercises full control of the profane tongue without paying any tax whatever.

And where shall slang be placed, if not under the head of profanity? It is used by those who have not arrived at the stage of conscientious swearing, but are on their way. Slang is low, vulgar language, used as a substitute for profanity. Therefore, if it can fittingly replace the vile oath, it partakes of the latter's nature, and is properly listed with profanity.

Following are some definitions of common slang phrases. Read them over, and imagine yourself, in all your purity, using them in your language:

Darn.—A substitute for the profane *damn.*

Blasted—Accursed.

Dickens—The devil; used as a vulgar interjection.

Deuce—An evil spirit; demon; the devil. A Norman oath.

Infernal.—Pertaining to, like, appropriate to, or inhabiting hell; hellish.

Confounded—Synonymous with blasted; accursed.

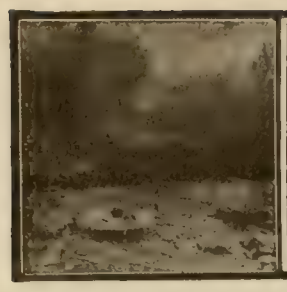
Also such expressions as: gosh, by George, by goll, for the love of Moses, hades, etc.—do they not sound very insincere and irreverent? Then they partake of profanity. You yourself might say: "I'll be hanged if I'll do it," or "you blamed freak," without thinking much about it; but listen to some one else carelessly use those terms and see if it does not send a shudder through your body.

The following extract is from Spurgeon:

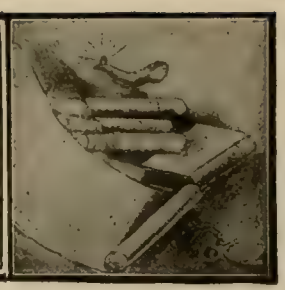
"A clergyman was waiting for an answer to some inquiry at the door of the village inn, where a cart with two pails of refuse called 'pig-wash' was standing, while the driver was refreshing himself at the bar. A man came hurriedly up to him and asked: 'Be you the gentleman that belongs?' 'No—I am not!' indignantly exclaimed the clergyman, with a vehemence which the moment after made him feel amused at himself.

"Yet it is simply amazing to see the number of men who, when they get together, appear anxious not to disclaim but to proclaim that they be the gentlemen that belong to the pig-wash; who seem to think that the dirty story, the unclean jest, the coarse word, the talk, utterly lowering to women, stamp them as fine fellows who have seen the world, and who know a thing or two."

A thought dropped in chapel one morning by the superintendent under whom I spent my high school days: "A young man that swears is not fit company for a young lady that doesn't."



THE QUIET HOUR



THE WOMAN HEALED.

SELECTED BY MINNIE BELLE MINTZER, ROBINS, IOWA.

The throng was great. Back from the Gadarenes
Who would have none of him, the Christ had come
Unto his own again. With what great joy
They welcomed his return! How eagerly
They pressed around his blessed form, sick ones
And sinful, just to feel his healing touch;
The poor, the rich, but all for heart or flesh
In need of saving power.

Among that crowd
A trembling woman stands, irresolute.
Back in her mountain home the tidings came,
That no one coming unto him was turned
Away, whate'er the malady might be.
Had he not raised the widow's son at Nain,
And healed the slave of the centurion?
And, for a woman clothed about with sin,
Reproached the Pharisee, as he forgave
Her all, and bade her "Go in peace and sin
No more"?

Up from her bed of weary pain,
Weak from so many years of suffering,
A new hope taking life in spite of past
Discouragements, she comes at last so near
The Healer. Can she tell him all e'en now?
She fears the crowd! She fears to stay the Christ!
What is her woe to him, and yet, oh, yet,
She cannot turn away! I will but touch
His garment's hem, she whispers low, and so,
With new-born strength, and heart all quivering,
She comes to him, her hope. With timid hand,
Outstretched, she touches but his robe, when lo!
Her faith hath made her whole!

But hark! He speaks!
"Who touched me?" she can hear the Master say.
Affrighted lest she may have done amiss
(And yet she dare not but confess her guilt,
If guilt it be), forgetting time or place,
Remembering only what her Christ had done,
Low at his feet she falls, and humbly there
Pours out the story of her troubled life.

Did he rebuke her boldness? Does he now
When to his side a sin-sick sinner comes?
Methinks I see today his look of love
Bestowed upon that tired, anxious face,
Uplifted pleadingly before his gaze.
See how he claims her even as his own!
Not with reproach, but with great tenderness;
"Daughter, be of good comfort, go in peace,"
And then, as if to crown still more her faith
And love, he says, "Thy faith hath made thee whole!"

—Mrs. Jessie F. Houser.

Signal Lights

IRA E. LONG.

As we read from time to time of the accidents occurring on the railroads and the consequent loss of life we are filled with indignation at the thought that men occupying positions of responsibility will allow themselves to become careless or indifferent to the confidence reposed in them and by so doing place the property and even the lives of people entrusted to their care in danger. The engineer who will take a glass of liquor before starting. The unfaithful switchman, the operator asleep at his post of duty, all fall under our severe censure and when wrecks occur we feel the necessity of every employe, even down to the least official being true to duty.

But are we as teachers of the Word of God and examples of the Christ life as true to duty as these business officials? Do we ever display a false signal? Ever show a wrong light? What teacher or preacher can plead absolute innocence? When I think of the immense number of trains handled on our railroads I am surprised that there are not more accidents. Only the most exact care and sleepless vigilance can avert danger and prevent catastrophe.

Are we not in a far more important business? Is there not even more at stake in our work? Are not the souls of men worth more than the tons of coal, loads of freight or bodies of men? Who can estimate the result of a wrong doctrine taught (account of a carelessly prepared Sunday-school lesson), or a wrong inference drawn because of a lack of consistency in our lives?

The man who professes Christianity and votes for the licensed saloon; who teaches the missionary lesson and fails to support the work with his means is surely displaying a wrong signal light which can not but start souls on the track leading to everlasting ruin.

The young lady who clothes herself in the height of the foolish fashions of the world and attempts to teach a religion which enjoins humility, self-denial and modest apparel will certainly not lead the thoughts upward but may kindle in the hearts of those taught a consuming fire.

Fellow-teachers, awake to responsibility and "let

your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

APPLY WITH YOUR TOOLS.

IRA P. DEAN.

"MARY, look here, read this:"

WANTED AT ONCE, TEN CARPENTERS; APPLY WITH YOUR TOOLS AT COMMERCIAL BUILDING, ROOM THREE.

"I think I'll go down there this morning and see about that," said Mr. Wilmot to his wife. "A job will come in handy now. I wonder if I have all the tools necessary."

"Well, I'd go and see what is needed and then come back and get them," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes, but the instructions read, 'Apply *with* your tools.' I'll take them along and if I need anything I can get it I suppose."

Mr. Wilmot applied with his tools and got the job; he was given a blue print and started to build a staircase in a new building. Several men were refused work because they did not bring their tools.

How can a man go to work building a staircase without tools? You wouldn't try it would you? How can a man help to build up the church and Sunday school without tools?

Can't do it.

I didn't think you could. Well, brother, fortunately for you and me, God gave us the tools. When I went to school I learned this quotation: "A man is a great bundle of tools." He is born into this world without the knowledge of how to use them. Education is the process of learning their use, while trials and troubles are the whetstones with which to keep them sharp. Brother, your faculties are the tools. Have you applied to God with them? God has no work for the man who applies without tools. Don't go to see what is needed, then go back for them; they are all needed, everyone of them. Perhaps you think you don't have enough tools to do the work. "Apply with your tools," that's the instruction; what you have,—not what you have not. God won't give you work to do that you can't do with the tools you have.

God gives to every man enough tools to do some work for him; but some people knock around the rough, hard, knotty jobs of sin with them until they nearly ruin them. A good mechanic takes pride in his tools. Do you? No one ever ruined his tools doing work for God.

God's work is important work, and he gives to every man, who applies with his tools, a blue print of what he shall do. The Bible is that blue print, and so perfect is it that no one ever went wrong who followed it. You can't work for God unless you follow the blue print. Did you get one? Jesus Christ, the Chief Architect and Master Builder said, "If any man will do his (God's) will, he shall know of the doctrine." If any man will work for God let him know the blue print.

Are you following the blue print? "Can't understand some parts"? Ask the Chief Architect. He will explain it. Brother, take all your faculties to God, ask for work and when you get it and he tells you to follow the blue print, follow it. If you have dulled your tools by hammering around in sin, remember, there are whetstones upon which they can be sharpened; repentance and conversion. Sharpen your tools, apply with them to God for work; for woe unto that man who is idle when the Lord comes.

Harrisburg, Pa.

HELPING THE PASTOR TO MAKE GOOD.

OF all the men on earth to receive what is coming to him, and a great deal more in the way of criticism, the pastor, the preacher, the parson is the man. Somehow or other some people take it for granted that this official must be made along perfect lines and possessed of such sublimated virtues that the human side of him ought not to show. And for that very reason they will set to, "tooth and toe-nail," to find that very side. The Chicago *Interior* takes this matter up in a very amiable way, and endeavors to show how hard a pastor's position is, how the pastor may be expected to "fall down" somewhere, and how his people should then be willing at that point to help him. The work of most men, it says, requires them to be proficient in one thing, but the business of being a preacher is "about a hundred lines wrapped up in one man's task, and it's beyond any decent and reasonable human requirement to expect any one individual to come out with one hundred per cent success on all of them."

It points out that the minister must be an orator, a thinker, a student, a mixer, an organizer, a business man, and, above all, a spiritually-minded man, without being a visionary. Somewhere in this list, it continues, the preacher is going to be lacking, and the question will come to his people of what they are going to do about it. "You'll do a rank injustice," it says, "to the man you drive away. No man should be driven out of a pastorate for his defects of ability. There are only four good reasons for shoving out a preacher—his being lazy, being silly, being selfish, or being morally crooked. Every church, when it calls a new pastor, ought to watch narrowly to see where he is going to fall down. But not to get a chance to complain—God forbid! When the pastor falls down, then the church has discovered where it can help him. Count on your pastor's abilities as his chance; count on his inabilities as your chance."—*The Plaindealer.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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Some of us have the best neighbors one could wish for—friendly, obliging, helpful,—while others of us have unfortunately gotten into a most uncongenial neighborhood where every one is so fully engaged in looking out for himself that he has no time to waste on others. How much of these conditions is due to the real character of our neighbors and how much to our own attitude toward them? Suppose we start out by being the ideal neighbor ourselves and see how far that will go toward transforming the neighborhood.

WHO IS GREAT?

It seems strange how very few of the men whom the world calls great manage to shuffle off this mortal coil without leaving behind them irrefutable evidence that the world has overestimated their claim to greatness,—that they were after all only ordinary mortals with not even the faith in their Maker with which the ordinary, wayfaring man is credited.

Well may we go back to the true test of greatness as laid down by the Savior of men. It is not to our credit that we abandoned it to follow the method of the world by which, far from extolling childlike humility and trustfulness, it is accounted wisdom if a man sets up his judgment against the judgment of God.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Success and failure are variable terms, changing according to the standards of the one who makes the estimation. Oftentimes the two terms, which technically stand as opposites, meet in one common subject which from one viewpoint is pronounced a brilliant success and from another is called a complete failure.

This condition may have something to do with one's ability to take his successes soberly—without being unduly puffed up—and it may also help to temper the cup of bitterness that is offered to him when the world writes failure over his efforts. In the former case he knows that though the success may be real there are many reasons why he ought to have succeeded under the circumstances—many influences not of his own making that drew him on to the coveted goal. He knows too that the judges in the case have not had all the facts before them and have not been impartial, and that any one of many circumstances might cause them to reverse their decision. And in the latter case if his efforts have been earnest and honest he knows that, notwithstanding the verdict of the world, the result cannot by any possibility be a total failure.

Some time ago some one asked the writer this question: "What is it to fail gracefully?" We never attempted to answer the question and one of the reasons for not doing so may be found in what we have said here. When it is well-nigh impossible to know for a certainty that this one or that one has made an out-and-out failure, except in the case of moral obliquity, he should be excused from going farther and passing on the attitude of the person concerned. However, we venture to say this, that whether meeting failure or success one should bear in mind that these terms are not absolute. Then if it has been failure he will not be entirely cast down but will push ahead toward a new goal. This will surely be taking it gracefully.

It is a good thing all around that there are many things we do not know with absolute certainty—that our judgment must be more or less faulty. This knowledge helps to keep us in the path of endeavor where the beacon of hope leads us on to other trials and conquests.

ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

If reports are to be relied upon, the influx of foreigners to the United States this season will break all previous records. This is particularly true of immigration from Italy. On a recent trip to the United States the *Berlin,* a vessel of the North German Lloyd line, carried 2,480 steerage passengers, which is only twenty less than her limit. There are twelve lines of steamers that carry passengers between New York and Italy and in the latter country a ship was scheduled to leave some one of its ports every day in April.

In reading of the close inspection of immigrants and the strict laws governing their entrance into the United States, one is led to suppose that any one is allowed to embark for this country who can present to the steamship company enough money to pay his passage. In other words, that there has been no examination or inspection previous to the time the immigrant meets our immigration officers at our own ports. This

is not the case. It is true, the inspectors in the foreign country have no authority to detain a passenger, but all third-class passengers bound for the United States are examined in the foreign country by a surgeon of the United States marine hospital service before they are allowed to go on board and he recommends the rejection of all persons mentally deficient, diseased or in any way unfit to become citizens or to take care of themselves. The steamship company then assumes the risk in carrying them to this country.

"The regulations on the ship are very strict. The Italian government sends an inspector on every ship at the expense of the steamship company to look after the welfare of the third-class passengers and to see that the stipulations printed on their tickets are carried out. A different inspector is carried on every voyage and the steamship company never knows who is to be sent until the inspector appears on board. The inspectors make their reports to the minister of the interior, who has charge of such affairs and has the authority to impose fines upon the steamship officials and even prohibit them from carrying passengers if they violate the regulations."

About half of the emigrants from Italy to the United States in the spring return to their own country in the fall. They work for railway contractors and other large employers of labor and when the rush season is over they go back to their families. Ordinary laborers can earn $2.50 a day in the summer months and one month's wages will pay their steamship fare both ways, so that they may have a neat little sum to invest in a home or to carry themselves and their families comfortably through the winter.

"The best class of emigrants are farmers' boys, although they are the most ignorant. If an educational test were to be applied by the United States they would be shut out entirely and the scum of the cities, composed of reckless and vicious young men, would be admitted, because they have usually had the advantage of a little schooling and can read and write. Those who know best about such things are unanimous in the agreement that an educational test would be the very worst rule that could be applied to regulate or restrict emigration."

It is interesting to learn that while only about one-fourth as many people leave Italy annually for the Argentine Republic as come to the United States, nearly all of them are from the northern part of the kingdom while the majority of those coming to our country are from the southern sections. There seems to be no way to account for this fact except on the theory of example. The first emigrants to the Argentine Republic were doubtless from the northern provinces and their friends and relatives have followed them; and the same in regard to the attractions of the United States for the people of the southern provinces. While it is still a debatable question, those who know something on the subject are pretty generally agreed that the peasants of northern Italy are a better class mentally, morally and physically than those of the southern provinces. There are no secret societies such as the mafia in the north and the public school system is much better than that of the south. It would no doubt be an interesting study for one to pursue this subject further as it develops in our Italian immigrants and citizens.

THE CONTEST.

ONE of our housekeepers in sending in her paper for the contest, telling in what order she does her work, says: "I wonder how many of the NOOK readers live in a little two-room shack (and I know some of them do); if they can do their work wholly by systematic planning I should like very much to hear from them."

This is an appeal to a particular class of our housekeepers, and we urge all those who have had the experience referred to to respond. Will not some of our men folks who are "batching it" answer this appeal by giving their order of doing their housework? We want to hear from all classes and conditions—those who live in the country and those who live in town, the housekeeper who has the care of only one or two rooms as well as the one who has a roomy, modern house to look after. One system will not do for all classes and so we need to hear from many different ones, so that all our readers may be helped.

Referring to what the writer says above about doing one's work wholly by systematic planning, it is our opinion that there are few conditions where systematic planning will not greatly aid in the accomplishment of the housework. It is true that one particular plan or system will not always do, but even when a housekeeper is compelled by circumstances to set aside her favorite order of work she can still gain time and save herself work by planning ahead to suit the changing circumstances.

We wish to remind our readers again that they have only a short time remaining in which to prepare a paper for this contest. Do not leave this work for others but let all have an opportunity to benefit by your experience.

THE PRAISE-MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.

The flowers of many climates,
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship
The Lord they came to meet;
Her box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at his feet.

(Continued on Page 480.)



THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter III. The Junior Nurse.

DEAR MARY:

I FIND that donning a uniform and attaining to the dignity of a junior nurse does not in the least diminish my cares and responsibilities. Rather are they increased. The coming of a new probationer has relieved me of many of my first irksome duties, but I find in their place, new and trying experiences in the practical care of the patients.

All sorts of dispositions, diseases and idiosyncrasies are here encountered among the patients. The nurse must learn to perform her duties with tact, sympathy or firmness, according to the existing conditions. As physical suffering sometimes brings out to perfection some half-developed virtue in human beings, so does it sometimes leave a man or woman weak and irritable in nerves and temper. The nurse should remember this fact and in her intercourse with peevish and hard-to-please patients it will serve to keep her own temper serene, under trying ordeals. One is glad to record, however, that this class of patients is small, and the great majority of sufferers are pathetic examples of patience, courage and unselfishness. Firmness is sometimes expedient on the part of a nurse, but harshness, never. A kindly and sympathetic attitude on the part of the nurse will do more towards reforming an obstinate, unruly patient, than a cold and rigid enforcement of duty. As I see it now, the hospital is an ideal place for the development of one's stock of patience, sympathy, and diplomacy, though one must not mistake deception for diplomacy.

Of course there are humorous as well as pathetic incidents in the daily grind, and one balances the other pretty well, amazing as this may appear to those who picture the hospital as a place of somber and unrelieved tragedy. But had it not a touch of brightness here and there, it would of all professions, be the least desirable. For the preservation of her own mental and physical forces it is essential that a nurse have an optimistic temperament and the faculty of seeing the bright as well as the dark side of things. The nervous, pessimistic girl, subject to fits of the "blues," will find the mental atmosphere of the hospital too depressing, as a rule.

Now about my new duties. Under the supervision of the Senior Nurse on the floor, I was initiated into the mysteries of "doing up" a patient. This includes the bath, care of the hair and nails, an immaculately kept bed, and the general care of the room. Once proficient in this work, one is given the care of several mild cases as part of the daily routine. The mechanical treatments given to such patients may also be included in the Junior's duties. One begins to learn the merits of rubbing, inunction, plasters, bandaging, hot and cold applications, the proper care of sores and fractures, babies and mothers.

In addition to the practical teaching, one has the benefit of class work in charge of the Superintendent, on the principles of nursing, anatomy and materia medica, and a course of lectures from different physicians of the staff. The seniors and juniors are in different classes, but both are privileged to listen to the lectures. The class and lecture course begin in October in this hospital and terminate in May, a written examination then taking place. I find that it keeps one very busy to have to study now as well as work, for of course I do not want to fail or pass the examination with only low marks. But when one is tired out physically mental work is not very brilliant at times. Usually we have two evenings in the week devoted to the lectures and one or two evenings to class work. The nurse must therefore spend a good part of her half days and rest hours in study. Each physician has his special subject; thus Dr. A— lectures on The Skin and Skin Diseases, Dr. G— lectures on Anatomy. Dr. B—on Materia Medica, Dr. C— on Obstetrics.

The junior nurse is now advanced with more or less rapidity according to the coming in of new probationers, and the departure of the graduate nurses as their full term of training expires. One is now supposed to be competent to prepare and give hypodermatics, as well as many other professional treatments unknown to the beginner. And while the junior nurse has no part in the real surgical and operating room work, she is gradually brought into touch and familiarity with it by preparing the bed for the reception of the patient after the operation, and by learning from observation

or practice the prescribed treatments before and after an operation.

One now begins to be able to differentiate among the medical, surgical and technical terms, most generally used by the doctors and senior nurses in their professional conversation, though at first this exhibition of linguistic ability has a tendency to mystify instead of enlighten. In this as in many other essential features of the work, much depends on the mental alertness of the pupil. Generally speaking, we are taught the mechanical parts but we must depend upon our own wit, observation and intuition, to round out and put an acceptable finish to our training.

At some period during her first year the junior assumes charge of the patient's diet. Talk about difficulties! It may surprise you, Mary, to have me tell you, that of all my trying experiences up to date, the diets have been the most nerve-racking. One is fortunate if she has had some home training in cookery, for practical experience is away ahead of theory, and the beginner is apt to spoil much good material in her first attempts at invalid cookery. It is to be presumed that every hospital has its own particular method for "doing trays," as the Logan vernacular gives it, but in the main the principle is the same, that of serving the patients regularly and daintily with the proper food for each individual patient. Our method here is for the "tray nurse" to keep an accurate list of the patients on her floor, and their room number, and classify them under their prescribed diet, either as "regular," or full meal; "light," or easily digested articles; and as "liquid," no solid food whatever. To keep this list correct requires daily revising. Often each meal demands some change, caused by new patients coming in, old ones leaving, "light" patients becoming "regulars" and "liquids" turning into "lights." Awhile before the meals are served the nurse in charge of the diets goes to the diet kitchen where the trays are kept and the invalid cooking done. Here she inspects the trays, sees that salt, pepper and sugar receptacles are filled, replaces soiled napkins with fresh, and arranges everything so that when the food comes up hot from the kitchen it can be immediately dished out. The hospital cook prepares and cooks the regular fare, but the nurse must prepare that of the patients on light and liquid diet, if there is nothing in the regular fare that will do. In compensation for the mental, moral and nervous energy expended in getting the trays out on time and in perfect order, the tray nurse has the privilege of consulting the cook at any time. One does not hesitate about visiting the kitchen if there is any plausible pretext for seeing the cook. When the latter is in a friendly frame of mind, one is sometimes treated to a fresh doughnut or a cookie. For reasons best known to the nurses who have been "there," even the tray nurse should not venture into the forbidden precincts of the kitchen, unless she has legitimate business there, though I must confess that the temptation is exceedingly great on doughnut-frying day. Even a supposedly valid excuse has been known to shrink into mere nothingness, when one is suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by the Superintendent—also on a visit of consultation with the cook.

But to return to the trays. When the hot food is sent up from the kitchen on the dumb-waiter, Mollie, the maid, and I hasten to dish it out and arrange it on the trays. By the way, Mollie is a very interesting character, and her unfailing cheerfulness and delightful brogue are a wonderful help in the times of stress that sometimes come to us in the diet kitchen. She is an adept at both ladling out the "shoop" and at running the dumb-waiter. As quickly as possible the trays are distributed among the patients by the nurses. The helpless and crippled patients must be fed by the nurses, others must be propped up in bed, all must be made as comfortable and trays placed as conveniently as practicable. To the sick inmates this is an important event in their sometimes monotonous existence and everything should be done to make it as pleasant as possible.

When the last tray disappears from the diet kitchen Mollie and I give a sigh of relief. Our peaceful confidence that all is surely right this time, is rudely shattered by a voice announcing, "Miss M—, No. 14 wants boiled eggs instead of poached." Up to this time poached eggs had been No. 14's particular specialty. While preparing the eggs another voice is heard: "Miss M—, please prepare a tray for new patient just come in room 16, light diet."

My time is filled so completely these days that there is little opportunity to mope and be homesick. Uncle John writes occasionally to learn whether or not I am down with nostalgia, but so far I have suffered very little from it.

My list of acquaintances in town is gradually growing larger, and I do not feel so much now like a stranger in a strange land. In my trips down town to the stores, or on any other business I nearly always meet some whom I know, either old patients or some of their friends who visited them in the hospital.

On my Sunday half day I invariably go to church, if I get the right hours off for our services. The hours and half days are appointed by the Superintendent and the nurse must abide by what falls to her lot. As a rule, the hours are so arranged as to give church privileges to as many nurses as possible.

I wanted to tell you a little about our "special" work here, but will have to wait until my next.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

LOVE'S GLASSES.

How prone we are to see it,—
  Our neighbor's fault and sin;
How prone we are to think we know
  His motives, deep within!
We note his every weakness,
  His errors and mistakes;
But when we put love's glasses on
  What difference it makes!

For now his faults are hidden—
  We see no more the same,
Or, if we see them, we excuse
  Where heretofore we'd blame.
The very looks and actions
  We once would criticise,
No more appear with ill intent
  When viewed through loving eyes.

The airs which used to vex us,
  The odd, peculiar ways,
Now seem but human, kindly ones,
  And waken e'en our praise.
The words we took so hardly
  Or could not understand,
Take on another meaning quite
  When through love's glasses scanned.

Oh, they are wrong, most surely,
  Who tell us love is blind,
Else how could we with passing glance
  So much of goodness find?
Our sight forsooth is clearer,
  Though evil looks more small;
But if we fail some fault to see,
  What matter, after all?

Oh, life is so much sweeter,
  The heart is lighter far,
When we can thus the good discern
  And see things as they are!
Then why not always wear them,—
  These glasses framed with love?
They make a heaven on earth, and light
  The way to heaven above.

—Pearl Waggoner.

HOW TO KEEP ON GOOD TERMS WITH YOUR STOMACH.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

IT would sound as if the stomach were a very plebeian subject to drag before the public in a magazine article, and yet I feel justified in discussing it, for there is nothing more intimate and vital in the lives of every one of you than that selfsame organ.

I am not a doctor, and will not give a technical description and analysis of it, but simply offer some facts which I have learned from a long experience with my own. Some additional facts I have observed in my neighbors.

The stomach is just like you are yourself,—very responsive to kindness, and also very sensitive to harsh treatment. If you will always observe the Golden Rule when you ask favors of it, you will never have reason to regret its behavior.

It asserts its individuality from the very beginning. It makes the baby suffer, but it is not the baby's fault; it the fault of the one who feeds the baby. Children begin to grow dyspeptic, because their parents do not teach them how to eat. And by the time we are grown, we are "all out of fix," because we hadn't sense enough to regulate our appetite.

Eating is a science. And because most people consider it as merely something to be hurried through with three times a day, because they are hungry and have to eat, they are missing one of the ideals of the normal life planned by the Creator.

Hunger and appetite are two different things. Most people forget that, and so as long as any fresh dainty pleases the palate, and they do not feel quite "full," down it goes. This is the first step toward rebellion.

The dining table should be inviting to the eye as well as the nostril. Let it be set orderly, with the tablecloth smooth and straight. Let the family approach with pleasant faces, and sit down deliberately and gracefully. Keep up a sprightly conversation on topics of interest to all, and if a ripple of laughter goes circling round, the stomach will smile in anticipation.

The first mistake is made when there are too many dishes of food on the table. A very sufficing meal can be made of one kind of meat, one or two vegetables, bread, butter, spreads, and fruit. I know some of our notable housekeepers on the farm would consider this almost a famine menu, but haven't you noticed that there is also a great deal of stomach trouble among farmers? Where things are so plenty, there is the temptation to display fine cooking in a perpetual banquet.

This is followed by the temptation to eat. So it came to Adam. I wonder if he was really hungry when Eve brought him the luscious, blushing apple. It looked good to him, and he bit in. When there are so many delicious concoctions on the table, we want to taste them all, and if any considerable quantity of each is taken, the result is a "house packed to the doors."

The stomach grows indignant at being loaded down so mercilessly, but is very patient and says nothing for awhile. But like yourself, it finally wearies of perpetual indignity, and sends you a remonstrance by the name of Pain. This may be located in some other organ. A large majority of diseases have their origin in the stomach. Either through ignorance or willfulness, you do not interpret its message. I do not need to tell you what happens to you finally. You have had a siege of it, haven't you?

But like as not, you never suspected the source of your troubles, and so never tried sincerely to remove it. A natural appetite, if not handled with the utmost care, soon grows abnormally, and the result is dyspeptics, gluttons, and drunkards. Many Scripture texts

could be brought in to illuminate this subject. "Be temperate in all things." "I keep my body under." "Eat and drink to the glory of God." How can a poor little, groaning, stretched-out stomach do God's will?

So then I have come to the first cardinal rule: *Do not eat too much.* Just here there will be a difference of opinion as to what "much" is. Suppose for dinner you try this "much": Two or three cubic inches of beef-steak (it goes without saying that everything should be well cooked), two or three tablespoonfuls of one vegetable, a quarter of a cucumber pickle (if it's a big one), if you want something sour, two or three small slices of bread, with spreads, and a generous dish of stewed fruit, or a raw apple or two. Two or three peanuts would be a good addition, and finish off with a peppermint lozenge.

Do you call that starvation diet? Try it once, and see if you will not feel more comfortable than usual till next mealtime. But before you begin, observe strictly the second rule: *Chew thoroughly.* Most people have a glass of water or a cup of coffee standing by their plate, and habitually take a swallow or two between bites. I am strictly opposed to this custom. If the food were chewed sufficiently to mix with the fluids of the mouth, no other liquid would be needed to wash it down. I can eat the driest cracker without wishing for a drop of water. As to the meaning of the word "thoroughly," try thirty chews for every mouthful. If you want something to drink, wait until you have finished your meal. Take half an hour to eat.

Do you say you haven't time for so much chewing? Well, then, you haven't time to keep your body in good condition, as God intended you should. The whole anatomy of man points to the proper use of every part, with a proper penalty for the disuse or abuse of any. Our teeth are for chewing. The saliva is intended to prepare the food for the stomach; but if the food is gulped down immediately, disaster is bound to follow, sooner or later. But do not overdrain nature, and waste saliva by chewing *gum.* Do not "piece" between meals.

This chewing business is a great blessing in another way, especially to the poor. It cuts the table expenditures in half, at least. If every mouthful is chewed thirty times, by the time you have eaten half your usual allowance, you will feel satisfied, and not want any more. People do not realize how wasteful they are. I think it is a sin to be extravagant in anything,—eating as well as dressing.

Another thing to consider is the *proper combination of foods.* To understand this perfectly, and get the best possible results, one needs to study the chemistry of foods. But as this is impracticable for most of us, we can profit only by noting what has happened from repeated doses of ignorant combinations.

Do not use milk with fruit. The acid will curdle it, and it is liable to make a sour stomach. Drink milk very slowly,—only one swallow before removing the tumbler from the lips. If cold milk is swallowed rapidly, it will coagulate, and cause cramps. Hot milk is more beneficial. So it is also better to drink hot water than cold water. Beware of ice-water, except in sips. Drink cool water between meals whenever you are thirsty, but do not put any drink on the table. Eschew coffee and headaches with the same stroke.

Do not have a meal consist of veal, boiled cabbage, potato salad, dried beef, store cheese, several kinds of pickle, corn-starch pudding with milk, mince pie, pound cake, and raw raspberries. Each one of these articles must be handled with care, and what do you suppose the effect will be if they are all dumped together, and half chewed at that? Meat once a day is sufficient. Rice is a good supper dish, because easily digested. Do not eat more than one banana at a time. It is a strong diet. Half a dozen peanuts are also sufficient for one "nibbling." In eating porridge and other semi-solids, it is well to take a bite of bread with each spoonful. This affords a better chance for mastication. All soups should be eaten slowly for the same reason. Dry food is a more worthy opponent. Less meat and more fruit is a good ideal toward which to strive. It will eliminate, to a large extent, the desire for coffee and strong drink. Do not taste this, that, and the other while preparing a meal. Have a rule for your seasoning, and if it doesn't turn out just right, change the next time accordingly.

I have heard people say, "I cannot eat this," or, "I daren't touch that." It has either been taken in too large quantities, or in vicious combination, or at the wrong time of day. Do not eat fruit in the evening—rather something salty—nor pickles, salads, or other indigestibles late at night. The stomach asks also that when you go to bed you lie on the right side; it aids materially in the digestive process.

If rule number one is rigidly adhered to, I believe one can eat almost anything, providing the stomach is not already entirely demoralized. I admit that one may have inherited a weak stomach; but that is all the more reason why these rules should be followed with conspicuous fidelity.

Do not sit down to a meal angry, or cast down with sorrow, or when excessively weary; it interferes with its functions. Cultivate cheerfulness. The wisest man said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine"; and it doesn't cost nearly so much. If we would all live in more primitive fashion, we might laugh at the doctors. They would be like "the lean M. D. of Spotless Town," in the famous advertisement.

There is not a process or function within the body that does not depend upon the stomach and what goes into it. Can you therefore overestimate its importance, or the consideration which is its due? You haven't a better friend, if you treat it like one. Abuse it, and you punish yourself all over. When reason is an ingredient in every dish, then we will begin to eat like true men.

Huntingdon, Pa.

LINE UPON LINE.

"WHY did you repeat the same thing to that child twenty times?" was the question once asked of famous Susanna Wesley by a friend, who was impressed with the mother's patience in the teaching of a little son. "Because nineteen times was not enough," was Mrs. Wesley's answer, and it deserves to be considered and adopted by many a twentieth century mother. In the training of little children there must be line upon line, precept upon precept, the same thing said over and over, the same lesson enforced, until gradually good habits are formed. Modes of speech and gentle manners are never learned in a day. Long before an infant has arrived at the end of its first twelvemonth the beginnings of its habits have taken faint shape, and later those habits will be fixed. Mothers should be willing to remind thoughtless little people again and again that they are not to throw their toys and clothes about, but that each article is to be put into a place of its own, where it may readily be found when wanted. Usually it is much easier to pick up after a child, to set the house in order without calling upon little hands and little feet, than to guide them into the ways of neatness and responsibility. Yet for the good of the child there should be line upon line. The girl of sixteen who goes to a friend's house to make a visit, and who proves herself *persona non grata* to her friend's mother because she is careless, heedless and inconsiderate, probably has not had the advantage of vigilant training in early childhood. The children of a certain brother and sister residing in the same town were conspicuously different in their deportment, those of the one family being gentle mannered, unselfish and charming, while those of the other were forward, aggressive and disagreeable. "Mr. Blank," said a lifelong friend, "was fortunate in his marriage. His wife has the traditions of good breeding behind her, and she has been more than assiduous in the early training of her sons and daughters. Mr. Blank's sister married out of her own sphere, and in her case Tennyson's axiom has been verified: 'As the husband is, the wife is.' Her children have been permitted to do as they pleased, to grow up in ignorance of common civility, and to select their companions with the widest liberty."

Line upon line must be the rule if we would in our own persons, as well as in those whom we teach and train, have courtesy so practiced that it is automatic and seems the natural result of kind thought and good feeling. Somebody, speaking the other day of a man in middle life who was honorable, useful and worthy of respect, remarked, "What a pity it is that Mr. W. makes so many breaks!" It is attention to the little nice things that makes one man a gentleman while another is a boor. The French call the little nice things "les petit soins," and the phrase means a trifle more than its English equivalent of the little cares. The boy who never allows his mother to stand while he sits, who opens the door for her to pass through and removes his hat when he meets her on the street has been trained line upon line in the practice of the little acts of politeness that take off the rough edges from daily intercourse.

Little acts of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

—*Christian Herald.*

FRENCH CUP CUSTARD.

ONE quart of sweet milk, place over heat to boil, adding the fresh peel of a lemon; when it boils, remove it from the fire and let cool. When cool, remove the peel from the milk and stir in four well beaten eggs, ten tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a pinch of salt. Fill cups two-thirds full of custard and place in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam until custard is firm, turning the steamer occasionally. If fresh lemon peel is not at hand, a teaspoonful of lemon extract may be added to the custard before filling the cups. Steaming is much more satisfactory than the old way of baking.—*Housewife.*

HOW TO TEST DRINKING WATER.

To ascertain if water is free from organic-pollution place a lump of sugar in a bottle nearly full and cork it up, and if after thus excluding the air and keeping the bottle in the light for two or three days no milky cloud is apparent, but the water remains clear, it may be considered free from the phosphates with which sewage water is impregnated.—*Selected.*

'TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears.
Oh! how often I muse 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvelous truths that those words convey.
And can it be so? Must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won
Only castles of frost-work, confronting the sun?
And must all that is joyous and brilliant to view
As the midsummer's dream be as perishing, too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones; be gentle, ye great;

Oh! remember how mercy beseemeth your state.
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chains of the manacled slave,
And the conqueror's frown and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years,
Oh! most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,
Which we love so much, must be lost so soon!
Then what meaneth this chase after phantom joys,
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys,
Or the veteran's pride on his crafty schemes,
Or the passion of youth for its darling dreams,
Or the aiming at ends we can never span,
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
What availeth it all? Will you tell me, I pray?
This feverish conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis not the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear so ever the case appears.
For know you not that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond, where the cedars wave
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars—
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this,
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore
Has the thought of death in his heart no more.
But he layeth his staff and his sandals down
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere
The darling child she has wept for here.
And the faithful soul that has fought the good fight
Is bejeweled with stars of undying light,
And we meet loved friends on that peaceful shore
Where with parting our hearts will be rent no more.
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy fears,
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years.

—Author Unknown.

FOR THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

In the State of Mass. there lives a lass
I love to go N. C.,
No other Miss. can e'er I Wis.
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue and her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash,
On her pink-white phiz there Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La! could I win the heart of Minn.
I'd ask for nothing more,
But I only dream upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray, I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O. Wy., Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?

I shun the task 'twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed,
And so to press my suit, I guess
Alaska her Pa. instead.

—Selected.

The Children's Corner

WHO STOLE THE MUD MARBLES?

"THAT George Cline is the meanest boy that ever lived!" cried Gerald, angrily. "What do you think, mama? He stole all our mud marbles that we had in the sun to dry?"

"Yes, and he told a story, too," added Margaret. "After he stole them all he said he didn't."

"Children," said their mama in a grieved tone, "don't you know it is very naughty to say such things? He could make all he wanted in a little while. I am sorry my little boy and girl are so hasty."

"But, mama, he did take them," cried the children together. "He was the only person in the yard while we were taking our naps, because Mark saw him. He just did it to tease us."

Their mama said nothing more about the lost marbles, but told the children to make some new ones, and bring them up near the house. Very soon Gerald and Margaret were having a fine time rolling balls in their hands, and presently on a clean board was a long row of them ready for the sun to bake. This time they put them close to the window, and their mama promised to watch them as she sat sewing. Grandma came in with a new game just then, and they wanted to play it on the sitting-room floor.

"How showery it is!" said grandma, as the big clouds rolled up overhead. "This will be the third shower for the day."

But Gerald and Margaret never heard the rain as they played with the new game. Even when mama called they were so busy that she had to speak twice. "Come here, children," she said. "I want to show you something."

They ran to the window just in time to see one of the marbles fall to pieces, when pelted by big drops of rain, and sink down in a little, dirty heap on the board. Then another and another followed, till the last one was just a patch of mud on the board. Then more rain came, and soon the board was washed clean and white.

"I wonder!" cried Margaret with round eyes.

"I know that was the way, for it rained while we were asleep," said Gerald. "Just as soon as the rain is over, may we tell George how naughty we were?" he asked penitently. "I'm so sorry."

Mama nodded, and in a little while the three were playing together happily. Now whenever either is hasty, some one only has to say, "Mud marbles," and everything changes. The children never forgot the lesson, and they say they never will.—*Hilda Richmond, in Southern Press.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Subway Telephone Construction Company of Chicago has promised to provide that city with a complete automatic telephone system by the first of June next year. At first it will cover only the business district, but later will be extended to the residential sections.

Merchants in the South have awakened to the value of rural telephone lines, and are seeking to develop them, with a view to increasing their trade among the rural population. In certain sections they have made large contributions to aid the farmers in building their lines.

It is estimated that the Gold Coast and Ashanti, West Africa, could supply 60,943 logs of mahogany and cedar per year if the internal communication were better. With mechanical haulage, such as traction engines and light tramways, the output could be increased to some 250,000 logs per annum without depleting the natural reserves.

Louis Paulhan, the aeronaut who made the trip from London to Manchester in his aeroplane recently, has been presented with a gold medal. Lord Northcliffe, who offered the $50,000 prize Paulhan won, announced at the banquet that he would offer $50,000 in two prizes for later flights; one for a Paris-London flight, the other for a flight in England, the terms of which are yet to be determined.

Two bills in the interest of children are pending before the New York legislature, and one of them, a proposed law to transfer delinquency cases from the police to the county courts, is receiving the support of those who advocate State guardianship of youths. The bill, it is declared, would give judges much more latitude in dealing with juvenile offenders than they now have, and would make the children the wards of chancery, and not, as now, enemies of the State.

The Senate has passed two bills looking to economy in the postoffice department. One abolishes the notices sent on account of money orders which, it is said, will save $500,000 annually. The other, which abolishes the registered mail return notice, is intended to save $100,000 a year. Postmaster General Hitchcock has returned to the United States treasurer $4,000,000 of the department appropriation saved over the estimate based on last year. The method of the saving has not been disclosed.

On the proposition of Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, Congress has voted an appropriation of $2,500 toward the support of the Interparliamentary Bureau at Brussels. Mr. Bartholdt has also introduced into Congress a resolution asking for the appointment by the President of a commission to lay before the other governments of the world the desirability of completing with as little delay as possible the International Court of Justice, and of entering into a general agreement for an arrest of the present competitive arming.

Approximately 3,748 miles of new main track were built in the United States during the year 1909, as compared with 3,214 miles for 1908. The 1908 record was the smallest since 1897, when 2,109 miles were built. These figures do not include new second, third, or fourth track sidings or electric lines. The net increase during the year is about 16½ per cent, and 28 per cent less mileage was built than in 1907.

Montreal advices state that, spurred on by the success attending the night lettergrams in the United States, the Great Northern and Canadian Pacific Telegraph Companies have applied a similar systematic service to all points in Canada. This means that the two companies will accept night letters for transmission to any of their connections in Canada or the United States for delivery the following morning. Under this rule, a night letter of 50 words or less can be sent at the rate regularly charged for a 10-word day message, with a charge of one-fifth the day rate for each additional two words.

Unless the Senate passes a resolution indorsing the amendment to the federal constitution legalizing an income tax, there can be no favorable action in New York State. When the house refused, by one vote, to pass a motion to reconsider the vote by which the amendment was originally lost in the assembly, that body finally killed the measure so far as it is concerned. To get action now, the Senate must pass the resolution and transmit it to the assembly, where as Senate legislation it would be considered new legislation. An attempt will be made to do this before the legislature finally adjourns.

Unofficial estimates of the population of the various States as computed by the United States census office for 1910 show that New York leads the list, Pennsylvania ranks second, Illinois third, Ohio fourth and Texas fifth. Officials of the census bureau say that it may be several months before the final official figures taken from the count will be available, and that the advance figures are the most accurate estimate that can be made before that time. The bureau declines to give out estimates for the rapidly growing communities of the Pacific coast.

The largest inland harbor in the world is to be built along the lake front of Gary, Ind., the new steel city of the United States Steel Corporation, if present plans do not miscarry. Hundreds of acres will be filled in, and for a mile along the shore line docks of concrete and steel, equipped with electric cranes and the most modern loading and cargo-handling devices will be constructed extending for half a mile into the lake. Congressman Crumpacker of Indiana has introduced in the house of representatives a joint resolution giving the steel company the right, upon approval of the war department, to take possession of the strip of shore required for that purpose.

The provincial court has again refused the Turkish government an order on Berlin bankers for $3,000,000, which the deposed Sultan deposited with local banks as a private account. The Turkish government asserts that the money belongs to public funds.

Gov. Hadley's back-to-the-farm movement looks so good to capitalists that more than $100,000 is said to have been pledged to support the work, and many prominent men from 13 States are named as directors of the enterprise. The plan, in brief, is to buy available land and divide it into 40-acre farms and to loan any practical person who wishes to buy one of these farms $1,000. It is hardly philanthropy, as the buyer will be expected to repay the loan with interest, but the company will not expect great profits. City folks who know nothing of farming will not be encouraged, but in each community so established will be a head farm which will be somewhat similar to a government experiment station, but which will also direct, to a certain extent, the finances of the new farmer.

The United States department of agriculture, in connection with the study of the wood-using industries of various States, is learning what part of the rough lumber output of American sawmills passes through a second process of manufacture before it is ready for the consumer. The study is regarded as having an important bearing on the extent to which more economical use of forest resources can be brought about. So far the results obtained show that more than five-eighths of the rough lumber sawed is to be counted as the raw material for other industries which convert it into a more highly finished and more valuable product. In the United States waste in the woods, the mill and the factory is so great that two-thirds of what was in the tree is lost on the way to the consumer. The heaviest part of this loss takes place in the sawmills and much of it is unavoidable under present conditions. Waste in manufacture is very small compared with that at the sawmill.

The Chicago subtreasury robbery could have been followed by the punishment of the guilty had there been upon the statute books a law embodying the provisions of a bill recently introduced to meet just such emergencies. During the investigation of the Chicago robbery officials of the Treasury Department expressed to congressional committees the opinion that there had been a deliberate falsification of the records of the office to the extent of $172,000, done with the certain knowledge, based upon the government's experience at St. Louis, that no criminal statute could be found under which such a crime could be reached. As a result of the investigation of the Chicago and St. Louis defalcations Representative Hill, chairman of the committee conducting the latest inquiry, has prepared a bill to punish falsification of accounts and the making of false reports by persons in the employ of the Government. It provides that any officer, clerk, agent or other person in any office or employment under the government charged with the keeping of accounts or records of any kind who, with intent to deceive, mislead, injure or defraud the United States, any individual or body corporate, shall make any false or fictitious entry or record of any matter relating to or connected with his duties, shall be guilty of a crime punishable by a fine of $5,000 or two years' imprisonment or both.

Ecuador has appointed three commissioners to come to Washington, in regard to her boundary dispute with Peru, to open negotiations with commissioners from the latter country. There is also a troublesome boundary dispute on between Chile and Peru. In this connection the Advocate of Peace asks the question: Might not our State Department very wisely take steps to have a general boundary commission appointed, composed of a representative from each of the American republics, to determine, once for all, all the unsettled boundaries in this hemisphere? It could easily be done.

Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, who recently delivered an address at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, declared the bucketshop to be one of the greatest evils of the country in that it leads so many persons into gambling. He said that Congress realizes the power for bad of the bucketshops and is willing to do anything in its power to eradicate the evil. He repeated his charge that the Americans are spendthrifts, saying: "The American people are, to my mind, the greatest spendthrifts in the world. They spend money to fulfill their every whim. This, however, is because they have larger incomes and are better off than their brethren in other parts of the globe. In Europe, for instance, the people can not spend so freely, because their incomes are not nearly so large."

Members of the Missouri delegation in Congress have received letters from Prof. F. B. Munford, dean of the college of agriculture at Columbia, urging them to support a bill introduced by Congressman James C. McLaughlin of Michigan, which provides for an additional annual appropriation of $10,000 to every State agricultural college for extension work. The bill also allows for the free transmission through the United States mails of all printed matter issued from agricultural colleges for the furtherance of extension work. One of the chief difficulties heretofore has been that State colleges have not had the means of disseminating their literature. They have ample facilities for acquiring information, but are hampered from the standpoint of distribution. Congressmen from other States are hearing from their agricultural colleges along the same line.

King Edward VII of England died from pneumonia at 11:45 P. M., May 6, at Buckingham Palace, and at the same moment the crown and sceptre of the empire of Great Britain passed automatically to his son and heir, Prince George of Wales, now George V. King Edward died almost before his subjects had begun to realize that he was seriously ill. He was taken sick a week before. After three days serious complications began to develop. The fourth day his physicians issued a bulletin that stirred the whole nation to its depths. On the sixth day the king was dead. Yielding to an overwhelming popular demand, the royal family of England decided to drop its original plan for a quiet and semi-private funeral and authorized the lying in state of King Edward VII's body. Time enough will be given to allow almost every one in London to gaze for a last time upon the monarch's face. The obsequies probably will be held some time between May 18 and 20. The lying in state will be in Westminster Hall, under the house of parliament, where the body of the great Gladstone was shown to the public. Before being taken to Westminster the body will lie in state in the throne room at Buckingham Palace.



NATURE STUDIES



TWO FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

J. HENRY NOWLAN.

THE skunk and the muskrat are of considerable value for their furs. The skunk is black, with two white stripes running down the back. Sometimes the stripes unite into one broad band, again may be entirely missing, and occasionally one is found almost white.

The animal is from eighteen to thirty-six inches from tip to tip and stands about ten inches high. It has a sharp-pointed nose, small ears, and sharp-pointed teeth suited for eating flesh. Its claws are sharp, suited for digging. Its legs are short and therefore not suitable for rapid traveling. It does not think running its profession, but relies for protection on an odoriferous oil, which it secretes.

The skunk is found in both forest and prairie, living in holes in the ground in the forest and under buildings in the prairie. Usually it does not go to the trouble of digging a hole but simply takes possession of one already made, and then proceeds to carry in leaves to make a bed, for winter.

The food of the skunk is grasshoppers, crickets, and numerous other insects; it will rob the bumblebee of honey and young, and its record with the chicken roost is not altogether clean.

The skunk is shy and rather hard to catch in traps, as it can smell the iron of the trap.

It is one of a large family of fur animals—the weasels.

The muskrat is the only known member of his family. It has a seal-brown fur consisting of two coats, the outer one coarse and shaggy, the inner very soft, pliable and almost water-proof.

It is about eighteen inches from tip to tip, and six or eight inches high. The hind feet are webbed; but the front ones, which are shorter, are suited for digging.

Its forehead is rounded, and its ears are short. The tail is bare of hair, covered with scales, and flattened somewhat like that of the beaver. It is used as a rudder and also as a propeller.

It is found in almost any fresh water in the United States.

Muskrats are shy, seldom being seen abroad in the daytime, as they stay in their houses or holes in the bank of the stream.

Their houses are made of reeds and mud, the tops being above the water with an opening for ventilation, but they enter at the bottom.

They receive their name from an oil which has a musky smell lasting only a very limited time when thrown on an enemy.

The food of the muskrat is fresh water oysters, small fish, crayfish, and roots of plants that grow along the shore.

The muskrat is a true rodent, as it has no canine teeth, having only incisors and molars.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

PEANUTS.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

THE technical name of the peanut is "Arachis hypogea," and it indicates the characteristic habit of maturing its fruit underground. Other names for this plant are the "goober," "goober pea," "pindar," "ground pea," "ground nut."

The most common varieties of peanuts are Virginia Bunch, Virginia Runner, Dixie Giant, North Carolina, Tennessee Red, and Spanish. The two last are small-podded varieties.

The peanut is a leguminous plant which produces its seed pods beneath the ground, rather than above as do most other legumes.

It is a soil builder and renovator. The roots contain many tubercles which supply nitrogen to the soil, the same as do peas and beans.

The small yellow flowers appear on stems that spring from the axis of the branches. As soon as pollination has taken place the flower fades and falls, after which a spike or stem is sent into the ground and the pod begins to develop. Should the stem fail to reach or penetrate the soil no pod will be formed.

There are twenty-five or more States in the United States suitable for growing peanuts. The soil should be a light, porous, sandy loam, but most any soil will grow them if not too sticky and wet. The climate should be a long season without frost, and with but little rainfall during growing period, abundant sunshine and high temperature.

There are many important uses of the peanut. The vines can be used the same as cowpeas for feeding

stock, the roots make a good soil renovator, and the nut itself can be used many ways as human food and for live stock and also in making oil.

The production of the peanut is constantly increasing, especially in the southern States where cotton does not produce well.

Greenville, Ill.

NATURE SECRETS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

If an apple is cut in two, half way between the blossom end and the stem, it will be found that the blossom is plainly shown in both pieces.

When one has lost his bearings and cannot find the direction which he wishes to go, if he can find a bunch of golden rod he will have no more trouble in finding his way, as it always points toward the north.

Horsemen traveling across the prairies of Texas always consult a certain plant to determine direction, and follow its instruction, certain that the plant will not deceive them, for no matter what the weather this hardy plant always turns its leaves toward the north.

Earthworms, that we all think so ugly and of no use except for fish bait, are in fact a great aid to farmers, as they prepare the soil, or get it into good order; that is, they make it fine and soft, so that tiny rootlets can easily find a way through it. They take the soil into their stomachs and digest all they can. Inside the stomach is a sort of acid that acts on the soil and makes it fine and soft.

Chinook, Montana.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack in the Pulpit preaches today
Under the green trees just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow high on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to church.

Come, hear what his Reverence rises to say,
In his painted pulpit, this calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy over him seen,
Penciled by nature's hand, black, brown, and green.

Green is his surplice, green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit the little priest stands;
In black and gold velvet, so gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice the chorister bee.

Green fingers playing unseen on wind lyres—
Low singing bird voices—these are his choirs.
The violets are deacons, I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry are purple with wine.

And the columbines bravely as sentinels stand
On the lookout with all their red trumpets in hand.
Meek faced anemones drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets smiling out glad.

Buttercups' faces beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets—some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of the gold of their hair;

Innocents, children guileless and frail,
Meek little faces, upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums, all in their best,
Languidly leaning, in purple gauze dressed;

All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest in his pulpit shall say.
Look! white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking profanely so nigh?

Rebuked by the preacher the mischief is stopped,
But the sinners in haste have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind with the fragrance of fern and black birch
Blow the smell of the smoking clear out of the church.

So much for the preacher, the sermon comes next—
Shall we tell how he preached it, and where was his text?
Alas! like too many grown-up folks who play
At worship at churches man-builded today—

We heard not the preacher expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people, and they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses, their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ, the bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit we heard not a word.

—Unidentified.

FOR THE SUMMER OUTINGS.

One of the most useful things for the summer outing, is the microscope. Beetles and bugs may not be very interesting to the casual observer who sees them only at a distance from the eye; but seen through even a low-priced microscope, there are many wonderful things about them. Children are naturally interested in the lowly life at their feet, and a little helpful guidance will make the study not only an interesting, but a fascinating one, and much information may be gained from the use of the glass a few minutes every day. Not only is the animal life interesting, but plant life is full of mystery which only the microscope will elucidate. One does not need to go outside the gateway of the home to find food for thought. The fly will present a fascinating study, in itself. The soil, the pebble, the vegetation, are all full of interest to the student, and the shore of the little purling stream swarms with most wonderful things unnoticed by the natural eye. A kodak is also a fine thing for the outing, and the cost is not great. Many beautiful bits of scenery may be brought home from the afternoon outing, which will be a great source of pleasure for years. We slight so much that is at our hand in sighing for the far-away.—*The Commoner.*

A FISH HAWK'S DEVOTION.

From the nature of the case it is difficult for us to follow the history of the individual bird year after year, but among hawks, eagles, wild geese and some other large birds there are authenticated instances of union for life and even of constancy after death. It is recorded, for example, of a pair of fish hawks that the

female was killed by a stroke of lighting as she sat upon her eggs. The nest was demolished, says Frank M. Chapman in *Collier's,* but the male took his post in a near-by tree and was seen there day after day during the following summer, until in September, with others of his species, he left for the South. The following spring apparently the same bird resumed its faithful but fruitless vigil until, as before, he joined the ranks of his kind on their annual retreat to winter quarters, but the third year he did not return. Whether he had gone to join his lost partner in the happy fishing grounds of his race or whether his term of mourning had expired are questions to which ornithologists with due regard for facts dare not answer.

Now, compare with this really pathetic devotion the action of the English sparrow under a similar affliction. A pair of these irrepressible feathered pests took possession of a bird-box near the home of a gentlemen who, as a beginning to the destruction of both of them, killed one. Before the second bird could be shot it disappeared and shortly returned with a new mate. Again one of the two was made away with, but, as before, the remaining bird escaped and soon reappeared with another partner. This actually happened over thirty times, but in no instance were both birds killed and invariably the survivor, without loss of time, secured another mate.—*By the Wayside.*

THE PRAISE-MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.

(Continued from Page 469.)

The Passion flower his symbols
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please him best.

The Morning Glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praise the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust thy promise
Shall in thy love abide."

The Lilies said, "Oh, trust him!
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet his house of beauty
See how we enter in."

The King Cup and her kindred said,
"Let us all be glad
Of his redundant sunshine;
Behold how we are clad!"

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said,
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the light!"

"We praise him for the mountains,"
The Alpine Roses cried;
"We bless him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise him," said the Air Plants,
"For breath we never lack,"
"And for the rocks we praise him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"
The salt Sea Mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies,
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And for the cool green woodlands
We praise and thanks return,"
Said Kalmias, and Azalias,
And graceful Feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens,
And all the gardener thinks,"
Said Roses, and Camellias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
The baby Bluets sang;
And little trembling Harebells
With softest music rang.

"The Winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for his loving kindness,
The Earth's great heart is warm."

So sang the pilgrim's Mayflower,
That cometh after snow—
The humblest, and the sweetest,
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather—
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spake out the cheering Pansies
And darling Migonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow;
The little Morning Glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day Lilies
Their love-watch cease to keep;
"He giveth," said the Poppies.
"To his beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When, sudden, in the garden,
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening Primrose;
Her sisters followed fast;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
"Thank God for night at last!"

—Unidentified.

Between Whiles

An optimist is one who would rather believe that everything is all right than know the truth.—May Lippincott's.

"Preservin' de trees would be easy," said Uncle Eben, "if ev'ybody had de same hesitatin' feelin' toward a woodpile dat I always 'speriences."

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19 And unto E'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately.

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vītes, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nĭms, *and* all they that had separated themselves

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patric*

. 3875.	sixty and two years, and he [a]É'nŏch:
.e 14,	19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he
5, 6.	É'nŏch eight hundred years
sh.	begat sons and daughters:
.. 18. 24.	20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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CHAPTER 23.

THEN Job answered and said,
2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?	B.C. 1000
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.	[1] Heb. *in wickedness* / [2] Heb. *A*

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37 And he will say, [z]Where are gods,
The rock in which they refuge;
38 Which did [a]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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Specimen of Type.

e genealogy GENE

d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cāin	B.
w.	[a] Ju
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there	13
s born a son; and he called his	[b] Ch

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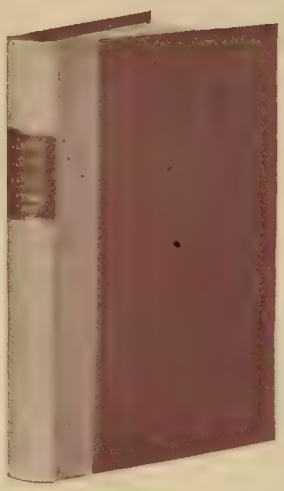
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Memorial Number

THE INGLENOOK

Memorial Day Ode

L. U. Hulin

Mid the lilies, rich in beauty,
Neath the willow and the pine,
Sleep our heroes who through duty
Wrought their names in deeds sublime;
Wrought with patience, faith abiding,
For the noblest work of time;
Wrought to freedom's cause confiding
Deeds that through the ages shine.

Here and there a slab of marble
Tells the place where heroes sleep,
Here and there unmarked, unknown
Only angels vigils keep.
They who stood at duty's station,
Though to fame were never born,
Gave to us a ransomed nation,
Freedom's Palace now adorn.

Mingle with the breath of flowers
The still sweeter breath of love,
For those heroes yet are ours
Though their spirits rest above;
Rest while we are left to nourish
That which they have died to save,
Rest while we are left to cherish
Those who all to freedom gave.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

May 24, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 21*

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At Winona Lake, Indiana

Geo. L. McDonaugh
Omaha, Nebraska

D. C. Campbell
Colfax, Indiana

Isaiah Wheeler
Cerro Gordo, Illinois

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We want to make new acquaintances and renew old ones while at the Conference. You all know that the Northern District of California has made a call for the Annual Conference to be held at Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley, in 1911. Many of you have received letters describing the San Joaquin Valley. We will be prepared to tell you more about it, and would like to take a number of representative members with us to see the country on a personally conducted cheap excursion after the close of the meeting. This excursion will be run over the

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If you want to join this excursion, advise me by return mail at No. 605 Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

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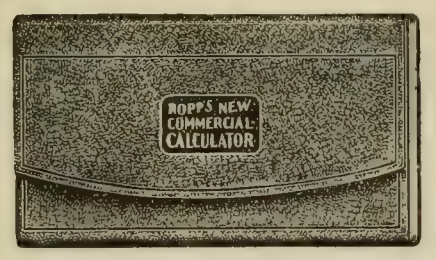
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OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

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or

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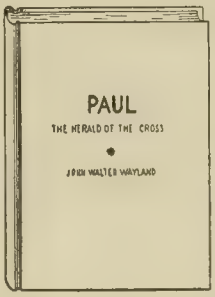
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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. May 24, 1910. No. 21.

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Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

In Five Parts:
I. The Parents' Duty.
II. The Child's Privilege.
III. Society's Demand.
IV. The State's Function.
V. The Creator's Will.

Part V.—The Creator's Will.

MAN being the only rational creature is also the only creature capable of knowing his Creator. The creature man is able to know why he was created. Without knowing God's design in man's creation, the latter cannot fulfill his mission in the world. Brute creation as well as vegetable life fulfill their Maker's purpose, but unconsciously and inevitably. They have no choice to do differently; hence they cannot be entitled to merit or demerit whether they fall short of it or not.

The knowledge of God's purposes concerning man's highest destiny does not necessitate man's putting forth effort to attain to them. But without this knowledge man sinks to the level of the brute. With that knowledge which true education yields him, he must choose on the one hand to fulfill or on the other hand to frustrate his Maker's plan for his life. Any form of education that ignores God, and man's relation to him, is unworthy the name of true education. In this discussion, an attempt is made to present the teleological argument for true education by which is meant the reasons, from God's viewpoint, for man's being properly educated.

Man is created in the image of his Maker. This is not true of any other of God's creatures. Man's nature is dual, consisting both of a human element and a divine element. Thus far, in the four former discussions, education was viewed with reference to human needs. Now attention will be directed to the thought of the need of education for the sake of the divine element of his nature, generally designated the spiritual side of his being. The home and school begin to develop the spiritual life of the child rather informally and incidentally. The work of the Sunday school is a systematic attempt to foster influences and furnish an environment suitable to spiritual nurture.

In his sphere of independence from the parent, the individual lives a threefold institutional life, namely, social, political, and religious. His vocation affords him a living with reference to the material necessities, —food, shelter and clothing. In return for the protection of property, life, and personal rights guaranteed by the state, he discharges his duties as a citizen, consisting of loyalty, patriotism, and financial support. For the development of his spiritual nature, primarily, the church exists which affords opportunities for the unfolding, emancipation, and perfection of the human spirit.

Man is destined for a life far transcending his earthly abode. He is not to remain simply a creature of God. His divine nature is manifested by longings, for the complete satisfaction of which the kingdom of God exists. He is to recognize his Maker as his Father and provision is made for him to become the child of God. The teleological or God-aim of education may be stated thus: "To learn to see and know God here and to glorify and enjoy him in heaven hereafter." This is the ultimate aim of education. Immediate and minor aims as heretofore named are: knowledge for its bread-earning power, knowledge for its own sake, also called culture, development for social service, and citizenship. The supreme aim is character or superior adjustment to God. Man's knowledge of nature and its laws enables him to be nature's master, and thus attain physical freedom. His knowledge of self, and the truth as it is in Christ Jesus will enable him, by living in obedience to him, to attain self-mastery, yea, spiritual freedom.

Now what are the practical truths growing out of the religious aspect of education? Does it mean that

the Bible is to be taught in our schools and colleges? that no one can be truly educated who is educated only for time and not for eternity? that asceticism or other worldliness is to dominate our educational system from bottom to top and so make secular training subordinate to soul education? that the church and not the state shall again control education?

So far as the school is concerned about affording religious training, it may be said that its chief function is to direct and stimulate physical and mental growth and development. Indirectly and incidentally, it should teach reverence for the Bible and its teachings; it should use songs and hymns that praise God and exalt his name; it should teach morals by precept but more by example. The elementary school merely lays the foundation for the Christian character that is to be. The high school needs to continue the physical training but to put more emphasis on intellectual development with much attention to the formation of right habits and right ideals of life.

But the church is the institution of divine origin to which is delegated the task of looking after the spiritual welfare of the individual. The individual may refuse to accept the kindly solicitations of the church to become identified with it. The church may fail in its mission to proclaim the good news of salvation to all men. Therefore, many will fail to attain that true education which develops both body and soul of mankind as God intended. But it is not the heavenly Father's will that anyone should be ushered from time to eternity without the knowledge of the Son of God which will insure eternal life.

At this point, the crowning glory of man, the freedom of the will, appears. To be saved, man must choose the way of life. He is not compelled to be reconciled to God. It is God's will, however, that man should return to God; love, adore, and serve him throughout eternity.

The church and school in elementary education should remain separate. In higher education, through private enterprise, the church may found schools to be patronized by all or by only those of a special religious creed.

The false conception of Christianity known as asceticism has likely vanished forever from the earth. The truly Christian life is social and must be lived in sympathetic and helpful contact with humanity. Religion is not an affair of a single individual.

The goal of Christian education is the salvation of the soul. This, however, does not mean a life of seclusion from the world, or a life of ease in a sinful world. While the soul's salvation rests on faith in Christ's atonement, and is possible only by grace, yet this salvation to be effectual and realized must be worked out by a living faith that works by love.

The last and highest element in education, viz., the spiritual, then, is essential to the comprehensive conception of a true education. In early life, secular education receives the chief attention. When the individual becomes able to take care of himself and is responsible for his conduct, the spiritual should gradually receive its due attention. He should enroll in the school of Christ, the great Master-teacher of mankind in the art of true living. He should be minded as he was. He should love as he loved. He should be engaged in going about and doing good just as he did. And when his summons comes to join the innumerable caravan to the spirit world, he will go in joy and peace to glorify his Creator in everlasting bliss and so meet his smiling approval as an endless reward.

WAITING BY THE WAYSIDE.

C. H. BRUBAKER.

Methods in India and methods in America vary a great deal. So much so that it often becomes necessary for the foreigner to ask questions as to the purpose of certain proceedings.

Not long since I had occasion to go to the railway station on some business. The station from our Dahanu bungalow is over three miles away. It was a hot day. The sun's rays were beating down with intensity. Sitting by the roadside in groups, some larger and some smaller, were women, each with a child from five to twelve months old. What could they be watching? Did they expect to see the native raja, *i. e.*, the king? He had gone by this road many times before. But what satisfaction would all these infants get in seeing the king? To them their father was as much of a king as any other man, and perhaps more so. Passing one group after another, until I had counted two or three dozen mothers each with her own precious darling in her hands, I could not make up my mind what it all meant. They all looked happy. There were no signs of sadness or fear to be seen in their countenances.

Was there to be a baby-show? Surely it could not be that for what do these people in their jungle simplicity know about such things? They have not yet been touched by that phase of civilization (?) which wants to make a show of itself or its progeny.

I walked to the station and having completed my work, walked back to my home again. The number of women and babies sitting by the roadside had increased. It made an interesting picture. I wished for a camera, but having none, I tried to keep the view in my mind, hoping some day to reproduce it for the readers of the Inglenook.

Not wishing to remain in ignorance longer, before reaching home I asked a man, "What are these women with their babies waiting for?" "Oh," said he, "they are waiting for the doctor who is coming to

vaccinate the children." Time is not the object with these people that it is with us. This was vaccination day and the government order was for all who had children to bring them to be vaccinated. They were obliged to go through the operation. (I say operation, for as a rule each child is vaccinated three places on each arm.) How long these people had to wait I do not know. Perhaps the greater part of the day.

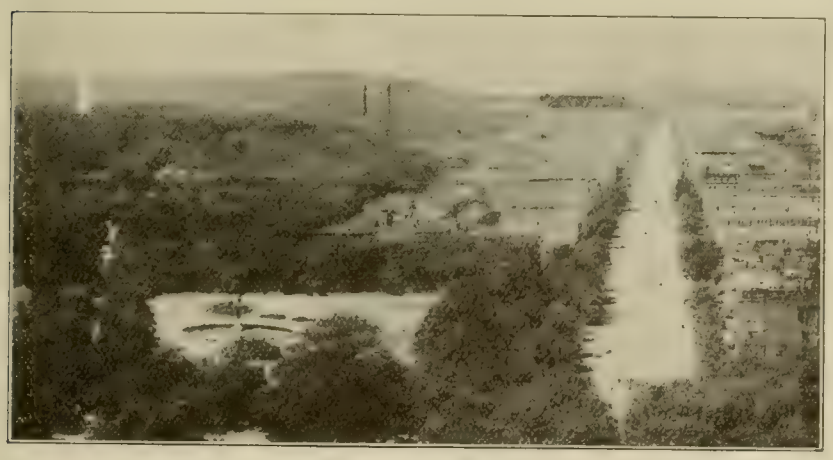
Now just imagine how you would like to sit for hours in the scorching sun waiting not only to be vaccinated one place, but six, all at once! Do you think your patience and fortitude would be equal to the occasion?

Vada, India.

Our Trip to the Nation's Capital

William L. Judy

EVERY American should see two cities before he dies; they are New York and Washington. With all due respect to the Chicagoans and Philadelphians, one must go to New York to see the most busy, crowded, and cosmopolitan city of the United States. There can be found at their best (or worst) both the glory and the shame of the city. It numbers among its teeming millions every nationality on the face of the globe. It represents wealth and capital too vast for the human mind to conceive of. It worships at the shrine of that never-sleeping deity, Business. Marvelous is the modern city and most marvelous is New York.



View of the Mall from U. S. Capitol, Washington, D. C.

But were it impossible to see both cities, by all means choose Washington. For beauty, glory, and history are to be found there as nowhere else in the western world. The life of the "greatest nation of the world" (if not now, surely in the future) centers there and from it radiates the majesty and power of a mighty people. That American who beholds for the first time the nation's capital must needs have his patriotism aroused anew and pride for country fill his heart.

Our visit to this city, about which we had heard and read so much, was looked forward to with much pleasure. We entered the city through the new union depot which is considered by many as the most beautiful structure of its kind in America. There were so many things we wanted to see that we scarce knew where to begin. Naturally we first "took in" the Capitol.

It is an impressive and beautiful example of architecture and the most conspicuous building in Washington. It is 751 feet long, 350 feet wide, and 307½ feet high. Its location is on a hill above the Potomac River, in the midst of a highly ornamental park of fifty acres. There are three portions to the edifice: a central building of freestone with a lofty dome of iron, surmounted by a statue of Liberty; and two wings (each with a dome) of white marble, the House of Representatives meets in one wing, the Senate in the other. The Supreme Court holds its sessions in a small room formerly occupied by the Senate. An excellent view of the city can be had from the large central dome.

Just across from the Capitol is the Library of Congress, which is said to have the most beautiful interior of any building in the world. It is easily distinguishable by its gold-covered dome. Statues, paintings, basreliefs, mosaics and costly marble go to make up this palace of art.

Looking down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol can be seen the only skyscraper in Washington, the United States Postoffice building, a nine-story structure. The first floor is used as a postoffice for the city. In this building is located the Dead Letter Office. A large amount of "dead mail" is received daily. "Santa Claus" seems to have his headquarters in the Dead Letter Office, judging by the many letters addressed to him that are sent there.

The Treasury building with its many large columns is noticeable on account of its simple yet beautiful architecture. Visitors are shown the large vaults in the basement that contain the gold and silver bullion of the

United States. Here also is the Money Macerator, a large vat in which worn paper money is destroyed by an acid that transforms it into a white pulp.

Surrounded by palatial edifices stands the more modest yet elegant White House, where reigns the "first lady of the land." It was named in honor of the White House, the Virginia home of Martha Washington. The house is constructed of Old Dominion freestone which is exceedingly porous, and so would be very damp were it not for a thick coat of white lead applied about every ten years at great expense.

The State building and the Patent Office are near the President's home. In the former is preserved the original Declaration of Independence, but no longer open to public gaze. The many models in the Patent Office show in a concrete way the progress our nation has made in the field of invention.



Mount Vernon, Fourteen Miles from Washington.

A visit to the capital would not be complete without the ascent of the Washington Monument. It is 555½ feet high, has a square base of 104 feet, and is built of white marble and blue gneiss. One can reach the top by elevator or by a series of fifty spiral stairs. From the upper windows can be had a good view of the Potomac with the hills of old Virginia in the distance. On the "tip of the top" is an aluminum pyramid.

Every admirer of Abraham Lincoln will want to go through Lincoln Museum, a two-story brick building directly across the street from Ford's theatre where he met his death. Among the many interesting things to be seen are the pistol of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's desk, the Bible from which his mother read to him, and one of the rails he split.

All our paper money and postage stamps are printed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing building. Even a millionaire feels poor when he sees the large stacks of money in denominations ranging from one dollar to ten thousand dollars. The paper used for money is manufactured in Massachusetts by a secret process. The government stamp is put on in the Treasury building.

There are so many places of interest that a month could well be spent in sight-seeing. Among those that we can only mention are the Smithsonian Institution, National Museum, Botanical Gardens, Corcoran Art Gallery, Navy Yard, beautiful Arlington with its famous cemetery, Mount Vernon, sixteen miles down the Potomac, and Alexandria.

Washington has been termed the "City of Magnificent Distances" because of the systematic plan of the city. It was laid out in 1791 by a Frenchman and is generally conceded to be the most complete and artistic system ever carried out. In November, 1800, Congress held its first session there. At that time it was little more than a village in the woods, being derisively called the "wilderness city."

Today it can lay claim to the honor of being the most beautiful city in America, and it follows a close second to Paris. It is really one large park. Its streets, the widest of any city, intersect each other at right angles, those running east and west following the alphabet, while those north and south are numbered. The whole is intersected by twenty-one avenues named after different states of the Union. More than eighty-four thousand trees line the streets while parks and monuments are scattered throughout the city.

Neither Taft nor Bryan received any votes in Washington the last election, for the residents of the District of Columbia have no vote. The federal government rules the district. Local politics having been eliminated, the affairs are managed with a degree of economy and efficiency that is believed to be without a parallel in the history of municipal government. No other city has such a continuous flood of visitors as Washington. Out of a population of 278,718, 86,702 are colored.

During our stay in the city we had the honor of shaking hands with two distinguished Americans. One afternoon two thousand persons (delegates to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association then in session in the city), gathered outside the White House. Two by two we marched into the famous East Room. The line led to a man of medium height, broad shoulders, hair turning the least gray, a pair of nose glasses, two rows of shining teeth, and a de-e-lighted-to-meet-you smile. Within an hour he had shaken hands, smiled, and bowed to each of two thousand persons and yet some people will say that the President of the United States has an easy job!

The other famous American was William Jennings Bryan. Convention Hall was packed to hear the "Great Commoner" speak not on free silver or free trade, but on "Jesus Christ in the Lives of Men." The personality of the man, the fiery enthusiasm, the rich voice—all united to fascinate and hold the vast audience. At the close Mr. Bryan was "held up." Everybody made a "center rush," almost falling over each other just to get close enough to shake hands. Physically Mr. Bryan is a big man, tall, heavy, and handsome.

What better memorial could the father of his country have desired than the giving of his name to this



Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

city! It is indeed a capital of a great nation. What shall be done there will determine the destiny of the American people. May the city not fall short of its duty and opportunity but rise to all that is just, noble, and honorable.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

TOBACCO: ITS EFFECTS.

CALVIN S. HOLLOPETER.

Tobacco is supposed to be derived from the word Tabaco, a province of Yucatan in Spanish America, where tobacco was first found by the Spaniards. Some historians differ as to when it was first used. Las Casas says that in the first voyage of Columbus Spaniards saw in Cuba many persons smoking dry herbs or leaves rolled up in tubes called tabacos.

The tobacco plant is a native of America and is used most abundantly by all classes and races of people. Some chew it, some smoke it, others snuff it, while many others use it in all three forms. It is sometimes used as an emetic. It is a narcotic and if used in large doses it will produce death.

Tobacco is a poison and benumbs and harms and consequently must paralyze the feelings, sympathies and affections of a human being. No man who uses tobacco can have a sound body and pure mind which are requisites of true love and affection. Pure love comes from and is of God; how then can a body and soul poisoned by tobacco be a possessor of such?

Tobacco can be an underlying cause of ill-health and too often is. Many young people will laugh when told of the harm done by the use of the filthy weed, saying that they feel good and that it has done them no harm. Just because they cannot see or feel the ill effects at the present they think that it is not hurting them.

What an absurd idea! If they would just stop a few moments and look around them, noting those who have been habitual users of the weed for years and note the dark, yellow and nicotine-soaked skins they possess, it would be enough to call a halt to the degrading habit of using tobacco. A close inspection will invariably show a set of nerves all benumbed, dried up and partly paralyzed, every continuing year leaving a more visible sign on physical features as well as on the physical and nervous organs. They lose all ambition and come to be content with a cud of tobacco or a chance to sit beside a stove and suck at a pipe filled with the detestable stuff.

The question might be asked, How does tobacco work on the nervous system? Let me explain. You will all agree that to make soap an alkali must be joined to fat and in order to do so the fat and alkali must be heated from about 70°F to as high as 212°F, the greater the heat the quicker the liquid will saponify or become soap.

By analyzing the nervous system, or nerve cords, we find that it is composed of the axis band or center around which we find the white matter of Schwann, an oily matter or substance. In tobacco we find a very powerful alkali. Whenever and wherever this alkali is taken into the body and comes in contact with the fats of the body it will turn them to SOAP.

Is it any wonder that many are afflicted with apoplexy and paralysis, due to the white or oily substance over the axis band of the nerves coming in contact with the alkali of tobacco and by degrees turning to a soapy substance which when it reaches some larger branch of the nervous system does its deadly work?

Then, again, if the father and husband has his body soaked with these poisons they will be transmitted to those who are near and dear to him, and he is, by so doing, responsible for the sufferings and early deaths of some.

If you want to be a strong man and to continue to enjoy all the privileges that come to manhood in the

keenest sense you must stop paralyzing your nerves by the use of this poisonous nicotine.

Rockton, Pa.

SOME OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE.

JOHN WOODARD.

THIS is a commercial age. Most people nowadays measure success in dollars and cents. A rich man may have made his money dishonestly, he may have ground down his laborers to starvation wages, or he may have corrupted law-makers; and yet many people will look upon him as a successful man. He has the money and that is the thing that counts. Even good Christian people do not censure his wrong-doing as severely as they would if he were a poor man. This worship of wealth has a very demoralizing effect upon the people, especially the young. They see these rich men held up as ideal business men. They see them respected in spite of their evil ways and they get to thinking that they ought to do the same way. They get the idea that gaining wealth is the chief aim in life and then it is but a step until they think the way in which they got it makes no difference, just so they get it.

The only way to offset this idea is to teach the young people that the ideal life is a life of service. Christ's life was a life of service, and Christ is the greatest Ideal we can find. This does not mean that we should all go to India or China or some other heathen country as missionaries, or even go into city missionary work. These are great fields of service and they need many laborers, but there are other fields. I would not hinder any one from going to any of these fields, but yet I would not want to urge any one to go if he could do more good somewhere else. We can't all become foreign missionaries or even city missionaries. Nor can we all become preachers. There are too many who get the idea that they can't do much because they are not preachers. That is a very foolish idea. The preacher is only *one* of God's servants. He needs the help of the others for he cannot do all the work alone.

One of the greatest fields for service is in the Sunday school. And the opportunity is open to all who will make themselves qualified for the work. What a great opportunity the Sunday-school teacher has. He takes the child at the impressionable age and helps it develop a strong character. Only the parents have a greater influence in character building. And yet many of our young people are either unwilling to teach or are willing to teach in a haphazard manner. Such a great opportunity, and they are letting it pass by.

The young people's societies offer another great opportunity. These are schools to train workers. But how many young people never attend or else sit silently through every meeting. Sometimes a few get in the habit of doing everything. The leaders are chosen from a little circle. The references are handed out among the same circle and the younger members, as they grow up, are denied an opportunity to speak. Perhaps the reason for this is that the younger ones are a little backward about speaking and the others get tired of asking them. However, this does not excuse the older ones. It is their duty to encourage the timid ones. They should keep after them until they do take part in the services.

But talking is only part of the work the young people can do. The meetings furnish an opportunity for an interchange of ideas. They should suggest lines of work that could be taken up. Talking is of little use if it does not result in action. The reason many people are indifferent towards religion is because they hear sermons and talks on, "What we ought to do for the Master," when the speaker's life shows he is not living up to his teaching. Talk about self-sacrifice is not very effective when it comes from a girl dressed in the latest fashion or from a boy who wastes his money on tobacco and other worldly pleasures. The thinking listener hears, not the words of the speaker, but the gold rings, the big hats, the puff of the cigar, and the noise of the dance and the show. To be effective, the actions must be in accord with the words. But negative words are not sufficient. Many Young People's Societies have hardly begun to grasp their opportunities.

There are great opportunities in the fight against Intemperance, Secrecy and Militarism. Every young man and every young woman should study these questions and cast their influence on the side of right. A good plan would be to study these questions and meet at regular intervals and discuss them. Older people would be willing to give advice and assistance.

Then there are opportunities which are future opportunities to most of us. More training is necessary before we are able to grasp them. But nevertheless we can look ahead so as to prepare ourselves to give the best possible service. Such are the problems associated with the relations between the sexes. The need is very great and the persons engaged in this kind of work very few. It almost takes a medical training to handle the subject properly. Those who intend to become physicians should think less of the money it will bring them and more about the opportunities that their training will give them. Many youths who are led into evil ways might be saved by the timely advice of a physician. Dr. Stall and a few others are doing what they can to give such advice but they are able to reach only a few people.

The trouble with most people is that they lack inspiration. They are looking only at the present and not at the future. Or, if they do look at the future, it is to the time when they will gain fame, wealth, and

power. Their ideals are too low. They are selfish in their motives. They must be taught to look to the future, not for the opportunities it may give to gratify their own pleasure, but for the opportunities it offers for greater service. They must adopt higher ideals. They must exchange their selfish motives for attractive motives. It is the duty of their friends who have higher ideals to help them look at life as a field for service and not as a place to gratify one's own desires. All of us can engage in this work. All that is necessary is that we be intimate friends of the ones we wish to help and that we have right ideals ourselves.

"CARPE DIEM."

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"Carpe diem," now or never,
Seize the opportunity.
Let it pass, 'tis past forever;
It can ne'er recovered be.

As the days of life are going
Do not let them pass away
From you, wasted, squandered, knowing
Yours is but the present day.

Rally all your latent powers
To the day that's passing now.
Seek not ease in sheltered bowers,
Put your right hand to the plow.

Plaudits you may lose, but never
Let your eyes once backward turn.
What is past is past forever;—
For the past 'tis vain to yearn.

E'en when of the future thinking
Don't forget the present day;
'Tis the bond of union linking
Past and present. When the gray

Dawn of youth's fair morn is breaking
Radiant with Hope's bright ray,
All thy hopes upon it staking,
Strive to seize the present day.

If a day no good deed showing
Passes, 'tis beyond recall;
You have lost a day, and knowing
That this vast terrestrial ball

Ever keeps its onward motion
As its Maker set it free,
Let it join the mighty ocean
Of the vast eternity.

Make the most of life, and ever
To each moment give your best,
Striving with your best endeavor;
To your Father leave the rest.

As a man is within, so he judges what is without.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

DOING nothing for others is the undoing of one's self.—*Horace Mann.*

PREPARATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE importance of adequate preparation for literary work is seldom considered by those who aspire to gain money and fame by means of journalism. They wish to set the river on fire without any matches to start the conflagration!

In no trade or profession is it possible to do good work without a thorough apprenticeship. In classic mythology *only* is it possible for a goddess to spring into being fully developed, physically and mentally. For the generality of people hard study and continuous practice are absolutely necessary for satisfactory accomplishment.

Rubens had to learn to grind his colors; Michael Angelo to rough-hew his marble; Mozart to master his chords and scales. These men were geniuses in all that the word implies, yet they had to undergo training in the beginning. Why, then, should literary "artists-to-be" expect to reach the highest pinnacle of fame without preliminary work?

Mark Twain in his encyclical letter to youthful literary and journalistic aspirants has some apposite words on this topic. Mr. Clemens says: "He (the youthful literary aspirant) would smile pleasantly if he were asked to make so simple a thing as a ten-cent dipper without previous instruction in the art; yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild, and ask to share its high honors and emoluments without a single twelvemonth's apprenticeship to show for his presumption."

And "high honors and emoluments" might be *italicized* to give them proper emphasis. It is only the highest that the average beginner wants—and fails to get. He does not care to go through the evolution from low to high, which is a necessary concomitant to success in every other branch of art. In other words, he wishes to climb the ladder of success, but to skip the lower rungs. This is, of course, a physical impossibility.

To pursue the trade comparison, the young journalist knows that an apprentice must serve from three to five years at the hardest and lowest part of the work on meagre wages, before he becomes a journeyman; yet how many of those desirous of becoming writers are willing to give even one year to preparation in studying the rudiments of the work they intend to follow?

If, in work at any trade, technical knowledge of that trade is necessary, why should not the same fact hold true in the *trade* of literature? The truth is, it does hold true, but the world is slow in recognizing it.

No one will consciously hire a workingman ignorant of the use of his tools, nor will anyone knowingly expect other than poor work from such an artisan; yet many persons feel deeply aggrieved when a so-called

hard-hearted editor refuses their attempts at manufacturing articles out of the English language,—articles which are unskillfully made because the makers have not learned how to handle their tools.

It may be argued that many unskilled workingmen are drawing wages. True; the woods and other places are full of them. But have they the reputation of being skillful craftsmen, and the position which that reputation makes in the world of labor? The very fact that the arguer adduces them as "unskilled" shows that they have not.

The literary worker will have to serve his apprenticeship anyway, and it will be easier for him to do it before starting to write professionally, than to serve it while attempting to write thus, warned by numerous rejection slips of his mistakes in working. He will not only be preparing himself for his life work but will also be saving himself much trial and disappointment.

And after all, how much more pains should be taken in preparation for the trade of *literature* since it so transcends all others.

IN SCHOOL

A MESSAGE FROM B. R. C.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

It will be interesting to the Nook readers to know that the name of our school has been changed from "Maryland Collegiate Institute" to "Blue Ridge College." A charter has been received from the Maryland legislature, converting our former academy into a school of college rank and giving it the authority to confer the A. B. degree. The new name is very appropriate and significant as the beautiful Blue Ridge gives us a magnificent view in the west.

At present there are only seven pursuing college work. Four of these are Juniors. However, the outlook for college work in the future is very encouraging, as many academic students are anticipating entering this department. Our college course, as catalogued at present, measures up to the requirements of Johns Hopkins University.

Students in Astronomy are now completing their half-year's course. One of the subjects of special interest to us all is the study of the planets or members of our solar system. These are interesting because they are so nearly related to us. In our solar system there are eight planets, revolving around the sun in periods, ranging from three months to one hundred sixty-four years. In their distance from the sun they range as follows: Mercury (nearest), Venus, Earth, Mars, Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. There are an indefinite number of small planets, revolving around the sun, between Mars and Jupiter, called Asteroids. The nearer a planet is to the sun, the faster it travels in its orbit. The earth is larger than Mercury, Venus, and Mars, but smaller than all others except the Asteroids. Jupiter, the largest member of the system, is 86,000 miles in diameter. Of the members of our system Mars is most nearly like the earth; altho it is much smaller. Mars has an atmosphere almost equal to that of the earth, vegetation, and its physical conditions in general are most nearly akin to ours. It is therefore more likely to be inhabited by beings like us than any other planet.

The history class is now studying the "Middle Ages." This period of history is intensely interesting since it is an age of great confusion. A greater part of this period is embraced in the period, called "The Dark Ages." The old Roman Empire fell in 476 A. D. and for many centuries darkness, ignorance, and superstition reigned. The learning, culture, and literature of the ancient nations were largely kept in the monasteries. The masses of people, therefore, were very ignorant. This fact accounts for much of the unrest of the period.

Also during the "Middle Ages" there was almost a continual struggle going on between the pope and the various temporal rulers. The pope, the spiritual ruler, gradually grasped for more and more temporal power. The papacy reached its height under Gregory III (1073-1085) when the pope was practically supreme in both temporal and spiritual affairs. Then the most powerful temporal princes were forced to yield obeisance to him. This power declined little by little until the beginning of the fifteenth century when the pope was shorn of nearly all his temporal power. Since then he has been only a spiritual prince with little or no power over the worldly monarchs.

The students in ethics have been busied with a consideration of the various ethical standards. Out of the many standards that have been held by ethical teachers it is our aim to find the one true ideal which we should follow. The Hedonists claim that pleasure or happiness is the true standard. They say we should seek the greatest happiness in life. But it is evident with little argument that this theory has many shortcomings. What we should seek is the full realization of all the possibilities of life. Pleasure and happiness will then come as an attendant of this but, in themselves, are not true ends. It is the highest self, or rational self, that we should realize. One who fails to develop all his dormant possibilities falls short of the true ethical standard.

April 9 we enjoyed a lecture given by Dr. Lee Francis Lybarger, entitled "Land, Labor, and Wealth."

The doctor's main theme was to show us that the great economic change, needed in our country, is a more equal distribution of the property and wealth among the masses of citizens. The lecture was much appreciated.

The Choral Society is preparing a sacred cantata, entitled, "The Coming of Ruth," to be given during commencement week. The college quartet, assisted by a reader and two pianists recently gave an entertainment in an adjoining town. The quartet has furnished music for several temperance programs during the year.

THE SALOON AND THE BOY.

WILL B. OTWELL is editor and publisher of *Otwell's Farmer Boy,* a paper devoted to the interest of the farmer boys of this country. This boys' paper has a host of readers, and Mr. Otwell possesses a rare gift of gaining and holding the confidence of his farmer boys that keeps him on intimate terms with thousands of them.

He received a letter from one of "his boys" the other day which is an eloquent argument for county local option. We reproduce it below, together with the comments of Mr. Otwell.

We don't believe that it takes a jolt like this letter to arouse the average farmer to a proper sense of the danger of the saloon to his boy. He knows it and is anxious to strike the blow that will make the saloon take the count. Give him the opportunity with county option. This boy's father is the exception and the letter is printed for his benefit and others like him.

The city and town boys are in constant danger in the license town from the saloon's allurements, where the farmer boy is part of the time at least removed from this influence; but, fathers, the farmer is with you. He's an ally that can be depended upon.

"'Dear Mr. Otwell:—I took my first drink last Saturday. I am so ashamed I can't tell anybody but you. I am only 16, and pa would kill me if he knew it, but pa votes for saloons because, he says, the license helps to run our town. Send me a true blue pledge quick, and I promise you never to do it again. The way it happened, seven of us farmer boys were in town, and some of the big ones got to teasing us and saying we were afraid to go in a saloon, and when we went in they laughed at us and said we were afraid to drink a glass of red stuff that I found out afterwards was whisky.

"'I am awfully ashamed and it made me awfully sick, and I nearly fell off my horse going home. Please don't show my letter to anyone. Your Boy.'

"What do you boys think of that? What do you mothers think of that? What do you fathers think of that? Not your boy? No, it wasn't.

"Ought to have had better sense? Perhaps. Ought to have been at home? Most likely. One drink won't hurt him? Maybe not. He must get used to it? Seems so.

"The *Ladies' Home Journal* this month prints a very telling imaginary picture of two or three hundred boys and girls who lost their lives by the silly practice of exploding dangerous fireworks on the Fourth of July. It prints another picture of a great many outstretched hands with this finger or that finger, or two fingers, or three fingers blown off by Fourth of July fireworks.

"I am no artist. If I were, I would paint you a picture of one hundred thousand keen, bright boys who are given every year to keep alive the meanest, low-down business that ever blackened the fair name of any country. I want you to look at that fine saddle horse going by, and George, his manly, erect owner. George is going to town to spend Saturday afternoon and buy a few things that he needs. He meets a few friends and they have a nice time talking over the farm work, and along toward evening George finds himself in a place he never entered before. He gets home all right and is able to slip into bed without father or mother knowing it, and lays his young face over on the pillow to sleep off the effects of his first drink of whiskey.

"No, this is not strange. It happens every day. One hundred thousand boys must take the first drink each year—yes, and one hundred thousand take their last drink each year.

"I want to be recorded as believing and saying that the time will come in America when men will wonder why they ever put up with the saloon business at all. To my mind, it is a meaner, lower down business than ever slavery was.

"It will steal a boy's character and take his job away from him. It will take the last crumb out of the cupboard and plaster the working man's home with a mortgage. It will take every dollar out of a man's overalls and then kick him out the back door. Yes, sir; it's a blighting, withering, burning shame, and is enough to make every man blush who has a vote.

"Yes, George has promised never to touch it again, and I believe him, but every Saturday afternoon, as I see the boys go by on horseback, I am reminded that a solid phalanx, two hundred miles long, must ride into this awful vortex every twelve months in order to keep this accursed mill grinding.

"I am not talking about you men whose whiskers are tinged with gray. You have been side-stepping on this question until a lot of you have become string-halted. But I am thinking about George. Only sixteen and tempted to take his first drink before he had learned to shave. I look out over the farms of this country and I am supremely happy when I behold my forty thousand boys harnessing up and equipping for the battle of life.

(Continued on Page 504.)



THE QUIET HOUR



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

O gates of pearl, that open wide
To let the ransomed in
To that blest home, where love abides
And all are cleansed from sin.
O gates of pearl! O gates of pearl!
That guard the mansions fair,
Can I a sin-stained one of earth
Aspire to enter there?

O river of life, that flows serene
Through the city not made by hand,
Where the sun is the Son of Righteousness
And the light is the Light of the Lamb.
O river of life! O river of life!
If but hope and faith endure
I shall tread the shores of your golden sands
And lave in your waters pure.

O beautiful city, where Jesus reigns,
And saints and angels dwell,
Where sweet communion fills the soul,
With joy that none can tell.
O beautiful city! O beautiful city!
The sweetest thought to me
Is the rest of the soul released of its clay,
From sorrow and sin made free.

CULTIVATION OF DESIRE.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

An ancient writer has given us food for meditation in Psalm 106:15: "And he gave them the desire of their heart," announces the psalm, referring to a particular instance in which Jehovah granted the request of discontented Israel. The journeying people were discrediting God's provisions for them by contrasting with former conditions in Egypt. In their turbulent state of mind they tempted God with their lust,

> "And he gave them their request,
> But sent leanness into their soul."

This answer included more than they expected or desired. The "leanness" was, literally, a devastating plague sent upon them.

Every normal life has some deep-seated desire which becomes intensified by cultivation. One of God's greatest gifts to men is the freedom of choice as to what the object of this desire shall be. The most important consideration is the relation of the heart's aspiration to vital life issues. Whether realization of power is to mean dwarfed spirituality; stewardship of wealth is to mean miserly selfishness; if attainment of position is to be through lowered principle and weakness of moral fibre; all these questions, and more, are to be settled in formation of purpose. Better no success in any enterprise than that a withering sickness should fasten itself upon the soul-life.

God always answers prayer. Every outgoing aspiration of a human heart is a prayer. It is not always evidence of his pleasure that a petition is granted. This may be a means of teaching a salutary lesson against perverted ambition. Nor is it always evidence of God's displeasure that a petition is denied. This may be the divine way of averting disaster from a life. The heart that is kept open to divine impressions can hardly go wrong; the heart that is closed against them invites peril.

So we need quiet hours with God to disclose our hearts before him for a thorough examination of purposes. He who continually gropes after truth is rewarded by constant discovery of truth. Alliance with it is proof against cultivation of desire which recoils disastrously upon the soul.

808 N. Weber, Colorado Springs, Colo.

WHAT JESUS SAYS ABOUT LOVE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

In speaking of things which shall come to pass before the second coming of Christ: "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Matt. 24:12.

When speaking to the Jews on the same day that he healed the impotent man: "But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you." John 5:42.

To his disciples, just after the supper in the upper room, Jesus said: "By this shall all men know ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:35.

In the same sermon, speaking of the mutual love between Christ and his members: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13.

In answer to the young lawyer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like,

namely this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Mark 12: 30, 31.

From the sermon on the mount: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Matt. 5: 44. Also the 36th verse: "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same?"

At Simon the Pharisee's house, Jesus said to his host, concerning the woman who had washed his feet with her tears, and had wiped them with her hair: "Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Luke 7: 47.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." John 15: 12.

SOUL GROWTH.

No tree can grow without tree food, and neither can a man's spirit grow without spiritual food. What would you think of a man who should not take any food except what he could manufacture himself? He would starve in a few days. But we are all the time forgetting to go outside ourselves for our spiritual food, and no wonder our souls are often starving.

Where shall we seek these supplies?

First, in the Bible. If every Christian should take, every morning, a single Bible verse, and meditate upon it for fifteen minutes, the power of the Church and the happiness of Christians would be increased many times.

Then, in prayer. Prayer is talking with God. Much so-called prayer is only talking to God. Prayer that means growth requires two things, that there is something you really want, and that you continue to pray till you get an answer.

Another means of growth is struggle. Trials are like the winds that toughen the tree's fiber. They are more like that to the soul, for they actually make it grow, just as exercise makes a child grow. Sickness, disappointment, failure, poverty, bereavement, if they are borne in the spirit of Christ, draw one up toward the stature of Christ.

But, after all, just as the chief element in plant growth is the sunshine, so the chief element in soul growth is love. Love God, and you will grow in power of serving him. Love men, and you will grow in ability to help them. Love is an unfolding. There is no school like love. That is why we are going to grow in heaven far more than on earth—because we shall love far better. As Miss Havergal sings, we are to go on—

"'From glory unto glory,' with no limit and no veil,
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that cannot fail;
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar,
And never interruption to the endless 'more and more.'"

—*Amos R. Wells, in "Two Minute Talks."*

UNITY OF THE BIBLE.

I THINK one of the most wonderful things about the Bible is its unity; one of the last things you would expect would be unity. A book that was prepared through a series of fifteen or twenty centuries, contains sixty-six different parts and more than forty human authors speaking different languages and in different parts of the world, and in the nature of the case, never meeting together to consult about laudable objects or to conspire as to evil objects. A book prepared under those circumstances could not be expected to have any unity, and, humanly speaking, it would be impossible.

The only way to account for the unity of the Word of God is just as you account for the cathedrals of Europe or the pyramids of Egypt. Some architectural mind planned those buildings and the workmen only carried out the plans, simply following the specifications. The moment you accept the first verse of Hebrews, "God, having of old time spoken . . ." the difficulty is solved. And it is a principle of philosophy that any hypothesis that answers all the questions . . . may be accepted as a fact. That is the way that a great deal of truth in the universe has been proved. Kepler applied seventeen hypotheses to the planetary and solar motions and when he applied the eighteenth he found a key to a door that had been closed for thousands of years. Whenever you find a theory that answers to the facts in regard to the Word of God, do not forsake that theory for any other supposition which leaves you only in a maze of difficulties.

If you accept the Bible as the Word of God, there is a great clearing away; any other hypothesis leads you into a great quagmire of difficulties. And therefore I commend to you the confidence I have in the Word of God, an inspired Book from beginning to end. —*Dr. A. T. Pierson, From a Chapel Talk Delivered at Bible Teachers' Training School, New York City.*

SOME people take their pleasures as if God begrudged them. But look at the apple trees, with a hundred blossoms to one possible apple! How extravagantly fond is God of all sweet and beautiful things! —*William E. Barton.*

IF men of our generation will enter into the holy place of prayer, and become henceforth men whose hearts God has touched with the prayer passion, the history of his church will be changed.—*Robert E. Speer.*

THE INGLENOOK

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MEMORIAL DAY.

THE original aim of Memorial Day has been broadened so that it appeals directly to all people. Whether their loved ones who have passed away were defenders of the nation's honor and glory on the field of battle or whether they contributed to this same honor in private life, they are remembered with flowers,—fitting emblems of a beautiful life here and of that which is in store for the loyal and true beyond the boundaries of time.

A good deal has been said, and justly so, against the lavish use of flowers for the dead, and especially are these objections in place when the flowers are used as the *measure* of one's love or regard. But the argument that one should rather give the flowers to the living, while it is good and has accomplished much in directing us toward that pleasant service, does not wholly cover the point. The gift of flowers for the dead reacts in wholesome influences upon the giver as no gift to the living can. Solomon recognized the uplifting power of the contemplation of and association with death when he said, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting"; and again, "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the influences that arise from the act of laying a flower on the mound that covers all the earthly remains of a dear one, and no argument is needed to establish the fact that these influences are good ones,—that they tend to soften one's nature and give him serious thoughts of life and its responsibilities. Chief among the good influences that come from this service when the people as a body turn toward the city of the dead is the feeling of kinship which is awakened by the knowledge of a common sorrow. For a time, at least—and no one can say where the good ends—we cast aside our self-centering thoughts and feel the sorrows of others and have the consciousness of others' sympathy.

"MOTHERS' DAY."

WHILE there is much to be said in favor of Mothers' Day as it is being observed in some States, and no doubt it will be productive of great good, we think the plan suggested by J. G. Royer in this issue is a much better one. That is, instead of having one day to be universally observed as mothers' day, let each family have its own day to suit the circumstances that have made some particular day stand out prominently in that family. Thus the impressions made will appear more real and natural and mother will feel and know that she is being honored and remembered not because all mothers are receiving attention that day and it is the proper thing to do, but because of some particular event in her own life which has made her crown of motherhood of special significance to her family. By this method, too, there is no possibility of the day becoming vulgarized or degenerated, as is the case with many public days.

THE CHERRY MINE DISASTER.

THE terrible mine accident at Cherry, Ill., in which three hundred lives were lost, is still fresh in the minds of the people. While the explosion that brought death to so many occurred Nov. 13, 1909, some of the victims were brought from the mine only a short time ago and the subject has not yet ceased to be discussed.

Since the recent opening of the mine one of our contributors, Henry M. Spickler, who gave us the interesting series, "Around the World Without a Cent," has gone down into it with note book and camera and has prepared us three illustrated articles describing the mine, the accident and the terrible results.

While we are not in the habit of picturing harrowing scenes or appealing to that element in human nature that feeds on sensational subjects, we are persuaded that this accident can teach us some valuable lessons and we know it is in the power of Mr. Spickler to impress them deeply upon our minds. The accident was clearly the result of carelessness and the terrible loss of life and property that followed was also due to a lack of care and foresight. If the picture of the disaster as it is painted in these articles is the means of leading one individual to do his work more thoroughly and with greater concern for the welfare of others, we shall feel well repaid for our efforts.

MEMORIAL DAY A PEACE DAY.

MEMORIAL Day, one of the great days of our nation, will soon be here and in one way or another our minds will be stirred with thoughts of war—its dearly-

bought victories and its costly defeats. What the individual gets out of the day will depend on which ones of its various impressions he allows to take hold of him most firmly. The gray-haired veteran may recount his experiences with some of the old-time fire in his eyes and over all the glamour which is so easily spread by one who fully surrendered himself to the cause for which the deeds of glory stand. But if the maimed form of the narrator does not speak in louder tones than he himself can command, telling of horrible butcheries, of blasted hopes, of broken hearts, of carnage where men forgot the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the teaching of the Prince of Peace, then the narrative will here and there disclose glimpses of the dark side of the picture which all the enthusiasm of the narrator cannot conceal.

In the INGLENOOK of April 26 mention was made of the suggestion that Peace Day and Memorial Day should be one and the same, the two observances blending into one. The idea has much more in it than merely keeping clear of the introduction of another public day into an already strenuous season. The two days have more in common than appears at first thought. The roll of the drum and the martial tread of the soldiers may be made to emphasize the strongest lessons in peace. And in other ways Peace Day may fix its principles by association with the things that speak of war and its results.

In this connection we have been much impressed with the letter which the Illinois Superintendent of Public Instruction has addressed to the teachers and pupils of his State. We give a part of it here as it appears in a recent educational bulletin issued by the Department of Public Instruction:

TO TEACHERS AND PUPILS:

Not to glorify war nor the heroes of war was Memorial Day set apart. It was rather to impress upon us and our children the terrible price which our permanent peace has cost, and to keep constantly before us the picture of havoc and sacrifice wrought by an appeal to arms. But, while our dread and hatred of war should increase with every telling of the story which the day recalls, its proper observance should also increase our respect and devotion for those peace-loving men and women who, with great reluctance, dared to choose the strife of war rather than the repose of dishonor; who hated war not less than we and whose love for peace was none the less, but who hated wrong and national disgrace more than they hated war, and who loved right and national honor more than an unstable and dishonorable peace. Therefore let no one think that these soldiers whose memory we honor lusted for the blood of their fellow-men or took comfort in the plunder of homes and the destruction of cities. They, far more vividly than we, saw the pity and the agony of it all, and, on battle-field and camping ground, longed anxiously for the dawn of peace.

Thus, it is, that war may become its own worst enemy and its greatest soldiers our best heralds of peace. It was Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest soldier of the greatest war of all times, who wrote, "Let us have peace." Was this a chance sentence that dropped from his pen? Did the thought first occur to him after all opportunities for fighting were over? No. It was his firm conviction, his heart-felt desire, born with him into the world, deepened by the dread and anxiety of every battle, burned into his soul by the fire of conflict and slaughter. We are, therefore, most fortunate that in honoring him as a great soldier, we are also honoring him as a great prophet of peace. The Memorial Day Annual this year is devoted to the life and work of General Grant. Let us observe the day in our schools with appropriate exercises.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. BLAIR, Supt.
Superintendent.

If we had men with such convictions at the head of the public schools all over our land the cause of peace would soon have an army of supporters that would speedily change the weapons of war into implements of peace.

THE SOLDIERS IN BLUE.

H. ALTEE BRUMBAUGH.

When the sadness of war dawns upon me,
And the thoughts of those who were slain,
I think I see them in eternity,
Since beneath the sod they have lain;
Numbered among the dead,
Beneath the tears and dew
With his God overhead
Lies the soldier in blue.

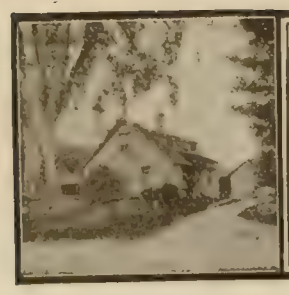
They sacrificed in the battles they fought,
In the days of that long ago,
When the terror of the battle was wrought
Alike by the friend and foe.
Here's a hand for the gray,
For he has fallen, too,
And, for my thoughts today,
Here's a tear for the blue.

Sad news, when those three days' battles were done,
Within the year of sixty-three,—
Came back home when the victory was won,
Though a gladness it had to be.
Numbered among the dead,
Beneath the tears and dew,
With his God overhead
Lies the soldier in blue.

Then here I'll place these beautiful flowers,
And a flag as I am passing by;
As I recall those unfortunate hours,
These words seem to be the reply:
Here's a hand for the gray,
For he has fallen, too,
And for my thoughts today,
Here's a tear for the blue.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

JUST one week till the contest ends.



THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter IV. On "Special" and Night Duty.

DEAR MARY:

As you say you are curious about the "special" work mentioned in my last letter, I will try to describe it. But I must first state that it is impossible to adequately portray the hospital life as it appeals to the nurse, with either tongue or pen. To fully comprehend and appreciate its ever-shifting lights and shadows, its joys and pathos, one must live it.

In "special" nursing as distinguished from "general" nursing, the special nurse is given absolute charge of one patient, and is exempt from all general duty on the floor. She is appointed by the Superintendent at the request of either the attending physician, the patient or the family of the patient. As the hospital charges the patient extra for the services of a special nurse, it is usually only in cases of extreme gravity that the special is employed.

And now while the special nurse has only the one patient to care for, it is not always so easy as one might imagine. She takes her instructions from the attending physician, and she must accurately carry out his orders. Instead of going off duty at seven o'clock, with the nurses on "general" and having the prospect of a good night's sleep ahead, she must bide with her patient, and snatch what sleep she can between treatments and other possible demands from the patient. It is no unusual occurrence for the special to go without sleep for thirty-six hours, or even longer. At best sometimes one's sleep for many nights and days is but a light doze,—far from refreshing,—broken frequently by the restlessness of the patient, or by one's own professional doubts and anxieties. In cases where it is impossible to secure even the minimum amount of sleep necessary for the nurse, a substitute is appointed by the Superintendent to relieve the special for several hours. What a blessed relief it is to the weary nurse, to be able to sleep uninterrupted for a few hours, free from responsibility, knowing that her patient is in careful hands. Special nursing secures to the patient the best possible care and unremitting attention, while for the nurse it has its advantages as well as its unpleasant features. In this work she is given a foretaste of what private nursing will be, should she wish to follow that vocation after graduation.

It is a momentous event in the life of the nurse when she takes charge of her first real surgical case, as special nurse. Trembling with misgiving as well as with importance, she assumes the responsibilities of her exalted position. The case, of course, is one of the mildest type for which a special is needed, but the new special sees a mountain in every mole hill. It is safe to say that no after cases of greater gravity ever called into practice such zealous and painstaking care, such rigid asepsis, such close watching for unfavorable symptoms, such sleepless nights and anxious days, as did this, our first patient, who, despite our depressing mental prognostications, refused to develop any but favorable symptoms, and to our joy, almost surprise, promptly got well.

Night nursing is another phase of the work here in which you might be interested. The night nurses, one for each floor, are appointed by the Superintendent at the beginning of each month. In the Logan new nurses are appointed every month. This work is usually very trying, and even one month's trial of the physical and mental strain leaves the average nurse worn and fagged. Each nurse must serve three or more months on night duty, during her training.

The night nurse goes on duty at seven P. M., the day nurses going off duty at that hour. The first thing she does upon reaching the floor, is to glance through the night order book. Herein are written out for her guidance the medicines and treatments to be given each patient during the night. The senior writes out these orders before going off duty, and waits until assured that everything is fully understood by the night nurse, and then she too departs—and the night nurse is left monarch of all she surveys.

She has little time for reflection, however, either pleasant or unpleasant, for her duties are diversified and many. She requires a clear head, a quick eye, and active, nimble feet and hands to be able to perform her duties thoroughly and on time. Temperatures must be taken and pulses counted and recorded. Medicines must be measured out and administered at the proper time. Bedtime nourishments for some patients must be prepared: eggnog, hot milk, malted milk, beef tea, or lemonade. Clanging bells must be an-

swered. Typhoids must be sponged. Burns must be dressed. The colicky baby must be soothed. The new and timid patient must be cheered. The officious patient must be dealt with tactfully. The helpless rheumatic must be turned and made comfortable. The patient who is to have hot *carbolic* dressings changed every hour is at one end of the long corridor in room eleven. The patient who is to have hot *boracic* dressings changed every hour is in room twenty—at the opposite end of the corridor. The nervous, hysterical patient is ringing her bell at short intervals.

"Refrain I beg thee, from harrowing up my tender sensibilities any further," I hear you say. Very well, my dear, but the half of the regular routine has not been enumerated, not to mention the unforeseen incidents that sometimes convert an ordinary night into one long to be remembered by the night nurse.

Such is a night when the night nurse answers the ring of the telephone and is told that a patient is being rushed to the hospital. It may be after midnight and the news brings an inward panicky state to the nurse; but outwardly calm and energetic, she hastens to her duty. In the short time at her disposal she makes all possible preparations and has a bed all ready to receive the emergency, whatever it is—a railroad accident victim, an attempted murder or suicide, or any other serious matter. If it is a case requiring the operating room facilities and the services of the surgical nurse, the night nurse must quickly summon her—as well as notify the Superintendent.

Another and equally dreaded ordeal for the lonely watches of the night nurse is the consciousness of the presence of the death angel on her floor. Who can describe the thoughts of the solitary nurse, surrounded by suffering and misery in many shapes, keeping vigil by the bedside of the dying patient? Who can enter into her feelings, except those perhaps who have watched by the bedside of loved ones, and with solemn awe saw death creeping, creeping, silently but swiftly, with the inexorable decree that had gone forth? How unutterably sad to the nurse is the death of some friendless wreck, who, the victim of disease or accident, ends his life in the hospital, unmissed and unmourned. The only one perhaps of a world full of people, to shed a tear of commiseration over the still, cold form, is the nurse, who with gentle hands closes the eyes in their last long sleep and performs the last sad offices for the departed one.

And yet, Mary, strange to say, there are people who believe that the constant association with suffering and death, trains the nurse into a callous, hard-hearted machine-like mortal. But what would be the result, for instance, if, on a floor full of seriously sick patients, or even in a private home, of nervous and anxious friends of the sick,—the nurse were to give way to her natural desire to shriek, sob or have hysterics? Would such a display of feeling have a beneficial effect upon those it is her mission to serve efficiently and to the limit of her endurance? No, the nurse is trained to control her feelings where their undue display would interfere in her duty to her patient or patients, but she is not trained to have them altogether removed like the vermiform appendix.

Along by midnight the night nurses have dinner, luncheon, or whatever you choose to call it. It is cooked and served in the diet kitchen of one of the floors. The nurses take turns at cooking and washing up the dishes. This social event is a pleasant break in the duties of the night. Leaving one's floor to go to luncheon is a pleasure, but too frequently mixed with other emotions. One's talking to each other during refreshments is mostly in whispers and pantomime, lest we wake up our slumbering charges and their dreaded bells.

In the morning the duties of the night nurse include the toilet of the patients. The nurse must wash the hands and face of all patients not able to do it for themselves, and bring water and towels to all others. Bedclothes are straightened and rooms tidied up, bath room and diet kitchen must also be left in perfect order. At seven o'clock the day nurses appear, and the night nurse makes her report to the senior, and, wan and weary, goes down to breakfast and possibly a day's sleep.

I say *possibly,* Mary, because I have a humiliating confession to make, and I lay it all to the fact that I couldn't sleep half the time when I had the chance. It seemed too unnatural to my life-long habits of "early to bed, and early to rise" to be up all night and try to sleep all day. Of course night duty itself was trying, but the sleeplessness aggravated the disease. Yes, I was homesick, utterly and completely homesick. In the privacy of the night nurse's room, and in company with my equally miserable associate night nurses, we cast dignity and self-control aside and wept galore. The seniors of the school warmly expostulated with us, when we avowed our intention of giving up the struggle,—and the diploma—and hying to our happy homes. Said they, "You will get over this in a little while. We were nearly all afflicted the same way. To some it comes earlier in the training, and after you have been advanced this far and getting along all right with your work, you should never think of giving up."

They were right. We all got over the attack with no serious results. But the memory of my first month on night duty will ever be a sensitive one. I am glad now that I didn't give up, for many reasons. I suppose Uncle John will be unfeeling enough to laugh if he *ever* finds out.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

"ONLY A SMILE."

NELLIE BARLOW.

'Twas only a smile but it dried a tear
From sorrowful eyes away;
Only a smile, but it changed the night
Into bright and sunny day.

Only a smile, but it soothed a heart,
A heart that was bleeding and torn;
Only a smile, but it drove away,
The sadness a face had worn.

What wonderful things a smile can do,
If 'tis only given aright;
It may smooth the path for some weary feet,
On the rugged journey of life.

So let us begin with a cheerful smile,
The duties of each coming day,
And wear it still when sombre night
Has driven the daylight away.

Bullsgap, Tenn.

"Mothers' Day"

J. G. ROYER.

SUNDAY, May 8, was observed in Ohio as "Mothers' Day" by proclamation of the governor.

It seems to me a Mothers' Day should be observed not only in Ohio homes, but in every home into which the INGLENOOK finds its way, and in every other home in our own land and other lands.

Mothers' Day should be observed not only in the homes where the mothers love their children and care for them, but it should reach the homes also in which the children, for various reasons, are neglected—especially the homes in which the mothers neglect their children to find time for the so-called "club work" and society life.

Let the children, whether at home or away, send, in kindly appreciation of their mothers, tokens of love and remembrance on Mother's Day—her birthday; and again on your own birthday. Let the son who is away from the home, be he in college or already in business, write a good old-fashioned letter to mother, and tell her how much he loves her. Let the daughter who is away, be she in school or already a home-keeper, think of the lonesomeness of the mother-heart, and then write mother a good letter. Let the children in the home show in every possible way, that they mean to make mother's pathway the coming year smoother. Let *all* children in *all* homes do this.

Let me add:

A Letter to Mother.

(From one already a home-keeper.)

"I am cutting papers today, mother,
(Papers to cover the shelf)
And saving out bits for my scrap-book;
But unlike my former self,
With the thoughts that are grand and noble,
And the lines the poet sings,
I am saving some very simple
And decidedly childish things.

"For enthroned in her chair beside me,
Sits a wee one, dainty and sweet,
And I trust in the days that are coming
She will care these lines to repeat.
I think that in planning her life-work,
The same fair future I see
Which you saw in the long ago, mother,
When you planned and prayed about me.

"I long to come home in the twilight,
And, sitting down by your feet,
Listen again to the Bible tales
You used long ago to repeat—
Of Adam, and Eve and Abel;
Of Noah, who heard and obeyed;
Of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
With the faith and love they displayed.

"There was Joseph, sold into Egypt,
And Moses before the king,
And David, who slew Goliath
With a little stone in his sling;
There was Samuel, called at night-time,
And Jonah cast into the deep,
And many a dream and vision
Of prophets and kings asleep.

"Then there was the wonderful story
Of the Child in a manger-bed,
Who marked the pathway to glory
With tears and blood that he shed.
Dear mother, that 'old, old story'
Is the life of my life to me,
And I want to train my children
To be all he would have them be.

"Oh, a mother's mission is holy,
And she must be holy, too,
Or sadly fail in performing
The work God gives her to do.
So while I am sweeping and scrubbing,
And cleaning the dust from the paint,
In my heart I am earnestly praying
To be clean of sin and its taint.

"While the farmer goes to his planting,
The mother by look and tone
Is sowing in soil just as certain
To yield of the seed she has sown.
The work that she does may be lowly,
But angels are watching her life;
The love of the Savior sustaineth
Each faithful mother and wife."

Mount Morris, Ill.

SPRINGTIME ON THE FARM.

HATTIE DELL.

"Springtime, glorious springtime,
'Tis of thee we sing,
Rarest buds and flowers, thou dost ever bring;
Warblers of the forest,
Sing on bush and tree;
Springtime, merry springtime, joy dost come with thee."

"The warbling of birds in the deep forest shade,
The low murmuring brook as it winds through the glade
Makes music more sweet and entrancing to me
Than fashion's gay music in strange melody."

"Cheer, cheer springtime is here,
Loveliest season of all the glad year."

We need not ask why spring is the most cheerful, hopeful season of the year, for every one who is "in tune" knows. How much we welcome the first birds as they wake us with their early morning praise. Don't you say to yourself, "You dear little thing"? Come friends, let's catch the spirit of springtime and cheer up, forgetting our heartaches and disappointments. Let us be glad and rejoice with nature. I always feel sorry for the city people this time of year. How much they miss, perhaps they themselves do not know. But were some of us nature lovers deprived of our freedom during the summer months, how our spirits would sink as we recalled the rambles through the woods by the babbling brook, the sweet song of birds and frogs, the beautiful carpet of blue grass, and violets. Come, city Nookers, and spend a day with us in our country home. Bring the editor with you. When you come to a little house, nestled among the trees and hills between two creeks, walk right in and make yourself at home. If you find no one in, just search the poultry yards, and you will likely find some one there caring for several hundred chicks. Now, honestly, wouldn't you enjoy eating fried chicken, fresh eggs (Biddie says they are fresh, no cold storage eggs for our "little red hen"), good cream and nice solid butter in July? If you wish to you may help milk, churn, cook, and wash dishes, for you know one's appetite fails unless we exercise. Then we will hunt up our fish poles, fix up a lunch and spend a day in the woods. You may stretch yourself out upon the grass, look up into the tree tops, watch the birds build their nests, and the squirrels leap from tree to tree, or you may gather ferns and wild flowers. Anyway we want you to feel free, free as the birds of the air.

"A nook in the forest, a sweet retreat
From the tumult of men in the noisy street."

You may quench your thirst from the "old oaken bucket"; good cold water from the good old-fashioned well. The fruit trees are most all robbed of their beautiful spring gowns. Oh, if they would only last. They are such beauties, so many pass them by without a thought for them except the fruit, which will soon be theirs, but do not our minds need to be fed as well as the body? To me the blossoms are as great a feast as the fruit. This is such a busy time on the farm and if we are not thoughtful we will get into the habit of passing by everything except that which brings in the dollar. I said Amen when I read the Nook editorial, "Take Time," in the issue of April 12. People are really to be pitied who have their hearts so set on the dollar that they miss the sweetest things of life. We have no use for lazy people, we should work and enjoy it; money is a good thing in its place, but a bad thing when we have our hearts wholly set on it. What were the birds, and flowers, placed here for, if not for our good? The beautiful sunsets, the storm clouds, the thunder and lightening are all enjoyed, and are a real feast to those who live "near to nature's heart."

Beatrice, Nebr.

TRAINING THE BOYS.

I want to talk a while to the mother who is anxious to know what she should do with her boys in the city, to keep them safely amid its temptations. I have had some experience, as I am the proud mother of three young men, and though we do not live in a city, our home has always been in the suburbs of a large college town, and I have reason to be proud of my boys.

In the first place, from the hour of their birth I have prayed continually to God for guidance and help in doing what was best for my children; next, they have been taught from the first to have implicit confidence in me, and to be perfectly truthful at all times. When the boys were little, if I had told them that a wild animal was coming into the house, they would have believed it, and prepared for such a visitor; but I did nothing of the kind, for, if I were not truthful in every word I said, I felt that I could not expect them to be so, therefore, if a tooth was to be extracted, or anything of a similar nature was to be done, I told the child, "It will hurt, but it must be done, and afterwards you will be better."

I never forgot that the home was to be the happiest place on earth for my children, even though I was obliged to allow many things that did not make for what is called good housekeeping. I did not forget that the boys were of much more account than tidy rooms, so the kitchen chairs served as horses in many a wild ride, and the big wheel of the sewing machine, relieved of its band, answered very well as an engine, a scissors-grinder's outfit, and for many other purposes that were never thought of by its maker. I may say here that the machine was never injured by these experiments, but if it had been, what would a machine, or forty of them be, compared to the knowledge that my boys were innocently and safely happy?

Reading to them until they were able to read for themselves was always a great pleasure and help in the management of the children, and though many times some work had to be neglected, some task done at night after they were fast asleep, in order to do this, I never felt that the time was lost, or that the extra weariness was not well paid for.

Another thing that I have done was to know with whom my boys played when young, and who were

their companions when they grew older. Their friends were made welcome to our home, and I endeavored to teach them by this kind of an object lesson the value of a pleasant home as compared with one where the boys were left to shift for themselves. If a visiting boy or girl was bad, rude, or lacking in any way, they would show it in their conduct, and then my boys did not care to associate with them without my saying anything.

I always have kept the "birthdays" with some little treat and even now that my boys are "grown men" they enjoy these little festival occasions as well as ever.

To keep your boys in the straight path you must make that your first and most important work. You must see that they have some healthful and safe employment; you must teach them by precept and practice that strict truthfulness is the best policy for them at all times, and over and above all, you must teach them to love and obey the commandments of their heavenly Father.—*Selected.*

WERE YOU THIS MAN?

JOHN S. FERNALD.

MUCH has been written about the abuse of horses by use of the over-draw check, but the latest abuse of an animal by use of this appliance was along a new line. The horse was not uncomfortably checked up, but was driven up to a public watering trough where he could not reach down to the water. After waiting a few seconds, during which the horse made frantic efforts to get his nose into the cool liquid the teamster drove on, remarking to a bystander, "You may lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink."

ALFALFA IN A NEW ROLE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

A NUMBER of students in a St. Louis university recently discovered that a very fine flour can be made from alfalfa. Bread, pies and cakes made of it are claimed to be lighter and more palatable than that baked from wheat flour and contain much more nutriment.

The leaves and tops of the stalks are used to make the flour, first being dried and then bleached, ground and bolted, resulting in a flour only a little less white than the wheat flour. The students have made a large use of the flour and claim it contains as much nourishment as a meal of eggs, meat and potatoes.

Chinook, Montana.

SELECTED HOUSEKEEPING HELPS.

ANNA REED.

CLEAN linoleum with warm water and polish with sweet milk.

To prevent large buttons pulling material off a coat, place a small flat button exactly underneath on the other side and sew the two together. The buttons will then stay on as long as coat lasts.

To Clean Kid Gloves.

HAVE ready a little new milk in saucer, a piece of brown soap in another and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. Spread out the gloves smooth and neat on the cloth, take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub a good quantity of soap into the wetted flannel and commence to rub the glove downward, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the gloves are thoroughly gone over when old gloves will look like new.

Cauliflower au Gratin.

BREAK a cauliflower into pieces, cook until tender, put layer in baking dish and cover with cream sauce. Alternate layers until dish is full, having last layer of sauce, sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bits of butter. Set in oven to reheat and serve scraping of cheese with each portion of cauliflower.

Combination Salad.

ONE part radishes sliced, one part new tomatoes sliced fine served with salad dressing on leaves of lettuce makes a good spring salad.

Selecting Strawberries.

ONE of the best June fruits is the strawberry, but do not let size guide you in selecting them. There are some seventy different varieties of strawberries, some of them growing as large as small pears. Such proportions are, however, only attained at the expense of delicacy of flavor. The smaller berries have a much better taste. The reason many people suffer from indigestion from eating berries is said to be the large amount of sugar they eat with them, and the acids.

QUERIES.

WE are here giving two appeals for information, trusting that any of our readers who can help the inquirers will do so at once. Send your information to the INGLENOOK office and it will be published so that the whole family may receive the benefit.

A. B. L. I would like directions for washing a white wool sweater that will insure a perfectly clean garment. I washed mine, a closely-knit plain pattern, in two waters (warm) with Ivory soap and rinsed it in one water. To dry it I laid it on a white cloth stretched between two lines. The shape of it is all right, but it is clean only in spots. I am thinking of coloring it gray. Will it be necessary to wash it again before coloring it? and what brand of coloring would you recommend?

Mrs. G. W.—Do any of the INGLENOOK family know how to tan a sheepskin at home and how to wash

it to have it nice and clean and soft for on a kitchen rocking chair, and after it is dirty again how to wash it occasionally if necessary? Would that coyote direction (in INGLENOOK April 26) answer for tanning a sheepskin? Without doubt it is a tanner's secret, but there are always some that know how and give such desired information cheerfully that are not connected with the business.

CLEAN the piano and place a piece of black cardboard back of the pedals to prevent children from kicking the woodwork while practicing. Cut out a section so that the cardboard will slip over the pedals.

FEEDING THE YOUNG CHICKS.

WHEN a chick is newly hatched it should be allowed to dry off in the incubator and then put into the brooder, which has been heated to 100 degrees. Don't feed before it is 48 to 60 hours old. Then give a little of some hard-boiled tested-out eggs.

Following this they should have placed before them in a shallow pan some dry mash. The Kansas experiment station recommends the following: Two pounds each of corn meal, shorts, bran and beef scrap and one-half pound charcoal. This mash should be kept before them practically all the time until they have obtained a good growth.

Also scatter in the litter five times daily for a few days and three times daily thereafter a good chick food. There are several such on the market, but the Kansas formula is as follows: Two pounds each of sifted corn, chop or cracked corn, cracked kafir corn and cracked wheat and one pound millet. Keep fresh, clean water and clean grit before them at all times. Absolute cleanliness is necessary.

When the chicks are large enough to eat whole grain the cracked is taken away. If they are early hatched and have obtained a good growth in early summer, the beef scrap and possibly all of the mash should be taken out of the ration. This will prevent premature development with early chicks and consequent fall molting. The ration above mentioned produced three-pound Plymouth Rock cockerels in ten weeks from hatching.—*Farm and Home.*

The Children's Corner

THE BIRDS' WORLD.

"I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I tho't the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

"I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I tho't the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

"One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find;
I said, 'The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind.'

"At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors;
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors."

—Anon.



THE NAMELESS HEROES.

There are not wanting heroes' graves
Wherever lowly mounds
Strewn 'neath the tender grass that waves
Salute, have lost their bounds,
Unkept through years with none to care—
With none to plant a flower—
Ah! drop a tear on these clods bare
For want of summer's shower.

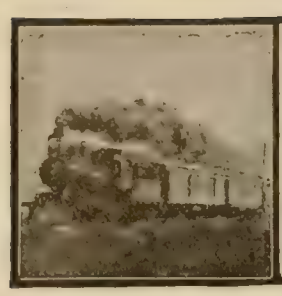
Here lies a father who was bold
'Gainst poverty's fell charge,
And held his spear, all shining, cold,
When want would fain enlarge
Its cruel kingdom—ah! he fought
As knights did long ago;
So drop a flower you have brought
Upon this hillock low.

Here lies a brother who to save
A brother took the stain
Of foulest deed—oh! let his grave
In beauty never wane.
Give circlets, stars and wreaths till earth
Dank, cruel, lies unseen
Beneath the signs of Heaven's worth
And purity serene.

Yet here impress because he faced
His passions deep and tense,
For sake of her whose beauty graced
A home of innocence,
The amaranth with laurel twined
For one who would not claim
His love, lest she in him should find
The future's ban and blame.

These all are graves of heroes past;
They fought for home and love
Along the trail, before the mast,
In field, on mount above.
So be not chary of your flowers—
The heart these ashes fired
From breast to bier through changing hours
Bore wounds their love inspired.

—Goodloe Thomas.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The society of French professors in America organized a competition among the students of 30 colleges for proficiency in French and the awards were made to three Cornell girl undergraduates.

Chicago has a crop of bogus physicians. Heads of two medical institutions are said to have been operating a diploma "mill" and grinding out degrees for from $6 to $40 each. These degrees were retailed by mail from coast to coast.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that railroads have a right to make charges against shippers for the compressing of cotton in transit. Incidentally the commission declared that cotton from America arrived in England in worse condition than that from any other country.

The German estimate of aeronautical statistics for the year 1910 is that Germany will have fourteen dirigibles and five aeroplanes; France, seven dirigibles and twenty-nine aeroplanes; Italy, three dirigibles and seven aeroplanes; Russia, three dirigibles and six aeroplanes, and England, two machines of each kind.

Charles E. Dagnett, federal supervisor of Indian employment, with headquarters at Denver, is in Washington, D. C.; and announces that plans are under way for a national conference of Indians under the auspices of the University of Ohio at Columbus, Ohio, next October. The object will be to unify and promote the interests of progressive Indians.

Attorney General West is in Washington, D. C., to institute original proceedings in the Supreme Court of the United States to cancel the patents of the Santa Fe railroad to its rights of way through Oklahoma and to enjoin permanently all railroads from carrying intoxicants into the State to consignees holding internal revenue licenses.

That Mexico is rapidly becoming industrially independent is indicated by figures contained in the latest Boletin de Estadistica Fiscal, issued by the Mexican government. This bulletin shows that the country's imports have decreased from $232,229,597 in 1907 to $156,535,027 in 1909. It also shows that imports from the United States are decreasing in keeping with the imports from Europe.

For the nine months ended March 31 three of the Gould roads, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific and the Denver and Rio Grande, or that part of the Gould system extending from Buffalo to Salt Lake City, showed an aggregate increase in gross earnings of $9,595,000, or 13.6 per cent over the corresponding nine months of last year. Net for the three roads showed an increase of $3,893,000, or 18.8 per cent.

In recognition of his work for the higher standardization of foods and drugs, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, has been elected president of the United States Pharmacopeial association for 10 years.

The haphazard construction of public buildings throughout the United States is to cease. Hereafter, when a Congressman desires to assuage his constituents and insure another term for himself, he must resort to a new argument. The Senate Committee on public buildings is considering a comprehensive program for the future and all sites and the seeming necessities for federal structures will be thoroughly investigated. It means a more just apportionment among the States.

An Illinois session in the general movement for uniform State laws was held in Chicago, May 16, to further the plan of the National Civic Federation to remedy contradictory statutes. Uniformity in incorporation, divorce, and child labor acts received most attention, and the speakers were Governor Deneen, President Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago, Walter L. Fisher, John Mitchell, the former labor leader, and Ralph M. Easley, secretary of the National Civic Federation. A similar meeting was held in Indianapolis May 13, and an Ohio meeting at Cleveland May 18.

Catholics and others all over the world are deeply interested in the semiofficial dispatches from Paris stating the stately papal palace at Avignon is to be remodeled and turned into a national museum. Recent researches draw attention again to the common error that the Vatican was the only official seat of the papal state. The palace at Avignon once was occupied by Clement VI; and was erected under the reigns of the Popes Benedict XII and Gregory XI (1313-1378). All through the nineteenth century it was used as a barrack. It was only five years ago that the military administration finally vacated the palace.

The United States civil service commission announces examinations on June 1 for a physician, at $1,000 a year and quarters, in the Indian service, Pine Ridge agency, South Dakota, and in such other places in any branch of Uncle Sam's service as a doctor may be required. Men only are admitted, and the age limit is 20 to 40 years. On June 1 and 2 there will be examinations to secure eligibles from which to fill a vacancy in the position of domestic science teacher, $600 per annum, Fort Hamilton Indian school, Idaho, and vacancies requiring similar qualifications as they may occur in the Indian service. Applicants must indicate in their application that they have received training in a cooking school and that they are familiar with the chemistry of foods and materials.

A colony for "drunks" with the enforced residence of inebriates is New York's solution of its local liquor question. A bill has been passed and is before Mayor Gaynor for signature making intoxication a penal offense. The measure is directed principally against the habitual sot. Under arrest for drunkenness a board of investigation will inquire into the prisoner's habits. If he shall not have been arrested any time within 12 months for imbibing excessively, he may be released by the magistrate of the precinct. Otherwise the subject may, upon the recommendation of two physicians, be committed to the hospital or colony for not less than one year nor more than three years.

The expulsion of Jews residing illegally in Kiev was resumed May 14. In some instances a delay has been granted to permit a settlement of their affairs, but all of those marked for expulsion must leave the city before June 14. The order of expulsion just made effective will apply not only to Kiev, but all of the central provinces of Russia. Formerly the Jews were rigorously excluded from this territory, but from various causes industrial centers within the forbidden territory, particularly Moscow, Kiev, Nijni-Novgorod, St. Petersburg and Tiflis, have seen large colonies of Jews grow and develop within their borders. The number of Jews within this pale is estimated at 5,000,000. The number without the pale is said to be less than 100,000.

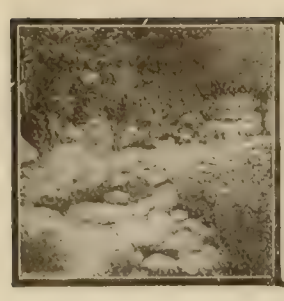
The Michigan State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, held under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association (George Fulk, Cerro Gordo, Ill., secretary), was held at Albion College, on March 25. The institutions participating were the University of Michigan, Michigan Agricultural College, Michigan State Normal College, Albion, Hillsdale and Olivet Colleges. First honor was won by George C. Converse of Hillsdale College, whose subject was "The Evolution of a Higher Patriotism." Second honor went to Claude C. Ritye of Olivet College, who spoke on "The Price of Peace." Prizes of seventy-five and fifty dollars were awarded. The winner represented the State of Michigan in the interstate contest held at the University of Michigan, May 12.

Treasury officials, coin dealers and those who are directly concerned in banking and other financial institutions are much interested in the proposed revolution of Canada's monetary system, which will be effected by a bill now before the House of Commons at Ottawa. It will change the present system of coinage and provide for minting at Ottawa the following coins: Gold, $20, $10, $5 and $2.50; silver, $1, 50 cents, 25 cents, 10 cents, and 5 cents; bronze, 1 cent. All of the gold coins will be new to our neighbors over the border. Heretofore, when a Canadian needed gold, he has been compelled to use either the American eagle or the English sovereign. The chief change in the silver coin is the creation of the Canadian silver dollar, designed to meet the wishes of the Canadian Pacific provinces. Another important amendment to the old currency act is a provision that hereafter no man can offer in exchange for a debt more than 25 1-cent pieces. The Canadian government is desirous that the people of the Dominion give a distinctive popular name or title to the $5 piece and its side partner, the $2.50 piece. One prominent Canadian suggests that the $5 gold piece shall be called "a berver," but the government doesn't like the title.

The Peace society of New York City has just republished in pamphlet form and as a memorial edition the address on "The Mission of the United States of America in the Cause of Peace" made by the late Justice David J. Brewer before the society. It was in this address that Justice Brewer declared: "If we fail, the cause of peace will not fail. We shall simply stand in history as the nation which lost the great opportunity."

Under the heading, "Methods and Cost of Marketing," there appears in the 1909 yearbook of the department of agriculture a most interesting discussion of the causes contributing to the difference between the amount received for a given product by the farmer and the price paid by the consumer for the same article. This article is but one of 23 that are contained in the yearbook, all of which are new. Among the other subjects considered are the following: "Plants Useful to Attract Birds and Protect Fruit," "The Problems of An Irrigation Farmer," "Vegetable Seed Growing as a Business," "The Future Wheat Supply of the United States," "The Functions and Value of Soil Bacteria," "Comforts and Conveniences in the Farmers' Homes," "Farming As An Occupation for City-Bred Men," "Tuberculosis of Hogs and How to Prevent It," "How Farmers May Utilize the Special Warnings of the Weather Bureau," and "Prevention of Frost Injury to Fruit Crop." The book contains 200 pages less than the 1908 edition and is illustrated with 36 full-page plates, 11 of which are colored, and 36 text figures.

Theodore Roosevelt's acceptance of the invitation to address the National Conservation Congress has brought to the National Conservation Association, in the Colorado building at Washington, inquiries from all over the country as to what the Congress is going to be. The Congress is to be held in St. Paul the first week in September. It will be representative of the various official and unofficial conservation bodies, and of industries and associations from Maine to California. The governors of all the States and territories, including Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska, will be invited, and the additional representation from State conservation commissions, boards of trade, chambers of commerce, State and municipal bodies and individual citizens is expected to bring the attendance far up into the thousands. Plans for the big meeting will be made by the executive committee of the congress and the executive committee of the association working together. The congress differs from the National Conservation Association in that the congress has no continuing membership. It is an annual meeting, like the National Rivers and Harbors Congress and the National Irrigation Congress to which delegates are sent from the several States. The National Conservation Association, of which Gifford Pinchot is president, is made up of an individual membership of both men and women who are interested in seeing the principles of conservation put into practical effect. It now has members in every State, and is working to bring its membership up to 100,000. The membership fee is $2. The association is the national fighting force for conservation. Besides that, it is a national information bureau for the conservation movement. It keeps in close touch with proposed conservation legislation both in Congress and in the States, and advises its members promptly of the situation. It also gives specific information in answer to inquiries.



NATURE STUDIES



WEST HILL NATURE CLUB.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

ONE bright day in May, the club met to report what they had found out about the wild violets, Mrs. Rich having given each member some species to study. She had already told them that they could look for the different species of violets in quite different places; some live in the woods, some in meadows and others in damp, marshy ground. The violets are divided into two distinct groups: those where the leaf stems come directly from the root and those where the leaves come from a common stem, the latter being called the leafy-stemmed violets.

In several of the species the size and shape of the stipule determine the species; and whether the leaves are downy or smooth is another important thing to note. In the case of those species where the leaves spring from the roots, the flower stems also spring from the root, but in the leafy-stemmed violets the flower stems arise from the axis of the leaves. In some species the flower stems lift the flower far above the foliage, in others they are so short that the flowers are more or less hidden. The violet has five sepals and their shape and length is important as a distinct mark. It also has five petals, one far above and one on either side and one broad lower petal which gives the bees and butterflies a resting place when they are seeking the nectar. The spur is formed of the lower petal and extends back behind the flower; its length is characteristic of the species. The spur is the nectary of the flower and in order to reach the nectar, which is at the tip end of the spur, the insect must thrust its tongue through a little door guarded by both the anthers and pistil, so that the insect is thus laden with pollen and carries it from flower to flower.

In many of the species the petals at the side have a little fringe which forms an arch over the door or "throat," leading to the nectar. This fringe is apparently useful in brushing the pollen from the tongue of the insect visitor. Some violets are very fragrant while others have little odor. The color of the anthers differs with different species.

Each member of the club was directed to watch the process of seed development in a flower. The seed pods are three-lobed and these lobes divide, showing a double row of seeds in each. Each lobe curls back and thus scatters the seed.

At the base of most of the species of violets can be found the small flowers that never open; they have no petals, but within, the pollen and the pistil are fully developed. These flowers seem to be developed purposely for self-fertilization and in botanies they are called the "cleistogamous," flowers; in some species they are on upright stems, in others they lie flat.

There is much difference in the shape of the root-stock in the different species of violets; some are delicate, others strong and some are creeping.

Mrs. Rich asked each member in turn to tell about one kind of violet. Ethel was first. She said: "The Early Blue Violet is the commonest one of all, but I love them. The leaves are deep green and heart-shaped with edges scalloped and rolled at the base. The leaf stalks are a little longer than the flower stalks. The three lower petals are white at their bases and the two side petals are bearded at the throat of the flower. This violet grows in grassy woods and wet meadows and along roadsides. It grows from three to seven inches high and blossoms through April, May and June. The little closed flowers are on stems that lie flat. I also found some which differed from the common form by having the leaves deeply lobed."

"Yes," Mrs. Rich said, "those are called Palmate Violet and are the same species. Bertha will tell us about the Arrow-leafed Violet."

"You will know this by the dark green leaves which are shaped like arrowheads. They are scalloped on the edges near the base while the tips often have plain margins. The flowers have a very short spur and the upper four petals are bearded at the base. The leaves and stems are downy; the flowers are dark blue or purple; the little closed flowers are on erect stems."

Mabel next described the Selkirk's Violet.

"This is not a common species but may be found on mountains and wooded hills. The flower stalk is not more than two inches high. The leaves are nearly smooth, dark green, and with scalloped edges. The flower is readily distinguished, as the spur is almost as long as the petals, which are pale violet, not fringed at the bases and veined with dark blue. It blossoms very early."

Florence reported on the Canada Violet: "It is a

large species, with leafy stems which are often a foot high. The flower stalk arises at the fork of the leaf stalk. The dark green leaves are heart-shaped with the edges slightly toothed. The flowers are nearly white inside and the upper ones lavender on the outside. The petals are yellow at the base, the upper ones veined with blue. The side petals are fringed at the base. It grows in woods, especially on wooded hills and may be found all summer."

Cornelia told about the Pale or Striped Violet: "This is also a tall leafy-stemmed violet. It grows in moist woods and fields and is from six inches to a foot in height. The flowers are whitish or tinged with cream or lavender. Its side petals have a dense fringe at the centre of the flower. The lower petal is broad and thickly striped with purple. Blossoms in April and May."

Charley found out about the Dog Violet: "This is a very low-spreading species common in swamps and in shady places. It has leafy stems from two to six inches long. The leaves are almost circular, especially the lower ones. The flowers are pale lavender, sometimes white. The side petals are slightly bearded at the base. The lower petal has purple veins and the spur is about half as long as the petals."

Henry reported that the Long-Spurred Violet grows in moist woods and rocky places. It is a small leafy-stemmed species; the leaves are heart-shaped. The flowers are about three-quarters of an inch broad, pale lavender, and the petals are veined with darkish purple. The flower can be readily distinguished by its long, slender spur which is as long or longer than the petals.

Levi said he found some Sweet White Violets grow- the Lance-leafed Violet. While the flowers of this most circular. Sometimes kidney form, with slightly toothed edges. The flowers are on stems that lift them higher than the leaves. Flowers are small, lower and side petals greenish at base and with few purple stripes, without fringe, very fragrant; grows in swamps and wet meadows, or shady woods, or old rotten wood.

Levi also found another, white violet which is called the Lance-leafed violet. While the flowers of this species resemble the Sweet White Violet, they are not so fragrant and the plant can be distinguished readily by the leaves, which are long and narrow and taper gradually at the base. The Primrose-leafed Violet resembles the lance-leafed species, but is distinguished from it by the leaf which is broader, being oval in shape.

Cecile found three kinds of yellow violets. The Downy Yellow Violet is a leafy-stemmed species, but the leaves grow near the top of the stems; the leaves are broad and heart-shaped and feel somewhat downy to the touch. The flowers are golden yellow; the petals are from one-third to one-half inch long with red-brown veins; the lower petals are quite broad and thickly veined; it grows in woodland. The Smoothish Yellow Violet is much like the Downy Yellow but has smooth leaves and stems, large leaves and branching stems; flowers are lemon yellow; grows in moist woods. The Round-leafed Violet is another species of yellow violet. The leaves spring from the root-stock and are from one-half to two inches broad later, and rest on the ground. They are broadly oval in shape and are indistinctly scalloped and downy. The flowers are small and pale yellow, the side petals fringed at the base. The side and lower petals are veined with reddish-brown.

Mrs. Rich said they had all done well and ordered the secretary of the club to copy all of the notes in the club scrapbook and fasten the pressed specimen violets of each species on a page with note to match. This will be a ready and sure reference, so at any time one can tell to what species the violets gathered belong, which will be a great help not only to those belonging to the club at present but to all new members.

Wellsburg, New York.

THE FAMILIAR SONG.

JOHN BURROUGHS relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming, he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear the bird as he hears that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird-song to be critically compared to a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills!—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HOW TO SAVE FRUIT TREES.

THE cold wave that has just swept over the middle West, according to newspaper and weather reports, destroyed $50,000,000 worth of fruit. This is a calamity which might has been wholly prevented by a little timely effort on the part of orchardists. Of course, it is too late to "lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen." However, this experience should arouse the fruit growers to action in order to prevent its recurrence. There is a way that can readily be followed by every man who owns an orchard, or even a single fruit tree, to make that tree or those trees produce a crop every year. It is simple and easy of application.

Early in December, when the first cold weather comes, go into the orchard with pick and spade and dig around each tree to a depth of ten inches, forming a circle ten feet from the center. If you have a ditch you can run water to each tree, as they do in the irrigation countries. If not, haul four to eight barrels of water and pour over this loosened earth, allowing it to soak in and wetting it to a depth below even where it has been loosened. This will freeze and you will have a solid frozen body all around the roots of the tree. After it has been thoroughly frozen, haul straw and spread over the top to a depth, say of twelve inches. Cover this with dirt sufficient to hold the straw in place, providing against winds. Do not remove the top dressing until after the period of late spring frosts. As long as the ground about the roots of the tree remains frozen the sap will not move and there can be no buds or bloom to be killed until after the season of safety has arrived. This will retard the starting of buds two to four weeks, but in all the middle West and the East, in fact, all over the United States where danger of frosts exists, the seasons are sufficiently long to mature fruit after this cutting off of four weeks in the spring. The cost of this to the ordinary farmer or orchardist should not exceed 25 cents per tree. There you have an outlay of 25 cents against a $5 to $10 yield of fruit. Will it pay? The writer of this knows from actual experience that the results will be as indicated above. It is no theory, but a demonstrated fact.—*A. S. Mercer in Chicago Tribune.*

THE SALOON AND THE BOY.

(Continued from Page 489.)

"I watch them as they swing open the gates and hit the furrows down the corn belt of America.

"I run and crawl upon a stump and wave and wave and wave and shout myself hoarse as this great army of youth and strength and manhood goes by, and I say to myself, There is passing by the flower of this American Nation. In them is wrapped up the destiny of this republic. And I say, God forbid that a crowd two and a half times as large as this should ever again be sacrificed to the liquor business of this or any other country.

"I have been a Republican all my life. I have gone out and beat the brush to get out the vote, and stood up on the chairs and shouted myself hoarse at the State convention. But I declare to you today that any man who gets my vote for governor in the future has got to stand four square on this question, and be at heart for the boy and against the saloon.

"If you 40,000 boys and your fathers and mothers will stand with me on this question, we can crystallize a sentiment in Illinois that will ride over the politician and compel the nomination of men who at heart are for the boys of this land as against the liquor business.

"Here's my hand and heart, George, in the belief that you will make good your pledge. Give the young sorrel an extra quart of oats for landing you safe at the barn that mean night, and don't rest until the other seven boys line up with you. And until another month, good-bye."—*The Illinois Issue.*

Between Whiles

"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel The Palms. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—Puck.

Death Rate at Ninety-Four.—An old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. He replied: "Ninety-four."

"Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the clerk.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Why, you are ninety-four years old."

"What of that," the old man cried; "look at statistics and they will show that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—Pacific Mutual News.

"Was your house damaged by the cyclone?"

"I dunno. I ain't found it yit."

Little Sigrid was born in America, of Norwegian parents.

"What is your nationality, Sigrid?" asked the teacher.

Sigrid tossed her flaxen braids. "I'm an American of Norwegian design," she said proudly.—Harper's Magazine.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's for May.

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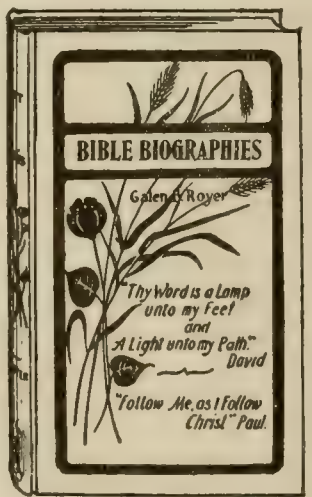
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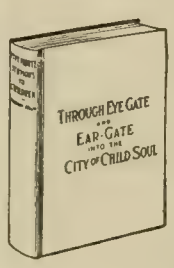
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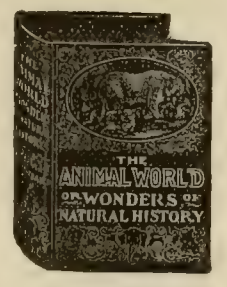
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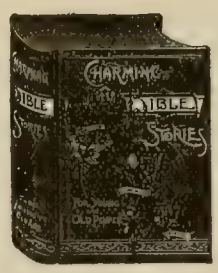
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THE INGLENOOK



Photo by H. M. S.

Soldiers Called to Cherry by Governor Deneen.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

May 31, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 22*

Meet Us on the Conference Grounds

At Winona Lake, Indiana

Geo. L. McDonaugh
Omaha, Nebraska

D. C. Campbell
Colfax, Indiana

Isaiah Wheeler
Cerro Gordo, Illinois

E. M. Cobb
Elgin, Illinois

We want to make new acquaintances and renew old ones while at the Conference. You all know that the Northern District of California has made a call for the Annual Conference to be held at Fresno in the San Joaquin Valley, in 1911. Many of you have received letters describing the San Joaquin Valley. We will be prepared to tell you more about it, and would like to take a number of representative members with us to see the country on a personally conducted cheap excursion after the close of the meeting. This excursion will be run over the

Union Pacific

If you want to join this excursion, advise me by return mail at No. 605 Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH

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These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

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53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

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SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

1910 AMERICAN PROHIBITION YEAR BOOK

Just from the press. Contains a whole library of valuable information gathered from the most reliable sources. This little book chronicles facts and analyzes doctrines. *It* attempts new deeds. It is designed to equip and fortify the friends of temperance and prohibition as never before. In abstinence, in economics, in legal aspects, in studies of legislation and its results, and of national resources and political action, and in its whole field it says the latest word.

Here are many hundreds of things which the people wish to know in connection with the present widespread agitation on the liquor traffic and its record.

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Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh's New Book

ONESIMUS

The Runaway Slave

is just off the press a few days and has already attracted considerable attention. In a very fascinating style, the Author weaves a most interesting story about the converted runaway slave mentioned by Paul in his Epistle to Philemon. History, romance and mythology have each contributed their share in the production of this volume, which represents so much in the way of patient research and careful study.

In his introduction written for the book, Eld. J. H. Moore says: "He who reads this charming story will see Onesimus in a new light. He will see one phase of eastern life as he may not have viewed it before, and he is certain to see how nicely Paul's Epistle to Philemon fits the condition of Roman Society at the time he wrote."

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Or Bible Stories That Never Grow Old

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The book is beautifully illustrated. 151 pages.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

ANNUAL MEETING

WINONA LAKE
INDIANA

Our Agent, Brother S. Bock, will be on the grounds and will be pleased to give you information concerning,

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY IN IDAHO

A Vast Empire Subject to Irrigation

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. May 31, 1910. No. 22.

United States Land Surveys

John H. Nowlan

WHEN the first settlers came to America their title to the land was vested in the treaties with the Indians or grants from the various European rulers. These grants were often vague and confusing. Often the grant began at the sea coast, extended up some river to its source, and then westward to the sea. Investigation in some cases showed the river to be formed by the junction of two rivers of about equal size. This would lead to a dispute as to the true boundary line.

Within the bounds of each grant the settlers gradually came to secure titles to their homes. The settler would find a suitable location for his cabin, one of the influencing things being its proximity to water. The finding of a good spring was almost sure to decide the location of the home. Here the settler erected his log cabin and cleared the land for his crops. As time went on and he needed more land he cleared where it was most convenient. He selected the best land, that most easily cleared, or that which did not require the fording of a stream to reach.

This led to very irregular-shaped farms. When the owner wished to transfer his holding he made a deed by what is termed "metes and bounds." Beginning at some prominent object on the boundary the distance to some other mark was measured and the bearings noted. This was continued till all the boundaries were located. As an example notice the following from a deed to land in Connecticut:

"Beginning at the northwest corner of said farm by the highway, thence running east by Roderick Random's land, 50 rods to a maple tree, thence south parallel with the highway 160 rods to a hemlock tree by Thomas Trunnion's land, thence west by said Trunnion's land 50 rods to the highway, thence north by said highway 160 rods to the place of beginning."

As time passed the trees died, improvements moved the stones, or where the centre of a stream was the line its location was rendered doubtful by reason of a change in the course of the stream.

The need of some system was early recognized, and May 20, 1785, the Continental Congress passed a law for the survey of the "Western Territory." The law provided for the territory being divided into "townships of six miles square, by lines running due north and south, and others crossing them at right angles" as near as might be. It also provided that the first north and south line should begin at a point at the western terminus of the southern boundary of the State of Pennsylvania. At this point also the first east and west line was to begin. Only the exterior lines were surveyed, but the sections were marked on the plats, No. 1 being in the southeast corner, and the numbers running from south to north in each tier, No. 36 being in the northwest corner. Mile corners were established on the township lines.

Only seven ranges were surveyed when the surveyors were driven away by the Indians. These are known as the "Seven Ranges." (U. S. Land Laws, p. 349. Edition 1828.)

When the Federal government was organized the existing land titles were confirmed, and May 18, 1796, a law was approved which provided for the survey of such parts of the public domain as had not been surveyed or disposed of "by north and south lines run according to the true meridian, and by others crossing them at right angles, so as to form townships of 6 miles square."

It also provided that "the sections shall be numbered, respectively, beginning with number one in the northeast section, and proceeding west and east alternately through the township, with the progressive numbers till the thirty-sixth be completed." This is the method still in use. (Sec. 2395 of U. S. Revised Statutes.)

June 1, 1796, Congress passed a law providing for dividing the "United States Military Tract" in the State of Ohio, into townships 5 miles square, each to

be divided into quarter townships containing 4,000 acres. (U. S. Statutes at Large, vol. 1, p. 490.)

In the early surveys no allowance was made for the divergence of meridians or inaccuracies in the work. When the townships were divided into sections these errors were found and Congress provided that when the lines were found to exceed or not extend six miles the excess or deficiency was to be added to or deducted from the sections on the western or northern sides of the township. This accounts for the location of the "fractional sections."

Congress also provided that the lines as run in the field should be considered as the true lines and the corners as marked to be the true corners. This looks well on paper, but the work in the field was not so accurate. Often the surveyors had no other object in view than to finish their task in the shortest possible time. They considered their work as unimportant in many cases, as a man who in his youth had been a deputy surveyor once said to me, "They did not think this land would ever be worth anything in this world."

Sometimes a cloth was tied to a wheel, the wagon driven across the prairie, and the revolutions counted. If the driver did not vary from a true line and the ground were level the course as thus indicated would be the true one and was so recorded. If not, it varied from true, but was recorded the same as in the first case.

Ponds were crossed on horseback, the ends of the chain being fastened to a pole, the rear chainman "sticking" where he *thought* the lead man had placed his pole.

The section and quarter-section corners were marked in various ways. Here in Illinois the corners were marked by noting the distance to certain trees if such were within reasonable distance, and their size, distance, and bearing entered in the record called the field notes. If no trees were near a mound of earth was thrown up, or a post was placed when it was not convenient to make the mound. The following from the records will illustrate:

23	24	25	26	B. Jack	9	S21E	48
				W. Oak	14	N13W	507
22	23	26	27	Mound			
25	26	35	36	W. Oak	14	N11E	59
				Hickory	10	S69W	116
26	27	34	35	Mound			

Suppose we wish to find the boundaries of a tract of land in section 26. When it was originally surveyed the workmen noted a black jack 9 inches in diameter to the southward from the northeast corner. Placing the compass on the meridian and then turning it till the tree was in range the compass was found to point 21 degrees to the east. Measuring, the distance to it was found to be 48 links. Similarly a white oak 14 inches in diameter was north 13 degrees west and 507 links distant.

At the northwest corner no trees were to be found and a mound of earth was thrown up.

At the southeast corner a white oak 14 inches in diameter was north 11 degrees east and 59 links distant; while a hickory 10 inches in diameter stood south 69 degrees west and 116 links away.

At the other corner, southwest, was a mound.

Midway between these corners the quarter corners were similarly located.

As the work of surveying progressed westward the value of the public land was appreciated more and more and as a consequence greater care was taken to secure accuracy in measuring and permanency of marking.

Aside from platting town lots the work of a surveyor must be made to conform to these original lines, however inaccurate he may find them to be.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

MORAL PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

All moral progress consists in subordination of lower to higher impulses. History is the record, not simply of change, but of progress and growth. Surely every loyal American citizen feels that the history of America has been ideal in this respect, at least. Progress comes from the growing, developing lives of a nation's subjects.

All through the settlement of our colonies we find various standards of morality or right doing extant. The Spaniards who came here with an aim to convert, even though at the point of the sword, had quite a different standard from the humble Puritan who fled hither from the persecution he had endured so long for conscience's sake.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century we find one of the leading colonies seemingly in the depths of superstition and immoral conduct. Witchcraft had found its way here. For more than twelve months this panic raged. The fire had been kindled in a moment but was extinguished as suddenly. The Governor of Massachusetts only gave emphasis to the reaction that had occurred in the public mind, when he abruptly stopped all prosecutions against witches and pardoned all the condemned. A fast was proclaimed, entreating that God would pardon the errors of his people. The Salem jury asked forgiveness of God for what they had done under the power of "a strong and general delusion." Although the error of New England was great, her repentance was prompt and deep. The year of blood was never repeated in America.

The Puritans left their home land and came to America that they might enjoy religious freedom,

thinking that the restraints laid upon them were unjust and grievous, but they had not yet learned that people who differed from them had just as much right to be tolerated as they themselves had,—that every man is fully entitled to think for himself. Roger Williams, a young man of rare virtue and power, came to the country, teaching that in the domain of conscience God is the only Ruler. New England was not able to receive such sentiment. Although he was deserted and severely persecuted, he testified to the last against "soul-oppression." He was finally banished and fled to Rhode Island. When the Quarkers were persecuted in the neighboring colonies, Rhode Island refused to join in the nefarious act. After some time the persecution ceased, and with it closed in America all forcible interference with men to think for themselves.

Up to 1840, spiritous liquors were used freely by nearly all classes. The Washingtonian Societies founded in 1840 agreed to use liquor in moderation. From that it was but a short step to total abstinence, and in 1846 to the "Maine Law," the first of the State prohibition laws. Now there are great numbers of temperance organizations, foremost among these probably being the world-renowned W. C. T. U. The leading churches in part or as a whole have taken a decided stand against the evil.

In former years it was quite common, and indeed quite honorable for public men, especially, to settle all their disputes in dueling. This, after the Hamilton-Burr duel, rapidly grew into disuse. It is now practically never heard of.

In the early days of our country, our fathers conceived the idea that in education there is strength, and accordingly established schools. These have grown in number and quality very rapidly, until today the United States doubtless has the best school system on the globe. Neither has she forgotten the unfortunate part of her population, for we have educational institutions established for the blind, deaf and dumb and feeble-minded.

As early as 1840, the South seemed unwilling to harbor new social ideas that might upset its rigid class-system. There were about 180,000 free negroes,—a despised and unhappy class, without political rights, and held responsible for most of the petty crimes that were committed. Below these were 2,000,000 African slaves, from whose physical toil came most of the wealth of their masters. Sentiment for and against it gradually grew. Meetings, societies and publications all caused an astonishing uproar. Even Henry Clay, the great peacemaker, failed to establish friendly relations between the North and South. The inevitable came. The result of all the turmoil and conflict is well known. "America is about to give all men their birthright: to him who would break the new earth, an estate, and to him who would toil, his dues. So conscience lives and grows, and America's spiritual history becomes the judgment of all things." The sunlight falls on no people more happy and prosperous. It is righteousness alone that will exalt a nation, and only right doing will last.

We must hold to the principle of justice in all things, else our efforts will fail. "May the march of America go on to the emancipation of mankind! Only one story of the chapter has yet been told. Institutions grow, and it remains for the youth of the future to make more and more glorious the story of America."

Syracuse, Indiana.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

W. E. WHITCHER.

NESTLED on the east side of the Coast Range Mountains and at the very foot of Mt. St. John with an altitude of 6,500 feet and also Snow Mountain which is 7,000 feet above sea level, from which melted ice and snow combine and form Stony Creek, a stream abounding with trout, salmon and suckers in season, our mountain home or "Oakdale Ranch" is found.

A nice level valley about four miles long and one to three miles wide surounds us. This valley is adapted to alfalfa for hay and seed. The soil is a silt, mixed with creek gravel on the bottom land, and adobe and gravel on upland. Water soaks away easily which makes it easy to irrigate; no drowned out spots are seen; do not even make rows or borders.

With giant oak, four to six feet in diameter as a foreground, we lift our eyes a little and see the low hills covered with chimeese, forming a green carpet. As our vision line rises, we see the timber line. While the trees look small from here, the largest ones measure six to seven feet in diameter. These cover the summit and snow is found here nine and ten months in the year. Pine, sugar pine, fir, and cedar grow here. When the thermometer registers ninety-five to one hundred in the valley it is very pleasant to take a "sight" at the snow, and when we know it is only twenty-five to thirty miles away, by trail, it seems easier to endure the heat. And then a draught of that "Simon Pure" water—cold enough to make hollow teeth jingle—it's nice. Near our mountain home mineral, cold and hot water springs abound.

Uncle Sam has stationed Forest Rangers to guard against fires and control pastures. The Reclamation Service has several sites located for reservoirs and one under construction which will make an artificial lake three miles long and one to three wide, the water to be taken out to Sacramento valley for irrigating.

Stonyford, Cal.

"A GOOD thought is rather to be chosen than fine words."

Cherry Mine Disaster

Henry Spickler

In Four Chapters. Chapter I.

ON November 13, 1909, the whole world was shocked by the burning of the coal mine owned and operated by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at Cherry, Ill., one hundred miles west and south of Chicago and twelve miles from La Salle.

The mine was being worked in two veins, one at three hundred feet and the other at five hundred feet below the surface, by about five hundred men. The means of ingress and egress were two. One of these was the main hoisting shaft that goes straight down into the ground to the second level. From the second level to the third level the men working in the third vein, two hundred feet farther down, were carried up and down in a rude bucket held by a cable fastened to the bottom of the elevator in the main hoisting shaft. This rope or cable could only be fastened by some one from the second vein, and in case of an accident its clumsy operating would prevent a quick exit from the mine of the miners in danger.



Three Saloons on This Corner.

The only other exit was by the escape or air shaft three hundred feet from the main shaft. Coal was brought up the elevator of this one to the second vein, and from this escape shaft it was hauled in little cars over a system of miniature railroad tracks with switches, spurs, sidings and stations, much as we see in a big railroad above ground, to the main hoisting shaft, where it was brought up, cars and all, to the elevated shed above ground, dumped into the coal cars standing on the surface track below, and then hauled away to Elgin, Mt. Morris and Polo for us to burn in our furnaces and cook stoves.

It was on Saturday at one o'clock when the fire broke out in the mine, entombing hundreds of miners in the fiery pit. On Monday I arrived in Mendota, a city of six thousand, about fifteen miles northeast of Cherry, where I was billed to appear in a two weeks' course of lectures. Everybody was wild with excitement. Everybody asked everybody else whether their own citizens, people of Mendota, who worked in the mine, were safe or killed. Business was almost paralyzed. The trains running toward the disaster on the Illinois Central, the Burlington, and the St. Paul, all were crowded with sight-seeing passengers.

For some reason I delayed my going to the mine until a week after. Then I regretted that I had not seen it sooner. I wondered why I could stay away from a place like that where my services to poor working men could render assistance in some form or other. Reports that the mine was afire, about to blow up,—sealed and deserted,—should not have kept me or any other public servant from the spot within a radius of a hundred miles. Such a calamity is too serious to be passed unnoticed by the leaders of society. For that reason it is eminently well that we study the mine and learn, for future use, the conditions causing the loss of so many innocent men and the heartbreaks of so many helpless women and orphans.

But my delay was gain to me. The mine had been sealed up in the hope of smothering the flames, saving the mine, and rescuing the imprisoned victims in the fourth greatest holocaust in mines of the world's history. Now it was to be reopened.

The train was to leave for Cherry at ten. It was late. For fear I would not get there at all I started on a slow run, and reached the now famous mine at almost the same time as did the passengers on the train. They had gone a roundabout way of seventeen miles. I had enjoyed a cross-country sprint of twelve or fourteen miles.

My first great surprise was the number of people also going to Cherry. The roads a mile or two from town were crowded with people. Vehicles drove be-

hind each other in solid line for miles. Automobiles ploughed the mud until, with the thousands of pedestrians, the road had been flattened and dried by the incessant patting down of the mud.

The first sight that made my blood tingle was the telegraph cable lying loose along the right side of the road and running from the mine shaft to a nearby town. Over this live messages, on the silent wings of the electric flash, were coming and going from remote corners of the earth. Italy, Germany, Austria, France, Scotland, were all using those wires. Friends were asking by Atlantic cable about the welfare of their relatives in the wrecked mine. Big newspapers in New York, Chicago, London and San Francisco received reports over these lines. Said I to a man joining me, "We are now at the hub of the universe. The whole world has its eyes upon what we now see lying before us." For yonder were the seven tall smokestacks of the Cherry mine. Besides the thousands of carriages, scores of carloads of passengers, and other thousands who walked, there were *five hundred* automobiles standing in an open field near the mine. Probably twenty thousand people were there—in a little town of a few blocks square. They had come for fifty miles around.

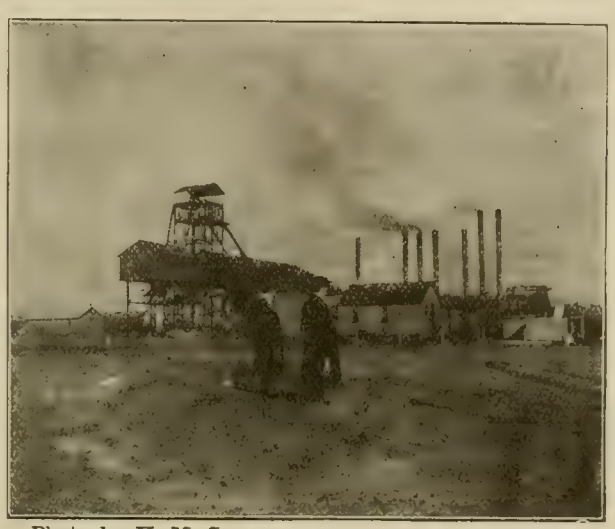


Photo by H. M. S.
Cherry Mine, the Gloomy City of the Dead.

Although it was a little after noon, hardly anyone was thinking about eating, or the time of day. The whole town was up at the mouth of the mine. Miners, imprisoned for a week, were now and then brought up alive. One of the Scotchmen who had conducted prayer meetings down in the burning pit, had just come up and was being cared for by the Red Cross nurses, their coaches standing on a side-track not more than fifty feet from the shaft.

A heavy rope was stretched about the shaft, restraining the crowd from a space of about an acre. In this acre, which in some respects was "God's Acre," rescuers moved about in queer mining custume, going down and coming out of the mine. Scores of marshals, police, detectives and spies with friends of the dead brought up, undertakers and doctors, and reporters were allowed inside. By some favor I was permitted to move freely in this enclosure, to examine the dead and to converse with the soldiers and police. On leaving the space to get a camera brought by a friend, I found the guards had been warned in the meantime not to let "that fellow in again."

This happened last autumn. The mine has just now been reopened the second time. The work of rescue has begun where it then left off. Its value as a magazine sketch is again of untold interest, more valuable than before, for now the problem of mining accidents, as the Cherry mine catastrophe may be able to furnish final data, may be solved with somewhat greater precision.

But to do this we must take one view from the beginning of the accident.

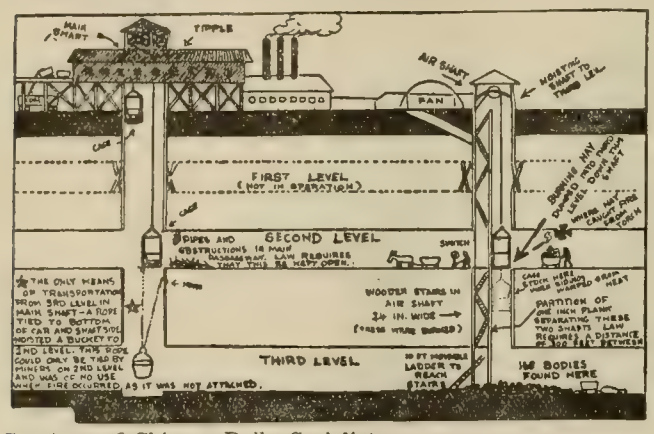
It was a sight I shall probably never see again, nor want to. The immense crowd of onlookers, tense and hysterical with unaccustomed emotion, showed the sympathy, protest and curiosity of the different kinds of spectators. I believe that most of these were furiously indignant, suffering an intense but restrained resignation, for the time, but gathering up in their reservoir of protest all the time an irresistible feeling of injustice that is now breaking out and will break out all over the State and the country. Whether deserved or not, the great mass believed that the company was to blame, in part, or in toto, for the outrage. I shall neither attempt to prove or disprove this conclusion in these letters. I shall try merely to state the facts as I know them and the facts of others, as I secured them, and my intention is now more to prevent such accidents in the future than to blame any one for this one. But facts are "stubborn things," whether they relate to our life or to the lives of others. Corporations as well as individuals ought to be honest enough to stand by their dealings and to admit their guilt when guilty. Even those who may have suffered from the mistakes of others are humanly more charitable toward their harm makers when these show a willingness to be fair. Reversed,—the wrath of the oppressed knows no bounds. The future is blue-black for both.

While in the guarded enclosure I offered assistance in straightening out the fifty feet of once clean muslin that lay in a strip about six feet wide near the elevator of the shaft. On this were placed the bodies of the unknown dead as they were brought from the pit below. A dozen bodies lay in a row, with heads all toward me. Friends and mourners passed along viewing each one separately, hoping to find a lost husband, or brother, or son. The sight was the most gruesome. The bodies were bloated. The flesh cooked, but not burned. Some of the tongues, swollen to giant size,

extended from the swollen lips. The smell was almost killing. The one word I thought of was "hell." These bodies took the snap and joy out of my life. I saw the futility of earthly, sensual pleasure and Paul's exclamation: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" was perfectly appropriate.

While standing before one of these corpses, the watch and other trinkets found in his clothes, lying exposed upon the body, a slender and beautiful young woman, leaning upon the arms of another, came down the line looking anxiously, out of tear-stained eyes,

Diagram Said to Show Working Conditions in Cherry Mine.



Courtesy of Chicago Daily Socialist.

at each form stretched horribly in death upon the long muslin now bespattered with rottening blood.

As she turned from each with a pitiful shake of the head, she uttered a shrieking cry, and said: "Nein! Nein!" (No! No!).

At last she stood before the big, flaxen-haired victim, coming closer than the others just passed, though still about eight feet away, and peered with startled expression. Just then a young man, a courteous employee of the company, offered her, in fear of an oncoming struggle, his strong arm for support, holding her back, kindly but firmly.

Note: The ownership of the mine, I think has been disputed, whether by the Milwaukee Railway or by the St. Paul Coal Company.

THE UNITED STATES MAIL SERVICE.

H. D. MICHAEL.

Now that the postal deficit has occasioned so much comment by the many magazines, newspapers and individual citizens and has shown up the financial side of the postal system, it seems to be an opportune time to ask a question. It is this: "How many have ever taken a thought as to how the mail is carried?" Some might at once reply, "By the railroad." It is true, the railroads have an important part to do in the carrying of the mail, but did you ever think of the full journey of a letter from the time it leaves your writing desk until it gets to that far-away cousin or to that friend with whom you correspond?

Now readers, those of you who are used to seeing the rural route carrier stop at your gate or door with the mail and those of you that watch for the uniformed city carrier as he comes along the street with your letter, pause for a moment if you please and think of the many whose vision never beholds such a person. Think of the ones that must go to the little country office and call for their mail after it arrives, the once or twice a week that such offices get mail. As you see the fast train go by with the car or cars having printed in large letters on the side, "United States Mail Railway Post Office" remember the fact that there are places where only the old-fashioned stagecoach brings the mail; also the fact that there are post-offices where the mail can only be brought on horseback or carried in on foot.

We might get some idea of the pleasant (?) journey of a letter were we to trace one, written in one of our large eastern cities, to its destination, which we will say is one of the little hamlets amidst the mountains of the coast range out near the Pacific Ocean.

First, after it leaves the writer's desk, it is placed in the receptacle to await the city carrier. He comes along, places it in a close, smothery place with many associates in a stout canvas bag. His part is done when he delivers it at the sub-office from which he works. There it receives the post-mark and is tossed into the sack marked "Oregon." When aboard the train its long journey across the continent begins. Here our letter is sorted from the rest by the mail clerks and given a toss to the sack routed by ———, that being the end of its train ride. Next it with many others is thrown aboard a stagecoach in a heavy leather bag securely locked, for it is now to start on a stage ride of sixty miles. Bumping and jolting they go as the six horses attached are lashed into a run by their driver who is often the kind that, when accosted as to his rough use of the team, only says: "Oh, there will be horses after I am dead and gone."

Over the hills, through the little valleys and along the small streams they go; through a dense forest for a few miles, then out again on a charming little prairie, till finally the stage driver draws up in front of a wayside barn and stops. He is now at the foot of the steep mountain grade and has come to the place where he gets his first change of horses. The relay team is ready and soon the exchange is made and all is in readiness to resume the journey. Night overtakes them but that only necessitates a stop long enough to light the lanterns fastened to the lead horses' collars and the ones fastened to either side of the driver's seat. On

they go, the summit of the mountain is reached and the descent begins. Now the danger increases, for on the down grade time must be "made" and the horses are soon running at the best speed the driver can force them into. The road is down a canyon where the grade is narrow and the curves are short and sharp. The driver seems to be nerved for anything and drives along the dangerous places at a hair-raising speed. Sometimes a curve cannot be made and the stage, its occupants, the mail, driver, team and all go rolling to the depths below. This has occurred several times within the last ten years.

After having three relays of horses and being stuck in a few mud holes (they do not get stuck every trip, though it does occur frequently), the stage arrives at its destination, mud bespattered and the horses so muddy as to be almost unrecognizable to one who had raised them as pets.

Our letter is not yet to its destination, so here it is tossed into another sack to await the next trip of the mail carrier to the little mountain postoffice, for the office to which we are supposed to have it addressed gets mail but twice a week. The day arrives. It with the other letters, magazines and newspapers is securely packed into the saddle of the horse used for that purpose and its last and most eventful journey begins.

The pack horse is turned loose in the road to be driven by the man on his saddle horse. A ford of the river is soon reached. Into the water the horses plunge and are soon safely landed on the other shore, even though the water is near swimming deep.

Now along a mountainside trail they go, scaling precipices or working their way through the logs, brush and mud of a landslide, whichever the case may be. Again a mountain or divide is crossed or a mountain side followed, only to again come to the mad rushing river at a shallow place to ford it and follow the other side for a while.

All this time the mail carrier seems only to think of the ones living in that far-away mountain valley that are anxiously awaiting word from their friends or loved ones and feeling that he must make that hazardous trip the twice a week that his contract calls for to take them their mail.

In the summer he has a fairly good road and can go more "in style" with a light buckboard or cart. Now the fords for the summer road are too deep and dangerous.

After this last journey of more than a score of miles is made the letter is soon in the hands of its addressee, all in *only* about eleven or twelve days after it was written.

Many a letter has 150 or 200 miles of a stage and horseback journey to reach its destination here in places in several of the Western States.

So if you do not receive an answer to your letter as soon as you think you ought, please do not censure your correspondent or your rural route or city carrier unless you are sure they are at fault. Maybe you had not considered the route your letter would have to go and the time required.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

M. M. WINESBURG.

SOME time ago it was my fortune or misfortune to be sandwiched down with a busy mill just back of my stopping place, and sometimes the noise was terrific; it jarred the house and the paper in my typewriter would vibrate like an aspen leaf when I was writing. But when night came it was quite interesting to look out of the upstairs window and watch the work going on inside of the mill; for when the mill was lit up after dark one could see distinctly the men at their work.

There was an unceasing low, rumbling roar all of the time, with lights flickering and flaring and then suddenly a furnace door would slide up and a group of brawny bare-armed men would collect around the open door. Some of them would pry into the furnace with a long poker, while the glare from the red-hot furnace painted their faces a ruddy color. Then the tongsman would thrust the tongs into the furnace and out would come a glowing red-hot ingot which left a fiery trail behind it as the tongsman hurried it to the rolls. Sometimes there would be a kind of a soft, squelching sound and at others a sharp whip-like report, while showers of red-hot sparks flew in every direction as the ingot shot through the rolls.

During the process of carrying the ingot to the rolls the furnace winked and blinked great fiery eyes and when the tongsman hurried back it again yawned a glowing mouth and spit out another red-hot mass of iron. This work went on all night to the music of a rumble and roar like waves on a rocky coast. Then besides the lights in the mill, one could often see a flickering light bobbing through the darkness outside the mill and it would materialize into a man pushing a car of coal to the furnaces. Then a broad glare would light up the mill as the furnace door slid up, and a patient, long-eared mine mule was silhouetted in the red glow. By daylight the mules were black but in the lurid glow of the furnace fire they showed up a red bronze color. Sometimes we would hear a "bang, bang," as if some one was beating on a tin pan; it must have been the call for more iron for soon the crane would bring a carrier full or iron bars and lower them down by the furnaces. As fast as one part of the furnace was emptied of its red-hot contents it was again filled, and thus they were filling in cold iron and taking out the hot about all of the time.

At morning, noon and evening, and sometimes between times the engineer would get the idea into his

head that there was too much steam bottled up and he would turn it loose, and then every steam escape about the mill set up a buzzing and hissing like a million of angry bumblebees, and that hissing and buzzing combined with the ceaseless drum of the rolls made such a noise that one could hardly hear himself think, much less talk.

The families who live on that street near the mill say that the noise does not bother them greatly, but I would be afraid of getting deaf if I had to endure it all of the time as they do; for what time I was there, I was sometimes quite hoarse from trying to out-talk the mill noise. From early Monday morning until Saturday noon the noise went on without ceasing, and one felt a sense of relief in their ear drums for a day and a half and everything on that part of the street was so quiet that one could hardly believe it was the same place.

And then, as I like a variety in sounds as well as in anything else, I usually went to the market house on Saturday evenings and there I found an altogether different kind of noise. The babble of voices,—and as my native city is rather a cosmopolitan place the market house is a good place to see all sorts and all classes of people: Americans, Germans, Irish, Poles, or Hunkies as they are called here, Italians, Greeks, and Jews; in fact, I believe that almost every nation has a representative on the market square,—and all of them gabbling in their outlandish lingo, while some of them just lately from over the seas are still garbed in their queer old-world clothing, and among all of these is a sprinkling of the still blacker-faced race.

At one stand a Jew is trying to sell to every one that passes some of his collection of knick-knacks and beside him an Italian banana dealer is yelling, "Nannie, nice a nanies, ten a cent a doz," and the ice cream cone people tell you that their respective cream cones are the largest and best on the market, while the orange dealers, fishmen, fruit merchants of all kinds and the vegetable, or green-store men all keep up a racket, thus enabling one to tell the real farmer from the rest, for the farmer usually keeps quiet.

Now, while anyone not used to a market of this kind might get somewhat bewildered and not know just what they really did want to buy, these Saturday evening markets always have a sort of a fascination for me. The aromatic smell of the different fruits and the glittering lights, the hubbub, the crowd and crush is something I like to mingle with occasionally because it presents a variety in all things human and otherwise.

* * *

"WHILE the textile of one's life-fabric may be mottled with the threads of contending influences, yet, interwoven among them, like a strand of gold, is a thread of one's own choosing. That thread is literature."

THE HOT-BED OF ANARCHY.

JAMES R. REED.

ALL people are sensible of the benefits of nature. Poets long have sung of the birds, of the cataract, of the summer day, of the snow storm. They have personified and idealized and spiritualized nearly every object, visible and invisible. They have distorted the face of the moon until she weeps; spread out the countenance of the sun until he smiles; transformed the ocean and mountains into speaking historians. They have given the morning rosy fingers and the evening folded hands; they have made the rippling waters laugh and the winds sigh.

This is a beautiful way to look at nature—to clothe irrational objects with human attributes, to make the brooks and the meadows, spring and summer conform to our moods; but, laying aside mere pleasing and emotional effects, and observing nature in its more serious aspect, we see laws and relations that command our admiration far more than imaginary characterizations.

The one law that we cannot fail to recognize is that of harmony in all of its parts; this harmony consists in each individual thing filling its own place. Everything in nature is created for a specific purpose; everything is useful in the sphere for which it is designed. Only among men do we find the useless being—useless not because of necessity, but because of choice.

I am not condemning the creature of God's highest favor; but I would have you know, friends, that in our midst is a class of men worse than useless. I have reference not to the honest laborer, who regardless of his well-meaning intentions, makes many mistakes. I speak not of beggars, for many a poor fellow that walks the highway is thrust upon the mercy of the public not from choice; there is not a place in the whole world that he can call "home." Very few of those uncouth vagabonds, that go from door to door, have opportunities for a prosperous livelihood. They are not surrounded by discreet advisers, and so far as they are concerned, they dearly earn everything they get.

I mean those young boys and those old boys of every town who are constitutionally opposed to all kinds of profitable labor. Many of them have good homes; very few are without the guidance of an affectionate mother or the instruction of a good father; and all are advised by our substantial citizens in the ways of honesty and industry. Not all of these carry the marks of poverty. There are young men who are walking exhibitions of fine cloth. They never show the slightest indications of labor; and their home resources are such that it is an utter mystery how they survive; yet, apparently they keep at the top.

I believe there is nothing so abhorrent in the sight of God, nothing so detestable to all good, honest, industrious people when it comes to a question of social

economy, and nothing so incongruous to the whole plan of nature as these lifeless specimens of humanity —the loafers, who are loafers because they choose to be.

The leaf, when it ceases to spread its surface to the warm sunshine, falls to the ground and gives its substance to its successors. Nothing in material nature is useless. But these dead members of society's magnificent tree have ceased to receive or impart common benefits; still they hang on. Whenever you pass their favorite haunts, day or night, they are there.

When the tree trunk fails to convey the lifeblood to the branches beyond, it decays and forms a home to millions of burrowing worms. Into it woodpeckers auger their caverns to fledge their young to beautify this glorious earth. But what of these base personages? They have ceased—if they had ever begun—to transmit the life-giving elements of social vigor; yet they remain with us. Like the tree, by inactivity, no doubt they are decayed—rotten to the core; but nothing that contributes to the welfare of mankind would prey on their vile bodies.

Parents, do you know that this abominable institution of idleness is giving the children of our land a schooling for life? Fathers and mothers, do you know whether or not your boy is staining his mouth with tobacco, spotting his soul for eternity; or curling the fumes of nicotine and arsenic into the already dense atmosphere of yon resort? Americans, are you awake as to the material from which our future citizens are to be made?

There is nothing so fatal to good citizenship; nothing so demoralizing to Christian character; nothing so disastrous to noble manhood as this professional idleness. Right here is the hot-bed of mutiny—headquarters for seditious ideas. Here you can send your boys and your girls to learn the hellish arts of vulgarity, profanity, lasciviousness, and intemperance, disqualifying them ever to become loyal citizens, unfitting them to establish good homes, sending their souls to perdition.

How soon shall we, American citizens, become aware of the inevitable results of placing the ballot of our fair land into the defiled hands of the leaders of strife? How soon will our indulgent fathers and mothers learn that it is the most dangerous kindness to give their sons and daughters free way to the frivolities of the day? How soon, young men, shall we learn that our prosperity and happiness depend on discipline? that true manliness consists in purity, sincerity, and industry?

DEVIL'S FLOWER GARDEN.

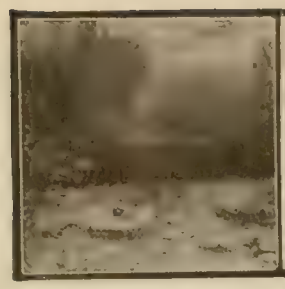
GEORGE A. MAUPIN.

On a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Greene County, Virginia, on the eastern side of this mountain is a spot designated as the devil's flower garden; and some of us who have had the opportunity of visiting this spot think it vies with many others in rugged scenery, mingled with rare beauty. It was my privilege to make a visit here in a season when the surrounding forest and shrubbery were clothed in summer garb, which added much to the attractions.

Now the thought perhaps has come to the reader, why the singular name? In the first place, it is situated in an isolated place amongst the cliffs where the hoof of most animals dare not tread. Perhaps only man and a few of the animals of these parts have had the courage to travel here. Some one has aptly said: "The devil only travels here in safety." Yet scattered in and over these dangerous abysses flowers of many varieties bloom profusely almost all through the growing season, yet how dangerous to undertake to gather many of them and, too, many of the most beautiful ones are in the most dangerous places.

While endeavoring to get those of rare beauty you may be confronted with dangerous obstacles; also we found mingled with these flowers that obnoxious weed called nettle weed, which often reminded us that we were paying dearly for a few blossoms. Then is it not a practical name after all, so many beautiful and still so many harmful? Some of those that visit here make the suggestion that in his possession, even his flower garden, the bad is ahead of the good.

While gazing into the most secluded recesses of this garden the thought came to me, how many flower gardens he has today, being weeded and beautified exclusively by his directions. They may at a glance seem quite beautiful and are, but beware, there is danger in gathering the flowers. We need not go to those gardens where only the rude and unrefined could see the flowers. Take the world at large today and it seems as if there is one of these gardens at every turn of the road. These places are made so attractive and humanity delves into the most remote places, trying to secure the beautiful. I will, by way of illustration, note the garden and a few of the crops cultivated: That particular crop sometimes termed display, how beautiful. Some one has said that intemperance from the drink standpoint was the curse of America; but display, what has it done for us, when brought face to face with it? The attractions are many, yet the danger gathering the flowers. How many men are bankrupt and discouraged because of trying to secure this flower? How many sad homes because of fast living? Shun these, for there is danger ahead. Look out over this blest land today, mark the tired look on almost every face and ask yourself if it came from gathering flowers from the devil's flower garden or from the Lord's. In this garden are the flowers of gold, silver, display of dress, immorality, in fact, too many to name here. Watch! the breakers are ahead.



THE QUIET HOUR



"GOOD COUNSEL FOR LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE."

A Sonnet.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

All Christians hear and heed this good advice:
Though tried with doubts and fears, still live content.
If you have sinned and of that sin repent,
'Twill be forgiv'n by Christ, who paid the price
That we may ever dwell in Paradise.
Each day let time in prayer for strength be spent.
In studying God's Word be diligent.
Flee from all those who try to you entice.
Avoid all doubtful ways. Be separate
From worldly things. Fully obey God's will
In all things that you do. Don't imitate
Those who fall back, but Christ, our Ideal still.
God calls, equips, and sends. The work is great.
Be holy, zealous, wise, to it fulfill.
Denbigh, N. Dak.

IS GODLINESS PRACTICAL?

PAUL MOHLER.

When the children of Israel first came up to the border of the promised land, they feared to enter it. The spies returning from their scouting expedition, agreed in reporting the beauty of the land, its fruitfulness, and its desirablity; and they also agreed that it was strong, well fortified, and inhabited by a warlike race. But there the agreement ended. Of the twelve spies, two believed the land could be taken, but ten were afraid. The faithful twain, Joshua and Caleb, strove with the people, insisting that God was with them and not with the enemy. But there were ten against two. And the ten were "practical men." The two, of course, were "dreamers." Israel listened to the ten. What else could you expect? She felt rather shy anyhow; and the ten practical men only confirmed her fears. No wonder Israel backed out and went the other way with such a cowardly heart and such cowardly advisers.

But doesn't the majority always rule? When there are two men on one side of the question and only one on the other, are we not all inclined toward the majority? But ten to two! How could the two be right? Why, the evidence was overwhelming; how can you blame Israel for following the ten? And yet the ten were wrong, and Israel, following them, went very wrong indeed. No, you can't decide right by majorities; one man having the truth is right, though ten thousand stand against him!

But there was more than numbers on the side of the ten; there were facts. These were practical men; they saw that the cities were fortified and very great, that the people that dwelt there were very strong, even giants in stature. They could see too what a poor army Israel would be, simply a mass of inexperienced, undisciplined shepherds. How could there be anything but failure? Nobody but a fanatical enthusiast would think of attacking such a land with such a force. Must not the "practical" men be right, and the "spiritual" men be wrong? Can you blame Israel for her decision? But again, Israel decided for the wrong. And Israel had to suffer; poor old Israel! Forty years of foot-sore wanderings till all who feared, should die! No, you can't always trust the practical men.

And I could show many such cases; where one man, and that man only a godly man, was a safer adviser than all the practical men put together. For the godly man counts on God. He knows what God can do, and generally knows what God will do before it comes to pass. Joseph the dreamer became the great administrator; David the untried shepherd youth, the conqueror of the champion; Isaiah the prophet the successful opponent of the Syrian. Paul, the landsman, scholar and apostle, when on his way to Rome, advised the master of his ship, but rejecting his advice, the captain sailed on—to shipwreck, when Paul, practically taking command, saved the crew and passengers. You can follow it down to today; when a man of God says that God will not prosper a certain venture, you'd better be careful. If he is speaking from God, you may know that he is right, even if it is a matter out of his ordinary range. And if he declares the business to be WRONG, avoid it, pass not by it, have nothing to do with it; you can't afford to run moral risks. Too many alluring prospects lead to eternal ruin. A wrong course will never lead you to ultimate good. And even in business, you can generally trust a spiritual man to know what is right and what is wrong. The fear of God does give men wisdom; there is no doubt about it.

In deciding moral and religious questions for yourself or for others, ask God for his opinion; you'll generally find it in his Word. If you have to ask a man, ask a godly man. And your practical problems, you

had better treat the same. God knows more about practical affairs than all the world put together. "If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SACRIFICE.

It is much easier to offer any sort of a burnt sacrifice than to serve God faithfully in every word and deed for a single day.

Ever since time began men have been trying to find easy ways of getting on. They early found that sin was likely to be punished. By all sorts of devices they have ever striven to escape this punishment. During the early times they offered sacrifices. They also bribed the priests in various ways to secure forgiveness and "indulgences."

It will be remembered that there was one prophet who refused all bribes. He could not curse Israel. The vision of the victory of the chosen people was plain to him, and he could not deny it. Thus may we all resist the temptations of the evil one.

It is beginning to be realized throughout all society that there is no short way of buying up the great rewards, or of accomplishing the great results. As one of our leading teachers has said, "We cannot afford to dispense our charities through the ordinary channels, giving money and not service."

Every hand must labor, every heart must warm toward the work, every foot must march. We cannot escape personal labor and sacrifice if we would truly serve.

"There are at least three necessaries in all forms of social service," says Mrs. Elizabeth Hills Lyman. "They are sympathy, humor and tact. Professor Peabody tells us that a science of poor relief has been devised, but where are the persons equipped with the capacity and sympathy to utilize that service?

"It is the hand-to-hand work that we must not forget. The Man of Nazareth began his service many years ago by talking with one here, another there—the personal touch; now the woman of Samaria, now two disciples on the road to Emmaus, now the group in the upper room."

That is what is needed—the personal touch. We cannot stand aloof and still expect to help our brethren, and we cannot talk down to them. We must banish from our hearts all feeling of aversion and of superiority. As Jesus did, so must we walk with all, sharing in sympathy their joys and griefs. Thus only can we really serve them.

One of our greatest poets has given us an immortal sonnet upon this subject. Like most of us, he had evidently considered always that that only was service which involved action, strenuous and constant. But when blindness came upon him, and he had to sit with folded hands, only thinking and talking, he was granted the vision that, while thousands were speeding over land and ocean without rest, doing the errands of the Almighty,

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Thus it may be with us. But remember that he who wrote this wonderful sonnet served his generation with his pen also, putting into immortal verse the greatest Scripture story.—*Christian Herald.*

THE SECRET OF JOY.

Abounding joy is the prime characteristic of our holy religion—joy unspeakable and full of glory. This is as natural to true religion as the bloom on a maiden's face is to perfect health. If your life is joyless, find out the reason why your harp hangs on the willow. You may find it here: "When the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also." A self-centered life is a miserable life. We are right with God in the exact proportion that we are right with the men and women around us. Let us test ourselves, not by what we are on Sundays at church, but by what we are to the man whom we like least. Is there any unkind, jealous feeling between man and man? any irritation or fretting because of another's success? Are we prepared to square up old scores? to give up things in business that we know are not perfectly consistent with Christ's commands? If so, shake hands; write that letter; pay that money; have done with that source of irritation. Let the love of God be poured into your soul, and after that joy will come.

Have you some hidden cupboard in your soul in which you are harboring things whose miasma is killing your joy? Face your true condition. Too often we are like those who fear their lungs are diseased, and who dread examination by the stethoscope and surgeon lest they should reveal the true condition. We can make no headway until we are clean. Before you can have God's best, you must let him search your soul, and show what the unclean thing is which entered a year ago and has choked your spiritual vitality ever since.

How we fight against God's will! We think it is hard, inexorable, terrible; but, when we submit ourselves to it, we find it good, acceptable, and perfect. As we look into Christ's face and say, "Rabboni—Master," joy springs up in our soul.—*F. B. Meyer.*

If men of our generation will enter into the holy place of prayer, and become henceforth men whose hearts God has touched with the prayer passion, the history of his church will be changed.—*Robert E. Speer.*

THE INGLENOOK

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TOIL'S REWARD.

We talk of work in general as though it was a distasteful thing and we worked only because necessity demanded it. The idea is a prevalent one, and people go to work and come from it as slaves who serve a hard master. But we ought to get rid of this idea and we must if we are to leave to succeeding generations the highest ideas of life. All wise, sensible people condemn a life of ease and despise and condemn the one who is so foolish as to think he is at liberty to follow such a life. And they really enjoy work, too, and never think seriously of giving it up altogether. They are proud to belong to the world's workers—those who use hand and brain to add to the progress and well-being of the world.

Why, then, do we pity the toiler and why do we plan for the time when we shall not need to work—when we may take our ease? Why do we train our children to avoid the trades and professions that call for strenuous toil and point out to them the way that requires little real effort?

Aside from downright laziness and a love of idleness—and it must be admitted there are some people who are thus afflicted—we can discover no reason for this repugnance to the idea of toil unless it be found in the rest that comes after toil. This is the only explanation we can see that will leave us self-respecting, earnest and useful members of society. We experience with supreme enjoyment the feeling of rest that follows work and we conclude—of course without reasoning—that the whole life of the idler must be like this.

No delusion is more delusive than this. The reward of toil in the way of pure, refreshing rest is peculiar to toil. It cannot be even successfully counterfeited. To cut off work altogether in the hope of having so much more time to "rest" would be to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. And this rest, as we know, isn't the only golden egg the toil goose lays. There is the comforting thought of useful work well done and—but that is another subject. What we want just now is to impress our readers with the thought that we cannot have rest, sweet rest, unless we first have work, hard work. Think about it. Test it out.

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Time was when men scouted the idea of bringing the golden rule principles into public life or the business world and any one who attempted to square his accounts by that rule was looked upon as decidedly green if not actually weak-minded. Men then cultivated two consciences, one to direct their dealings with friends and neighbors and one to regulate or confirm their dealings in business. Then public officials and their supporters opened the "jack-pot" on the street corner, figuratively speaking, and outside parties who knew what was going on passed the matter lightly by because it was considered "a part of the game."

But now that time is past (and may it have passed forever!). One conscience, and that a strict, disciplining one, must preside at all occasions. Where formerly men went on the principle of every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost, now they feel a certain responsibility for the fellow behind—the one who has the least advantages. While it is true that we are losing ground in some directions, the moral status being lower than it was in the past, it is with a sense of encouragement and hope that one can turn from these to watch the development of this feeling of brotherly concern for the welfare of others which has wrapped within it the possibilities for righting all wrongs.

In a late issue of the *Review of Reviews* the editor in his "Progress of the World" has this to say of the real progress that is being made in the lines referred to above:

"Thus far we have been too highly individualistic in this country, as a natural consequence of our early history. Pioneer struggles taught every man to fight his own battle. Making one's own way, whether in business or in politics, up to a certain point seems to be the best contribution one can offer to the general welfare. Certainly a man does not seem to contribute to the common good by being a failure on his own account. But there comes to be a time when a man who is well established in his own personal position makes a monstrous mistake if he shows no sense of responsibility for the community's well-being and progress. The successful business man who goes on caring only for his own business interests, and for the aggrandizement of his own position, renders the community a very bad return for the opportunities it has given him

If business men in the coming half-century should go on doing the sort of thing that corporations like the Standard Oil were doing a generation ago to crush competitors and obtain monopolistic advantages, we might well despair of our ethical and social future. But the times are changing in business ways as well as in politics, and the successful business leader henceforth will be expected to consider the community as well as himself.

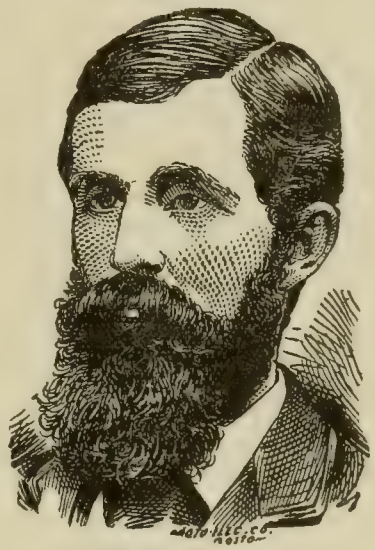
"The test of the really successful business man, as of the really successful politician, in the years to come, will be his ability and his disposition to make his own success a means of benefit to his community and his country. Mr. Rockefeller never seems at any time to have been devoid of the motive of philanthropy; but neither does he seem ever to have grasped the idea that business itself ought to be a generous thing rather than a matter of warfare and conquest,—and that the leaders in business life ought to be foremost in showing the world how to improve business methods, for the diffusion of benefits among all who are honestly trying to make their way in the economic world. Just now our law-makers are trying to find ways of curbing the cruel rapacity of trusts without destroying the modern principle of large results through large combinations of capital. But it is also worth while to see if some measure of business reform may not be brought about through a different sentiment among business men, regarding their methods and their motives, in the uses to which they turn their success. We are, in fact, making real progress in those directions. For example, one has to go back only twenty-five or thirty years to a period when the great railroad men, the masters of our transportation lines, were impatient at the very suggestion of responsibility to the public. They considered that they were carrying on private business enterprises for their own enrichment. Nowadays they have admitted that the railroads are public carriers subject to public regulation and control, and most of them have gone even farther in these admissions than the history of American railroad enterprises would require."

This growth in civic justice and righteousness has already brought about much good, but the field for improvement is still large—we had wandered far from the path of right. With the present tendency toward a high standard our hopes rise to a full exemplification of the golden rule. Then, no matter how industrious and economical one may be, we shall have no piling up of millions, afterward, amid a blare of trumpets and the homage of the world, to be generously (?) bestowed in one way or another upon fawning creatures who had been pushed to the wall while struggling with equal industry for independence. For while even a golden rule era will hardly insure equal fortune to all, the conditions of those who are industrious and frugal cannot be so widely separated that some will be compelled humbly to accept the bounty of others. Let us help to bring in the golden-rule era by following its principles in our own affairs and honoring only those who seek to give them the highest expression possible in this world.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

John Sumner Fernald died April 26, at his home on Bayview Street, aged 56 years, 8 months and 2 days. Since 1873 he had contended almost constantly with ill health and only those closely associated with him realized what he endured. He kept about and at work as long as he was able, and during the year or more that he was a shut-in he continued to use his pen, and the review of the year 1909 was prepared by him for the *Journal*, as were many of the preceding annual reviews.

Mr. Fernald was born in Brooksville, son of Lewis O. and the late Cordelia Fernald, and came to Belfast



with his parents when young. At the age of sixteen he began to work as a "printer's devil," and from that time on was engaged in the printing trade and in newspaper work. For a number of years he was employed in the printing office of the late George W. Burgess; later in the office of the *Progressive Age*, under William M. Russ, in the job department and as city editor; then in the office of the *City Press*, and lately on the *Journal*, where he did his last active work. He did good service on this paper, and when he felt compelled by reason of physical disability to tender his resignation it was accepted with regret.

In addition to his work on the local newspapers he was the correspondent at different times of Maine and Boston dailies, and during his confinement to his home had written for various publications. He had collected

(Continued on Page 528.)



THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter V. Senior and Surgical Nurses.

DEAR MARY:

My days as a junior nurse are ended and I am a full-fledged senior since the class preceding my own has graduated. For a while, however, one's duties may be much the same as during the latter part of one's junior existence.

Night duty and the special nursing are impartially assigned to both seniors and juniors. In this work many opportunities are afforded to develop one's faculty for observing and recognizing important pathological symptoms, as well as for enriching one's experience in the practical care of intricate complications.

When her turn comes, the senior will be appointed to take charge of one of the floors. This is a radical change from any former work given in her training. More importance is now attached to her executive and teaching abilities than to her ability to perform. But, while she is not supposed to do much of the actual work herself, she must know how every detail of the work should be done, in order to properly direct and instruct the younger nurses. Proficiency in this line is therefore indispensable to one assuming the responsibilities devolving upon the senior nurse of the floor.

The senior nurse accompanies the physician when visiting the patients, and notes down his instructions regarding medicines or treatments. She must have an intelligent knowledge of the condition and prescribed treatment of each patient on her floor, and is responsible for the exact fulfilling of the physician's orders. To this end, it is highly essential that all the subordinate nurses on the floor be prompt and faithful in following her instructions.

Under her judicious management the younger nurses are assigned their respective duties. She must not only be able to apportion and assign to each nurse and probationer her work, but must also inspect the same and see that it is rigidly carried out according to orders. She must be firm in maintaining certain rules of discipline, in requiring absolute obedience to her orders, and in impartially condemning incompetent work. She must be willing to teach as well as to issue commands. In many instances it may be more desirable to quickly perform some task herself, than to spend time teaching a raw beginner the right way to do it, but to thus violate her trust would seriously defraud the young pupil of her legitimate rights.

While the ideal senior is firm and dignified in her professional relations with the nurses under her authority, she should not be overbearing or unreasonable. To keep the floor in perfect and systematic running order, and to preserve harmony among the different nurses, much depends on the executive ability of the senior. She should be calm and collected amid the most distracting surroundings and be able to issue clear-cut and effective commands to her assistant nurses. The excitable, impulsive senior, in such a situation, is very apt to make confusion doubly confusing for the subordinate nurses.

Possibly you are wondering when one becomes surgical nurse. That dreaded, yet longed for appointment is usually near the end of one's training. Here at the Logan we get some preliminary training as assistant surgical nurse before we become the real surgical nurse. The assistant is present at the operations and assists in various ways. While in the position of assistant the observing nurse will learn much that will be of great value later on when she becomes surgical nurse. Many nurses prefer the operating room work to night duty or other phases of the hospital.

The surgical nurse is responsible for the care of the operating rooms and all their appurtenances. Every article and instrument used for an operation must be rigidly sterilized or disinfected. Sheets, towels, dressings and sponges are folded in compact, separate bundles, securely pinned in muslin cloths, and placed in the sterilizer for a designated time. This is part of the daily routine of the surgical nurse. She must see that there is always a supply of sterilized goods on hand, as well as all other necessary surgical supplies. After every operation the operating room must be given a thorough cleaning and disinfection. Positively, Mary, the surgical nurse does enough scrubbing, washing up, and polishing off, to entitle her to a diploma in this useful branch of housekeeping alone.

In preparing for an operation the surgical nurse must anticipate every possible need, and have everything in perfect order and readiness. In a critical operation life itself may hinge on one small neglect,

and this fact is a powerful incentive for conscientious and scrupulous care on the part of the nurse. Perhaps you wonder how it is possible for a young, sensitive girl, to calmly witness, even assist, in such a serious matter as an operation.

Two reasons might be given. One, that probably before entering the operating room, she has witnessed, during her hospital life, more distressing and intense suffering than ever she beholds in the operating room. Again, in order to render efficient service to surgeon, and consequently to patient, the nurse realizes the absolute need for quick perception and quick and sure action on her part. Self is forgotten, as with every sense alert, she follows each movement of the surgeon, also intent on his work—work so delicate that the slip of the scalpel on the part of the surgeon, or the delay of a second on the part of the nurse, may mean death to the unconscious patient. Few people outside the profession have any idea of the precautions taken to insure success in an operation.

Other duties fall to the lot of the surgical nurse in addition to the operations. Some serious surgical cases may have to be taken to the dressing room daily and be given treatment. The dressing room is a minor sort of operating room. There is a cot on wheels which is used to convey patients to and from the operating and dressing rooms. The surgical nurse is a distinguished-looking personage, arrayed in a big, white, shapeless, long-sleeved apron or surgical gown, as she majestically pushes her three-wheeled cot up and down the corridor, and into bedrooms, adroitly avoiding corners, and other obstructions. Neither apron or cot are remarkable for beauty, but not a nurse but gives a sigh of longing for the time when she too can don the apron surgical and push the cot on wheels.

Surely much work and care as well as responsibilities undreamed of are the daily companions of the nurse in training. But after all, Mary, though I am really glad to be so near the end of my training, I am not a bit sorry that I undertook it. There have been many compensations, joys and roses, along with the more sorrowful experiences. I can hardly realize that I have almost reached the end of my training. In my letters to you I intended giving you a picture of hospital life as it really is, or rather as I experienced it, but I fear that many interesting details have been omitted.

One peculiarity about the hospital life, is that it is a world of constantly changing citizens, "Ever coming, ever going," seems to be its motto. Familiar faces among the patients are continually being replaced by new, strange ones. One becomes attached to a nurse when lo, she becomes a graduate, and is gone from our midst. Really, Mary, one scarcely knows whether to rejoice or weep when one's own graduation day draws nigh.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

The American Disease

DR. O. H. YEREMAN.

No. 2.

AS we enumerated in the first article (April 26), the person who is starting out on a career of "nervousness" finds it difficult to concentrate, or keep the mind on one subject for any length of time. She is irritable and restless. Trifling things become very important in her estimation, and their performance causes her great care and anxiety. Changes of the weather make her dull and sad. Disappointments are shocking to her and she often has spells of crying.

It is a common error to consider these symptoms as a disease, and direct the efforts of correction against them. The fact is, however, that these manifestations are merely signboards heralding the approach of a breakdown and the disease. When you see the limbs of a tree loaded with ripening fruit, bending down and squeaking with each gust of wind, it warns you that unless propped up and supported it will give way and break. So with the nerves. Each of the above symptoms is a reminder of their wear and tear, and should cause you to take the necessary steps for their support and repair without delay.

The way to go about this is to study carefully your life, habits, environment, temperament, and work, to discover where the drain on your system is. You will find, most frequently, some error in the proper care of the various physical functions of your body to be the starting point. It might have been a trivial thing, or you may have considered it unavoidable at the time, but these little wrongs, long continued, produce grave derangements requiring a long time to remedy.

As it often happens you may not be able to discover the source of trouble by yourself, and you may need the assistance of a competent physician. If that is the case, do not hesitate to consult a doctor in whom you have confidence, and do not conceal anything from the searching examination to which he will subject you. He must have a complete, thorough knowledge of your case before he can give you much help.

Right here a word must be said regarding the tendency of some to ascribe all nervous manifestations to mental causes, and claim to cure them by mental and religious influence alone. No one doubts influence of the mind over the body, but the influence of the body over the mind is as great, if not greater, than the influence of the mind over the body, and what is more, it is the first to do its work.

The claim to cure all diseases by the influence of the mind is a most absurd one, and reminds me of the experience of a man who had an orphanage in India. As this man had to depend on voluntary and irregular donations for the support of the children he had gath-

ered together, he sometimes found his money all gone and his cupboards empty. Then he would tell the children that it was their fault. They had not prayed enough nor exercised sufficient faith for the Lord to send them their food. He would have them form a circle and dance about, singing songs to allay the gnawings of hunger of which they complained most bitterly. But he did not succeed, for it took more than mental suggestion; and only by running away to the neighbors and begging for food did they get relief.

Nerve starvation is at the foundation of all nervous derangement, and this in turn is due to some derangement of the functions of some organ or organs of the body. The rational way to restore nerve balance is to commence with the primary factor in the causation, and adjust all bodily derangements. Then the nerves will be able to obtain sufficient nourishment, and their equilibrium and power of control will be restored. The mind and suggestion can not supply nerve food.

The Christian Scientists and other faddists have not discovered anything new, as they try to make us believe. They simply have placed the cart before the horse—the mind before the body—and present it as a novelty. The saying "a sound mind in a sound body" is as old as the hills. It takes a sound body to develop and support a sound mind. We admit that hope and confidence, patience and cheerfulness will greatly assist the individual to bear the inevitable discomfort while the needed treatment is being taken, but of themselves these agencies can not effect a cure.

Early Effort.

The best time to straighten a crooked tree is while it is young and tender, and the best time to overcome "nervousness" is in its early inception. When you begin to feel the disorderly, irritating, riotous feeling coming on, begin without delay to remove the causes which are producing them. A little effort and care at this time will do more for you than months and months of treatment and patience later on.

It is easy to preach and lay down fine-spun theories, to say "don't worry," "cultivate a quiet frame of mind" and the like, but the average person gets nothing tangible from such advice. Only a careful analysis of the entire subject can give a definite understanding of the different influences which enter into the original of "nervousness" and the various processes of its development. Such an understanding is essential for the intelligent coöperation of the individual and those concerned in bringing about a cure; hence let us consider some of these influences.

Excessive Expression of Emotions.

Some women consider it a feminine charm to "go all to pieces" and to shed tears. The most trifling incident, such as the breaking of a tumbler, the missing of a train, or the illness of a pet dog will excite and unnerve them, and cause them to weep and wail. This giving way to every little feeling and allowing it to manifest itself in an audible way is decidedly detrimental to the development of strong character and a well-balanced mind. It indicates a weakness in the person, a lack of endurance and of self-control. It paves the way for a weakening of character and insures future disastrous results on the nerves. The tendency in this direction is daily increasing among American women. To make loud complaints because of small annoyances, or the shedding of tears over a trifling pain, soon grow into a habit and their repetition from time to time deepens the rut more and more, until you find yourself in the clutches of a power from which you seem unable to get loose. Trouble and sorrow are the lot of all of us, and at some time or other in your life, you will encounter a difficulty which will call for all the reserve force and strength of character in you to overcome.

What to Do.

Train yourself to *keep control of your nerves; get your mind into other channels,* thus you will avoid wasting your nerve forces and will be able to meet emergencies much more successfully. This training for self-control increases in importance when we remember the old saying that "worry kills more people than disease." Practice it yourself and teach it to your children, and you will not only be lengthening your life and increasing peace of mind for yourself, but the same will be the result in your children and their posterity—for your child is as sure to reflect your frame of mind as your physique and general features. "It is not enough to know, we must apply; it is not enough to will, we must do" these things. Therefore, do not hesitate. Pitch in. Try, try again, until you succeed in being master of your nerves. You are bound to succeed.

Undue Suppression of Emotion.

I would not wish any one to conclude that there should be no external expression of feelings, for oftimes telling your trouble to a friend, or taking a good cry will act as the opening of a safety valve and bring great relief. It is the excessive expression, and on every and all occasions that is not desirable. In fact there is a class of individuals who give no external expression to their feelings whatever. This is a false ideal—some persons consider it an ideal,—because they allow their sorrow to burn and smoulder in their souls until it takes all pleasure and sweetness out of life. They even acquire a control of their features, almost unconsciously, so that to see them in society you would not suppose that any sorrow clouded their horizon, although they are tortured beyond description in their loneliness of soul.

Almost invariably these women have not had the attention of their parents during their childhood, and

have been deprived of the confidential intimacy which should exist between mother and daughter. Thus they have become hermits as far as intercourse of soul is concerned. Do you blame them for distrusting every one, and not confiding even in their bosom companion? They have been brought up on the Quaker plan, and taught to take pride in never allowing any one to have a suspicion of what they are suffering. And this early training has been so firmly established that it is at rare times that they can express their feelings; but generally they find it impossible, although they would give worlds to be able to utter their thoughts.

The remedy for these persons is to find a chum, to make a chum. This must be accomplished gradually by telling things of small importance to this chum, until a warm friendship and confidence is established, when the safety valves will be opened, the dry, aching eyes relieved by a shower of tears, and the bleeding heart soothed by warm, loving sympathy. This may seem hard to do, but it has been done by thousands like you. Keep at it, for in this alone is your salvation.

If you happen to be the chum which such a person is trying to develop, be loving and sympathetic, but gentle and tactful. It is well to prompt them at times, but do not probe too deeply into their sorrows for fear of causing a reaction and a feeling of repulsion.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

THE girl who is well bred never finds it necessary to announce the fact to the world. Good breeding is as natural to her as breathing, and as necessary, too.

She never gossips or listens to tales about her friends. This sort of conversation is not pleasing to her.

The well-bred girl seldom apologizes—it is not necessary for her to do so, because she is always careful of other people's feelings, and she never talks of her private affairs.

The well-bred girl never makes herself conspicuous in public places, and does not permit herself to be drawn into any arguments in conversation which might involve others.

She is gracious and hospitable, giving of what she has with a good will, and never attempts to entertain in a way she can not afford. Indeed, she is just a simple, wholesome girl, careful of other people's feelings, and always has a ready fund of sympathy for those in trouble.—*Farm and Fireside.*

THE ART OF SAVING.

THERE is no doubt that some persons are born with a passion for accumulation, but to the average individual in a time of prosperity spending comes more natural than saving. This is certainly the case in America, to a notable degree. Foreigners just come to our shores save money on very small wages, while the native American can hardly make both ends meet. We do not inherit, as they do, the tendency to save from our forbears, and easier conditions of life have not forced the lessons of economy upon us. If we wish to save we must *learn how.*

And how is the art of saving to be acquired? It must be taught in the home, and by the example of both parents. Few things are more difficult than for the father and mother to teach self-denial to the children they are prone to indulge. It is hard for them to realize that it is much better for the little ones to form disciplined characters than to possess the luxuries of life.

Children can not be taught to save if they have no money at their own command. It is, therefore, best to give each child an allowance, graded according to age and ability, and then show the child how to meet certain definite needs out of the sum, spend for its pleasure and still save at least a trifle. It might be required of the boy or girl to purchase school supplies, collars, neckties and gloves out of the allowance, and in this case careful buying can be explained. Then the allowance should increase in accordance with the needs and ability in finance of the young folks.

If at the week's end the father and mother gather the little ones around them and the accounts are gone over together with suggestions, praise or blame as necessary, the children will learn that managing even a tiny income is a good game; that there is sport in doing well. They will discover that big and desirable things—the fine fishing-rod, the camera or bicycle coveted—can be acquired by saving small sums. Many grown persons have never learned the power of small regular savings. It should be learned in childhood.

What the parents would teach the children they must first practice themselves. The home atmosphere must not be one of self-indulgence. The parents should uphold economy as desirable, and self-denial as honorable. That a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth should be impressed on the mind of the child. To *be* rather than to *have* should be the aim. There are many wise sayings which should be household words from infancy.

"To have money is riches; to be able to do without, is power." Wordsworth's noble sonnet ought to be a part of the mental furnishing of every thoughtful youth,—the one beginning:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours."

In this age when success in life is narrowed down to making a fortune, there is need that a nobler ideal

should be presented in the average home. Foolish extravagances and the fever for constant spending would abate in a clearer atmosphere. One grows ashamed to put so much emphasis on the lower aspects of life.

Most persons who have not learned to save in childhood are taught by necessity the importance in later life. How are they to train themselves? Very likely they may be able to increase their income. Especially on the farm there are many ways in which improved methods may be relied upon to add to the receipts, but it is quite possible to add to an income and be no richer at the year's end. All wastes and needless expenditures must be watched for if there is to be any saving.

Only general suggestions can be made: First, the account-book must be studied. Very likely none has been kept, but unless there is a record of expenditures there is very little hope of learning the art of saving. Items must be put down, and the weekly or monthly amount spent must be classified. One must know what proportion of the income has been spent for fuel, for food, etc. With expenditures footed under proper heads, one may see where the economy must be exercised.

Each purchase should be interrogated sternly. The self-indulgent ask only: "Do I wish this?" The prudent ask: "Can I afford it?" The one who would save must ask: "Can I do without it?" In the putting of that question before buying, lies the secret of many a bank account.

First of all, the expenses to be cut off are the wrong or foolish ones,—liquor, tobacco, questionable amusements. Then must follow many harmless indulgences, —bits of finery, trolley rides when walking would be cheaper besides being more healthful, excessive candy, soda and ice cream, and other trifles which are little in themselves, but which add to the expense account in a year quite perceptibly.—*Farm Journal.*

A CLEAN BATH WITHOUT THE USUAL CONVENIENCES.

BY N. D. U.

We may not always be just where we can have the use of bathroom and tub or even much water. A little curtained or screened corner of any room will do if necessary. Into the secluded nook take a few quarts of warm, soft water. (If naturally soft water is unattainable, a little borax helps.) A wash bowl and basin, or two basins will do. Have two rags or sponges, a cake of soap and a towel. If there is an uncurtained window, pin a garment or sheet up to it. Pour water into both vessels; put a rag in each. With No. 1 use soap, and with No. 2 rinse off the soapy water. First wash face, neck and arms, rinse and wipe. Then proceed with the rest of the body, likewise. Thus, by using two basins of water and two wash rags, and a thorough rubbing with the towel, one can be just as clean, refreshed and comfortable as if a whole tub of water in a well-furnished bathroom had been accessible. Our bathroom has a full-sized window, over the lower part of which we keep a muslin curtain, which admits the light and answers all other purposes of necessity. When the season is very warm we lower the upper sash, and the curtain is not disturbed. This is much better than having to lower a shade, thus excluding light and air.

FOR THE COOK.

JENNIE NEHER.

Cheap Breakfast Food.—Take good, clean wheat, wash, then put in your bread pans (or one large one, to fit in your oven if you have one, is still better), stirring occasionally. Thoroughly heat until tender, but do not burn it, if parched too much the flavor is spoiled. We then grind it on a No. 4 Quaker City hand mill which is screwed to our kitchen table. It is then ready to be cooked and eaten the same as oatmeal. We prefer it to other brands of breakfast food and think it is excellent. Parched rice cooked the same way is also fine. The parching changes the starch to dextrine.

Whole Wheat Gems.—Take one pint of buttermilk, one half pint of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of shortening, one cup of white flour. Add enough of whole wheat flour to make a rather soft batter. Have gem pans greased and hot when batter is put in, and bake, until nicely browned in a rather hot oven.

In baking cookies, I always turn my bread pan upside down and bake them on the bottom. By so doing the cookies will not burn in the bottom but will be browned nearer the same all over.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

REMEDIES FOR INSECT PESTS.

Many readers are thinking now of beautiful gardens they are going to have this summer. Very few give any thought to cure and prevention of insect pests. If each and every one will bear in mind the following remedies this summer I am sure they will have no cause to worry. For the receipts I am indebted to that prince of horticulturists, Mr. Peter Henderson. I have had no trouble with insects since using them.

For insects that eat foliage, fruits, flowers, etc., such as bugs, worms, caterpillars and slugs, use arsenate of lead, Paris green or hellebore. These are all poisonous. If non-poisonous are desired, use Persian powder,

slug shot, fir-tree oil, kerosene emulsion, tobacco extract or dust.

Insects that suck the juice of plants, such as lice, green and black fly, red spider, scale, meally bug, etc., can be destroyed by kerosene emulsion, extract of tobacco, tobacco dust or fir-tree oil.

Plants and fruits affected by fungous diseases such as mildew, spot, dry rot, rust, etc., should be treated with Bordeaux mixture, ammoniated copper solution or flowers of sulphur.

For the borers, insects on trunks, eggs in bark, and to prevent crawling up trunk, use whale-oil soap. For fluid solution use a spray pump, knapsack sprayer, syringe or vaporizing bellows. In powder form use powder gun, bellows or duster.

In regard to preparation of above remedies, the following directions should be observed:

Arsenate of Lead—For young and tender vegetation, use one pound to forty-gallon barrel of water. For hard-wooded plants, use up to two or three pounds. Apply as a spray.

Bordeaux Mixture—Dissolve one gallon to fifty gallons of water, and apply as spray.

Copper Solution, Ammoniated—Dilute one quart to twenty-five gallons of water; apply in a spray.

Fir-Tree Oil—Dilute one-half pint to about ten gallons of soft rain water. For tender plants of young growth make weaker. Spray on.

Powdered Hellebore—Dry application: Apply alone, or mix one pound with four pounds of powdered lime or flour. Blow on with bellows or powder gun. In solution: Dissolve one ounce to three gallons of water, apply in a spray.

Kerosene Emulsion—Mix one part emulsion to twenty-five to fifty gallons of water, according to strength required. Spray on.

Paris Green—Dry application: Mix with plaster, flour or other dilutant, one part to 100; apply with duster, bellows or gun. In solution: Mix one pound to 150 to 300 gallons of water. Apply as spray. Bait: For cutworms, mix one ounce with eight ounces of syrup; mix thoroughly with fresh chopped grass, leaves or bran.

Persian Powder, or Buhach—Dry application: Blow on with bellows or gun.

Slug Shot—Dry application: Apply with duster, bellows or gun.

Flowers of Sulphur—Dry application: Apply with bellows or gun.

Tobacco Extract—Dilute with from 30 to 150 parts of water, according to the delicacy of the plants to be treated, and apply as spray.

Tobacco Dust—For insects on plants, apply with powder duster, bellows or gun. For worms or grubs in soil, apply liberally to surface and rake in, or strew thickly in drills before planting.

Whale-Oil Soap—For insects on plants, dissolve one-fourth pound to a gallon of water; apply as spray. For bark insects, etc., dilute with water to consistency of thick paint, and apply with brush.—*James N. Clark, in Household Journal.*

TAPIOCA AND PINEAPPLE FLUFF—Cook one-third of a cupful of minute tapioca in one cupful of water until the tapioca is thick and clear. Add one-half cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one cupful of canned pineapple, and let it come to a boiling point. Have the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff, pour the boiling tapioca over them, beating lightly until well mixed. Dip a mold in cold water, drain, and pour the tapioca into it, and set in a cold place. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with maraschino cherries.

The Children's Corner

THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

THERE was a tiny pool of water down by the well.

"B-z-z-z, b-z-z-z," came from the edge of the pool.

"Oh, papa, what makes that funny noise?" cried little Alice.

"That is a mud-wasp, my dear," replied papa.

"Oh, I see him now," said Alice. "How blue his coat is! But why do you call him a mud-wasp?"

"Watch him a moment, Alice, and you will see."

Sure enough, the little creature was digging away in the mud. He stood on his back legs, and his little forelegs fairly flew as he rolled the mud into a tiny ball.

"Why, papa, it looks like he was making a pill, doesn't it!" cried Alice, looking on in wonderment. "What is he going to do with it?"

"Come to the barn and I will show you," replied her father. They entered the big hay barn, and Alice's father pointed out numerous little dark objects sticking about the rafters.

"This is what we call a 'dirt-dauber's' home," said he. The mud-wasps or "dirt-daubers" were flying in all directions.

A wasp would enter the barn, carrying a tiny ball of mud, and fly directly to one of the little mud houses. Then he would alight on the edge of his house and begin the work of cementing the new earth in place. Their houses are made entirely of mud and each house is divided into several sections. When the house is completed, the mother wasp places her eggs inside, and then the doors are sealed over. When the eggs hatch, the young wasps grow and grow, and finally the doors burst open, and out flies a fine young wasp.

Alice's father explained all this to her.

"I think it is very interesting," she said. "Just think of a tiny wasp being his own carpenter."—*The Child's Gem.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The British League of Esperantist Socialists has been organized in London with the object in view of helping socialism by encouraging the use among Socialists of one common language in all international relations.

The House has declined to give the necessary two-thirds vote in favor of a change of the date of the inauguration of the President and Vice President of the United States from March 4 to the last Thursday in April.

Five hundred and twenty cases of insanity and epilepsy from Philadelphia and neighboring counties in Pennsylvania investigated by Clyde R. McKinniss, M. D., showed that alcohol alone or in combination with some other condition was an important factor in causing 46 per cent of the insanity, 41 per cent of the imbeciles, and 34.5 per cent of the epileptics.

Recently published official statistics relating to the crimes committed in France in 1907, show that the maximum of crime was found in young persons between 16 and 20 years of age. The report attributes this increase in simple criminality to the spread of alcoholism. The regions where the most alcohol is sold furnish the largest proportion of criminals.

Paul J. Rainey, New York millionaire, and Harry Payne Whitney, the well-known sportsman, have purchased the steamer Roosevelt, the vessel used by Robert E. Peary when he discovered the north pole, and will sail for the arctic regions June 20 on a hunting expedition. Rainey and Whitney are now fitting out the Roosevelt at Brooklyn. The Roosevelt will carry identically the same crew employed on her polar trip.

According to a general order just issued by the war department, all army rations, on and after July 1, will be put on a money value basis. Heretofore rations to enlisted men have been served out on a quantity basis. The innovation will make it possible for the messes to serve the men with such food as they prefer, something not possible under the old regulations. Instead of being supplied by the subsistence department with a stipulated quantity of food of a certain character the men hereafter will get any kind of ration to the value of their allowance, amounting at present to $6 per month.

According to Minister Beernaert, out of 44,205 convictions in Belgium in 1908, 12,755, nearly one-fourth, were for drunkenness. The large number of other misdemeanors due directly or indirectly to alcohol is not shown by the statistics, but the fact that the greater proportion of them occurred on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the days on which there is most drinking, is recognized as evidence of the influence of drink. There is an extensive increase of juvenile criminals indicating a hereditary influence of alcohol although this has not been investigated statistically.

The Pullman Company has decided to resist the recent decision of the interstate commerce commission reducing the rates on sleeping car berths between Chicago and the Twin Cities and between Chicago and the Pacific coast. An injunction will be asked restraining the commission.

Total assessments made by the internal revenue bureau on account of the corporation tax have amounted to $26,620,000. The returns from the corporations affected, on which the assessments are based, are now practically all at hand. Notwithstanding the tax is not payable until June 30, $434,261 already has been turned into the treasury on that account.

In an address delivered before the Nebraska State Medical Association, Dr. J. H. Mackay, of Norfolk, Nebr., made the following showing: "Annual preventable loss of life in the United States is 600,000; annual number of avoidable cases of illness in United States is 3,000,000; over 500,000 persons in United States are suffering from consumption; financial loss annually from consumption in United States is $300,000,000; total economic loss from preventable sickness and death annually is billion and a half dollars; fifteen years could be added to the average human life by applying science to prevention of disease."

Shippers and manufacturers of the United States recently met in Chicago to voice a protest against the threatened general advance in railroad freight rates. Approximately 400 individual shippers and 150 associations, each representing hundreds of individual rate payers, were included in the meeting. The delegates did not assume the attitude that any advance in rates by the railroads is unwarrantable, but took the position that the general increase which the railroads claim is necessary on account of advances in wages is unjustifiable on any showing of the financial condition of the carriers and that no raise should be made in rates until the Interstate Commerce Commission has investigated.

The postal savings bank bill agreed upon by the Republicans of the house committee on postoffice and post-roads has been introduced by Representative Gardner of New Jersey. The Republicans of the house will be given time to read the bill and digest it, and later it will go to caucus. The bill, which is understood to be reasonably satisfactory to President Taft, carries the $14,000,000 bond proposition. Accounts may be opened by any person more than 10 years old and by a married woman in her own name, and free from any control or interference by her husband. Accounts may be started with $1, and no person will be permitted to deposit more than $100 in a single month. Persons who lack the dollar may buy postal savings stamps, collecting them until a sufficient amount is obtained to open an account. Two per cent interest will be paid on deposits.

Sir Victor Horsley, England's noted brain surgeon, who has just been made a foreign associate of the Paris Academy of Medicine, made an earnest appeal recently to his professional associates to help stem the tide of alcoholism which is overwhelming the nation. The nation is being crushed, he asserted, by its expenditure on alcohol, and the physicians ought to do their best to put an end to it. He declared that statistics of the Friendly societies show that while abstainers claim for 6.4 weeks of sickness annually, non-abstainers claim for 10.9 weeks. "These are facts which bear upon the physical health of the nation; they are facts which medical men ought to lay before the people. Every medical man," he said, "who is really patriotic ought to be an abstainer."

While the general assembly of the Presbyterian church was in session at Atlantic City, N. J., May 20, announcement was made that John H. Converse, late head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, had created a fund of $200,000 to carry on evangelical work under the direction of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the leading evangelist of the Presbyterian faith in America. The bequest has been placed at interest and will pay $8,000 a year to the work of spreading the Presbyterian faith. The question of the attitude of the church on marriage and divorce was formally turned over to the federal council of churches by a vote of the assembly and the special committee dissolved. In his report on the finances of the American Bible Society, Dr. John Fox stated that bequests made to the society had now reached the sum of $2,500,000.

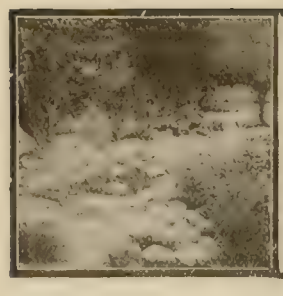
Thirty employés of the sixth auditor's office of the Treasury Department, many of them advanced in years and unfit for other work than that of the government service which has earned them a living for scores of years in some instances, have been notified that their services will not be required after June 30. More are to receive the same notice in a few days. The installation of modern machinery and methods is responsible. Few of the clerks were prepared for the notice. They had been hoping that the message would not come. The President had expressed a wish that they be provided for elsewhere. They were eligible for transfer under the civil service rules, but the worst of all was that no other department or bureau needed them. With the usual leave coming to them their tenure in the government service was at an end.

Following the funeral of King Edward VII and the beginning of the real reign of King George, it was officially announced that the king was graciously pleased to grant remission of sentence to all convicted prisoners in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland who have still more than a month's sentence in prison to serve. "Those who have one month or more still to serve will be released in one week," says the announcement. "Those who have a year or more to serve will be released in one month. Those who have three years or more to serve will be released in two months. Those who have five years or more to serve will be released in three months." Similar orders were issued to the board of admiralty by the king's direction. All persons in the navy who were under sentence of imprisonment for periods not exceeding three months for disciplinary offenses, including drunkenness and desertion, will be granted remission of the remainder of the sentence. A similar act of clemency has been issued in the case of soldiers.

The congressional investigation of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, testimony in which has just been closed, has cost the government to date over $32,500 for printing, stenographers and the witnesses. Chairman Nelson estimates that the miscellaneous expenses will amount to $15,000, and to this must be added the cost of printing the testimony—something like 7,000 pages, including indexes, reference books, etc. This will figure close to $17,500. Hearings in the investigation began January 27 and have been held on 44 days. The "prosecution" called 11 witnesses in chief and one in rebuttal, the "defense" 19 witnesses in chief and none in rebuttal. Most of the witnesses in the case came from the far West—a large majority of them from Seattle—and the mileage was an important item. The government pays the actual cost of traveling, not exceeding 7 cents a mile, and in addition allows $3 a day for expenses during the time which witnesses are held.

An interesting experiment now being made by a railroad company is described in a St. Paul dispatch carried by the Associated Press in this way: "The results of a year of experience have been so satisfactory that the Northern Pacific Railway has gone into specialized farming on a large scale and will add to the 11,000 hens which are working for its dining car department, a herd of 300 milch cows and a garden truck farm. At the same time it will build a second bakery to supplement the supplies furnished by the company bakery in Seattle, so that its cars may have fresh supplies both at St. Paul and on the west end. The poultry farm at Kent, Wash., has made good. Fifty-two acres of land are devoted to this purpose and white leghorn hens were selected as the best breed for the company's purposes. The farm supplies 150 dozen eggs a day and guarantees a fresh supply for the cars. The new garden farm will cover 400 acres at Paradise, Mont., which has been purchased and improved, while at the same point an additional 270 acres of rich bottom land will be devoted to dairy purposes, supplying fresh milk and cream."

A perusal of the printed brief of James Monahan of Minneapolis, the attorney for B. E. Sundberg in his complaints filed with the interstate commerce commission against the Wells-Fargo, the Great Northern and the Adams Express Companies, leaves no room for doubt that express companies are most prolific revenue and dividend producers, and establishes the existence of a combination or so-called "community of interests" between the companies. Sundberg asks for a general readjustment of express rates. As an illustration of the earning power of express companies, Monahan cites the organization and development of the Great Northern, of which he says: "The Great Northern Express Company was organized in 1892. One hundred thousand dollars in money was put into the business. A portion of this was invested in property required in the transaction of the business. The total cost of this property, including real estate, fixtures and equipment, was, to June 30, 1909, $71,288.91. The last annual dividend of the company was $500,000. During the past ten years $3,200,000 in dividends has been paid, and in addition to this assets have been accumulated, reported on June 30, 1909, as $1,448,881. All of the money to pay these dividends and acquire these assets came from express charges, for the company loans its surplus to the Great Northern Railroad Company without interest, and is engaged in no other than the express business."



NATURE STUDIES



A SUMMER MOOD.

O to be lost in the wind and the sun,
To be one with the grass and the stream,
With never a care while the waters run,
With never a thought in my dream;
To be part of the robin's lilting call,
And part of the bobolink's chime,
Lying close to the sky thrush singing alone,
And lapped in the cricket's rhyme!

O to live with these care-free ones,
With the lust and the glory of man
Lost in the circuit of springtime suns—
Submissive as earth, and a part of her plan;
To lie as the snake lies, content in the grass;
To drift as the clouds drift—effortless free.
Glad of the power that drives them on,
With never a question of wind or sea!

—Hamlin Garland.

WHEN THE WOODS ARE LEAF-GREEN.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

Leaves are the most conspicuous objects in the summer landscape. The stems of plants, the trunks and branches of trees are interesting; and the different colored flowers are beautiful, but the soft, restful green of the leaves enhances the beauty of them all. A tree crowned with green leaves is worthy of admiration and painstaking study.

The great variety in the forms of leaves is bewildering when one begins to examine them. Heart-shaped, star-shaped, cleft, lobed, fringed, they seem to delight in exciting our wonder. But leaves were not created chiefly for beauty, but to live a very busy and useful life, short though its span may be. It is through them that the life and growth of the plant or tree is made possible.

When the bud-scales have fallen and the tiny leaves are unfolding they are somewhat protected by the stipules, but the stipules soon fall away and the leaves take up an independent life and assume the duty of making the living for the entire tree. Nothing that the tree needs for its nourishment and growth is available until it has passed through the leaves which are veritable little laboratories. Every leaf that expands is a laboratory in which food for the tree is manufactured and digested.

The leaves are made up of layers of cells covered with a delicate structure called the epidermis or skin. There are little chinks or openings in the epidermis which covers the under sides of the leaves called stomata. In the upper half of the leaf, that portion directly exposed to the sun, is one or more layers of crowded oblong cells standing perpendicular to the flat surface. These are called palisade cells. Between these and the under sun surface of the leaf is a spongy tissue. These cells are not crowded, but are surrounded by air-spaces that open into the stomata. J. E. Rogers says, "An ordinary apple leaf has about 100,000 of these stomata to each square inch of its under surface. So the ventilation of the leaf is provided for." This is the breathing apparatus of the tree.

The epidermis is made up of a layer of connected empty cells forming a coating over the surface of the leaf. Its office is to check undue evaporation, and this is further provided for by the stomata closing during dry, sunshiny weather, and opening when the sky is clouded and the atmosphere is damp. The epidermis is transparent, colorless, and when placed under the microscope it reveals its beautiful cellular structure. Children often manipulate the leaves of the common "houseleek" with the fingers until this delicate membrane may be easily stripped from the leaf. It then resembles a very tiny delicate bladder.

It has been estimated that an average oak tree will send out, through its leaves, the astonishing amount of 28,000 gallons of water during the five months of the growing season. This is an average of about 187 gallons a day.

The greater part of the work is done by the leaves before mid-summer. After that the stomata are clogged by dust, fungi and insects work upon them, and the mineral deposits stop up the cells and all growth stops until another year.

The food matter that is held in solution in the sap, consisting of various mineral substances, such as potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron, sulphur, and phosphorus, is carried up through the tubes of the trunk, out into the branches, on to the twigs, and through them into the foliage. It is then distributed to every part of the leaf surface by the veins, where it is exposed to light, air, and sun-heat until it is chemically changed or "cooked" into good plant food, which is starch. Much less starch is made on cloudy days than

when the sun shines, and at night the process is entirely suspended, but the distribution goes on.

This food in soluble form unites with the sap and by gravity the current sets back through the twigs, branches and trunk, carrying the elaborated sap which is the food that nourishes every living cell from the bud on the tip of the highest branch to the end of the longest root. It is assimilated and builds new layers of wood, lengthens the twigs and roots, and completes the structure of the buds for the duties of the coming year.

The foliage not only prepares food fit for plant food, but in doing this it renders the air fit for animal use. We, in common with all animal life, breathe out carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous; we breathe in from the air oxygen which is wholesome. The leaves do just the opposite, breathe in carbonic acid gas and exhale oxygen, thus balancing affairs. "Thus are the two kingdoms of the organic world mutually, through the inorganic, dependent upon each other. The plant world furnishes the oxygen which the animal consumes, the animal the carbonic acid which the plant consumes, while each would perish in an atmosphere of its own production. 'Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord of Hosts! in wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

Leaves to properly perform their office, must have an abundance of air and light. If this is lacking, as when grown in the shade or under water, where the supply of one or the other, or of both, is wanting, some plan must be devised for securing what is needed. To accomplish their purpose we find leaves growing in such situations are more finely divided than the same kind growing under normal conditions. The additional leaf surface caused by the many divisions makes up for the undesirable conditions.

When we understand how important are the functions of the leaves—aside from their beauty—their value assumes greater proportions in our eyes, and we are prepared to more intelligently enjoy their beauty and usefulness.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

EFFIE REED POLK.

Are we taking any time this spring to study the beauties of nature? They were planned by the Creator, for our good, to draw our thoughts heavenward.

In our childhood, we had much time for thought, we studied all that lay about us, because all was new and strange; we saw much in the woods, in the stream, and the wild flowers that grew about our path; we looked up into the sky, and dreamed of what lay beyond.

As age advances, we become engrossed with the cares of life, and consequently do not take us as much time to wander idly, as in childhood, thinking as some one has written, "The long, long thoughts of youth." Although busy, we should take some time to contemplate the grandeur of life; we should take an hour or two, sometimes, to stroll idly through the woods, gathering wild flowers, and drinking in nature's cheer, as in the days of childhood; and anon, when weary, to rest on the banks of the stream, or in the shade of some tree, that while performing its mission, is still reaching out heavenward. And let us wander out occasionally, into the open country, for here many beauties surround our path. Here we have the green, velvety landscape, painted by Dame Nature, with which no art can compare. Here each spring the pastures fair bloom with flowers, happy in their mission of giving us a hope of immortality.

Let us not forget, that we are not here upon this beautiful, green earth by any merit of our own but by the love and compassion of "the Maker, and Giver of all good and perfect gifts." Let us reach out after all that is good and true, making ourselves better fitted for the green fields and pastures fair, in that land beyond the skies.

Mansfield, Illinois.

NATURE STUDY EXCHANGE.

Some time ago a writer in this department suggested a plan by which those making collections of any kind for nature study work, might help others and be helped themselves by exchanging specimens of which they have an ample supply for others that are difficult to obtain in their locality. All that is necessary, to put one in the way of this exchange, is to send his name and address to the Inglenook, stating that he desires to join the nature study exchange. Below are the names and addresses of those who thus far have expressed their willingness to help others and their desire to receive help in the collecting of specimens:

No. 1. John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
No. 2. Benj. R. Curry, R. D. 3, Box 33, Greenville, Ill.
No. 3. Arvel Landes, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

GROWING BASKET WILLOWS.

Instructions for the growing of basket willows are sent out by the United States Forest Service, upon request, together with a statement of the returns to be expected. The Service is devoting special attention to testing every known variety of basket willow in order to find the best varieties for home growers. Cuttings from all approved basket willows are sent gratis to applicants who desire to establish willow belts. The growing of willows has been neglected in America, and should prove very profitable to those who engage in it. Address The Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

(Continued from Page 517.)

much data for a history of Northport, which he had begun writing but was unable to complete, and had published a history of the Drinkwater family. For four years he was an assistant in the Belfast postoffice under the late Henry L. Kilgore; was for many years secretary of the Waldo County Agricultural Society; clerk of the common council; historian of the Belfast High school association; secretary and historian of the Drinkwater family association; an honorary member of the W. C. T. U., and a Good Templar. At one time he was the secretary of seven different societies. When a young man he united with the Baptist Church of this city and was for a year a teacher in the Sunday school. Kind-hearted, with a good word for every one, he contended manfully with the disease that finally put an end to his activities.

He was married 33 years ago to Almenia M. Patterson of Northport, and of three children born to them two survive—Austin J. Fernald and Lillian L., wife of Albert M. Parsons, both of this city, and there are five grandchildren. He is also survived by his aged father, Lewis O. Fernald of this city; two brothers, Charles P. Fernald of Cleveland, Ohio, and Tolman H. Fernald of this city, and by a sister, Mrs. Lena Curtis of this city. The funeral service was held at the Baptist church, April 29, Rev. A. G. Roberts, the pastor, officiating. Interment was at Saturday Cove, Northport.—*Belfast Republican Journal.*

BOOZE Vs. PORK.

Booze.

One Bushel of Corn makes four gallons of whisky.
The Whisky retails at $16.40
The Farmer gets ..... .70
U. S. Government in taxes gets 4.40
Railroad Company gets 1.00
Drayman for hauling gets ..... .15
The Saloonkeeper gets 7.00
The Man who drinks it gets ..... Drunk
The Wife gets ..... Sorrow and Curses
The Children get ..... Hunger and Rags

Pork.

One bushel corn makes of Dressed Pork ..... 8 lbs.
This retails at ..... $ .96
140 lbs. Dressed Pork retails at 16.40
The farmer gets market for 17½ bu. corn at 70c 12.25

Therefore,

The farmer gains a market for 16 bushels corn at ..... $ .70 $11.55
One dollar spent for meat the farmer gets market for 1 bu. corn 70
One dollar spent for whisky, at retail the farmer gets ..... .04¼

Therefore,

Farmer gains on every dollar spent for meat 65¾c
WHICH IS THE BETTER INVESTMENT?
—*Illinois Issue.*

Between Whiles

SONG OF THE JOY RIDER.

[As Tennyson Might Have Sung It.]

I swoop around a sudden turn,
I make a careless sally,
And, feeling not the least concern,
Go zipping through an alley.

Past thirty cops I hurry down,
I bump o'er ruts and ridges;
I scatter havoc through the town
And flash across the bridges.

I see the red light's warning glow,
But do I heed it? Never!
For men may come and men may go,
But I tear on forever.

I rattle over stony ways,
I crash through traffic's jumble,
And end their troubles and their days
Who hesitate or stumble.

With many a curve I, somehow, get
Around the drays and 'buses,
And do not stop to feel regret
Because some teamster cusses.

I hurry, hurry, crouching low;
I try to jump the river;
For men may come and men may go
But I tear on forever.

I flash about and in and out,
A thousand dangers daring;
I hear the mad policeman shout,
But have no time for caring.

And here and there I gladly break
A speeding street car's fender;
I never hesitate to take
A chance, however slender.

I lay old men and children low,
I make the horses quiver,
For men may come and men may go,
But I zip on forever.

I tear through lawns and grassy plots,
I crash through leafy covers,
I crush the sweet forget-me-nots
And cripple happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I skid, I glance,
I scorn the bumps and hollows,
I sound a toot and take a chance,
Too gay to care what follows.

The public wants me squelched, I know;
But do I mind it? Never!
For men may come and men may go,
But I crash on forever.

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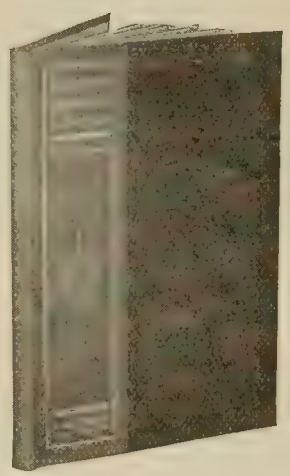
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19 And unto Ĕ'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ-leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lĕ'vītes, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nims, [f]and all they that had separated themselves

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patria*

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sixty and two years, and he [a]Ē'nŏch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he Ē'nŏch eight hundred years begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

B.C. 1000

[1] Heb. *in a wicked mind*
[2] Heb. *A*

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38 Which did [a]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

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e genealogy GENE

d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cain B. w.
5 And to Sēth, [b]to him also there 15
s born a son; and he called his

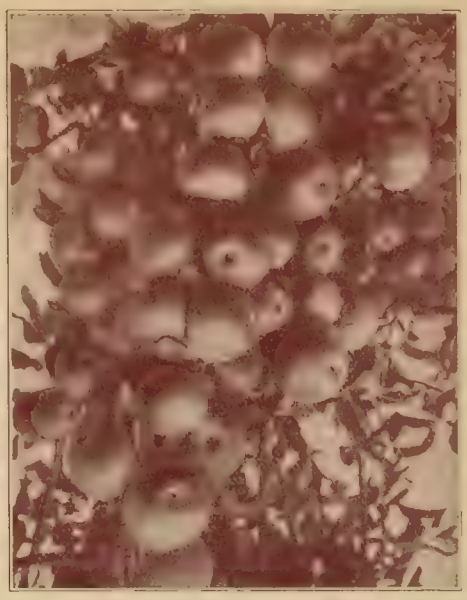
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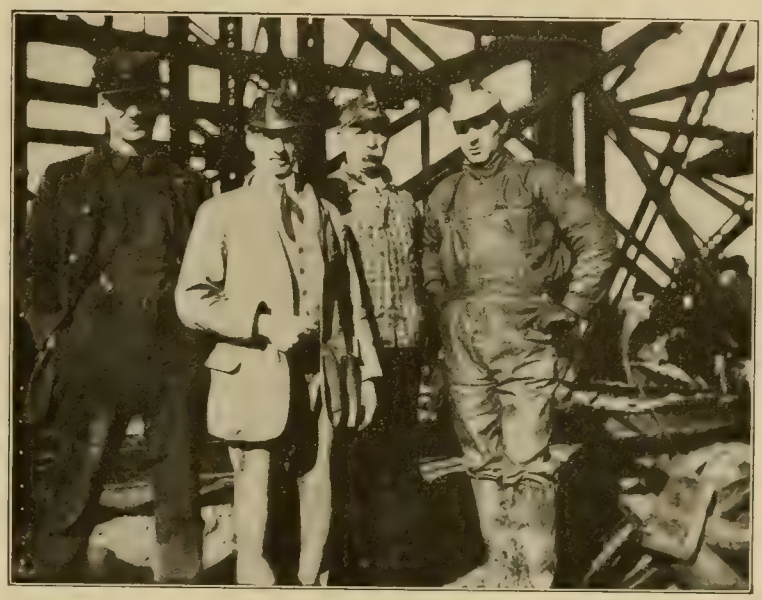
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Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Minidoka ..... Idaho	38.00	42.50	42.50	42.50	40.00	40.00	38.00	42.50
Mountain Home ..... Idaho	45.90	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ..... Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49.20	53.70
Ogden ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	38.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Pendleton ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Pocatello ..... Idaho	34 50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs ..... Wyo.	27 50	30.00	30.00	30 00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
Salt Lake City ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Shoshone ..... Idaho	41.00	45.50	45 50	45.50	43.00	43 00	41.00	45.50
Spokane ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Twin Falls ..... Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
Umatilla ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57:50
Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

†From Council Bluffs the fare is $19.00. Omaha, $19.00. St. Joseph, $24.35. Leavenworth, $25.05. Kansas City, $25.85.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa, ...	$50.00	$53.90	$66.95	$63.90
Missouri River Gateways, ...	50.00	50.00	65.00	60.00
St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	50.00	63.50	65.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois, ...	62.50	62.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado, ...	45.00	45.00	60.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

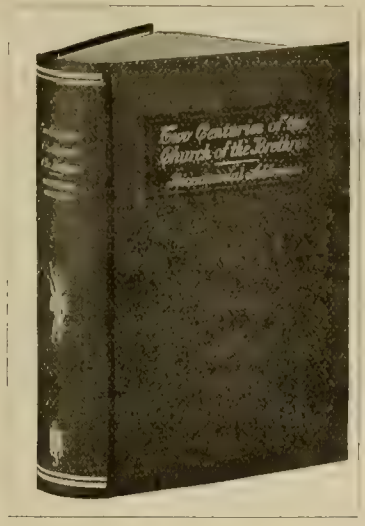
FINAL RETURN LIMIT: Columns 1, 2 and 3, three months from date of sale, but not later than **October 31, 1910.**

Column 4, October 31, 1910.

For Special Excursion Dates, Address

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R. CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

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AMONG the collection of books in every Brethren home should be found this one. It will be a long time before another book of equal value and interest to the present and future members of the church will be published. In the twenty-five addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, 1908, the beginnings, growth and activities of the church up to that time are admirably portrayed in fifteen chapters, headed as follows: The Church in the Fatherland, the Church in Colonial America, the Church in the United States, the Voice of God Through the Church, What the Church Stands For; Her Doctrines, Church Polity, the Higher Spiritual Life of the Church, the Church and the Great Moral Issues of Civilization—Liberty, Temperance, Divorce, Peace, etc., the Work of Women in the Church, the Sunday-school Work of the Church, the Missionary Work of the Church, the Educational Work of the Church, the Publications of the Church, the Philanthropies of the Church, Our Pioneer Preachers.

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Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

OUR LINE OF FINE ART PICTURES



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We have listed twenty-one elegant designs carefully selected from hundreds of the best pictures published. A variety of subjects have been chosen and only the very best of each. We only ask you to send us a trial order and then show the pictures to your friends. We are then assured of many orders to follow.



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The Gleaners.

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6. Feruzzi Madonna.



767. Fruits.



766. Fruits.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. June 7, 1910. No. 23.

Stars

E. E. Eshelman

OF all the works of nature, nothing is more sublime than the firmament. We may look with wonder upon the picturesque beauty of the Natural Bridge, or stand at the foot of a mountain and admire the grandeur of the snow-covered top; we may stand upon the brink of the grand canyon of the Colorado and look down over its steep ledges and a sense of awe comes over us, or look upon Niagara with an overpowering sense of its sublimity; but none of these strikes us with more awful grandeur than the firmament. It is the widest, the highest, the deepest, the sublimest object of all nature. Well could Bryant say,

"When thoughts
Of the last, bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings."

And nature will indeed teach many lessons to the docile spirit through the stars. She invites our attention to them. Nothing so draws our thoughts from earth and earthly things to heaven and heavenly things as silent contemplation of the stars. It raises the soul to a height that words cannot express. The infinite vastness of the universe, the inconceivable distance of the stars from us, their enormous size, their endless cycles through space are beyond comprehension and reveal to us somewhat of the Creator's power and majesty.

When we think of the grandeur of the heavenly bodies that God has made we are made to repeat the words of David: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet." When we consider the myriads upon myriads of the heavenly bodies and their splendor, the question arises, why did God make man, knowing the pitiable condition into which he would fall? and the manner in which he would dishonor him? It is not answered until we recall the fact that man was created for the Creator's glory and in his likeness and that everything else, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth and all that is therein for the glory of man.

Seeing then that we are made in God's own likeness in similar mind and made by him just a little lower than the angels, is it not fitting for us to listen to nature's teaching as given through a star? Behold its brightness! It is like a window in heaven letting forth a single ray of its Creator's glory; shining as it were with all its might and yet can not cast the light it would; straining every particle to pierce through the dense cloudy air to shine upon its Maker's most magnificent work,—man. So should we shine. The light that is in us should shine with all its brightness; shine continually to break through the gloom that may be surrounding our fellow-man's soul and when the gloom breaks he will see the constant light and be encouraged. This brightness comes not from these fleshy temples of ours, but from the light that dwells within the temple —the soul.

Some one has beautifully said: "Know not for knowing's sake but to become a star to men forever." Herein we see the true aim of acquiring knowledge; viz., benefiting others. We should live, not for ourselves, but for others. To live a noble, a true life, one that will in reality be a "star to men," we need not only knowledge but wisdom and discretion to direct our knowledge.

Men who have become "stars" to the world did not gain their position in an easy manner. To many it meant opposition and punishment. Our best literary productions were written by their authors when in adverse circumstances. Bunyan wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" upon the untwisted papers used to cork the bottles of milk brought for his meals. J. R. Green's "History of England" was written when he was suffering in mortal illness. He did not stop dictating until the very last moment, when he said, "I can do no more." Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" when he was blind, decrepit, and defeated with his

party. Blind Fanny Crosby is the author of nearly three thousand hymns, some of which are, "Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior," "Rescue the Perishing" and "Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross." All the great Bible characters have become so by what they underwent. It was by the most severe training, that of sacrificing Isaac, his son, that won for Abraham the beautiful title, "The Friend of God." The many virtues of the grand character, David, were cultivated when in flight for his life. Paul at one time said he "was not a whit behind the chief of the Apostles," a little later, "less than the least of the Apostles" and at life's close the "chief of sinners." He had learned to know that in himself, that is, in his flesh, dwelt no good thing. This fact each one of us must learn if we would be beacon lights to men. The Christ himself learned obedience by the things that he suffered. So it has been and ever will be. A shield will not shine unless it is rubbed and polished. A diamond is not very beautiful until it has undergone the severest grinding. So it is with men. The world wants men,—real men,—those who are not afraid of its scorns and jeers which are often sharper than arrows.

Look often at the stars. Listen to their silent voices. Let your thoughts often rest upon the planets. Even as they are opaque bodies, shining with borrowed or reflected light; so must we, if we would fulfill life's great purpose, reflect the divine light. Be a star of Bethlehem, guiding men to the Ruler of the grand universe.

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS AND THEIR RELATION TO PANICS.

W. F. GILLETT.

PERHAPS there are many people who do not realize what a factor in producing panics the safe deposit vaults are. The writer while in Los Angeles some time back, had the privilege of seeing one of those large safe deposit vaults. It was in the basement of one of the large buildings. The size of the vault was about twenty-four by eighty feet, and was said to contain thirty million dollars, and they were intending to make another one at the side of this one of the same size.

These bank vaults are full of boxes, which are rented to individuals to keep their money and valuable papers in. The same room in which was the vault also contained many small rooms for the patrons to hold private conversation or to transact any business in, with whomsoever they wished. A person having money or papers in one of these vaults, can get them any time, go to one of the small rooms and transact any business, with his business associates unmolested by any one.

Now in case of lack of confidence in the banks, the depositors draw their money out, and put it in these safe deposit vaults, where they know it is safe. True, they don't get any interest on their money, but when they want it they can get it.

This will account for the last panic, at least in part. Of course capital is more or less timid before a presidential election, and then the failure of the Heinze Bank before the last election, increased the distrust. But the failure of a bank does not make any less money; the money is all somewhere, but the fact is on account of lack of confidence the money was drawn out of the banks and a very large part of it put in the safe deposit vaults. This money withdrawn was no more in circulation until confidence was restored.

But there are always many millions of dollars kept in the safe deposit vaults, even if there is plenty of confidence. One reason for this is that a person can keep his business absolutely to himself. No one may know whether you have a million dollars or only one dollar. True, it is supposed you can keep your business to yourself by having your money in the banks, but you can't do it.

The best way to keep up confidence, and prevent panics would be to have a law that would guarantee bank deposits, or else postal savings banks backed up by the government. Then people would not draw their money out of the banks and hide it in safe deposit vaults.

Holtville, Cal.

COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE season of school commencements is here and the annual graduating exercises of the various institutions are in order. The word commencement is not a misnomer as many contend. On the contrary it is most fitting. To the young men and women it is the commencement of the real battle of life. The boys and girls will find themselves at the beginning of a new career, for they must then begin the struggle to climb up nearer to the goal of success.

It has been said that with the ending of school days the happiest period of the graduate's life is at an end. That is not as it should be. If it is, there is something fundamentally wrong with the boy or girl. There should be as much pleasure in striving after success, to make good, as when in the schoolroom. There is as much opportunity in the one as in the other to form agreeable companionship and associations. The drone and the laggard will find the responsibilities of the post-graduate activities irksome. But he or she is generally the person who lacks the ambition in the schoolroom also.

A common fault, however, is the inclination to ig-

nore the bottom of the ladder. The graduate is often overly impressed with a sense of self-importance. About this time of the year, thousands of young people all over the world imagine that the sun is shining for them alone, and that the wind would cease to blow if for any reason they did not show up at commencement. How mistaken they are. That fault often leads to bitter disappointment and heartaches when the buffeting about begins. No position is too lowly if the one who holds it has the ambition to rise higher. There is no place so common that an uncommon person cannot dignify it. It is better for a great person to fill a small place than for a small person to *try* to fill a great place.

Some of the most successful captains of industry began at the bottom. Their most valuable diploma was gained in the hard school of experience. The boy who finishes the excellent graduation courses now provided in the public schools has a decided advantage over many of those whose only assets are energy and perseverance. The training of the mind is an invaluable factor and it makes the road easier.

There is something great about graduating from an institution of learning, and to the young people of this country who have spent their days in preparing themselves to be worthy of a diploma, and more than that, to be worthy and useful citizens we would say:

Many are the hopes and expectations centered in you—hopes that society will be elevated, mistakes corrected, wrongs righted and places of importance better filled. Do you ask what is your place? The world is before you, and though it may seem crowded, there is room at the top and the faster and further you mount the less you will be crowded. There are still many wants that it does not advertise, to avoid a rush of applicants, but these wants exist, and are indeed very pressing and real, and you must ferret them out and your compensation will be as ample as you have brains, pluck and energy to earn it.

The world wants graduates who are men enough to search out these places and make room for themselves; it wants men and women of sufficient self-reliance to bear the disappointment of not securing the first position for which they apply; most of all, it wants character. And it very wisely declines to accept a college or school diploma as conclusive evidence of that. Therefore we gently whisper, enter into your life work with right motives, zeal, earnestness and honesty of purpose, and thoroughness that will satisfy yourself; then others will be satisfied. Realize the responsibilities which have come to you, and assume them in great humbleness, and yet, in true manliness, and bear in mind, by your fruits ye shall be known.

There is another important fact to be borne in mind The graduate who turns away from the schoolroom need not forego the satisfaction associated with the acquisiton of knowledge. The world of books opens up a great university that is at every one's command. Any course may be mapped out and followed. Some of the world's biggest minds have obtained most profit from that inexhaustible storehouse. A few of the spare hours devoted to self-culture or self-instruction will help immeasurably in attaining honor and success. And to the person who is ambitious to learn there is no pleasure greater than that of the companionship of good books.

Chinook, Montana.

THE TIE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Good night,
Dear love, I'll dream of thee
As all the weary day I've dreamed,
Until the miles between us seemed
A ray which bound the sun to me
With light.

'Tis right
That thou my sun should be
Since darkness falls when thou'rt not near,
And since for this I thank thee, dear—
Thou draw'st my soul as it the sea.
Good night.

QUESTIONS.

Shall we remember when, life at an end,
Freed from its turmoil and haunting unrest,
Only the grasses our dust shall befriend,
Green and blossoming over our breast—

Shall we recall all the sorrow and pain,
Madness or anger, and useless regret,
Toil that was futile, and hopes that were vain—
Shall we remember? Or shall we forget?

You, whose dear eyes looking deep in our own,
Opened the gates to a world of delight,
Faithfulest guides when we wandered alone
Out 'mid the terrors of shadow and night—

Will the bond break, when the garment of clay
Falls from the soul where its impress is set?
In the strong light of eternity's day,
Shall we remember? Or, shall we forget?

Shall we remember the winter's despair,
Earth and the heavens, unheeding our cry,
Visions of springtime, enchanting and fair,
Moonbeams and starbeams against the blue sky?

All that is lovely, and all that is pure,
Cares of the commonplace, worry and fret—
What shall we part from, and what shall endure?
What must we cherish, what may we forget?

Vain are our questions. Oblivion's veil
Slowly is shrouding the past we have known;
Faint grow the echoes of sob and of wail;
Dust at our feet are the idols outgrown.

Hearts that have taught us love's blessing and pain,
Eyes that with tears for our woes have been wet,
Voices that thrilled us with hope's deathless refrain—
These, heaven grant we may never forget.

—Sarah D. Hobart, in old scrap-book.

Cherry Mine Disaster

Henry M. Spickler

In Four Chapters. Chapter II.

"MEIN Francis! Mein Francis!" she cried, as if her already broken heart would break again. "Mein Got!" In a state of utter collapse she fell into the arms of the strong young man, threw her head back upon her neck, wrung her hands in despair, and cried so bitterly, that had her grief not found vent in the outburst of scalding tears, every one knew that she would have gone mad.

Her tears had saved her.

It was now three o'clock, yet the great throng of spectators stood around as though chained to the horrible spot,—stood there right above the fuming, flaring, gas-filled underworld of dead men and mules. There was danger of an explosion severe enough to shake the whole neighborhood. But everybody stayed. This was a Sunday crowd. I could come again. So I went to the dining car and accepted a cup of soup and a half dozen prunes, all that was left of the enormous supply of provisions to feed the rescuers and others. Then I returned to Mendota, and after tea at the hotel, appeared before a congregation in the First Baptist Church.



The Big Fan Itself Burned.

The next day I went back to Cherry. This time I begged to go down into the mine. I had merely asked if I might go down the day before. The crowd had gone home. Only the mourners in the town lingered about the mouth of the pit. It was forbidden to take pictures of these. The soldiers were still on the ground, but the rope had been taken down, and the spectator could move at will, here and there, in and out, except to go down into the mine itself. Experts declared that the danger was too great to admit any except the most necessary of helpers.

There was the fire-swept fan, about seventy feet in circumference, that had been installed to furnish air into the very bottom of the mine, for the only air the miners can live upon is the air that is pumped into the mine. This single fan had done that work. It had kept many hundreds of poor miners alive and healthy for many days. But its service was forever at an end. It stood before me in desolate and complete wreck.

About one o'clock in the afternoon of the fatal Saturday, when the fire started in the mine from a bale of hay catching from a lamp or torch, the miner in charge of the little car on which he was having pulled by a mule the load of baled hay,—three hundred feet under ground,—like all of us, was frightened, and not wishing to cause a scare among others, and thinking he could easily smother out the fire he dropped the blazing bale down into the third level, two hundred feet below, down the air shaft. On the way it became lodged in the shaft. The fan above was doing its work, drawing a great current of dry air through its shaft, and instead of putting out the fire only made it burn more fiercely. Soon the woodwork of the shaft was ablaze, the fire rapidly communicating itself to other parts of the mine by running along and through the galleries, and finding a veritable kindling box in which to do its hellish work.

Soon the smoke appeared above the ground and the guards there knew something terrible had happened. With awful results the fan was reversed in the hope of holding back the flames and smoke from the escaping miners. The flames followed the draft, burning like furies at the mechanism of that important function until wheel and shaft, frame and wall, loosened and dropped to the ground, leaving the hundreds of men below in a hell of flame and smoke. In the meantime the fire had reached the big stables, setting fire to the hay and timbers and burning the mules, and filling the two sole means of exit with deadly fumes and unbearable heat. Before the main shaft had become unworkable, many of the miners were brought up the elevator, as it was sent down and up at rapid intervals, but as the report of fire had not been sent to the men until something like an hour after it broke out, they discovered it, in great part, themselves, and all they could do then was to stand by, build a wall between them and the oncoming heat and await rescue or death.

Men lost their heads. It was so unexpected. It was so terrible. The meagre fire apparatus was put to work, but it wouldn't work. They couldn't even throw water DOWN into the mine, with the hose. The air pressure prevented it. So fire departments were called for, one of them from Chicago. A train of water tanks with the Chicago fire engine and hose was soon on its way, running in less than schedule time, to fight against fire, not in the ten-story sky-scrapers in Chicago, but in the fifteen-story below-ground-coal-pits. I became acquainted with Captain Corrigan whom I admired and with whom I begged that I might go down into the mine when they were about to lay their last hose in their efforts to smother the still-burning flame.



Captain Corrigan of Chicago Who Conducted Mr. Spickler Into Cherry Mine.

Again I went back to Mendota, without having gone down into the mine.

The third time I came. This was Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. At last, at mid-day, I was told by the officials that I might go down, —or rather, they did not refuse so strenuously my asking as before, and I was to go down with Mr. Corrigan, of the fire department of Chicago. In order to be well prepared for a cave-in or for a lock-in for many days, I went to the C., M. & St. P. dining car and enjoyed a full dinner of chicken. There was no turkey around. You can imagine how nervous like I ate my good meal,—how I felt, as I reflected upon that which I was about to do. I was very glad, and also afraid, for whether it was true, or not, the most of those to whom I spoke about going into the mine, warned me not to go down, and spoke of the fire, black-damp and the explosive gases forming down there. An offer of five dollars to one young fellow to go along with me brought only a satirical laugh, as he said, "No, you can't get me down there for a million dollars." I went to another, an undertaker of Mendota, whom I partially knew. "No, I can't go down; I promised my wife before leaving home that I would not, and I won't." "Don't disobey your good wife," I said, "but speak to those men about to go down to take good care of me down there,—you know they might have some fun with me, now that I have been so silly about descending into the pit. They might leave me down there." He asked them to treat me all right.

Two expert miners were on top of the cage about to be lowered to the fire zone. With them they carried big axes and picks so that holes might be cut through the shaft in the region of the fire, that the hose might play upon the flames in the coal. "Get on with us," they said, and I wanted to, but they seemed so stern. I was unused to that kind of men and so I was unable to interpret their true character. With full confidence I would have leaped atop the elevator and gone down with them, but my nerve failed me.

Shortly after they came up, reporting great heat along the planking and smouldering fires far back in the veins of coal. Then the cage began to fill up with the Chicago firemen and expert miners, some stepping off again, as I stepped on, when the cage, with four or five of us, was closed and the signal given to go down. Notice the emphatic signal given:

"Lower down!" The expert miner on the cage gave this command.

"Lower down!" cried the gate-keper of the shaft.

"Lower down!" repeated the guard at the door of the engine-house.

The engineer pulled back the lever, turned on the steam, and instantly but slowly and noiselessly we began to drop from sunlight into total darkness, save for the dim light of the smoky lamps. The speed was soon increased, when I was unable to breathe through nervous anticipation of what was about to happen. But I was glad I was aboard, and now I could see the interior of the mine and it might be learn some way of escape for the men still in it.

"Stop her!" cried the expert at the top of his voice to the gate-keeper above.

"Stop her!" I heard him faintly call to the guard at the engine-door. In an instant the car was slowed down and then stopped. We were nearly three hundred feet down into the mine shaft, at the fire zone.

There were the big gashes made into the heavy planking of the shaft lining.

From the several openings streams of sulphurous, hydrogen-laden smoke issued into our faces, dimming

the flaring flames of our cap lamps and choking us with their deadly poisons. I was glad I was there, but I was ready to go up at almost any time, if that time was soon.

HOW POETS WIN.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

He writes his poems daily
And sends them out to sell;
Sometimes they are accepted,
And sometimes, shall I tell?
Sometimes they are rejected;
But he does not despair;
He keeps on sending others
As though he did not care.

As if their cold rejection
Had never caused him pain,
And he was full determined
To recognition gain.
He will not be seen pouting
Or given to the blues;
His optimistic spirit
Takes all as though his dues.

He's heard that perseverance
Is always sure to win,
So with each disappointment,
New efforts he'll begin,
And try to write much better
So that he will succeed;
For patient perseverance,
He knows he'll surely need.

Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW SETTLERS' HOMES.

CHARLES O. BJELKSTROM.

PROBABLY nowhere is home life so prominent a factor as in a new country where neighbors are few and far between. The husband working industriously to build up a home feels the encouragement of his wife and the gratitude of a harmonious home atmosphere far more keenly, than men that hourly associate with fellow-men. I will describe one of these happy new homes.

In the early '90's a man, his wife and two children came to White Willow, one hundred and forty miles from the railroad, fourteen miles from postoffice, and nine miles from the nearest neighbors. Here a log cabin of 14x14 was built. Later another room of 14x14 was added. A log barn and a sheep shed were the next necessary improvements. The material for buildings was found along the stream, on whose bank the little home was built. The house was made of roughly-hewn logs. These crossed at the end formed the corners. The roof consisted of three large ridge logs. Across these were laid poles, side by side. These were covered with hay which in turn was covered with a thick layer of ground.

This house was adorned with a good coat of lime mortar plaster, inside and out. Much of the furniture was made by the painstaking husband. Provision was hauled from the railroad two or three times a year. Mail day came at irregular intervals—sometimes once in a fortnight, oftener once a month—and a great day it was. Things were all made to be used. Rugs made from the skins of animals, such as coyotes, wolf, etc., decked the floor. A large home-tanned hide thrown over the rocker was comfort indeed when the mercury dropped to forty degrees below zero. A shelf within easy reach held the books and papers.

The companionship between members of a family in a new country is one of the beautiful features. Deprived to a certain extent of other companions they naturally turn to each other. The children and mother live much out doors, learn to ride and drive, girls sometimes "breaking" young horses or "bronchos" and assisting their father in taking care of stock; consequently, they are usually healthy and cheerful. Oh! how often the father was helped over hard places with their willing hands and cheerful chatter, and when he would come in tired and discouraged, how the wife's smiling countenance and cheery words, "But it is all our very own, our own home," would give him new strength and courage. To him who has been toiling for others and moving about from place to place, the word "home" is music indeed.

The building of a home in a new country is not nearly so common an experience as it should be. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that three-fourths of the people taking up land "never intend it to be their home." They do only what the law requires on the smallest scale possible and leave as soon as a little is secured. This is a great drawback to the actual home-builder in many ways. First settlers engaged in stock raising. When the land on which stock pastured was homesteaded the stock had to be sold.

One of the greatest problems of a home builder in a new country is how can he educate the children. When settlers were few there seemed to be only one of two things to do: move the family to town during the winter months, or hire a private tutor. Either was costly and inconvenient. When homesteaders came in there appeared some hope of solving educational drawbacks but lo, in two or three years so many of the new homes were vacated. The few that did stay added their voice in the clamor for schools. Townships were organized as districts—some places two or three towns make one district. Most of these have *one* school, generally centrally located. This leaves it sometimes as much as five miles for some children to travel to school.

The principal mode of travel is for each child to have a saddle horse to ride. Each school has its "barn," for the western farmer is as a rule well equipped with horses, and much riding is done by all members of the family.

While the new order of things as a consequence of more thickly-settled community is talked over with the "pioneer home builder," one can not fail to notice that the "home" has lost and not gained by the change.

The home of the early settler was "the homey, comfortable home." Here father, mother and children were *so much* to one another, each striving hard to cheer, help and comfort the others. The occasional caller received a hearty welcome and was given the best the family could afford, with the never-failing request, "Make yourself at home." This was very much appreciated by those that were tired after a long hard ride.

Hayes, S. Dak.



A SMILE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

THE light of day was fading into premature darkness. Ugly, black clouds were slowly assuming control of the sky, and were arranging themselves into grotesque figures. Ghostly forms seemed to be hiding their horrible selves in every nook and cranny, behind every stone pile, in every brush heap, and beside every half-burned log, that bordered the out-of-the-way, little-traveled path.

A little fellow was timidly following it, now bravely blustering along, trying to drown those wan and creepy noises about him; now holding his breath as he tiptoed by a tuft of rushes, rubbing their edges together in the breeze, but which seemed to him to be some wicked plotter whetting his murderous knife; now sidling shyly to one side to avoid a huge spectrum that had planted itself right in the middle of the path, and refused to move. Finally the thing raised its great arm as if to strike, and Danny stopped. He had feared those forms and noises before this, though he knew that they existed only in his imagination; but now that something had indeed challenged him, he would fight it like a man. Never would he allow an enemy to overcome *him*, without a fair trial.

And should he not fight? His mother was anxiously waiting for him. She was an invalid, and lived in a little old hut up in the clearing. She had not seen her boy for a week. He had gone away early Monday morning, and was just now bringing home to her his *first-earned money*, the price of his week's work. And if he stayed there the thing might rob him, and his mother would have to knit more stockings and mittens to buy something to eat. Also she had always wanted him to be brave like his father had been, and how could his eyes meet hers, if he had feared to fight the black thing!

He thought the rattle of the money encouraged him and warned the black monster to get out of the way. So he walked up to it with all the bearing of a cavalier. He told the thing to step back, but it only shook the rock which it held in its hand. He threw a club at the scorned weapon, and the big white rock fell to the ground. But just at that moment the boy stumbled over something, and it gave a pitiful whine. All his pity, sympathy, and goodness of heart was called forth. He knew the whine, and what it meant,—he was perfectly familiar with animal language. Some poor dog was in trouble. He gently felt of its legs,—one hung limp in his hand. There was also a bad bruise on the hip.

Everything looked welcome and inviting to him now. He went over to see what he had knocked down from the limb that shook so viciously at him a few minutes before. It was a bag of chicken feathers. He dumped out part of the contents, and started back with the bag. There was a scent of tar in the air. He looked around and there by a stump was a pan of it. "Ah," he thought, "some evil work has been done here."

The lad applied some of the tar to the bruises which he had noticed on the dog. It would protect the sores from the air till something else could be done. Then he carefully lifted the suffering animal onto the bag, gathered it up in his arms, and started home.



A LIFE'S SAD ENDING.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

IT was a lovely day in the beautiful month of June. The skies were blue, and tiny clouds were resting like jewels upon its azure bosom. All nature was attired in fresh, green robes which showed the impress of an omnipotent Hand. The flowers, glowing in all their beauty, the enlivening touch of the gentle zephyr, and the warmth of the genial sun, made one wish that the frosts of autumn and the bleak winds of winter might never come.

It was hard to realize that there were any despondent souls to whom these delights of nature failed to appeal. But when the evening paper came out with the word "suicide" staring us in the face, it revealed that there was at least one soul that day who was weary of life and had gone to a premature grave; one young soul who had rashly taken her life while in a fit of despondency because the troubles of life seemed too great for her to bear.

Such is the case all over our land. Thousands of people are throwing their lives away because their will-power is gone and they cannot face their future.

It may be some young person just beginning who has met disappointment in a love affair—the poorest excuse in the world for suicide. Or, perhaps, it was ill health, worry, or financial failure which brought the discouraged life to its unhappy end.

But why are all these sad terminations of life? Because people do not look on the bright side of things. In the hour of trouble the opaque gloom of the approaching cloud seems too dark to ever have a silver lining. In the moment of mental strife and anguish the soul cannot realize that there will be a rainbow after the passing storm. And in this fit of distress they think any state preferable to the one they are enduring and plunge their soul into the great beyond.

Brace up! Be a man! Conquer the obstacles in life's pathway. There is so much that is beautiful in this world that we should look on the bright instead of the dark and troubled side of life.

DENMARK'S PREMIER.

From a shoemaker's bench to the highest seat in the land, next the King, is in brief the career of Carl Theodor Zahle, the new premier of Denmark. And his achievement is paralleled by several of his colleagues in Denmark's first radical ministry.

Zahle is a shoemaker's son. His parents occupied only a few rooms on the ground floor. One door opened on the street, the other on the "gaard" or cobbled court, where Theodor played. The father was a public-spirited man. In the long winter evenings a group of friends listened while the autocrat of the shoemaker's bench held forth on the iniquities of the conservative government. The boy listened eagerly. He borrowed scraps of leather from the shop and arranged them out in the court in the form of parliaments. When he began to read he chiefly was interested in newspapers and books of history.

Theodor early learned the shoemaker's trade, and assisted his father out of school hours. At the age of 11 he entered the Roskilde Latin school. He had plenty of stimulating surroundings. The boy lost interest in shoemakers' lasts, for his heart was in his books. A farmer uncle predicted that the King would some day need their Theodor. So the family put their heads and purses together and sent the boy up to the university of Copenhagen to study law. His college career was successful. In 1890 he was admitted to the bar, and eventually to the higher courts.

In 1895 he was elected to the Lower House of Parliament, and became, in the course of years, the leader of his party. At the end of October, 1900, the King called upon Theodor Zahle to form Denmark's first Radical government. Zahle is the youngest premier Denmark ever has had.

His wife has been a good help to him, even in the earning of bread. She is an expert stenographer, and has for some years been employed in Parliament. When Zahle made the opening address for the new government his wife sat directly in front of him and took down every word.—*Victoria Colonist.*

IN SCHOOL

FROM LORDSBURG COLLEGE.

Lordsburg College is growing; like almost all institutions of the kind, it has seen some rough weather though located in beautiful southern California, nestled down among the orange groves in a fertile valley between the rugged and grand mountain range on the north, the highest of whose summit is crowned with snow the greater part of the year, and the San Jose hills on the south; a veritable park where nature has been lavish with her gifts.

The school, having been accepted by the churches of the Southern District of California and Arizona a year ago, has taken on new life, and one year has brought a change in the institution and the district, such that now at the close of the present year's work the prospects are that the school will open in September with a greatly increased attendance, and a decidedly stronger faculty than the College has ever known.

During the past year the work done has been in advance of former years, and the students have expressed themselves, almost without exception, as laying plans to be in school next year.

Many of our young people who were not in school this year are arranging to be with us during the coming year, and there seems to be a growing interest among our people in favor of Lordsburg College. The endowment fund has reached the $30,000 mark, and cash subscriptions have been very encouraging.

There has been spent for permanent improvement during the year about $3,500.

Why all this new interest? Why this renewed growth? Why are the prospects brighter? Why are our people talking for the College and soliciting students and encouraging the work?

There are two reasons principally; first the district owns and controls the school; this is as it should be, not only here in California, but wherever the church has a school it should be under the control of the district or districts in which it is located; second, the management has endeavored to have the school in all its departments in harmony with the principles of the Church of the Brethren.

In concluding this article I wish to quote from the report of the President to the District Meeting of Southern California and Arizona as follows:

"The advancement this year has far exceeded our expectations one year ago, and I certainly do appreciate the many words of encouragement personally



given, as well as the growing interest manifested over the district.

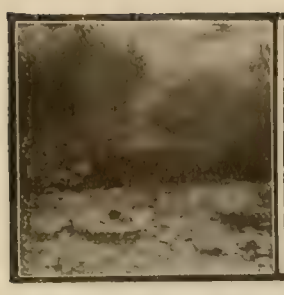
"While everything has not at all times been as I would have been pleased to have had it, I remember that it is always so.

"And should you hear of some things being permitted that you would consider wrong, remember that such things are not permitted in the school any more than they are permitted in your own home or in your own church, and yet these things do occur sometimes in some of our best regulated homes and churches in spite of such regulation.

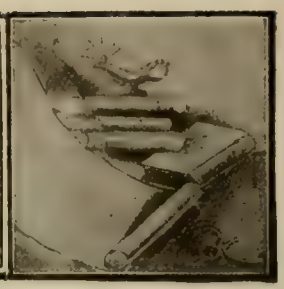
"Under the blessing of our heavenly Father we have been able to go forward in the work in love, peace and union, and my prayer is that his guiding hand may direct us, and that Lordsburg College shall become such an institution of learning among us that we may look to it as a place where we may send our children with the assurance that they will be brought under the best possible religious influence, while developing and strengthening their intellectual powers.

"In conclusion, I wish to say that my experience during this year in Lordsburg College has confirmed my belief that we, as a church, can maintain a creditable school and college in harmony with the distinctive principles of our church, and the only reason why some of our schools and colleges have drifted away from our long established customs is because they have allowed themselves to drift, and not because the demand of our young people is such that they will have a worldly school. God bless our young people, and help us who are older to be willing to give of the means which God has trusted to our care, for the upbuilding of an institution which shall make for the betterment of our church and nation."

A STUDENT.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE METHOD OF HOLY SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

IRA FRANTZ.

Ever since the days when "Jehovah went before the children of Israel by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them in the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light" he has been ready and willing to go before his people at all times to lead them exactly in the way in which it is best for them to go. The blessing of always being led by the wisdom and foresight of Jehovah is evident. The Lord has a great plan for all men. The world will be blessed in proportion as he is able to get men to conform to his plan. The blessing will come in a large part to those individuals who do thus submit themselves to him. Christian people, therefore, owe it, not only for the good of the kingdom but for their own welfare, that they seek to know and to do the will of God in all things—temporal as well as spiritual. If the Lord wants you to change location and get closer to church or farther away, in a more needy field, you had better go. If he wants you to give up business and spend your whole time in actual soul-saving work you had better do it. Trust him to look after the finances. If he wants you to stay where you are you had better stay. You will make fewer mistakes and consequent failures if you follow only the leading of the Lord.

Many people are desirous of the guidance of the Holy Spirit "if only they knew how to hear and recognize his voice." It is the purpose of this article to try to reduce the question of Holy Spirit guidance from a pretty theory to a practicable, workable method—to give some points which, in many cases at least, may prove of practical value in solving the perplexities which arise in the life of every man and woman.

In the first place, we must divest ourselves of the idea that the Spirit will make his impressions on us through our *feelings*. It is hard to understand how people ever got the idea that the Spirit leads them only through this medium—the most variable, uncertain, and unreliable of human faculties. Pay little attention to your feelings. Your own carnal passions control these.

The first step in seeking to know the will of God in any matter is to give up one's own will. If we get past this point we are on a fair way to success. But right here is the hardest thing we will have to do. It is the place where ninety per cent of the failures occur. As long as you have a determination, or even a desire for a certain course, it will be hard for the Lord to show you the better way. Have absolutely no will of your own for anything but to know the Divine will. Think how much greater the wisdom, the foresight, and the experience that go into the making of the Divine will. Dwell upon this until you are afraid of your own desires and are determined that nothing shall stand in the way of your finding and doing the will of God.

Perhaps the Word will give some help on your problem. If the Spirit has given any directions in the written Word which cover your case you need look no farther. He would not write one thing in the Bible and then reveal an opposite thing to you. If you have a feeling that the Spirit is leading you to a course which evidently is contrary to the Bible there can be no doubt that the spirit that is thus leading you is the spirit of the devil.

But there are many problems that arise that are not covered by the written Word. These are questions of method and not of principle. It is in deciding these that we most often make the mistake of thinking that the Spirit is leading us through our feelings. How then is the Spirit to work in us to know his will? Through our judgment—carefully and prayerfully applied to existing circumstances. Did not the Lord give man his judgment? And for a purpose? Let the work of the Spirit then be not to give you a *feeling* that you ought to pursue such and such a course, but let it be to quicken your perception, enable you to consider the question from every angle, weigh every consideration carefully, and thus be guided into the right way with a certainty that can admit of no doubt. At first thought this may seem to rob the Holy Spirit work of its efficiency. It has been thought that to seek Holy Spirit guidance was to lay aside our own judgment as being entirely insufficient and to seek something else entirely apart from if not opposed to our judgment. "Lean not unto thine own understanding" does not mean to throw away the understanding. It means to lean the understanding upon the divine wisdom. You would call a man a fanatic or a fool who insisted that the Spirit told him to eat all his food uncooked. Com-

mon sense alone is sufficient to lead a man to cook his food. Yet if you insist on being led by so-called "Spirit impressions" you must sanction every such fanatical notion as this. For who shall draw the line—and where? After all, good common sense combined with consecration is the real thing. The work of the Holy Spirit is to supply plenty of this. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

A few cautions may not be out of place here. Some otherwise well-meaning people have gotten a notion that if they pray over a matter they cannot go wrong. They forget to surrender their own wills. Then they believe they are doing the Lord's will. This has caused many to look with sneers and sarcasm on the whole idea of God's taking any personal interest in the affairs of men and having a will for them. Dr. Stall, in his excellent book for young men, speaking of the choice of a wife, advises to proceed carefully and with prayer. Then he gives a warning that they do not mistake their own infatuation for the voice of God. The warning needs to be sounded to men and women everywhere. It is so easy to mistake one's own desires in anything for the voice of God's leading. The only remedy lies in mercilessly rooting out every vestige of selfish desire.

The Holy Spirit never leads a man to make a fool of himself. It will lead him to do some things which, in the eyes of the world, are not wise but this is because the world is carnally minded while the man of God is spiritually minded.

The Holy Spirit never leads a man to do things which hurt his standing as a Christian and cast evil reproaches upon him. The Holy Spirit never leads a man to boast of himself.

The Holy Spirit is not likely to lead a young Christian to seek a life companion among unbelievers. He will not lead to rash and hasty marriages.

The Holy Spirit will never send a brother to law against brother, and will not lead to any evil speaking. The work of the Holy Spirit is all clean and above board.

Do you desire the leading of this Good Spirit? Then remember that his work is not alone that of a Guide. There are many things he wants to do for you. You have not the privilege of choosing one thing and rejecting another. First he must be able to convict you of sin and commence his work of regeneration in your heart. He must have the whole life for God. *Then* will he deign to guide you.

In conclusion let me dream of what the Holy Spirit would do if given a chance: He would solve the problem of ministerial distribution by scattering the preachers out and putting each one to work for all he is worth. He would send hundreds of young men and women to college to prepare for fuller living and greater usefulness. He would take some men off the farm, out of the office, and away from the factory and put them into rescue work. Others he would make content to serve in their lowly lot. He would stir out some young doctor and send him to China as fast as the ship could carry him there. He would transform the lives and conduct of Christians everywhere until hypocrites in the church should be an unknown quantity.

Brother, has the Holy Spirit full control of your life? Leave the other fellow clear out of the question now. How about yourself? Wouldn't it pay to turn the reins over to the Divine will? It is not a mere theory. It can be made a practical experience.

"Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding;
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he will direct thy paths."

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

THE Bishop of Cambridge once gave a lesson in "Christian grammar" to a class he was teaching. He said: "We have all learned to say in school:

"'First person—I;
Second person—Thou;
Third person—He.'

But this is wrong in Christian grammar, so wrong that to put it right, one has to turn it quite upside down. The Christian's grammar is:

"'First person—He;
Second person—Thou;
Third person—I.'

And 'he' means God, the first Person in the first place. Then 'thou' means one's fellow-man; and 'I' myself comes last.'

A truer lesson never was taught. Ordinary grammar reflects ordinary life. Christian grammar, like Christianity, turns the world upside down and remakes it. The first, last and hardest thing a Christian has to learn is to change about the first and third persons—to substitute God and God's glory, for self and self's wishes. It is truly the learning of a new language, belonging to a new life. But the better one learns the Christian language, the more one understands the Christian life; and until those two persons are changed about no one can understand Christian living or carry it out with any joy or peace.—*Forward.*

BEAUTY of achievement, whether in overcoming a hasty temper, a habit of exaggeration, in exploring a continent with Stanley, or guiding well the ship of state with Gladstone, is always fascinating, and, whether known in a circle large as the equator or only in the family circle at home, those who are in this fashion beautiful are never desolate, and some one always loves them.—***Frances E. Willard.***

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It seems strange that in spite of all the prophecies of ill—of blighted crops because of untimely frosts or burning sun, of dried up crops because of drouth, of drowned out crops because of too much rain or of devastated crops because of some insect pest—when harvest time comes the producer finds he has enough for his own family and a little to spare. Wouldn't it be a good thing, for ourselves and for those about us, if we would lay aside all pretensions as a prophet—especially a prophet of evil—and give all our attention and our efforts to the bringing about of the best conditions? Really, one is almost forced to believe the seeming paradox that some people cannot be happy unless they are miserable. We may be sure that we cannot avoid misery if we continually court it. To keep out of its clutches we must persistently refuse to see it until brought face to face with it.

There will be many people who will read of the earnest efforts that are being made for a sane Fourth and they will nod their heads and agree that it is a wise movement; and then after awhile, a few days before the Fourth, they will go to town and lay in a supply of death-dealing explosives because they don't want to deny their children the *pleasure of observing the Fourth like other people do.* In most needed reforms it is not a very great task to convince people that the change is for the best. The hard part is to get them to break away from their habits and from the crowd and *do* the thing they know they should do. We trust all our readers belong to the number, even though it be a minority, who live up to their convictions, no matter which way the crowd goes.

Some people will not be happy or give any evidence of happiness or contentment unless *everything* is exactly as they would have it. They will not sing unless they can sound every note in the scale. They are wholly unlike the little bird that joyously sings its one little song. This is not good for them nor for the people about them. Those who thus wait for things to be perfectly favorable seldom if ever have an opportunity to sing at all. On the other hand, those who willingly sing the one little song they may sing, continually have new experiences in happiness and are able to add one note after another to their little song till their whole life appears as one of deepest joy. The best way to find out whether there is anything in this is by a fair trial. Start out by making much of the one little thing you may be glad over and see where it will lead you.

SELECTING EASY PLACES FOR OUR CHILDREN.

Last week in writing about one of the rewards of toil we made the statement that parents generally desire easy places for their children. It was not in the realm of that subject to enter upon a discussion of this condition, but we feel its importance is such that it demands some looking into to the end that parents, guardians and friends of the children may be led to see, in some degree, the influence of such an attitude as it makes its impression on the growing child.

It is hardly necessary to go back to prove the above statement. Most of our readers can recall some incident, from their own experience or from observation, that will testify to its truthfulness. Who has not heard some little boy earnestly talking about the work he means to do when he grows up and being interrupted by his mother with, "Why, Willie you don't want to be a ——, do you? Why, that is such hard, dirty work!" Or his father will say, "That's awful hard work, boy, and not very big pay," though the work in question may be one of necessity's trades or professions, by which we mean building, manufacturing, producing, etc.,—real work,—not go-between or parasitic work. Afterwards, growing up under the influence of these words from his parents, Willie becomes one of the many kid-glove "workers." (Worker here means one who works the other fellow or lives by the other fellow's work.) As to its being clean work, people will differ on that point. To be sure, he does not come in contact with any particles of mother earth, but his pollution of soul may be such, the loss of the finer sensibilities of the real man may be such, that if these could be converted into their equivalent of material filth the mother would lift her hands in horror, hopeless of ever seeing her boy as clean even as the laboring man she once despised.

Since we began writing the above, we have come upon the statement of an authority who confirms what has been said relative to the parents' part in denominat-

ing the real worker's life as a hard life—one to be avoided by their children. This authority on the subject is the dean of the women's department of Chicago University, and the charge is that we are "raising a race of idlers in that most of the students start their college course aimlessly and end it with even less decision regarding the future than when they began. An increasingly large number of young people go to college openly and avowedly for a 'good time.' They and their parents talk as if these years in college were a respite granted to a convict before entering upon a term of servitude."

But if we did not have this confirmatory statement we have the irrefutable evidence of the nature of the parents' influence in the thousands of young men and women who fit themselves only for the easy places, fighting shy of those that make large drafts on brain and brawn as they would of the deadly plague. We are growing tired and sick at heart over the stories of bribery and corruption where men sell their honor and every principle of manhood because this way offers a quick method for gaining wealth, ease and fame—the things that were drummed into their heads from childhood as being above all others worth having. They came to this end partly because their mothers were so bitterly opposed to their doing hard, dirty work.

And now for a little analysis of mother's desire to have Willie choose a trade or profession that will not soil his hands or clothes and will not call for hard work. We will grant that she loves her boy and is deeply concerned for his highest welfare. But if this is true, is she reasonable in her conclusions? We think not. If she loves her boy she will decide to use all her influence in directing him to choose one of the most useful trades or professions, according to his natural inclination and fitness, and regardless of the dirt and hard work that may go with it. Grime and dirt are easily removed and as to hard work, the modern working world doesn't have many "killing" jobs to offer; the ordinary hard work of the farmer, the builder and their kind is the work for which man was built and fitted by nature. Most of the men who have come to ruin, physically, mentally and morally, have come from the ranks of those who have sought the "easy" ways of making a living.

The mothers of our land can do no greater service for their children and for the world than to bring up their boys and girls on familiar and friendly terms with work, impressing them with its necessity and therefore its dignity and honorableness. We need fathers and mothers who will think more about the usefulness of their children to the world, who will think more of the priceless virtues of industry and honesty and less of money and fame and the quick and easy methods of gaining these fleeting, unsatisfying and corrupting things. When our children early in life are given a right understanding of these things by their parents and are brought up to give the greater honor to the things of real value, there will be less suffering of broken hearts and loss of confidence because of the wreck made of life by those who looked upon life as a game in which their own pleasure was the chief consideration.

BAD MANNERS OF AMERICANS.

Prof. Paul Goode of the Chicago University was one of the men who acted as escorts for the Japanese commissioners during their recent visit to America. The party visited every large city in the country, and everywhere, Prof. Goode says, except in Washington, Indianapolis and St. Louis, the banquets in honor of these men were characterized by the rudest of manners. In some instances the banqueters laughed and talked while the visitors were making formal speeches, and in many other ways displayed vulgarity and utter lack of polite manners. "If," says Prof. Goode, "culture could be attached to the point of a javelin, you couldn't force it through the thick hide of the average American. Primarily this lack of culture goes back to the home. In many American homes the children are not taught to pay respectful attention when others are speaking. And if Americans fail to learn that cardinal principle of culture when they are young, it is impossible to punch it through their thick skins when they grow old."

Of course, we of this generation can only judge the children of "auld lang syne" by tradition, but it is probably safe to say that never in the history of America have the children been allowed to give such free vent to their utter lack of respect for elders as now. This is often called the "children's age," and sometimes we almost think the child is running rough shod over reverence and propriety. In many homes the older persons are slaves to the children. The manner in which some boys and girls "talk back" to their parents is shocking. Selfishness is fostered by many mothers who neglect to teach their children the little courtesies due others. In frequent instances when young folks are considerate of elders, it is with an air of great condescension.

A strong-looking young mother and her small child, hardly able to sit by itself, occupied an entire seat in the street car recently and forced a very frail old woman to stand. The child was small, and the mother spread its little dress out as a sign that the seat was occupied. She could easily have held the child in her lap. Evidently that child will not learn courtesy from its mother. Selfishness seems rampant. Let us seek to cultivate the spirit of courtesy, which "seeketh not its own."—*Selected.*



THE HOME WORLD



KATHLEEN WRITES TO MARY ON BECOMING A TRAINED NURSE.

Letter VI. Graduation.

DEAR MARY:

FOR weeks before the great event the members of the graduating class are in a state of intense excitement, a mingling of joyous and fearful anticipation. Joy, that the climax to one's weary months of training is almost reached. Fear, that some unforeseen calamity might yet prevent the securing of that certificate, duly signed and sealed by the proper authorities, attesting to one's skill and efficiency as a nurse.

Classes, lectures and examinations are at last over, and one's leisure hours are devoted to preparations for the graduating exercises, and other social functions given in honor of the graduates.

Of course every class selects its motto, flower and colors. These are prominently displayed in the decorations on graduation night. Our class flower was the Easter lily, our colors, green and white. Our motto, "For Humanity's Sake," was unanimously agreed upon by the class as being very appropriate. We were quite happy over our felicitous inspiration until some non-professional friends suggested the propriety of adding, "And the mighty dollar." Really, Mary, it is seemingly hard for the public to understand that nursing as a profession is of recognized value to both individuals and the general public, and as such, requires a just remuneration, like any other profession.

The exercises were held in one of the large churches here in town. In order that all the Logan's nurses could attend, several nurses from a nearby town were engaged to wait on our patients in their place. In spick and span new uniforms, white aprons, cuffs, collars and caps, the graduating class was put in cabs and whirled to the church in grand style. With the Superintendent and the President of the Training school preceding, we marched in orderly procession up the long aisle to our reserved seats. Following the graduates and the hospital nurses came the alumnæ association of the Logan Hospital, also in the regulation uniform.

As I looked over the large audience, composed of physicians, ministers, friends of the hospital authorities, friends of the nurses, and—best of all, many, very many, ex-patients, I thought of a remark of Uncle John: "My dear Kath," said he, "some day you will find out that the diploma will not be the only nor the greatest reward received for duty well done." It is a curious fact, Mary, but I find that his advice invariably turns out remarkably astute and correct. In this instance I had a glimpse of the "vision" that glorifies duty well done, even if it is done in secret and obscurity, in untrumpeted self-sacrifice and heroism. "Just think," whispers one in the class to me, "what all we would have missed, had we been so silly as to give up and go home that time we were so homesick. How I wish my folks could be right here tonight to behold the honor shown their dutiful and accomplished Arabella."

And it was with exultant little thrills of pride, and with solemn but exquisite pleasure over our achievement, that we listened to the President's address of welcome, the minister's prayer, the music, and the addresses from prominent members of the medical profession. The diplomas, tied with the class colors, green and white ribbons, were presented by the President, in a very impressive manner.

After the conclusion of these ceremonies we marched in due order to the reception rooms below. Here an informal reception was held and refreshments served, under the genial auspices of the Training School Board of Managers. Flowers and congratulations were showered upon the happy graduates, who for one brief night, at least, saw the crown above the cross of their professional life. Only too soon came the time to return from this festive scene, to our sober duties at the hospital. But the memories that cluster around her graduation night should be among the happiest and most inspiring of the nurse's life.

Those whose full course of training was not completed at the time of graduation, will remain at the hospital until it is. To distinguish the graduate from the senior, and as a mark of honor, a blue band adorns her nurse's cap. At the completion of her course, the nurse leaves the hospital and must look out for herself. There is a difference in hospitals regarding the remuneration of their nurses in training. Some give a small monthly allowance out of which the nurse must furnish her uniforms. Others provide the uniforms and at the end of the course grant a small gratuity to the graduate when she leaves the hospital. But the greater proportion of hospitals consider their remuneration

ample if uniforms, board, lodging and laundry are provided the nurses in training. The profession secured is thought sufficient compensation for the services rendered by the nurse during her years in the training school.

The nurse who receives a small sum at the end of her training will find it a very material aid to her until she has a case. She more often than not, is far from home and friends and, unless she has plenty of means, the expenses of room rent, board and laundry will be a serious proposition. The average nurse prefers to locate,—hang out her shingle,—where she has spent her years of training, as her reputable standing is well known to both physicians and the public, and her chances for employment are better than were she to establish herself at a new point. Most of the Logan graduates are located in or around E— and are repeatedly called to cases miles out in the country or even to neighboring towns where no nurses are located.

The Alumnæ Association of the Logan Hospital hold monthly meetings; business and sociability being the combined object. Annual dues are paid in by the members, and out of this a room for sick nurses has been furnished in the Logan, and the association is appealed to in aiding members financially in case of illness or other need. The association annually gives a reception and banquet to the new graduating class. The nurses are not in uniform when attending this reception, and as a rule it is a delightfully pleasant and informal affair, none but the members of the alumnæ, the Superintendent of the training school and the graduating class being invited.

The senior and junior classes of the hospital also honored the graduates with a most elaborate literary program and delicious luncheon. Truly one's last days at the hospital are filled with tender and substantial expressions of the good will of those with whom we have lived and worked.

If one contemplates remaining and practicing their profession, a room should be secured before leaving the hospital, as a desirable location is not always quickly found. Here I find that in many instances two or three nurses go together, renting an apartment or small suite, and sharing the expenses. In the matter of board one can do as they choose. To the girl who likes to cook and keep house, there are to be found furnished rooms with this privilege. But for the girl who has no taste for that sort of work the restaurants, cafeteria or private family boarding invariably appeals to her appetite and also lightens her purse if she is out of work for any length of time.

The work of the graduate nurse is subject to great fluctuations. In a busy season she is perhaps called to one case after another in rapid succession, with no time for desired rest or recreation. For months perhaps she scarcely gets a glimpse of her room or her associate nurses. In a dull season it is again annoying to the nurse, eagerly expectant every time the telephone rings that the long looked-for call to duty has come at last. Sometimes it is her lot to be disappointed thus for weeks, her past savings being steadily reduced by the rent, board and other incidental expenses.

I am undecided yet about my future plans. I may later on take a special course in some special branch of nursing. Certain hospitals give a three or six months' special course to graduate nurses, in some lines of work for a stated remuneration. Today there are so many new fields of work and opportunity opening up to the nurse, that she should endeavor to fit herself for the work she is best adapted to. There is an ever-increasing call for social, mission and district nurses, as well as the well-known private duty nurse and those in institutional work. Of course my knowledge of the requirements of the district and medic-social nurse is as yet rather vague, but my impression is that in some ways their work is more desirable than that of the private duty nurse.

In the first place I am going right home for a good long rest. How strange my old quiet life will seem for a while after the strenuous hospital life. Won't I take a long, refreshing sleep in the mornings with no breach of discipline to fear?

One pathetic feature among the pleasures of my graduation was the fact that none of my immediate family, not even Uncle John, could be present, although I received many other tokens of their appreciation at the successful termination of my venture. Uncle John sent a big bunch of flowers and a characteristic letter of congratulation. Now I must say good-bye, Mary.

If you ever need the services of an amiable as well as accomplished trained nurse, just send for

Your loving,

KATHLEEN.

A-CRYIN' FOR HIS DADDY.

Dess a-cryin' fer his daddy, till dey isn't any rest,
En I hush 'im en I soothe 'im, but he ack lak he possessed,
He's a-runnin' ter de winder en he's lookin' down de street.
En he lissen in de ebenin' fer de trompin' o' his feet—
En dey ain't no way ter stop 'im, fer he keep on night en day
Dess a-cryin' fer his daddy—en his daddy gone away.

W'en he sittin' at de table, den he see his daddy's place
En de heart-break come en quiver in de li'l feller's face,
En he 'low he won't eat nuffin', en he push away his plate,
Dess as ef his daddy comin' ef he on'y sit en wait.
En I try ter tell it ter im dess de bes' way dat I can,
But he such a li'l feller dat he dess cain' unnahstan.

En sometimes he sit en study, des a-lookin' at de wall—
But he lookin' 'way beyon' it lak it isn't dah at all.
Den he look up at me, cu'ious, wid dem grea' big eyes o' his,
En I know he axin', axin', all de time whah daddy is.

So I hol' 'im close en closeh, en I ax 'im not ter cry,
But his daddy ain' a-comin' en I dess cain' tell 'im why.

Dess a-cryin' fer his daddy—en I ax you' suh, to 'splain
Why de heahts o' li'l chillun has to hol' so much o' pain.
Ain't dey any way ter help 'em? Ain' dey any way ter show
Dat de daddy romps is ended en dey ain' gwine be no mo'?
W'en he wake me in de night time wid his sobs, whut can I say?
Dess a-cryin' fer his daddy—en his daddy gone away.
—Chicago Evening Post.

THE MARTYR.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THERE was no denying that Mrs. Prentiss got out on the wrong side of the bed, that morning. To begin with, her head ached. In her secret heart, however, she knew the cause was nothing more nor less than eating that lobster salad at Cousin Mary's tea the evening before, aided, perhaps, by getting decidedly out of patience at the litter of candy-making she found in the kitchen when she arrived home. Very likely if she had let the salad alone, delicious as it looked, her nerves would have been free to overlook the children's muss. Regrets were useless now, however. And there was no such good luck for her, she told herself, as to be able to lie in bed for another nap to straighten out her ill feelings.

The poor temples throbbed sharply, as she hurried on her dress and started for the kitchen. Alfred had lit the fire and put on the tea-kettle, before going to the barn. He had also set the double boiler of oatmeal, cooked the evening before, over the hottest part of the blaze, and it had steamed dry, sending forth a most disagreeable odor.

"It's a wonder he couldn't have put it back a little!" she grumbled to herself. "Why is it a man never uses a bit of judgment!"

She poured more water into the boiler, grudgingly allowing that no real harm was done, and sliced some potatoes to warm. By the time the table was set, the children came straggling down, Frank with two buttons missing from his coat, and Jessie with a long jagged tear in her school apron,—the only one out of the wash. Though usually thoughtful, as must be confessed, she had forgotten to speak of it the night before. Little Ralph brought up the rear with an ominous pucker on his round face, and his breath giving forth the aftermath of a candy feast.

Checking an impatient comment on the damaged garments, Mrs. Prentiss went to the cupboard for the castoria bottle. It was Ralph's favorite "med'cin'," and the liberal dose she gave him went far to dissipate the pucker. But sleepy Frank stumbled over the water-pail which his mother had set on the back step to be refilled, and Jessie slopped the gravy as she was carrying the platter to the table, making a hideous blotch on the pine floor of the kitchen. Again the long-suffering mother choked back the sharp speech. But bitter thoughts rose to her mind, bringing two impatient lines out between her eyebrows, as she hurried blindly from stove to breakfast table. It was the haying season, and Alfred always wanted his meals in ample time to get an early start to his work.

He came in presently, too preoccupied to notice the empty pail, and the two hired men at his heels were of course oblivious of it.

"Breakfast ready?" he called, with a shade of impatience in his usually pleasant voice. "Guess you'll have to cut out parties through the busy season, Mattie, if it's going to make you late with meals. We've got to have that hay in by night, hit or miss. The corn's fairly shouting to be cultivated again!"

He seated himself at the table, in too great haste to observe the hurt look on his wife's pale face. But the rebellious feelings in her heart rose up and found acrid voice. What was the use of being patient and bridling her tongue? She was simply *abused,* the children never caring how much extra work they made, her husband grudging her even one single afternoon of social pleasure! With every nerve strung tense, she spoke out sharply words she hardly recognized as her own while they passed her lips:

"If you don't like my ways of keeping house, Alfred Prentiss, you know just what you can do, don't you!"

The head of the family looked up, too utterly astonished to reply to the silly, petulant, ineffectual speech. The children followed their father's example. One of the hired men coughed, and the other openly snickered. A hot wave of scarlet leaped to Mrs. Prentiss' cheeks, and, choking back the storm of sobs in her throat, she beat a hasty, undignified retreat to the milk-room, leaving the family to finish their breakfast in uncomfortable silence.

Alfred did not come near her as he went to his work. Little Ralph crept in where she was working to pat her cheek in shy sympathy before he followed his father to the hay-field; but her heart was too sore to accept the overture very warmly. When at last she remembered the repairs needed on the elder children's clothes and went to attend to them, she found that Frank had disappeared, and Jessie had mended the apron herself as best she could; and it was too near school-time for any finishing touches. Mrs. Prentiss turned from her little daughter's constrained "good-by" with a fresh acquisition of misery. In her untactful appeal for sympathy she had succeeded only in making everybody else unhappy like herself.

The clock struck eleven, after what seemed an age of discomfort. Glancing from the kitchen window as she started to go for a pan of potatoes, she was sur-

prised to see her husband and one of the men coming from the field, carrying something awkwardly between them. One closer look, and, dropping the pan, she ran to the door, standing there trembling with dread; for it was the limp form of little Ralph they bore. As they approached the step, her husband glanced up with a face pale and drawn as her own.

"He was riding on the load, and slipped off," he explained, unsteadily. "Struck square on his head, and lay like a rag.—His heart beats, though. Ben's running old Kate for the doctor!"

Without a word, Mrs. Prentiss turned back the quilts of her own bed for them to lay her unconscious baby therein. Strength and wisdom from some higher source seemed to come to her, for under her direction they brought hot water and all three chafed and bathed, till just as the doctor's carriage dashed up to the gate, Ralph's blue eyes opened with a bewildered stare, that presently turned to a most gratifying expression of reason. He began to sit up, looking perplexedly at the array of cloths and basins about him, but was lovingly forbidden, till the physician had made an examination. There proved to be no serious injury, and by sunset the little fellow had gone back to his play, none the worse for his mishap except his slightly shaken nerves.

In the quiet of dusk, Mrs. Prentiss, sitting full of thanksgiving on the veranda step, suddenly remembered her headache. She could not recall a trace of it since the shock of the accident.

"Having to do for Ralph must have literally driven it out of my head," she laughed to herself. "I even forgot I was a martyr. Well! . . . If thinking about the needs of others can cure me so quickly of all my bodily and mental ills, why wouldn't it be a good idea to keep a supply of that sort of medicine on hand, both as a remedy and a preventive!"

Homesick

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Oh, take me to my childhood home,
'Neath matchless blue of northern sky.
Oh, let my eyes review those haunts,
And feast their fill before I die!
Let me forego the gifts of years—
Ay, lavish love and blame of men—
The while I seek the home of yore,
And live its memories again.

And is it true? O heart, tonight
Have I indeed 'scaped sorrow's thrall?
Ah, do I greet again and clasp
My brothers and my sisters all?
Once did I dream that evil tide
Had sundered us on life's great main:
Lo, in this holy festival
Of cherished joys we meet again.

We choose the selfsame paths; we shout
In childish innocence and glee.
Anon we chase the butterfly
And vie us with the honey-bee.
We read our fortunes 'neath the stars
(If not aright, we read them still),
Fain do we pause at close of day
And listen to the whip-poor-will.

The sunset's glory gilds the hill
And tints the orchard, as of old;
I mind me how we used to run
And seek to grasp the bars of gold.
"For angels watch beyond," we said,
"And they lift us in." Ah, me!
More fit we were for angels' touch,
Mayhap, than ever we shall be.

I see my father as of old;
I conjure all his words again;
I greet the smile he erstwhile wore
While he sojourned the haunts of men.
Oh, boundless good! Oh, kindly thought,
Beyond compare he vouched to me!
Oh, perfect faith, without his love,
Which was not, is not, nor can be.

I charge you tread with sacred step,
Nor break the hush so calm and deep,
For here my gentle mother sat,
And sweetly lulled her babes to sleep.
I see her eyes of liquid light;
I hear her voice, like silver chimes,
And feel the throbbing of that heart
Where I was soothed a thousand times!

And let me yet this truth recall:
God wrought for us beyond our ken.
He drew us thence by cords unseen.
And once, and twice, and yet again
His pitiful, white angel came,
Which we perceived not, blind with tears,
Who breathed upon our darling ones,
And lo, they were not. O ye years!

I clamor not for joys removed;
Where trust abides there comes no ill.
I murmur not at loss or change,
For through it all I trace God's will.
But take me to my childhood home,
'Neath matchless blue of northern sky,
Oh, let my eyes review those haunts
And feast their fill before I die!

THE HOUSEWIFE'S ENEMY.

THE common house fly is scientifically named musca domestica, but there are several kinds of flies which are often found in houses. It is the stable fly, which has mouth parts for biting the skin, while the common house fly only scrapes or tickles the skin. The cluster fly or "buckwheat fly" is a frequent visitor in the house in spring and fall, and congregates in large clusters in attics or little-used rooms. The blow-fly or blue-bottle is the fly that lays its eggs on exposed meats. As these flies all look alike, many persons think that the little ones grow into bigger ones, but insects do not grow after they attain wings.

The common house fly breeds out of doors in manure and door-yard filth, apparently preferring horse manure. Its long, white eggs, which are laid in manure, hatch the same day into white maggots, which feed on the manure for about a week and then change to a hard, brown puporium, inside of which they are transformed through the pupæ stage in five or six days. Thus the life-cycle of a fly from laying of the egg to the adult fly, takes place from ten days to two weeks. As one fly may lay about 120 eggs at one time, it is easily understood how the insects can develop into such great numbers. Enough adult flies hibernate to start the breeding for the following summer.

Modern scientific research tells us that the fly is to be feared more than the mosquito, and may be classed the world over as the most dangerous insect on earth. The rat, the mosquito and the fly are now recognized as disease disseminators, but the last-named is the most dangerous, because it is so common and so prolific in production. It will be the hardest to exterminate because people think of it as a nuisance rather than as an enemy. To exterminate it means that every man and woman must wage war against it. It has been demonstrated that house flies may carry on their feet or mouth-parts the germs of typhoid fever or other similar maladies, which they can easily leave on food.

While flies may clean away much decaying matter and prevent sickness from the odors which poison the air, yet the same flies may get into the house and walk across the bread, meat or vegetables, or fall into the cream or butter. Once people begin to understand, particularly in crowded districts of the city, where disease germs are most numerous—that the fly is responsible for the death of their children and that it brings sickness to those of mature age, perhaps then these persons will begin to wage war against it, until it will become so near extinct as to be no longer a source of great danger.

As a simple protection against the fly, the use of the screen is the only effectual method. Many of those that do get in can be caught with sticky fly-paper. This is unsightly, yet it is better this way than the nuisance. Pyrethrum powder burned in the rooms when closed air-tight will cause many to die and others to fall stunned so they can be swept up and burned. Oil of lavender is considered a fine preparation to keep flies out of the house. Put a few drops in a cup of warm water or wring a sponge out of warm water, then place a few drops on sponge and fasten on screen-door. The flies dislike the odor, which smells like violets, and is very refreshing to persons.

In your individual and public influence do all you can to eradicate this very dangerous insect. Help to educate the ignorant to its destructive powers as to health, comfort and cleanliness, as the fly seeks the worst filth and carries it to the purest matter. The housewife has her part in the extermination of the fly, and that is, that the house is properly screened, that she teaches everyone in the household to open and close the outside doors quickly. To be careful not to throw dish-water or household refuse near the house. Persuade the men of the household to take every precaution against the breeding of the fly in the stable by keeping the stalls clean, using freely chloride of lime sprinkled about the stalls. Do not allow manure to be hauled on the garden patch from the stable.

Dr. Howard of the Division of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, recommends that for the common word "house fly," we substitute "typhoid fly," as more descriptive of its dangerous character. "Manure fly" is also mentioned as a name applicable, but not so forcible as "typhoid fly." The name "house fly" wrongly suggests that the fly belongs to the house, and misleads one that its birthplace is the manure pile or some worse place. Dr. Howard considers it a blot on civilization to permit the fly to exist. Let our women do their part and not grow weary in attempting to exterminate this pest which is a detriment to good living and housekeeping.—*Selected.*

BUTTERMILK PAP.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

NOURISHING, palatable, digestible: particularly good for persons of sedentary habits: Place upon the stove a vessel containing one quart of buttermilk. Mix two even tablespoonfuls of cornmeal and a little cold water; add a pinch of salt, stir into the boiling milk and let boil several minutes, stirring most of the time. Serve hot, or otherwise, as liked. Often a sick person can relish this, when broth, or beef-tea would be refused.

FOR THE WARM DAYS.

A SERVICEABLE hammock is made of two strips of denim, thirty inches wide and seven feet long; the denim is sewed together at the edges and ends, and each end is lapped over a spreader and securely sewed.

The spreader is of pine or white wood, four inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick, thirty inches in length, rounded at one edge, and six holes bored at intervals along the middle a little over four inches apart, with one hole close to each end. Knot a cotton rope at one end and pass the other through the holes, lashing from the holes to a ring located about twenty-four inches away from each end of the spreader. From these rings a double rope can be carried up to the hammock hooks and screwed fast to the post or to the building; or the rope may be tied to trees. A coarse cotton fringe sewed along the sides will improve the looks of the hammock, but is not necessary to its usefulness.—*The Commoner.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Feather Cakes.—At night make a batter of a pint of water or milk, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of yeast sponge and flour enough for a light batter. In the morning add a teacupful of thick or sour milk, two eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a level teaspoon of soda and flour to the consistency of cake batter. Let stand twenty minutes and bake. Light and wholesome.

Delicate Ham.—Take a thick slice of raw ham. Blend a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of mustard and rub into the ham. Cover with a cupful of milk and bake one hour. This is delicious.

Delicate Bacon.—Dip thin slices of bacon into sweet milk, then dip into flour and fry in a little hot grease.

Eggs a la California.—To six tablespoonfuls of melted butter in a frying pan add two teaspoonfuls each of minced onion, parsley and chili or green pepper, then slip in six eggs which have been carefully removed from their shells and allow them to poach, basting with the butter. When done place each egg on a slice of toast and put the butter, onion, parsley and pepper over the top.

Soft Ginger Cakes.—As an emergency dish or to complete a meal these little cakes are superior, and the batter can be kept a fortnight and baked in gem pans at the shortest notice. One cup of lard and butter, one cup of molasses (Orleans), one cup of sugar, one tablespoon of soda, one cup of boiling water, one heaping teaspoon of salt, two eggs, five scant cups of flour, two teaspoons of cinnamon and two of ginger. (The writer who contributes this states she has used the recipe for over thirty years.)

"A Wash-Day Hint.—It may not be generally known that a slice of lemon put into the copper boiler when boiling clothes will make them beautifully white, and take all stains out of pocket handkerchiefs and pinafores. Cut the lemon—without the rind—into slices, and let it remain in the boiler till the clothes are ready to come out."

The Children's Corner

WHERE DID THE DAY GO?

"Good-bye, Bunny."

"Good-bye."

Bunny watched his two brothers drive away to the city. There was a big lump in his throat, for he had never before spent a day without Jack and Sam to play with. The day seemed as long as a year to look forward to. The great sand flats where he and Jack and Sam had played at building forts and bridges and splendid cities looked strange and lonesome. So did his home up on the hill and the long, straight road that had swallowed up his brothers. Bunny had to struggle with that lump. He wouldn't be a cry baby for the world. It looked difficult, though.

"One, two, three," Bunny counted the hours on his fingers. Ten hours before they'd come back, and the lump getting bigger all the time.

"Bunny," called mother, "please run down on the shore and get me some sand."

Bunny did as his mother told him. He dug a deep hole and took a pail of sand to his mother.

"When I was a little girl," said mother, taking the sand from Bunny, "I played at making farms in the sand. I had white stones for sheep and black stones for horses and speckled stones for cows. I made fences of the wet sand. I had a barn lot and a cow pasture and a lane leading from one to the other."

"Did you have a duck pond?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, I had a piece of a looking-glass for a pond and some tiny stones for ducks. "Why don't you try it, Bunny?"

Bunny's eyes began to dance. "I might have teenty-weenty shells for hens, mother."

"Surely, Bunny."

In another minute Bunny was down on the sand flats hunting for white stones and black stones and tiny shells for hens. He found a piece of glass for his pond, and he had some blocks for his house and barn. By the time everything was ready for his farm what should be hear but the bell for dinner!

He was so excited over his farm he could hardly eat, and as soon as dinner was over he began to build his fences and smooth out his fields. He was just driving his cows from the barn lot through the lane into the pasture when he heard a big shout. He looked up and there were Jack and Sam driving through the gate. Where had the day gone, do you think?—*Frances J. Delano.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Continued drouths have given rise to fears of a crop failure and a famine in the district of Amoy, China.

Director George Otis Smith of the United States geological survey has reported that 1,000,000 acres, wrongly classified as coal land, have been restored to agricultural entry.

A bill providing a pauper may bring action in any federal court, with the right of appeal to the supreme court, without cost, was reported favorably by the judiciary committee of the house.

Nearly 375,000 canaries sang their way through the customs ports of the United States last year, according to a report of the biological survey. Incoming game birds show a big increase. Canaries constituted 80 per cent of the importations.

The average annual salary of a minister of the Gospel was but $663 in all denominations represented in a special report on the census of religious bodies for 1906, which is now in press preparatory to submission to Census Director Durand.

By a strictly party vote, insurgents balloting solidly with the regulars, the house has passed an amendment to the sundry civil bill providing President Taft with a fund of $250,000 to obtain information concerning foreign tariffs and prices. The vote was 110 to 83.

The boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador is to be settled by the United States, Brazil and Argentine. United States Minister Coombs has telegraphed the state department from Lima that Peru has accepted the three named countries as arbiters. Both governments will withdraw their troops from the border line.

Walking is to be made a part of the New York school girl's course of study. The board of education has been experimenting in the high and grammar grades. So beneficial has the exercise proved that an additional appropriation for instructors and equipment will be asked. Girls' clubs have been formed and teachers chaperon them on five-mile tramps. It is the ultimate intention to make walking compulsory.

The battleship bill recently passed by the Senate provides: Two first-class battleships, to cost not exceeding $6,000,000 each, and when equipped with armor and armament about $12,500,000 each. Two fleet colliers, to cost not exceeding $1,000,000 each. Five submarine torpedo boats, not exceeding a total of $2,500,000. Six torpedo-boat destroyers, to cost not exceeding $750,000 each. The house bill provided for only four submarines and no torpedo-boat destroyers. The Senate also added a provision that not more than one of the battleships should be built by one company

Kansas will need 20,000 harvest hands this year, according to a statement made by Charles Harris, director of the State free employment bureau. This is about 2,000 more than were needed last year. Harvest will not begin before June 20.

The Trinity Church corporation of New York City, with many millions of dollars in assets, will tear down ten of its old tenement houses and erect modern structures. The balance of its property in congested districts will be made sanitary. Recent criticism has spurred the trustees to action.

The most ardent parcels post workers have abandoned hope of getting consideration for the measure at this session of Congress. Representative Hardwick of Georgia has asked the committee on rules to discharge the post-office committee from further consideration of the bill. "We have not even had the hearings of the parcels post bill printed," said Representative Hardwick. He has a pet scheme for an experimental parcels post route.

May 27 Julia Ward Howe passed her ninety-first birthday at her home in Boston. There was no public observance of the event, the breakfast to her which the New England Women's clubs have given every year for forty-two years having been served on Wednesday. As has been her custom of late years, Mrs. Howe spent the day in her home on Beacon Street with her family, surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and now the little great-grandchildren, who had loving greetings and caresses.

The Scientific American reports that by using a stethoscope and a sensitive telephone relay, the heart beats of a patient in London were transmitted to the home of John Milne, the noted seismologist, on the Isle of Wight. The heart throbs were heard by four physicians over an ordinary telephone, and so clear was the transmission that it was possible to diagnose the heart troubles. It is expected that this use of the stethoscope with a telephone relay will enable physicians to keep in better touch with their patients.

At the recent meeting in Washington Dr. George W. Bailey of Philadelphia was elected president of the World's Sunday-school convention. Other officers are: Vice Presidents—Sir John Kirk, England; Justice J. J. MacLaren, Canada; Bishop J. C. Hartsell, Africa; W. N. Hartshorne, Boston, and E. W. Fritchley, India. Joint Secretaries—Marion Lawrence, for the United States, and Rev. Carey Bonner for England. Statistical Secretaries—George Shipway for England, and Hugh Cork for the United States. Joint General Treasurers—F. A. Wells, Chicago, for the United States, and Sir George White for England. E. K. Warren of Three Oaks, Mich., was made chairman of the executive committee.

Peace advocates in Congress see a telling blow to the agitation for disarmament in the passage in the Senate of the naval appropriation bill, by a vote of 26 to 39. The impetus for a reduction of the fighting forces of the United States, rather than an increase, seemingly was gaining supporters. The measure carries an appropriation of $134,000,000 and Senator Burton's amendment, authorizing one battleship instead of two, was lost. One of the items provides $450,000 for the purchase of torpedo boats. The eight-hour labor law feature inserted by the House was retained by the Senate.

The collapse of the great hopes raised a few years ago over the denatured alcohol industry was indicated most strikingly a short time ago when it was announced that the denatured alcohol division of the internal revenue service will be abolished July 1. It will be remembered what a furore was created during the agitation over the removal of the tax on denatured alcohol. The government at one time had 110 clerks in the denatured alcohol force, and the division has cost the government about $200,000 a year. The force was cut to sixty and now is to be wiped out entirely. Most of the employés have been assigned as field inspectors.

A telescope 80 feet long with a lens 70 inches wide has just been set up in the new observatory at Treptow, near Berlin, in Germany. This telescope is the largest in existence so far as its most important part, the object glass, is concerned. It is hoped that it will add greatly to our knowledge of celestial phenomena. The famous Lick telescope at Mt. Hamilton is only 67 feet long and 36 inches in diameter. The Treptow instrument cost nearly half a million dollars, and is capable of a magnification of 5,000 diameters. This scale would bring the moon within an apparent distance of 50 miles from the observer.

The State Senate, New York, has passed the Perkins bill making officers and directors of racing associations criminally responsible if betting is permitted on grounds controlled by them. The bill has already passed the assembly and as it was recommended by Gov. Hughes it is sure to become a law. Under the present law, if racing associations post notices, prohibiting gambling, their directors are not individually responsible. The assembly passed the Agnew bill, which prohibits oral betting on race tracks, the vote being 92 to 45. It had already passed the Senate. The passage of these two bills is believed to mean the beginning of the end of horse racing in New York State.

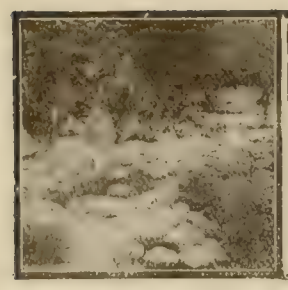
Business conditions which forced the Elgin National Watch Company to close its plant for two weeks were explained recently by Charles H. Hulbard, president of the company, in an authorized interview. He said: "The watch business remains dull, but we are hopeful of an active fall trade. The underlying trade conditions throughout the country seem good, yet there is a note of pessimism, which is especially dominant in the East and less pronounced in the large cities of the West. We do not think this is fully justified, but it is sufficiently strong to prevent both the retailer and the jobber from laying in stocks of goods. There is also considerable uncertainty regarding the crops, which may have a good deal to do with general business this fall. Assuming that the crop outlook continues fairly good, we believe that the fall activity will begin earlier than ever, owing to the lack of stock in the hands of the dealers. While, therefore, things look a little blue, temporarily, yet we are optimistic regarding the future outcome." The shutdown began May 28 and will last until June 13. The plant reopened May 2 after a ten days' shutdown.

That the Japanese is a necessity in the commercial life of California is the finding of the State labor commissioner through a corps of special agents who have been investigating. The report to the governor pays a high tribute to the Japanese as a laborer.

Great anxiety exists in court circles lest Emperor Francis Joseph overtax himself during the week's tour of Austria's new provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina. The emperor, who is nearly 80 years of age, started from Budapest May 28. A continuous round of dinners, reviews, receptions and state functions is planned in his honor, necessitating frequent horseback rides and train trips. The weather in Bosnia and Herzegovina is most treacherous at this time of the year. The press severely criticises the emperor's advisers for permitting him to take such a trip.

May 30 Glen Curtiss made a record-breaking trip in his aeroplane—150 miles from Albany to New York City in 2 hours, 54 minutes—and won the $10,000 prize offered by the New York World.—The largest aeroplane in the world has been built in the aerodrome of the Aeronautical Society at Mineola, Long Island. The finishing touches have been put on the framework and there remains but the installation of the motor, which is on its way from Europe. Joe Seymour, a veteran racing driver, and Walter Diefenbach, an expert machinist, have built the machine from their own designs, and they are confident that it will eclipse all records for long distance flights.

Professor Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist and discoverer of tuberculin, used in the treatment of tuberculosis, died at Baden Baden May 27 from a disease of the heart. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, Dec. 11, 1843. Dr. Koch's entire life was given to painstaking and persevering but bold and original research in medicine, particularly in the development and extension of knowledge of the disease-bearing germs and their behavior under all possible conditions affecting human health. It was by the discovery and use of tuberculin (popularly known as "Koch's lymph") that his fame became world-wide. This tuberculin, which he prepared in 1891, he himself claimed to be useful only in pulmonary tuberculosis, confining its use to the comparatively early stages of the disease. A good deal of undeserved criticism was passed upon Dr. Koch because of the failure of this tuberculin to fulfill certain popular hopes. It was used in unsuitable cases, in too large doses, and without certain necessary precautions which had been prescribed, and, of course, failed to work the almost miraculous cures expected of it. As an agent of proved value in certain cases, however, its importance in medicine is unquestioned. Dr. Koch afterward held that tuberculosis in man is a disease distinct from tuberculosis in cattle and other lower animals, and denied the possibility of the transmission of the disease from these animals to man. The great majority of the medical profession, however, holds to the contrary view. Later Dr. Koch devoted much study to the sleeping sickness bacillus, residing in the infested region of central Africa. He discovered a palliative for the scourge.



NATURE STUDIES



FROM SEABOARD AND PLAIN.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The Apple Maggot.

THIS insect is a native of the Northern Atlantic States, where it originally fed upon the haws and allied fruits; but with that impudence common to insects seemed to think apples were planted for its special benefit, and as they proved to be more appetizing, it took possession. Now to dispossess this usurper is becoming a serious problem.

As yet it has not invaded all localities, but like the English sparrow it is sure to come unless care is taken.

The maggot when full grown is about one-fourth inch in length, pointed in front and the posterior end cut square off. Attached to either end are minute cilia or tubercles, by means of which it burrows through the fruit.

When full grown the maggot leaves the fruit and burrowing beneath the surface of the ground enters the pupa state. The perfect insect appears about the middle of the succeeding summer. Its head and legs are rust-red, the thorax and abdomen black and white bands, and the wings are banded with dusky streaks.

The ovipositor is sharp. With this it pierces the skin of the apple and lays a minute egg. In about six weeks the maggots are ready to enter the pupa state, having in the meantime spoiled the fruit.

As they are in the interior of the fruit from the first, any method of spraying or poisoning that would reach them would also poison the fruit.

The only means of keeping them within bounds is to promptly and effectually destroy all windfalls and premature fruit by burning or feeding.

However careful the packer my be, it behooves the consumer of Eastern fruits to take care in the disposition of the waste from infested fruit or the bottom of packages, that they may not assist in the propagation of this troublesome pest.

The Locust.

THE Colorado potato beetle was an emigrant from the West to the East. There is also another Rocky Mountain native who sometimes travels eastward. This is the locust or grasshopper.

Bred on the sands of the highland plains at the foot of the Rockies, the summer heat hatched from the semi-arid sands in which the eggs had been laid such number of locusts that the scanty buffalo grass was not sufficient for them. If the heated days of July came before they got their wings they perished, otherwise they rose in the air like a cloud and aided by the winds invaded the cultivated fields to the east.

They alighted on the ground and swept away all green as clean as a prairie fire might do. I once heard a well-known minister say that they would eat dead vegetation, such as ropes, rough fork handles, and even devour their comrades that by any means were crippled or killed.

Before they get their wings some tribes of Indians catch and dry them. Their bodies, cleansed of wing pads and legs are used to make soup or mixed with meal to make bread. Do you wonder at the use of insects as food? John the Baptist ate locusts. Chinese silk workers eat the chrysalids of the silk-worm as food of an excellent kind. Africans eat white ants. The people of Southern Europe eat snails as a specially delicate morsel. If we turn in disgust from the locust food of the Arab, so does he abhor our oyster. Prejudice, alone, causes the choice.

Locusts are sometimes killed by poisoning food readily eaten by them and sometimes by means of a "hopper-dozer." This is somewhat like a clover-catcher on a lawn mower, only much larger and having a trough at the back. In this trough kerosene is placed and a cloth screen keeps the hoppers from jumping over. This is dragged across the fields and the hoppers in attempting to leap over are caught by the screen and thrown to the kerosene trough, the least touch of which is fatal to them.

Here, also, in their extermination the birds come into prey. Large numbers of birds, representing many species, follow the flight of the locusts to feed on them.

How thankful we should be that they are not an annual occurrence.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE DRAGON FLY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

OFTEN in summer we notice the dragon fly, flitting here and there, back and forth, as if only sporting in the sunlight, and we wonder of what use he is and whence he came. Thinking him useless but harmless he is

seldom molested, but we generally try to keep out of his path as one to be avoided. For what reason we are unable to say.

The truth is that they are very useful in helping to rid the world of mosquitoes. A part of the dragon fly's life is spent in the form of a large water bug with large eyes and six legs, skimming or walking very fast under the water, constantly devouring the eggs of mosquitoes which he finds there.

After a few weeks in this state, he has grown too big for his skin and it splits all the way down its back and out steps another bug. This bug also keeps on eating mosquito eggs and growing. Finally it crawls out of the water and again the skin cracks and out steps another kind of bug, something still different. It is long and slender, has ten rings around its body, six legs, two feelers, four pretty gauzy wings, a great head, large eyes, short neck. It is sometimes called the "devil's darning needle." Perhaps that is why we feel like keeping out of its way.

After resting a few hours it unfolds its wings and flies away, still making devastation of the mosquitoes, flying very swiftly this way and that, backwards as gracefully as forwards, catching a mosquito with its feet and putting it into its mouth on the wing. It now in its turn lays eggs in the water to hatch out other water bugs.

ONE STATE'S BIG CHERRY TREE.

One of the prominent landmarks of Snohomish County is the mammoth cherry tree on the farm of Henry Sharf, in the suburbs of Snohomish, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. The trunk of this cherry tree is twelve feet seven inches in circumference midway between the ground and the first great branches; it is fifty-five feet high, and its branches have a spread of seventy feet. It was planted in 1857 in the county's first orchard. No accurate record of its production has been kept, but in 1905 a ton of fruit was picked from it. No one has of late years been able to pick the full crop. Its variety is unknown, but the fruit ripens early and resembles the Black Republican.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

CAT CARRIES KITTEN FORTY MILES.

Eighty miles in two days and two nights, half the distance covered while carrying a four weeks' old kitten, is the world's record for lady cats, set by an athletic tabby belonging to Mrs. Ann Grant of Waterville.

Careful search of the records shows that several gentlemen cats have bettered this time for the distance and that some who have been overcome by the wanderlust have walked even farther, but these feline Westons carried no weight and their training was not done in a box a foot long.

The Grants moved from Stetson to Waterville, forty miles away. Not wanting to be bothered with the month old kitten, Mrs. Grant gave it to a neighbor. Then the mother cat was shut in a box and carried to the new home here, after arguing in vain to have her baby taken with her.

When the family arrived here it was dark, but the cat, as soon as it could escape from the house, started for Stetson. Two nights later it walked into the house in Waterville with the kitten in its mouth.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE AGE OF A HORSE.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course;
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old.
Before eight weeks two more will come;
Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years, from the second pair;
In three, the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop;
At three, the second pair can't stop.
When four-year-old the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

Deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two,
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers," upper jaw,
At nine the black spots will withdraw,
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on the horsemen know,
The oval teeth three-sided grow;
They longer get, project before,
Till twenty, when we know no more.

—Unidentified.

DON'T BE A LEANER.

Many folks would strike right out afoot if there were no one to carry them.

It is not best for a man to have the road made so smooth that all he has to do is just to slide into a good place.

There is no harm in knowing how you come by things. Dinner never tastes half so good as when we have been working and sweating all the forenoon. Then the bell sounds sweet!

If you want to get acquainted with a good-for-nothing young man, hunt up one who has had everything done for him by his father and mother. In the morning nothing to do but lie in bed till breakfast is all ready; money put into his pocket that he never earned,

to buy all the knickknacks he wants; all the hard knots split for him, all the weeds dug in the garden—just a good, easy time, from morning till night.

The man who misses making the first path through a brier patch has lost one of the golden opportunities of his life.

There comes a time in the life of every young man when it is a good thing for him to untwine his arms from about his mothers's neck, say good-by to father, and light a fire on his own hearth.

It is a bad thing when men get to thinking the government ought to "do something for them." There are men in our day who talk a great deal about the duty of Uncle Sam to light the fire in all our kitchens. Sounds good to the man who is lazy or who does not stop to think for himself.

Away with such talk! What we want is to hear men say, as they stiffen up their backbones, "I don't want any help of that kind! Uncle Sam has been good enough to me! I'm going to fight my own battles clear through to the end!"

That is the kind of talk that wins. No doubt about that.

Can backbone grow? Maybe not, but something can happen to make it a wonderful sight stiffer and stronger than it was before. That is what we need in our farming more than we need to be propped up by the government, or by anybody else.

Take it right on the farm, for example. Do you know any man who was ever made a better farmer by having the itch for office? We get that sometimes, and how it does pester the life out of us! When we get to thinking that if we can't get some little office we surely will go to the poorhouse, we might about as well be dead and done with it.

Jobs of that kind put a little money into the pocket, but they take something out of the heart that money never can buy.

The minute a man gets this idea into his mind, he begins to lose his grip as a farmer. Not that there is anything wrong in serving one's fellows in a public capacity. The world needs the very best men it has for just such service. All honor to the farmer who will say, "If you want me, I'll do the very best I can!" That is honest; it is manly; it is the part of a true patriot.

But what about the chronic office-seeker? The man who just lies down on the strong arm of the people and says, "If you don't hold me up, I shall go down, and I do so hate to go down!" Isn't he a sorry spectacle? It gets to be a disease with him. What does he need?

For one thing, he needs to be taken by the nape of the neck and thrown right overboard.

All that has ever been done to make this old world the good place it is to live in has been done by men who have stood on their own feet. It is always going to be so. A barrel that has lost all its hoops is going to fall down pretty soon. So will the farmer who has to be held up by somebody else.

There are a good many things for the farmers of this country to do yet. Raising wheat and corn and the rest is not all there is of good farming. The farmers have always been the backbone of the nation. To be sure of a good, strong nation the backbone must be stiff and strong and sound.—*Farm Journal.*

Between Whiles

"Hear about Perkins? Pretty tough."

"No. What?"

"The poor fellow fell into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word, and split his infinitive."—Life.

Queer People.—"There's something queer about the Babbletons."

"Why do you think so?"

"They could easily mortgage their house for $3,000 or $4,000, and yet they have no automobile."

Lack of Observation.—Mr. Pursley—"Who was that woman that we just passed?"

Mrs. Pursley—"That woman with the chanticler hat, the plaid shirt waist with the chiffon collar and the skirt trimmed with velvet braid and cut steel spangled and the French-heeled shoes and the kalsomined complexion, with the near-diamond ear-rings and the sunburst at her throat and the monogram buckle on her belt, and the seven rings on her right hand that she kept holding in full view and the torn binding on the bottom of her skirt—is that the one you mean?"

Mr. Pursley—"Yes, I guess that's the one you mean."

Mrs. Pursley—"Well, I didn't notice who she was."

In the Blood.—Knicker—"Jones is all the time wanting more money."

Bocker—"No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman."—New York Sun.

And the Cat Came Back.—Mr. Penn—"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?"

Mr. Hub—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

"That must be embarrassing!"

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"—Everybody's Magazine.

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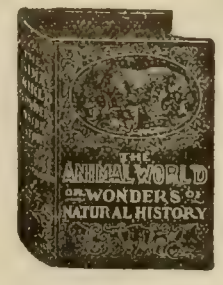
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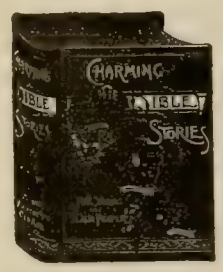
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June 14, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 24*

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VIA

Union Pacific

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Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
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Helena ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
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Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
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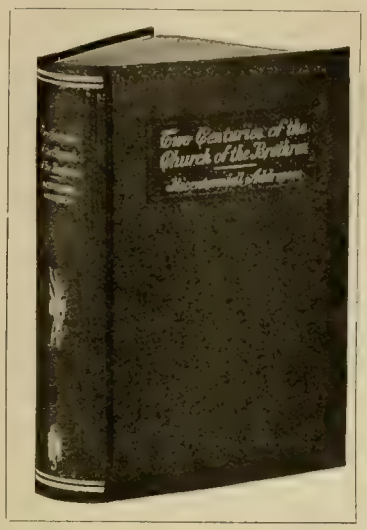
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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

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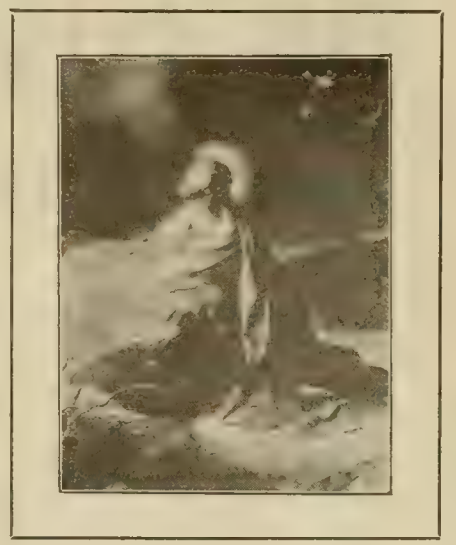
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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

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S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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Judge Lindsey and the Juvenile Court

I. J. Rosenberger

THE Denver Juvenile Court presided over by Judge B. B. Lindsey has grown to be of world-wide fame. His activity in securing proper legislation to meet the needs of such a court has placed him in the front in the management and control of these juvenile offenders.

The following case of a child offender in Pennsylvania was published in the Philadelphia papers in May, 1899, and it so stirred the masses that the method of putting child offenders in jails and prisons with adults who were given to the lowest acts of debauchery and crime, became obnoxious and offensive to the masses. The case to which we refer was the arrest of a small girl for setting fire to a dwelling. She was tried in the criminal court and sent to prison. "Her picture was published, and with startling headlines she was heralded to the world as a 'Prodigy of Crime.' Motherless since she was two years old, an inmate of an orphanage, and then a drudge in a city boarding-house, with no companionship, except that of ignorant servants, there had been no opportunity for moral responsibility or development. Friendless, arrested, imprisoned, tried in the criminal court, and sentenced to the House of Refuge, and only eight years old. Branded as a criminal, sentenced to the companionship of girls of crimes of far greater menace to her character, what hope did the future have for her?"

The case fell under the notice of generous Judge Lindsey's great sympathetic heart. He at once resolved to rescue the little girl. He went to the Judge who convicted her. Lindsey's appeals soon reached the heart of the Judge, who confessed the weakness and the wrong but said there was nothing else left for him to do. Their laws made no special provision for juvenile offenders. Judge Lindsey not only freed the little girl from prison, but got her in a good home and after five years the family reported that this girl was a lovely inmate in their home. Pennsylvania has since taken some advanced steps in juvenile courts and detention homes. Statistics show that in 1900 there were five hundred children in Philadelphia County prison, in age ranging from six to sixteen years. Not only is the State being aroused along this but private charities have done, and are now doing much in saving the children. Since the date to which I have referred, Children's Aid Societies have been organized all over the land and they have done a noble work in rescuing wayward children.

During our stay last winter in Denver, wife and I made a number of visits to Lindsey's court. His method of dealing with boys and girls as offenders was to us of unusual interest. A few of the cases were as follows: Three boys ranging from eight to twelve were brought before him on charge of stealing a watch. None of the Judge's assistants could get the boys to confess to the deed. The Judge took the boys closely to his side, and after some kind talk to the boys, he asked them: "Did you take that lady's watch?" The second boy, said: "Yes, I did." A gentleman by my side said: "The Judge hardly ever fails to get the boys to confess their crime." The Judge asked the boys why they did so. He explained the bad results of such deeds, and then asked them if they would like to go to Golden (the Colorado Reform School). To this they strongly dissented. Soon the tears began to flow, and the boys faithfully promised the Judge that they would never do the like again, and would be good boys. The Judge replied: "Well, boys, I will take you on trial. I hope you will be good boys and go to school, and if you do not, I shall have to send you to Golden." The boys with their parents quietly walked out of the court room.

A colored lady was called up with her two boys in age about seven and nine. They had played truant in going to school. The Judge took these two little darkies in his arms. They soon promised that they would tend school. Their teacher showed by her record that they always came late and only one and two days in the week. Their mother was a well dressed lady; she confessed to the Judge that she had not been

sufficiently careful and that she would watch them up in the future with more care. The boys promised the Judge to faithfully tend school and to bring a record of their school work to the Judge's secretary every Saturday. The Judge gave the little black boys good-by and they with their mother passed out of the court-room.

A husband and wife had entrusted in their care a girl about twelve. She was charged with being in school only two or three days or parts of days in a week. And what was worse, out on the street at night with bad company. The Judge questioned the girl closely with her foster parents, and decided to place her in the detention home in the city; the foster parents had to return home without their daughter. The poor misled girl wept pitifully.

The Judge seemed to have two men and two lady assistants in whose care he would place some offenders for them to look after and report to the court their progress and improvement.

It was a matter of interest to notice that these little offenders would report to Lindsey's court by simply being notified; and they often came without their parents. They were not charged as being criminals, but simply as having done wrong, or violated the law. Child offenders are often made worse, and lose all conceit of themselves by being confronted with baneful charges; it tends to drive rather than to draw, to crush, rather than lift up. Besides, when child offenders are dealt with in criminal courts, confined in jails with criminals, most of whom are of the lowest grade of the human kind, they are stripped of all future expectations. They feel and they have a right to feel that they are without friends, that everybody looks down on them. Adults find life's battle hard to fight with such feelings; how much harder it would be for a child under such circumstances, and with such feelings to meet in life's struggles.

Judge Lindsey in each and every case pointed those bad boys and girls to a higher and more useful life. His counsel and his efforts made those boys and girls all feel that he was their friend and his aim was to make respectable men and women of them. It is said, and it all looks plausible, that the boys and girls of Denver, however bad they are, are generally friends of Judge Lindsey.

SOCIALISM OR INDIVIDUALISM, WHICH?

JOHN WOODARD.

THERE are some people in the United States who believe the government should own and control all means of production. They would have the government own all the land, all the factories and mercantile establishments, and all means of transportation. Others think the government should make no restrictions whatever regarding business. They say that every man should be allowed to engage in any business he pleases and conduct it as he pleases. These people are individualists. They believe in free competition. "Every man for himself," is their motto.

These two classes of people have entirely different ideas regarding the function of government. What would suit one would not suit the other, so both cannot get what they want. The first group who are the socialists say that their scheme will benefit the largest number of people, so it should be adopted. The individualists on the other hand, say that the latter is the better plan. The majority of the people must decide the question and decide it for the best interests of the country as a whole.

The American people are naturally individualistic. They don't like to be restricted by laws. A great many Americans act like they thought law was for the other people and not for them. They seem to think that laws that favor them or their section of country are all right. But if the law restricts them they think it is unjust. It may be well to notice that, when a tariff was first proposed by Congress, a prominent gentleman from New England opposed it and an equally prominent man from the South favored it. And yet it was only a short time before the first discovered that he had opposed a most excellent law, and the other that he had voted for a most abominable law. It is hardly necessary to say that they both thought the law would benefit the South and not New England. As soon as they saw their mistake they both changed their views. Each man was looking after the interests of his own section and not the country as a whole. This sectionalism, which is one form of individualism, always appears when the tariff is to be revised. Each congressman wants the highest possible tariff on goods produced in his section and no tariff on goods produced elsewhere but consumed in his section. They can't all get what they want, so each gives in a little in order to reach an agreement.

The individualist places self before the community, community before the State, and the State before the Nation. State's rights was founded on individualism and it caused the bloodiest war in our history. The individualist objects to State prohibition. He says the State has no right to prevent any community from having saloons if a majority of the people in that community want them. However, if the community votes "dry," he will probably tell you the majority of the people in the community have no right to make him close his saloon, as that is an infringement on his "personal liberty." The individualist believes in lynching if the law does not act as quickly or as certainly as he would like. If his life-partner doesn't suit him he claims the right to get a divorce, and if his neighbor

does him a real or fancied wrong, he wants to do the punishing himself. Of course, all individualists are not so extreme as this. But this is the tendency. The extreme of individualism is anarchy.

Socialism is the opposite extreme. With the socialists the government is everything and the majority are to rule. There is considerable tendency towards socialism in our lawmaking, but our extreme individualism interferes with the enforcing of these laws. Public schools, our postoffice, and the demand for government ownership of railways is socialistic. This, however, does not necessarily indicate that the government will ever own all means of production as the socialists demand. Under socialism every person would be a wage-earner and work for the government. Just how they would arrange the wage schedule is not known definitely, but many think all should receive the same wages, regardless of the kind of work they did. They would take away all incentives for effort. The indifferent worker would get as much as the skillful worker, so there would be no object in being a skilled worker. The socialists claim that the honor of serving the state would be considered compensation for the extra labor. However, very few people are that altruistic and it is doubtful if any large per cent ever will be. The ideal state of the socialists would require ideal people to live in it, and we can't have the socialists' program until the people become ideal.

What are we going to do then? Individualism will not do. We have had too much of that already. We must take some intermediate ground. The government will have to place restrictions on some forms of industry and, perhaps, own and control others. No restrictions should be placed on any business unless they are necessary for the protection of the people. We don't want to reduce all to a dead level. We must leave an incentive to make every one do his best. What we do demand is a "square deal." Give every one a chance. We must make it possible for everyone, except the physically and mentally deficient, to make a living for himself and family. And we must remove as far as possible the conditions which cause physical and mental defects.

With this end in view the government should reform the tax system, placing the burden on the people best able to bear it, and not on those least able as at present. The citizens must be protected, not from external foes (we have emphasized that phase too much), but from the greed of their fellow-men and from preventable diseases. And education that will fit for industrial efficiency should be provided for every one.

Columbia, Mo.

The Rose

Frank B. Myers

O rose! thou queen of all the flowers,
Thou unto me most precious art;
So brief thy reign through June's long hours,
But dear thy message to my heart.

Thy beauty, robed in garments fair,
With fragrance perfectly combined,
High skill of the Great Artist bear,
Product of the Eternal Mind.

A gracious language thou dost speak,
Of love, in accents sweet and clear;
Red as a blushing maiden's cheek.—
O listening soul! canst thou not hear?

Though close beneath thee grow the thorns,
Sharp irritation of the flesh,
Forgotten are the scars, in morns
When seen thy form with dewdrops fresh.

Although upon the bush of life
Affliction's piercing thorns may grow,
Purer the heart-rose through the strife,
Sweeter the love it doth bestow.

Make each of us, Gard'ner Divine,
A rose of righteousness to be,
That we may shed, as flowers of thine,
Love's fragrance through eternity.

Chicago, Ill.

Cherry Mine Disaster

Henry M. Spickler

In Four Parts. Part Three.

THE men were very kind to me and took pains to show me just how and where the fire was burning, for they realized that I was a seeker after knowledge,—that I was curious or otherwise, about the mine or about the men in the mine, or both. They were good enough to satisfy this desire, so far as it was consistent with their own time and our mutual safety.

"Put your arm back there," the expert miner from Braceville, Mr. David Powell, said to me, seeing I was afraid to come very closely to the ugly looking fissure in the wall just by the side of the steel cage.

"I'm afraid," I replied. "Aren't there some men in there?"

"Men!" they said, "I guess not."

I started to thrust my arm slowly into the opening and jerked it back again when I struck a hot rock.

"Men in there! Why, man, that's all on fire," they said.

There were a lot of dead men in the mine. We all knew that. So were there a lot of live men down there; at least, I believed that there were and that is why I asked. Besides those who were the victims of the accident there might be others, workmen sent down into the mine before I came to the shaft, and so when they asked me to put my hand back into the darkness I was afraid some April fool joker was inside there to pull me in. This may sound queer now to the reader, but you can look for almost anything, sometimes, from human nature, and in such a terrible holocaust as this one the nerves are not any too steady.



Miners' Homes—Houses—All Alike, Cherry, Ill.

I rammed my arm into each opening and found the heat as they had said. I broke off bits of the rocky shale that was still hot.

Of course I was nervous. My lungs were gasping for air, and they were getting air, as I supposed. The more I breathed the more I had to breathe, and the less good I was getting. The fumes were almost unbearably stifling. I knew that I could not endure the gases very long, but I determined to be brave and not to be the first to cry "enough." But not one of the others showed any signs of annoyance from these fumes, such as I seemed to experience. My inexperience was one cause, and my hurried breathing the other, that increased my trouble with this foul gas. The men held a sort of committee consultation among themselves as to what plan they would proceed upon in order to extinguish the fire, of to hold it in check, if that were possible. I was clinging to the side of the cage most of the time, my hands greasy and wet from the dripping oil and water everywhere, and stooping, so as not to rub on my clothes the grease from the top of the steel cage.

It was only a little while until they cried out: "Hoist up!"

"Hoist up!" faintly came to us down the shaft from the gate-man and in a second more we were ascending to safety and daylight.

I started to walk off of the cage but could only imperfectly keep my balance. It was difficult for me to get good air into my lungs, I had breathed black-damp along with the other gases.

When I had taken in some fresh air in exchange for the bad, the men stepped into the other cage, saying, "If you want to go down and examine the mine still further you may go now with us. This will be your last chance, for the mine is about to be sealed.

A second time I stepped on the cage,—the very one in which the ten business men who had volunteered to rescue their fellow townsmen had lost their lives. They had gone down leaving orders to the gateman not to raise the cage except by a certain signal. The fire was then raging, and the shaft was full of heat and smoke.

Five minutes and then ten minutes passed, but no signal. Finally the gateman raised the cage to find that ten men were lying around upon it, nine of them already dead and one dying immediately after. The steel cage was still *red hot*. Overcome by the heat on being lowered into the pit they were unable to give the signal at all. A doctor of Cherry was with the party, and by some chance he escaped from the cage and found a temporary place of safety.

We were going down now to that same spot where those ten men burned to death! And in the same cage! The fire had again broken out. Even now it threatened to consume the very walls of the shaft down which we were going. As we entered the fire zone the cage began to creep and quiver as if about to become fast on the running guards which had been warped by the blaze. Slower and slower it moved until at last we were at the bottom of the second working vein, three hundred feet from the entry above.



Undertaking Tent Back of Men.

What scenes of confusion, suffering and death had been here witnessed so shortly before! Out from this same gallery into which we now stepped, scores of limp bodies had been carried, laid on the elevator and taken up to their bereaved friends. To my surprise the air was much better than I expected to find it in the bottom of the mine. Our lamps flickered less here that they did on the other side of the shaft.

Only the Chicago firemen and myself were now in the mine. I kept close to Captain Corrigan and offered him my assistance. When the men began to lay the big, heavy hose, it was kinked in one place. I ran back where it lay and raised its heavy coil, untwisted it and laid it down so that the water might unimpeded flow through it. While I did this I was thinking all the time where we were, and what might happen, what I would do, or would like to do, if something did happen, keeping my eye upon the cage still held ready to our call for ascent. The men dragged the hose back under the elevator and then raised it up alongside of it and the shaft wall so that the stream of water might be played upon the fire burning about forty feet above us. When they had about finished this work one of the firemen took me back into the mine, past the rules and regulations posted about thirty feet from the entrance of the vein in the right-hand side of the wall where some lamp wick had been deposited for the use of the miners and other things of a mining nature.

The fire had gutted this gallery, burning out the supports and consuming any coal extending from the surface, but now the big timbers had been replaced and the wall above us was tolerably sure from falling. For some reason, probably because of black-damp, my guide's lamp went out.

"Hold it to mine," I called, as I stooped down so that he might get a light from the little lamp in my cap. But he couldn't light it. We probably both were nervous. I took my cap from my head and held it down so that the wicks came closely together. I tell you I was glad when his lamp burned, for when one goes out in such a place, all of them are liable to go out. In the darkness it would be impossible to get out. Every one entering a mine must have a lamp. There are many pitfalls and unexpected places of danger, and besides these traps the light from each man's lamp is barely sufficient for himself. He has little or none to share with others. You could be lost and die in a mine when only thirty feet from the elevator or from the main gallery. Light does not turn corners. It does not pierce the mine galleries. Absolute darkness reigns here, the blackest and most impenetrable. Everything is so black and dirty looking as to absorb the rays of light from several lamps in a small space.

As we passed back into the mine I could not but admire these brave firemen tugging away up there at the hose and obeying the commands of their chief with as much ready willingness as they would have entered a burning house in Chicago. Mining fires were not their work, yet they worked like old hands at the job.

Pictures were forbidden to be taken in the mine. Reporters of Chicago and other papers sought in vain to get down for this purpose. One of them managed to conceal his camera in his overcoat until he was on the elevator and already going down. When dis-

covered the elevator men demolished his one hundred and fifty dollar camera and made him get off. So I was slow about taking my camera along and left it in the dining car in the care of the head waiter.

"Come on!" called my guide, when I suggested that it might be dangerous for us to go back so far. "The men might send the elevator up, or go up without us," I said. Before I left them I told them they must not send the elevator up,—something might happen. They said they wouldn't, but the way they said it made me suspicion that they would do that very thing, for fun if for nothing else.

In passing some dead animals, my guide told me they were mules and a dog. It was too dark to distinguish them and I was busy watching where I was walking over the uneven surface of the rail track.

We had gone so far as to be unable to see the light from the entrance at the elevator, and when we returned the cage had been sent up. It was soon lowered again and we were taken out safely.

My next letter will tell of the sufferers in their homes, and will include a trip to the cemetery or potter's field.

SOME ABIDING CHARMS OF ESSAY WRITING.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

IN this little disquisition on some of the charms of essay writing I have no intention of being either learned or exhaustive. Personal disability might prevent the former and space certainly precludes the latter. But I can at least, in a somewhat rambling manner, indicate what seem to me some very obvious elements of the essay of fine quality.

While themes are legion, it is also written that a man should not only select an interesting and unhackneyed subject, but that it should be one with which he has become familiar from long and loving study. By this familiarity I do not mean that he is to study his theme in the encyclopædia, or in any way "cram" for his literary product, but that he shall digest what he has read in the writing of others and so amalgamate it with his own personal knowledge and mental deliberations anent the matter, that his conception shall come from his own mind and bear the imprint of his own individuality and not be a mere parrot-like rearrangement of the ideas of others.

It is not merely the theme which appeals to the connoisseurs of essays—it is, quite as much, the point of view from which the essayist looks at the theme, and the style which he employs to express himself. One of the masters of English has said that style is the "pattern" which a writer weaves with his words, and that the phrases are the different colored strands which are arranged in such a manner that the pattern shall be at the same time illuminative and attractive. Now this matter of weaving a pattern out of words is accomplished not by careless construction or the use of any word or phrase which may first occur, but by the careful selection of the best and the most expressive, not forgetting that sound has an equal claim with sense on the attention of the essayist. But this is unnatural, this is pedantic, this is artificial, and has no simplicity of movement, cry the anti-stylists. Not so. Listen to what Robert Louis Stevenson has to tell us on the subject:

> That style is therefore the most perfect, not as fools say, which is the most natural, for the most natural is the disjointed babble of the chronicler; but which attains the highest degree of elegance and pregnant implication unobtrusively; or if obtrusively, then with the greatest gain to sense and vigor.

If we examine this paragraph from the master's hand we shall see how he has exemplified in this short passage the ideas he so graphically advances. We will note that every word expresses the precise shade of meaning its author had in mind; we will perceive that the pattern is attractive and the strands of phrase so deftly interwoven that the effect delights not only the understanding but the eye and ear as well. Suppose this idea of his were to be expressed by the anti-stylists. They might produce a paragraph something like this:

> The most perfect style is not the most natural, as fools say—the most natural is the chronicler's dry talk—but the style of highest degree of elegance and sense expressed unobtrusively; or if obtrusively, with the most vigor and sense.

The idea is here expressed, after a fashion. But how divergent the effect on the eye and ear; the pattern is commonplace, the sound ordinary and ungracious: the strands of phrase are disjointed and not woven into a beautiful fabric. The web is unattractive, the style is inelegant.

Comparison of the movement of the two passages shows distinctly the difference between elegance and carelessness. Note, too, how ductile the medium of words in the one and how harsh and halting in the other. Glance, too, at the combinations of letters: similar sounds are in the first employed with no apparent effort and yet with a result that has for the ear peculiar charm and delight.

So much for style. Another element in really good essay writing is the opening. Here is a sure indication whether the writer is to the manner born or no. I do not fancy the essayist who dashes into his theme precipitately or it may seem, prematurely. I like to be a little prepared for the weightier matter that follows. And I certainly view with disfavor the writer who assumes the lordly air of a mentor and in elevated phrases kindly condescends to lighten the darkness in which he seems certain his readers are enveloped. No, to me the air of comradery with which some essayists take the reader tentatively into their confidences and

then, as it were, after proving they are congenial souls, continue to discourse in all good fellowship on the subjects nearest and dearest to the hearts of both, is the style of opening I love. Here is an example from our good master, Stevenson:

Just now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of lese-respectability, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade.

And to journey into amateur letters here is an admirable example from Edward M. Lind:

There is a bit of the idler in me, I fear. I seem never to bring myself to a good accounting of the leisure hours that might be employed to such good purpose, as we are often told in youth, but that I let shamelessly slip by in idle unconcern. My leisure and opportunity are barely acquaintances.

RETRACING GOVERNMENT SURVEYS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

COUNTY surveyors, or those filling a similar position though known by some other title, fill a peculiar niche in our social economy. Elected to their position by the votes of the electors of their county or similar subdivision of the State, they are guided in their work by the laws of the legendary "Uncle Samuel."

This respected gentleman, through his servants in Congress, has at various times prescribed quite different modes of parceling out his surplus estate, and a knowledge of how each portion was marked out is essential to a proper retracing of the lines.

No matter how inaccurately the work was done in the first place; no difference though the surveyor sees where a mistake has beyond a doubt been made he is not at liberty to correct the same. This is for the best. Were he allowed to make changes each surveyor might undo the original work and thus we would have no permanency of boundaries.

It is not in his power to change a boundary, but when he does make changes it is merely in the designation of where the bounds were originally placed.

In subdividing sections, platting town lots, laying out roads and the like he gets away from the government work, but he goes to it in the first place for a starting point.

In geometry we learn that a right line never varies from its course and that it is the shortest distance between two points; but in surveying we jostle up against the fact that what are termed lines bid defiance to the rules and theorems of geometry.

For instance, marks of some kind were placed at each section corner, and midway between. We expect to find the section stones 320 rods apart, and the quarter section stone 160 rods from either. This is true in theory only. In practice we find many variations from this. I have in mind a place in the prairie where all the stations may be seen at the same time and if flags be placed at each they will be found to be not in line and the central one to be two rods nearer one end of the line. Yet reliable men in the early history of our county testified under oath that the stones were placed at the places designated by the original surveyors; and some of these men were either surveyors or chainmen when the work was done.

Unfortunately, many of these old marks have been lost and to find them is the task of today; in many cases an almost impossible one. In some of the surveys the government stipulated that a charred stake should be placed at the corner. This sounds well, for charred wood resists decay for a long time if properly prepared; but a partially burned match is a charred stake, and as such was sometimes placed by untrustworthy workmen.

When passing through timber the trees on either side of the line were "blazed" with an axe and where they can be found they assist in finding the line. However, in much of the country these trees have fallen and no care was taken to mark the spot.

When no marks worthy to be trusted can be found the surveyor must run lines from one known corner to another known corner; then doing the same in the other direction and placing the corner at the crossing of the lines if he is locating a section corner. This is based on the theory that all surveys were run on true lines.

To subdivide a section where no marks are to be found he must divide it proportionately, except when it is what is termed a "closing corner," that is one on the west or north side of a township.

Thus, if he finds the distance between two section corners to be more or less than a mile, he must place the quarter section corner midway between them. Lines run from the four quarter section corners will divide a section into quarters, and the crossing of these lines marks the common corner of the quarters. These inaccuracies are not to extend beyond the bounds of the section, but within the section they must be considered as being true meridians or parallels, as the case may be. Each quarter must be divided into the required subdivisions with due regard to these lines.

Suppose that the only stones to be found around a section are those at the corners, and the distances are as follows: North side 80 chains; south side 81 chains; west side 85 chains; east side 84 chains. Running lines from the middle of one line to the corresponding opposite middle, and then across the section in the other direction we find the middle of the section, marked "O." From "O" to stake east of it (s)

is 40½ chains. Place a stake (t) midway between these two points. Divide all the other sides of the quarter in the same manner. Connect the four stakes (t) and their intersection will be the centre of the quarter section (x). Thus we have defined the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of the section, (ne¼ ne¼) and any divisions within it must be made with regard to these lines.

Through carelessness or otherwise the marks at the corners are sometimes removed and to prevent this Congress has passed the following law, which may be of interest to the public:

"**Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to destroy, deface, change, or remove to another place any section corner, quarter-section corner, or meander post, or any Government line of survey, or cut down any witness tree, or any tree blazed to mark the line of a Government survey, or to deface, change, or remove any monument or bench mark of any Government survey. *** " (29 U. S. Statutes, chap. 398 p. 343. June 10, 1896.)

The remainder of the clause provides for severe punishment to offenders, the reward to informers in case of conviction being $25.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

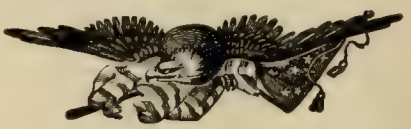
A SANE FOURTH.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE list of casualties resulting from the insane manner in which Americans celebrate the Fourth of July is appalling. The statistics compiled by the Chicago *Tribune* last year for the decade between 1899 and 1909 show that five hundred eight persons were killed on the Fourth of July and twenty-nine thousand and eighty-five wounded; each year having an increase of the number of casualties, the number killed and injured in 1909 being double that in 1899. These figures are believed not to reach the actual number of persons who have been slaughtered on our great American holiday.

These accidents largely result from the use of dangerous explosives invented in recent years. The men and boys of today are not satisfied with the innocent fire-crackers, but must have inventions that make louder noises as an aid to manifest their patriotic (?) zeal.

Parents whose children are allowed to use these death-dealing things are indeed unwise. They permit their children to celebrate the Fourth in an insane and dangerous manner and if death reaps a rich harvest these same parents have regret and sorrow to carry with them the remainder of their lives. If parents will not be sensible and use their influence to prevent the use of explosives of a dangerous character on the Fourth of July the law should step in and demand that Independence Day be observed in a safe and sane manner. The use of dangerous explosives should be prohibited by the authorities of the municipalities of every State in order to put a stop to the maiming and slaughter of children. The Fourth of July should no longer be a day of terror, anxiety and dread to parents, and the suffering of children should be prevented by every means in the power of the authorities.



THE FLAG.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.



Oh, banner bright
With starry light,
Refresh the brave,
With union wave!
How high you tossed,
No motion lost.
Oh, soldier true,
It waves for you!



Roaring Spring, Pa.

IN SCHOOL

A MESSAGE FROM BETHANY.

B. F. HECKMAN.

MAY 12 marked the close of the fifth year of Bethany Bible School. President J. E. Miller of Mt. Morris College gave the closing address on the subject of "Getting and Giving." His discourse was in splendid keeping with the principles for which Bethany stands —not only to get, but also to give; not only to be served, but also to serve; not only to be saved, but also to save others. We were indeed glad for his presence and encouraging words. At the same time Bro. Jesse Emmert and wife, home on their furlough from India, were with us and made some strong appeals for lives to be spent in service in the foreign land. Altogether it was a fitting close for the most prosperous year Bethany has known in her short history. The blessings of the heavenly Father have been clearly manifest throughout the year and to him we are grateful for them.

The year 1909-10 was the first in the new building erected last summer on the Bethany Block near Garfield Park on the West Side. This building has proven very convenient, especially so when compared to the former one on Hastings Street. With three floors above the basement there is place for dining room and

kitchen, chapel and recitation rooms, library and rooms for about forty students to live. The building was very much crowded during the winter term when the enrollment stood at 178. By means of a rolling partition in the chapel two large recitation rooms are afforded, besides the smaller ones. Three-fourths of the students found rooming places in the neighborhood since the building was not large enough for all.

The enrollment for the entire year was 234. A large number of States was represented—from the States of Washington and California to Maryland and Pennsylvania, and from Canada and North Dakota southward. The student body represented practically every phase of Christian service. Among them were pastors in charge of churches; Sunday School Superintendents, teachers, and District Secretaries; teachers from Brethren colleges; city missionaries; ministers in the three degrees as recognized by our Brotherhood and others who are preparing for the Master's work either in the home or foreign field. Sister Minerva Metzger, missionary elect to China spent her last year of preparation in Bethany. Her zeal for foreign work was unmistakable. This helped to inspire others to dedicate their lives to the same work. The visits of returned missionaries have also served to stimulate the missionary elect to China, spent her last year of prep-Brother and Sister Lichty, Brother and Sister Emmert and Brother Berkebile were with us. It means so much for the students to come in personal touch with men and women direct from the field and from them learn the inner workings not known except by experience. We hope some of them at least may return to us next year before their furloughs end. And as they go back to their stations we can pray for them the better because of these associations. Our prayers shall go with them for our interests are one, to glorify the Master's name—theirs to serve the Master on the field, ours to prepare workers for not only the home field but also the foreign field.

The class work in search of God's truth has been of special interest the past year and often has it become the searchlight in our hearts. As the truth, whether of the Old or New Testament, became more apparent day by day students related themselves more fully to it and to the Master's will and work. We have found close systematic Bible study to call for fuller consecration and special surrender to the Father's will and service. Each student has his own struggles in overcoming selfish ambition and desires, but greater victory comes as faith grows stronger. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The daily chapel service has meant much to our spiritual growth. The hour on Tuesday and Saturday was given to services of a general nature. The Wednesday hour, after devotion, was utilized in learning to sing the best and grandest Christian songs known to Christendom. On Thursday the students engaged in the various lines of practical work met separately for consecration services. Here the work was discussed and prayed about. Such meetings are found to be essential to successful work. Then came the Friday hour which is the regular and special prayer hour of the week. Experiences connected with practical work are related. Matters for praise or prayer are made special mention of, whether personal or otherwise. It was the climax of the week when teachers and students met and prayed together about common or personal needs. Requests for prayer have by no means been limited to members of the school, but they have come from churches and individuals living in our own and foreign lands.

The practical work department of our school has been more thoroughly organized and more efficient work has been done than heretofore. The growth of this department has been quite noticeable. In fact, opportunities for work have presented themselves as fast if not faster than we could use them. It has been the aim of the school not only to give the theory of Christianity, but also to give the real practice,—not merely for practice's sake, but for the larger aim of saving souls. This work has been divided into its various lines, such as the Chinese Sunday school, Jewish Mission, Rescue Mission, Hospital work, and home Bible classes.

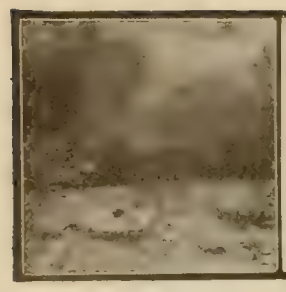
The Chinese Mission started by Bro. Hilton two years ago has grown more interesting. The Chinese men of the city are being reached gradually, though it is a difficult task to convert heathen in Christian America for they take up with the vice of a country much more quickly than with its good qualities. As a climax to this year's work two Chinese men decided for Christ and were baptized during the year. Thus three Chinese men have become Christians in the past two years.

Classes have been taught by our students in a Jewish mission on the corner of Hastings Street and Ashland Avenue. Also a number of classes have been taught in Jewish homes. Thus an opportunity has been afforded to reach the hearts of God's chosen people.

The aim in the Rescue Mission has been to reach that class of men known as down-and-outs through drink and drugs. They have been respectable men with good positions at one time, but have fallen and gone to the depth of sin through drink and its kindred evils. Students this year have been the means of turning men from darkness to light through the plain gospel message whether by praying or preaching or singing or personal work. Since we have no mission of our own the work has been done in four different missions conducted by other Christian people.

Those going to the Cook County Hospital are per-

(Continued on Page 565.)



THE QUIET HOUR



THE QUIET HOUR.

CLAUDE SNIDER.

The quiet hour is calm and still;
It takes my heart from worldly cares,
And fills my mind with holy thoughts
Which lead me up the shining stairs.

Oh! how I love that sacred hour;
Its pleasant joys I can't narrate
In form of words or glowing pen—
To me sweet thoughts it does relate.

It takes my thoughts to that sweet home
Where all our strife is laid away.
This blissful home is ours alone
If we obey the Book each day.

We love to think of that dear land
Where we may have true happiness.
'Tis promised in the Book Divine
That there we shall not know distress.

Oh! how we long for that dear home
Where we may have eternal life.
'Tis just beyond the shades of death
Which end this worldly care and strife.

THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

CLARENCE E. SCHROCK.

As we journey on through the shifting scenes of this life, we are almost continually met by difficulties and obstacles that lie in our pathway. We make plans and they fail; things do not go as we expected, and our hopes are often blasted. We meet discouragement and disappointment on every hand; circumstances come upon us that seemingly almost crush us, and our highest aims and ambitions in life seem impossible. The way looks so dark before us, and we feel almost like giving up in despair. We may even wonder why the good Lord permits it all to be thus.

Dear reader, has this been your experience? have you ever felt thus? If so, I have a message of hope and cheer for you. There is still some One who cares for you. It is Jesus. He knows all about your difficulties. He knows all about your sorrows and disappointments. He knows them as well, yes, even better than you do, for he understands even the purpose of them all.

No matter how great your trials have been, no matter how deep a sorrow you must bear, it is not, it cannot be greater than what Jesus experienced while here on earth. He knows all about the ups and downs of life. He knows all about earth's struggles, for he has experienced them himself. And he knew it would be thus with us, for he said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Jesus overcame, and by his grace you and I can overcome, for his grace is sufficient for us.

To the loyal follower of Christ the trials of this life hold no terrors, for he knows that what God permits is only for his spiritual and eternal good.

It is overcoming the hard things in life, that makes us strong and useful in the Master's service; for every trial, every difficulty in life, if rightly viewed and surmounted, becomes a stepping-stone to a higher and nobler life.

Therefore, live the overcoming life, my brother. For, "He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also overcame and sat down with my Father in his throne," saith Jesus.

Grundy Center, Iowa.

PREPARATION.

EDNA GARST.

Almost as soon as a child is old enough to talk,—yes, even sooner,—he is started on the road of preparation for his vocation for life.

Indeed, the fond parents while yet holding the babe in their arms, often decide on the career of the child. We hear them say, "We want to educate him for a lawyer," "We expect to prepare him for a doctor," or "We shall fit her for a queen in society," etc., etc. Yet how seldom do we hear them say, "We dedicate this child to God, and shall prepare him to labor in any field to which the Lord directs."

There is a wild rush for preparation to fill an office, to be a teacher, to be an artist, to be a doctor, lawyer, king of finance, or queen of society. Yet how much more should we be concerned about our preparation for eternity!

Jesus taught us to seek *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added. But we so often see this precept reversed. Instead of making our election with God sure, and of first importance, we make preparations to provide for our temporal wants, first. Can we not rely on his promise, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he

not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Ah! the sweet peace which this should bring to our hearts —" Shall he not *much more* clothe you,"—showing the great love with which he loves us.

Let us more earnestly strive to be prepared for eternity rather than to so assiduously labor for the obtaining of earthly treasures.

If we would make as great an effort to lay up treasures in heaven as we do to obtain the perishable things of this world, what a glorious vineyard of the Lord this would be!

We pray, " Thy kingdom come," yet are we hastening the coming of that kingdom by our lives? Are we preparing for eternal happiness, or the happiness (which is *not* happiness) of this world?

" Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos 4: 12.

Cabool, Mo.

COMMONPLACE LIVES.

COMMONPLACE lives like ours are the lives which are of value to the world. But this is not all. The character which is demanded of us in our commonplace conditions is the same as that which sets on high lives the most conspicuous, the most influential, and the most honored. All heroism is of a piece. There are not two kinds of goodness; goodness for great men and goodness for commonplace people. Virtue, devotion, loyalty, obedience, sacrifice—are they not the same in us as in men and women, the greatest the world has known? Has not Christ taught us that he who receives a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward? The reason we know. It is just. For that man must share the prophet's nature who knows a prophet when he sees him and does him honor. And this is why our Lord is confident that he who is faithful in little will be faithful in much. The much, no more than the little, demands those commonplace virtues of endurance and loyalty and unselfishness which the worlds and the ages have agreed to call heroic.

I will go one step further. Having committed myself to this glorification of the commonplace, I will give hostages to fortune and declare that these commonplace lives call for a capacity sometimes and a courage often greater than those demanded in greater circumstances. For, if conspicuous position and a famous name bring great responsibility, they bring also powerful stimulus. They bring an appeal, a moral obligation, an encouragement to noble living. If the eyes of the world are upon a man he braces up, takes his courage in both hands, lives finely, or prepares to die picturesquely. We shall never know how much of the supreme courage of men, whose daring has become the imperishable memory of their kind, was innate and intrinsic, and how much of it was born of some heroic hour when they felt the glorious propulsion of the expectation or faith of a million souls. We shall never know how brave they might or might not have been amid the humdrum commonplaceness to which you and I are made subject. In the prophet's view it is easier to fly than to run; easier to run than to walk! The anti-climax is the real ascent. The fall into commonplace is the crown of achievement. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles—that is splendid! They shall run and not be weary—running does not sound as wonderful as mounting with wings, but it is more splendid! They shall walk and not faint—and walking seems nothing contrasted with the running and the flying, yet it is most splendid of all! Anybody can fly—now and then, when youth aspires, dreams, disdains the limitations of time and sense! Almost anybody can run on occasion, for a little time, when the great effort is needed, and the great moment calls for a great effort. But to walk and not faint; to trudge on, mile by mile, a narrow path, circumscribed, dreary, without view of smiling landscape or awe-inspiring hills—to keep on steadily, quietly, persistently, always with a smile, always with the love-light in the eyes, and always confident that there's always something, somewhere sings —this is heroism indeed, the heroism of the commonplace, and of such is the kingdom of heaven!—*Charles F. Aked, D. D.*

THE FUTURE HOME.

How few of us realize the fact that every day brings us nearer to " the land that is afar off "! Every evening in the sunset's golden glow we can sing:

" One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer to my home today
Than e'er I've been before.

" Nearer the bounds of life
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave the cross
And where I take the crown."

That is a blessed condition for one to be in, indeed, if we have the assurance that every day is a day nearer heaven. But it is a fact, too, that there are many who, as they look back over the years that are gone are conscious that they have made but little progress in spiritual life, and are perhaps at a greater distance from the New Jerusalem than when they were young. There is something sad in the lines of Hood:

" I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

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A REQUISITE OF SUCCESS.

Darius Green and his flying machine are no longer the butt of the gibes and jokes of his acquaintances. In fact Darius,—we call him the aeronaut today—is not only the center of interest now, but he is getting as many honors as fall to the lot of the discoverer in any line. It is true, the fight was a long and hard one but the reward is big in proportion.

And the ones who held Darius up to ridicule—they may still be kicking their heels against the sides of a store box, but they must hunt up another object on which to sharpen their wit. They will be just a little slow in the selection of this next victim, for so many wonderful things are being done almost every day that even the awkward fellow who has been looked upon as "just a little queer" is suspected of being able to accomplish things that appear very much like the product of a sleight-of-hand performance.

Of course it is no great crime to laugh at things that seem incredible and to ridicule the one who is so presumptuous as to attempt the impossible; some people would not find much pleasure in life if this sort of amusement were prohibited. Fortunately the one who is the object of such ridicule, whose thought is a little in advance of that of the crowd, is often proof against any harm it might do.

And this ability to move steadily on in the face of ridicule, though it may seem a little thing, is really one of the requisites to success. The road that leads to the highest success is more or less a lonely trial and the one who travels it is bound to meet the scoffer who declares the road is impassable or the goal is unattainable or that he knows a better way. Almost any one can bear plain criticism or actual opposition, but the one who can bear ridicule, who can hear the gibe at his expense and yet keep up his strength and courage, has a firm conviction that his purpose is true and victory is as sure as if it were already in his grasp.

First having settled on our purpose, all of us need to make ourselves proof against the merciless weapon of ridicule. What "they say" ought not to move us unless it comes in the way of friendly criticism or advice. We will do very little in the world if we do only what is universally sanctioned as the proper and reasonable things to do. Better be the mark for the whole world's gibes than to be untrue to your own convictions.

EXTRAVAGANCE A NATIONAL VICE.

The last word has not yet been said on the subject of the high cost of living, and it is pretty evident that it will be some time before it is spoken if some of the causes put forth for the condition have any truth in them. Some time ago we gave it as our belief that extravagant habits had much to do with the present condition and that it therefore could not be wholly remedied by legislation; each individual would have something to do toward bringing about a reform since the individual habits and desires had helped to lay the burden on us.

Holding to this belief, we are naturally impressed with the views of other people who look at the matter in much the same way. A recent discussion of the subject from this standpoint was given by Joseph T. Talbert, vice president of the National City Bank of New York, at the convention of the Texas Bankers' Association held in El Paso. Convinced of the reasonableness of his views and feeling that the words of a man in Mr. Talbert's position must carry weight and may tend to cause all of us to take our part in improving conditions, we here give a part of his speech:

"In the matter of individual expenditures it is the fashion now to be extravagant to the point of wastefulness, and the fashion is running riot. Individual thrift is considered not merely miserly hoarding, but is looked upon as a vice and a thing to be despised. It is said that this is not a day of small things and that wealth, as wealth goes now, may no longer be accumulated by the slow process of savings and economies. This may be true if we shall measure wealth only by millions and hundreds of millions, but just as surely as there ever existed virtue in economy or contentment and independence in frugality, they are there today; and just as surely as individual and national extravagance ever led to a day of reckoning, they are doing so today. Among nation and among individuals permanent wealth and material progress are the results not so much of rich natural resources as they are the products of economy and thrift; not alone economy in the arts of production, but economy of use.

"Heedless squandering and reckless spending on a large scale are not passing fads or newly acquired na-

tional habits which may be laid aside at will or which a year or two of adversity would readily correct, but through long indulgence and practice they have been so deeply ingrained in the very fabric of our character as to become instinctive. They find expression in every shade and degree of expenditure, from vulgar and vainglorious display down to that miserable and petty fear which compels even the bravest of us to place gratuities out of all proportion to service into the outstretched palm of every flunky who serves. The thrifty Europeans discovered this spending instinct of ours and long ago turned it to their profit.

"We are squandering on pleasure vehicles annually sums of money running into hundreds of millions of dollars. The initial cost of automobiles to American users amounts to not less than $250,000,000 a year. The up-keep and other necessary expenditures, as well as incidentals, which would not otherwise be incurred, amount to at least as much more. This vast sum is equivalent in actual economic waste to more than the value of property destroyed in the San Francisco fire —perhaps to twice as much. The consequences of such enormous waste may be postponed for a time, but ultimately they must be faced and settled. Every dollar of property wasted or expended involves the consumption of so much of the product of human labor, and it stands to reason that it must be paid for. Thousands upon thousands of our people, frenzied by desire for pleasure and crazed by passion to spend, have mortgaged their homes, pledged their life insurance policies, withdrawn their hard-earned savings from banks, to buy automobiles; and have thereby converted their modest assets into expanding and devouring liabilities. The spectacle is astounding

"The fact will one day come home to us that our great excess of expenditures (clean and clear above our actual needs) all must be produced from the earth or earned in legitimate trade with the world, in competition with other nations whose people are not given to our extravagance.

"This individual extravagance is largely sustained by the method of expanding loans. If banks may, by increasing loans, create credits, which in turn create purchasing power and a sustained demand for high-priced goods, thereby still further advancing prices in the benefits of which all classes share except those who possess fixed incomes, it may be asked why this is not good; why not continue to promote the general ability to spend; why not continue giving to each individual an amount of enjoyment, luxury and pleasure unknown before, particularly when all this may be accomplished merely by increasing loans?

"The simple but comprehensive and truthful answer is that it cannot be done, because in the long run every act of wastefulness and every item of extravagance must be paid for to the last farthing; every item consumed must be earned. No expedient of man, no refinement in the use of credit, that most delicate of all instruments of civilized commerce, can do more than delay the day of actual payment of an existing debt."

As a serious result of the present condition Mr. Talbert says the high prices "are fast changing the balance of trade with Europe against us. The thrifty foreign populations will not pay exorbitant prices for American commodities." It does not take a seer to tell us what that means.

Much that Mr. Talbert says on this question has to do with principles that are fundamental. We will do well to give it our serious consideration.

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A MESSAGE FROM BETHANY.

(Continued from Page 561.)

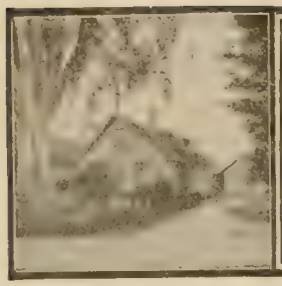
mitted to go into the wards and have heart to heart talks with the sick, to cheer them in their lonely hour and point them to the Great Physician. This work proves practical indeed and gives a student valuable experience for future work wherever called upon.

The home Bible class has proven to be an excellent means by which to reach the people for the Master. Students go two by two into homes where previous arrangements have been made. There they teach the Bible. It may be a widowed mother with several children of whom the class is composed. Or perhaps the neighbors have been invited, so that the number in the class may vary from two to thirty. Several have decided to live the Christian life through the influence of these classes. A Bible class rally was held in the Bethany building near the close of the spring term. All those who had been in classes in various parts of the city met with their teachers and friends to enjoy the evening together.

These special opportunities for service along with the Sunday-school, Christian Workers' and church services gave a splendid chance for saving souls as well as an opportunity for the students to develop in the art of soul winning and become more useful to the Mas-

Sunday at Bethany has been a splendid day of devotion. In the morning at 10:30 a service was held adapted to the needs of the students. In the afternoon at two o'clock the Bethany Sunday School convened. The new graded system has been used and has proven very interesting and satisfactory. The Primary Department has especially enjoyed the new lessons. Quite a number of the children of the neighborhood have been gained for the school. These with the Brethren's children have given this department an enrollment of more than sixty.

But just now most of the students have gone. Some waited for Conference time, while some few will remain in the city all summer to earn money for another year, or to take advantage of a summer course in some other institution.



THE HOME WORLD



Putting Away Worry

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

We hear much in these days of the need of taking life more restfully, and not worrying. Such advice is wise and by no means to be put aside as valueless, but it would be well for most of us to consider also how much needless worry we may take from others' lives.

Did you ever think of the burden of care and anxiety that weighs upon human hearts every day because of the delays, neglects, and small carelessnesses of those who would never be willfully unkind? In the aggregate, it is something awful—the waiting, the heartache, the hours of sickening dread that a little thoughtfulness might prevent. The sick boy, or girl, away from home has grown better; the threatened illness proved trifling, and the letter is postponed for a day or two in the rush of the busy life. But what of the anxious father and mother, in the old home who have two such days for anxious love to live through? We have undertaken a mission for a friend and he will be glad and thankful when we let him know—on the morrow. One more night he bears a burden of uncertainty and doubt the weight of which we cannot understand.

The reasonable request quickly granted, the prompt reply, the doing at once what the hand finds to do, even in matters that seem trivial to us, though we know not what it might mean at the other end of the line, are some of the ways of preventing worry in others. And let us put useless worry out of our own lives. Worry, like bad air, must be driven out, and the best way to drive it out is by introducing good. You can fill your mind with comforting, calming thoughts and leave no room for the harassing, troubling ones. Let no day pass without personal secret communication with God. Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse, while you are dressing. Put away all bitter feelings and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received, although sometimes it may seem hard. Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day, and let no opportunity pass without owning your Savior before others.

Let no chance pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do not let events depress you. Check expression when bitter or somber feelings have the best of you. Your despondent words may add to the burden of a friend—one perhaps already weighed down by cares and anxieties. Guard well your lips, that no unchaste word, jest, or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement shall pass them. Do not hate and do not worry.

Worry kills, it wears upon the brain as dropping water wears away stones. The habit must be killed by eternal vigilance and good sense.

Remember each day that Christ will surely come, suddenly come, quickly come; and it may be that this day will determine how his coming will find us, as it must to thousands.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

* * *

JUNE 14, 1910.

SADIE BRALLIER HOFFSINGER.

Her birthday! Wherefore, then, oh heart, this sadness?
Why does the heart grow dim, the spirit blanch?
What means the silence deep and mourning emblems,
Or whence this solitary cypress branch?

Erstwhile we decked the room with festive tokens
And hailed the dawning as a gala day.
Each milestone marked a year of greater marvel
And ushered in a power of truer sway.

We said: "Each birthday sees her farther drifting,
And one shall find her childhood but a dream."
Full sweetly, calmly, fearlessly she glided,
And peaceful were the waters of that stream.

Ay, she has drifted far—beyond our dreaming,
Away, away, beyond the reach of men.
We wave our hands, but there is no returning;
We call, but no voice answers us again.

How old is she, according to God's counting?
What do they call her in that home so fair?
Is that dear sound still clinging to her laughter?
Has one whit changed the meshes of her hair?

We cannot tell. But oh, the sweet assurance,
That we shall know her (by what sign God wist),
It may be by the eyes of tender azure;
Perhaps the dear lips we so often kissed.

But this we know: that harm may never touch her;
That she is saved eternally from blight;
That pestilence can neither seek nor find her
In that great company whose robes are white.

For there shall be no hunger and no sickness,
And night shall evermore be lost in day,

And souls shall clasp to rend no more asunder,
"For lo, all former things have passed away."

All things save love! the sure, the true transmuter!
That essence of the Beautiful in men,
O'er which the prince of darkness hath no power,—
The boon which God gave and takes back again.

And oh, the blessedness of this sweet knowledge:
That love to her is food and life and law!
That she has learned the wonderful Hosanna
And walks beside the river that John saw!

Methinks I see her bearing sheaves of lilies
And wreaths of fragrant roses rich and rare,
With that glad sense of sharing them with others,
And that surpassing smile she used to wear.

I seem to see her bound unto a Presence
And kneel beside him where love's zephyr stirs!
How could we call her back to share earth's moanings,
When beauties such as these are hers?

Oh, what is earth compared to such high glory?
Or what is man, that he should merit it?
He murmureth beside the moaning cypress
While heaven reserves him rapture exquisite.

O daughter of our love! O priceless sister!
O friend and comrade, who from earth hast gone,
Bid us remove the dreary mourning symbols.
We know thy birthday is a blessed one.

LITTLE BUD AND LITTLE BOY.

PAUL MOHLER.

Little Bud.

O LITTLE bud so brown, what secrets lie folded within your breast! Who knows what your awakening will mean? Will it mean a blossom to sweeten the warm spring wind, to gladden the eye of a child, to bless a hungry bee? Will it mean an apple for an eager boy, seed for the husbandman, perhaps a new and famous fruit that, multiplied through a thousand orchards, may bring new appetites to a world of sated epicures?

Perhaps you will be a twig and not a blossom. A larger life may be yours, to bear many blossoms, much fruit, with multiplied opportunities for enriching the earth. The twig may grow a branch, may shift the equilibrium of the tree; other branches failing it may be the tree's main strength and bear its measure of fruit. The twig may please the husbandman looking for a scion. He may make of it a graft which planted in a seedling root may grow to be the glory of the homestead. Children may play beneath its shade, may climb its trunk and pick its luscious fruit till grown to manhood they shall found new homesteads with orchards springing from their homely friend.

You may not be a twig, little bud; you may be but a leaf. Just a leaf to clothe the homely bough, to catch the sun's rays, to give life to the rising sap, to be but an humble helper of the growing twig and fruitful blossom. You may leave nothing to the world that the world would call your own but your faded and wind-tossed form when the tree has cast you off. Poor leaf; that you should brave the whirlwind's deadly grasp, the sun's fierce rays only to give your strength unthanked to the ungrateful tree. Your reward is in giving, not receiving, in doing the work of your Creator, thoughtless as the angels of your own reward. Blessed leaves, what a dreary waste a leafless world would be. Thank God for leaves.

And now little bud, good-bye. May the sun's kind rays unfold your warm protecting mantle. May life surge out right through you. May no withering blast assail you till you have grown to leaf or twig or flower and fruit.

Little Boy.

LITTLE boy, what are you? What mystery enshrouds your destiny? Will you be a happy, bright-faced blossom, gladdening with your merry eyes, your joyous laughter a world of sighs? Will you be a luscious fruit, a rich and fragrant character to bless a sin-sick race of men? Will you bear seed of love and truth that, dropping into foul and ugly hearts, may turn the darkened lives to glory, and through those new-created lives, may save a race of sin-cursed men?

Will you be a twig, a branch, another Luther, called of God and leader of men? God needs a thousand Luthers—rather the world needs them to turn us back to God and truth. May you be one!

Perhaps the Lord will choose you for a scion, a Judson to plant and start a heavenly race in some far distant region where hearts of men are virgin soil. God prosper his planting and grant that for every twig he plants in virgin land, a thousand thousands may be multiplied.

But perhaps the Father needs you for a leaf; just a leaf to grace the tree of life, to catch the rays from the Sun of Righteousness, to give new life to twig and branch and blossoms bearing fruit; just to bring the help of God to other men by secret inner-chamber intercession; perhaps to minister of your substance out of poverty so deep that other men casting in much from their abounding riches may look with scorn upon your mite. Yet God doth see and will reward you openly. God bless the humble helpers, and he will bless them too, perhaps beyond the measure that he grants to men that stand as first in our blind, senseless admiration.

And now little boy, good-bye. May your tender heart be opened by the Sun's warm touch; may life eternal surge within your breast, and bursting out direct your growth in God's own chosen channels until you reach the fulness of his purpose. Thank God for little buds and little boys.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

THE MOTHER IN UNITY WITH HER CHILD.

"Tell me, my little one, soft and pure,
What comes from thee to me,
Stirring me dimly, as stirs the spring,
With the joy of things to be?"

The Baby.

"'Tis the faith which looks from my trusting eyes,
Faith in thy brooding care;
'Tis the love which speaks in my happy smile,
For I know no 'here' nor 'there.'

"Only to lie in thy sheltering arms,
Where darkness cannot fright;
And to draw my life from thy loving breast,
Where, with fingers clinging tight,

"I tell, as only a baby can,
Of the hope that thou shalt be
In the coming years to my opening life
What thou art now to me!"

The Mother.

"Dear baby, again look into my eyes
While I look into thine;
Together we'll spell life's lesson out;
Thy faith shall still teach mine!

"All that thy clinging, helpless love
Has told me I should be,
All that thy fond hope prophesies,
I'll strive to be for thee.
For the faith of thy innocent eyes forecasts
A larger faith than thine;
And as thou drawest life from me,
I draw from the life divine."

—Froebel.

DO NOT LEAN.

God gives a backbone, but the use of it depends upon the man. The self-reliant man may be born, but usually he is simply developed. The desire for some kind of a crutch, or leaning-post, seems inherent in most of us. Whether it be that we are naturally indolent, or whether it be that we are naturally dependent, there seems to be a desire for something or some one to lean against. It seems hard for us to carry our own weight. It may be too much to expect that we can wholly rid ourselves of this tendency, but at least it may be minimized by careful and persistent effort.

This effort should begin early. The child should be trained to stand erect. If military drill has many disadvantages, at least it has this advantage, that it teaches one to stand erect. To go slouching through life with one shoulder always a little higher than the other, and one's backbone always forming an arc of a circle, and the whole attitude that of one who sadly needs propping up, is a disgrace to our manhood. Physically, the child needs to be taught to carry its own weight. Most of us recognize that this is largely a matter of habit, and the habit should be acquired in youth.

Even if it were only a matter of appearance, the habit of leaning ought to be discouraged. But there is more in it than this. The body was meant to stand erect, and any departure from the habit is apt to interfere more or less seriously with the health. Muscles to be useful must be taxed, and strength developed by exercise. If one acquires the crutch habit, a crutch will become a necessity. Physical independence is largely the result of habit, and at whatever cost the habit should be acquired.

But the habit of leaning is found in mental life as well as in physical, and it is often the result of injudicious kindness. The foolish parent sees his boy wrestling with a hard problem, and helps him out, and continues to help him out, until the boy learns to look for that help, until, in fact he cannot do without it. It seems strange that kindness should injure one, and yet so it is. We sometimes refer to self-made men with an unspoken wonder that the lads who had better opportunities had failed. What if our kindness, our mistaken kindness, has robbed our children instead of helping them? Mental strength is impossible without mental strain, and our desire to spare our children may be spoiling them. The child must fight his own way to a very large extent if he is to become strong and self-reliant.

And the moral world is somewhat the same as the mental. The conscience that leans upon preacher or friend is rather a poor affair. The conscience that stands alone in its God-given erectness may be troublesome at times, but it is a power which must be reckoned with.

But suppose some of us have already acquired the crutch habit, and are going through life leaning upon some one else! If we are content, then nothing can be done; but if we are not content, then there is a possibility of improvement. God intends that men and women should stand alone, and it is better so. But in the breaking with the old life there will be some aching muscles crying out for the missing prop. The man who has thrown away his crutch will not all at once acquire the confident erectness of the self-reliant, but it will come in time It is no easy task to form new habits, but it is possible, and in such a case it is worth all it will cost. Let us learn to stand alone, to depend upon our own judgment, to trust the decision of our own conscience, to follow our Lord humbly and closely, but to follow him in erect and soldier-like fashion. Friends were not meant for crutches; let us not use them as such!—*The Christian Guardian.*

GOOD HUSBANDS.

"What is the most lasting quality in a husband?" is a large question undoubtedly, so many wives will think differently on the subject.

For myself I should at once give precedence to good temper. There is nothing like it where home life is concerned. A bright, sunny disposition, a cheerful air, a capacity for meeting the daily frets and worries of this troublesome life without an angry frown, all these help to clear the air and draw sunshine from the thunderstorm. And surely a genial laugh is the best music of all with which to march along in life.

A woman too often thinks only of the outward charm of the man who attracts her. It lies in his mouth, perhaps, or in his eyes, or in the way he holds her hand. But eyes can darken and change with anger, the suave mouth of the lover can grow stern and sarcastic in the husband, the clasp of the hand may grow cold; but a good and honest heart will last to the end; and from what I see of life and my married friends, I think the good-tempered man has usually a good heart, and most of the virtues.

With good temper will come a large way of looking at things. All pettiness will sink out of view, nagging, that frequent curse, will be unknown.

Sometimes it will happen that the wife, unstrung by household annoyances,—the servants, perhaps, or the little ailments of the younger branches,—will be slightly irritable when her lord comes home—a state of things very frequently resented by the husband, unless his temper is sound. If heaven has been good to him in that respect he will take no notice of her little gibe, but will enter into the grievance with her and tenderly sift it, and so restore peace with honor.

But, dear girls, I should like to say a word to you on this subject. The sweetest temper in the world can be ruined, and, therefore, I would have you take heed to your ways. If you have the luck to chance on a good-tempered man, and gain him for your husband, see that you prize the gift, and that you do not abuse it. Give him smile for smile, and bear with him as he is sure to bear with you. I have seen one or two cases where a fretful girl, relying too much upon the sweetness of her husband's temper, has ended at last by turning that sweetness into gall.

I have never seen a bad husband evolved from a good son and brother. Whenever I see a young man lovable, helpful, and cheerful in his father's house, respectful and tender towards his mother, affectionate and gallant toward his sisters, I say to myself confidentially and confidently, "There is a good husband, in sure process of evolution, and happy will that woman be who shall win to herself the gracious, perfected result, without impoverishing the old home life and love."—*Selected.*

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION.

No less a medical authority than Dr. Osler says: "The cure of tuberculosis is a question of nutrition; make a patient grow fat and the local disease may be left to take care of itself."

Many others who have occupied the highest position in the medical profession have said the same. Dr. B. J. Kendall of Illinois points out a successful way of accomplishing it. He says:

During the last 15 years I have prescribed the following diet in hundreds of instances, and where directions have been followed conscientiously it has increased the weight, strength and vitality of the patient rapidly, thus enabling nature to help herself.

The all-important thing is to drink large quantities of milk strippings (the very last of the milking, which is all cream, when a proper cow is selected). This seems so simple and easy that many have refused to follow directions, and demanded medicines to cure them.

To get best results a healthy cow should be selected, one that does not cough, and one that gives *very rich* milk. A Jersey cow is preferable. The last quart of milk should be milked into a separate dish, which rests in a larger vessel containing warm water just sufficient to prevent the strippings from cooling below blood heat. The cow should be thoroughly cleaned to prevent any dirt getting into the milk, so the patient can blow back the froth and drink at once, without straining, as this would cool it too much.

Begin by drinking nearly a pint in the morning and the same at night, and increase the quantity gradually, so that in 10 or 15 days a full quart will be taken twice a day. Remember, it should be taken immediately after milking, before it has had time to cool any. All should be taken that can be without too much discomfort, and then rest a few minutes and drink more and rest again, and so on, until a full quart has been taken. In about 15 minutes after this the patient should eat at the table such articles of food as are known to agree with the stomach.

When the strippings are not allowed to cool below blood heat, and taken *immediately* after milking, a full quart will be transfused into the circulation in a remarkably short time. Remember, that the great secret of success is in taking milk immediately after milking and not allowing it to cool below blood heat, taking a full quart morning and evening, and having milk that is *very* rich.

It is easier for those living on a farm than those "existing" in a city to carry out this method. I do not remember any case that was not too far gone and that followed the directions strictly that was not cured. I have found the same diet, when above directions were carried out carefully, equally successful in increasing the weight and strength of those run down and debilitated from other causes.

Plenty of fresh air night and day will also help the good cause along. Keep up the treatment until cured, no matter how long it will take.—*Farm and Home.*

HAVE THEM HANDY.

N. D. UNDERHILL.

MANY people spend some time every day in idle waiting: not resting, but impatiently waiting for the time to pass. For those even, who have only a few minutes to wait each day, it is well to keep in a convenient place, some good piece of literature; a book, a magazine, a tract or paper. If the time of waiting be short, read a helpful paragraph like some in the missionary department of *Gospel Messenger,* or the "Upper Room" or "Quiet Hour" of other periodicals; or read a restful little poem. Then think upon it a few minutes just before the train starts. (It may be a train of cars or a train of duties.) It will prove very helpful, and will enrich the mind.

If the time of waiting be longer, one may read an instructive article of greater length. But be sure to keep some *good* reading matter within reach for the time of waiting.

HIS IDEA OF DUTY.

THE floor of the sitting room was littered with toys and the mother bade her small son put them away.

"But I got 'em out," he replied, "and it isn't my place to put 'em away."

In vain she tried to explain, but each time she met with the same argument. It was his idea of division of labor and it took a forceful admonition to compel obedience. In every home children should be taught to "pick up" after themselves. If they do not put away the toys they must not bring them out. A mother who allows a child to throw his toys about whenever and wherever he chooses and leave them there is rearing a child in selfishness. There are times, at rare intervals, when it is allowable for another person to pick up toys after a child, in which case he should be given to understand that it is a kindness which he must reciprocate. A girl who starts to school leaving mother to hang up her clothing, the boy who scatters caps, baseballs, fishing tackle and other things about the house, knowing mother will put things to rights, will grow up without that sweet sense of self-help and thoughtfulness for others which should characterize all well-bred people.—*Woman's National Daily.*

WORD VALUES.

IF the parent in general realized that, as a child first learns to connect a certain idea with a certain word, so he goes through life hampered or helped by that word, more care would be used when explanations of these must be given.

We are all of us walking dictionaries, teaching the young idea how to shoot and when in after life he shoots wrong, we are apt to blame every one but ourselves, forgetting that long, long ago, when the hopeful in question was considered more as a wonderful toy than a thinking machine, we had given some hurried, forced definition that was Gospel to the loyal little ears that took it in.

Care in defining a new word to a child often opens up a whole new field of observation, and it should be done as conscientiously as possible. A straight "I don't know" is preferable to a careless or slipshod definition. Look it up in a dictionary or encyclopedia, and take him with you when you do. He will gain confidence in you each time and will soon learn to save you the trouble.—*Philadelphia North American.*

BREATHE DEEP.

I HAD suffered several days and nights from severe pain resulting from rheumatism and neuralgia. The relief afforded by all suggested home remedies had been only temporary. My neck was raw from a mustard plaster blister. I had slept poorly several nights from pain. Again it was night. I was quivering with pain and unable to rise to a sitting posture. To turn from back to side, or vice versa, was agonizing. I did not wish to call any of the family, knowing their duties for the following day. How I longed for sleep!

Then I remembered reading somewhere that deep, abdominal breathing persisted in would induce sleep. I resolved to try it. Assuming a position as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, I began deep, abdominal breaths. My head soon became light, or rather dizzy, my body relaxed; after a few minutes I was asleep! After a nap I awoke, squirmed about to a new position, repeated the deep breathing, fell asleep again. I kept this up during the night, thus securing a fair night's rest. When wooing sleep, ill or well, try this plan.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PRESERVING EGGS.

AT this time, when eggs are plentiful and cheap, I cannot refrain from again calling our readers' attention to the water-glass method of preserving fresh eggs. It is the simplest and best method available for the family. By simply dropping the eggs as they are brought in fresh from day to day during the months of May, June, July or August into a ten-per-cent solution of the common liquid silicate of soda, or water-glass, you will have eggs next winter practically as good as when freshly laid.—*Household Journal.*

"MOLASSES will often remove grass stains from children's clothing. Rub the molasses as you would soap into the stain, and then wash in the usual fashion. Salt dissolved in alcohol is often found to be a good thing for removing grease spots from clothing."

"By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a sponge which has become slimy and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will be as nice again as when it was new."

The Children's Corner

DILLYDALLY.

DILLYDALLY was nearly seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"Oh, Dillydally! Where are you dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter what. I want it."

The molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble was afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellowbreast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. "Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it until it was a speck like a black pin-head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"Oh, Dillydally!" cried his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the boys and girls I had sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"Oh, Dilly! Dilly! said his mother sorrowfully, "why won't you earn a better name?"

Dillydally says that he is going to. How do you suppose he will do it?—*Unidentified.*

AN EVENING REVERY.

The summer day is closed—the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun:
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered: seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day have parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace had flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the field of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

—Bryant.

Note. This poem appeared in "The Fountain and Other Poems," published in 1842. In 1846 Mr. Bryant collected and arranged his poems for a complete edition from the notes in the appendix of which I copy:

"An Evening Revery."—From an Unfinished Poem.

This poem and that entitled "The Fountain," with one or two others in blank verse, were intended by the author as portions of a larger poem, in which they may hereafter take their place.

This purpose was not carried out. The same note appears in the appendix to the collection made by Mr. Bryant shortly before his death. From this edition is taken the poem entire, as given above.—New York Times Saturday Review.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The population of St. Louis will be more than 700,000 in the opinion of census officers there.

The close of the strawberry season shows the total output of the Anna (Ill.) section had a value of $110,700.

Max Ellis and William Tucker of Indiana University will start August 15 for the upper Amazon river to test the power and nature of electric batteries in living eels.

The last stein song has been sung and the last stein drained at Stanford University, California. The Appellate Court has forbidden liquor to be sold within one and one-half miles of the school.

The United States Steel Corporation is moving the Grand Calumet River a quarter of a mile south of Gary, Ind. It proposes to erect coke ovens where the stream now ripples, so is shoving it out of the way with steam dredges.

Final settlement of the estate of the late John Alexander Dowie is expected soon. Residents of Zion City, Ill., have asked the court to permit the sale of the college buildings and grounds to the Advent Christian college of Mendota, Ill., for $50,000.

The United States army is confronted with a scarcity in the market of horses suitable for military purposes, and it is particularly difficult to secure good cavalry horses. In event of war it would be practically impossible to secure enough horses of the proper type for our mounted service.

For fear that Turkey is contemplating an aggressive movement in either Crete or Thessaly, the government of Greece has called out 10,000 reserves to re-inforce the army. The government makes no official explanation of its action but it is known that it is preparing for any overt act by Turkey.

Congressman W. B. McKinley of Champaign, Ill., principal stockholder of the McKinley interurban lines of Illinois and promoter of one proposed Kansas City-St. Louis electric line, has purchased the Atchinson (Kan.) electric light and power plant and nine miles of city railway. He is said to plan to connect Atchison, Topeka, Kansas City and St. Louis by electric line.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has recently ruled that, hereafter, on several railways in the Northwest, the upper berths in Pullman sleeping cars are to cost less than the lower berths. The Commission states that, in the past eleven years, the Pullman company has doubled its capitalization and dividends without the investment of any new capital.

Count Leopold, the reigning prince of Lippe, Germany, and his brother, Prince Julius, were attacked by Italian Anarchists near Detmold. Stones were thrown at the royal brothers, seriously wounding Julius. Leopold was uninjured. The assailants were employed at field labor. They rushed from the field when they saw Leopold and Julius motoring along the roadway, picking up stones from the road and hurling them at the royal brothers.

Great damage has been done by a violent earthquake at Santiago, Cuba. Many small business houses and residences were destroyed, while larger buildings were twisted and badly damaged. In several streets the pavement was twisted from the foundation and piled in heaps. The quake was preceded by low rumblings, and recognizing this as indicating a quake, the people rushed into the open. Only two deaths have been reported, but scores of persons, frightened by the quake, have left the city.

A repetition of the Boxer uprising of a decade ago, though on a much larger scale, is feared by Chinese government officials in view of further alarming reports received from parts of the Hunan, Kiang-Su and Chi-Li provinces. The situation is declared to be analogous to that preceding the Boxer outbreak. How to check the trouble before it assumes such proportions as to necessitate threatened foreign intervention is now the chief problem under discussion by Prince Chun the regent, and his advisers.

Chancellor James R. Day, addressing the graduating class of Syracuse University, declared the automobile is a curse to the country. He says homes are sacrificed and positions lost through indulgence in the luxury. "It is said that about five hundred million dollars are invested in the automobile trade and this enormous capital is nonproductive. That is, it adds comparatively nothing to the wealth of the people, but on the contrary absorbs it. It means 90 per cent of wasted money and wasted time. A certain per cent returns in business uses and wholesome rest and recreation."

The most drastic criticism of the medical colleges of Chicago ever uttered is included in a report on "Medical Education in the United States," prepared by Abraham Flexner, educator and special investigator of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, just made public. The report is issued with the approval and has the unqualified sanction of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation. Mr. Flexner asserts that an intelligent and efficient administration of the law would reduce the number of medical colleges in Chicago to three—Rush, Northwestern and the College of Physicians and Surgeons—and even the latter two do not escape pretty rough handling in his report. Rush alone emerged with most of her honors about her.

Four women have been engaged to teach the Indian women and girls on the Yakima reservation, southwest of Spokane, Wash., how to keep house. Several prominent farmers are also going from allotment to allotment teaching the Indian owners how to do intensive farming. The federal government is behind the movement.

Suit to oust the "beef trust" from the State of Missouri will be commenced within the next month, according to Attorney General Elliott W. Major. The attorney general announces that he will begin quo warranto proceedings, charging violation of the antitrust laws of Missouri. The evidence on which the suit will be based has already been taken. Inquiry shows that the National Packing Company, incorporated in New Jersey, controls twenty-six so-called independent packing companies in Missouri. The stock of the National company, it is alleged, is controlled by the Swift, Armour and Morris packing companies.

The government forces in Nicaragua under Gen. Chavarria have been defeated and put to complete rout at Rama by the insurgent army under Gen. Mena, according to advices received at Bluefields. Gen. Chavarria, commanding the Madriz field troops, was captured and made a prisoner of war by the insurgents. His entire staff was also taken. The defeat at Rama completely demoralizes the Madriz forces. It is estimated that 100 were killed and 400 wounded during the fighting. The heaviest losses were with the government forces, who left their dead and wounded on the field. It is believed there that the Estrada government now will soon be recognized.

The government of Japan is maintaining the utmost secrecy in its investigation of the reported socialist plot against Premier Katsura and other members of the Japanese cabinet. No one besides the government's trusted agents is permitted to see the half dozen alleged conspirators who have been arrested. The extreme caution taken has given rise to alarming reports of the extent of the plot, and cabinet members and other government officials make no attempt to conceal their fear of assassination. Those involved are supposed to have been furnished with bombs made by socialist agitators, who, under the guise of being laborers, obtained employment in the government factory at Matsumoro. Their leader is Shusui Kotoku, formerly a newspaper man. He is under arrest.

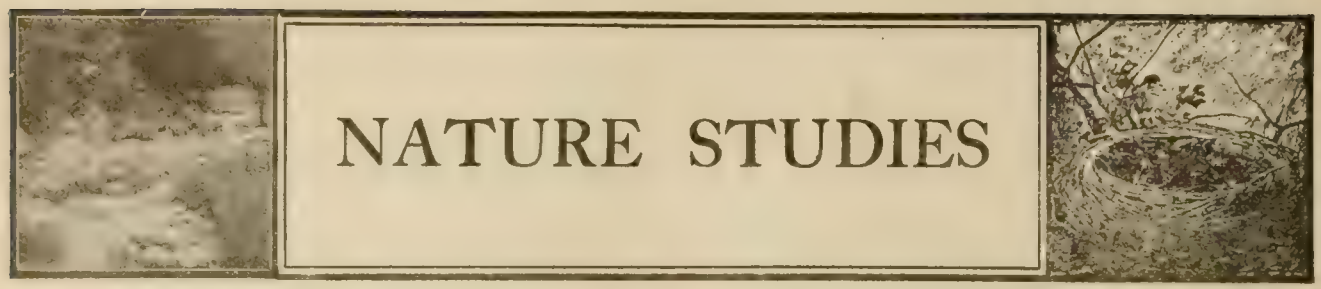
Last November there was a series of heavy snowstorms in Germany, which did considerable damage to overhead telephone and telegraph lines. As a result, a careful investigation was made of the question of putting such lines underground, and it was found that by using the Pupin system, underground cables could be used to good advantage on lines of less than 600 miles in length, with wires not more than three millimeters (0.118 inch) in diameter. The advantages of the underground system were found to be as follows: That there would be no interruptions due to external causes, that there would be no danger of cross talk, that the efficiency of the line would always be constant, that there would be no interruptions or expense for repairs, due to external causes, and that while laying the cables extra wires could be provided, which would permit of further expansion to meet future demands. It was also shown that telegraph and telephone lines could be laid in the same cables without danger of inter-disturbance.

The adulteration of food in France is said to result in a profit of one hundred million dollars per year. Bread, which may be called the national food of France, has long been adulterated largely with talc, a substance which is not only indigestible, but is exceedingly irritating to the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane because of the sharp crystal fragments which it contains. Flour is often mixed with alum or with potassium carbonate to increase the amount of water absorbed, with zinc sulphate to keep the bread fresh, with copper sulphate and ammonium carbonate, to diminish the quantity of yeast required and to improve the appearance of bread made with spoiled flour. Denatured alcohol, costing one-eighth the price of pure alcohol, is used for the manufacture of the liqueurs and apéritifs, which are so largely consumed in France.

PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.

THE best time to cut flowers to keep is in the early morning before the sun's rays have reached them. A knife or pair of scissors should always be used to clip them off with, as they should be cut smooth and clean from the stem and never pulled or broken off. Flowers that are not fully developed will keep the longest, but they should reach their maturity of color and size before being cut. After they are cut they should be kept in a cool, shady place, and care taken to prevent drying winds from blowing upon them. If they are to be kept over night or for several days, it is a good plan to put them in a pitcher or pan of water and the whole covered with a paper framed like a balloon, then set away in a dark, cool place; in this way they will have plenty of air, darkness and moisture, which are essential to the preservation of cut flowers. If wanted to carry a long distance they should not be packed tightly in a bunch; but the best way is to procure a wooden or stiff pasteboard box, line it with greased paper or tinfoil, and place a layer of sphagnum moss in the bottom, and upon this the flowers. They should be put in carefully so that none of the petals will be crushed or receive too much pressure. Then give them a slight sprinkling of pure water, cover with light, greased paper and close the box tightly. In this manner they can be carried a long distance, and if not allowed to stand in the sun or remain in a warm room, will come out as fresh as when first cut.

When flowers are kept in a vase, the water should be renewed every morning. The ends of the stems should be clipped off and all decaying leaves removed. If this is done regularly they will last much longer than if left to take care of themselves. Many recipes have been given for preserving cut flowers, such as charring the ends of the stems, putting them in boiling water, etc., but nothing preserves them so well as keeping them dark, cool and moist, and giving them pure water.—*Household Journal.*



NATURE STUDIES

The Maples

M. E. S. CHARLES.

WHEN one hears the maples spoken of, at once there arises a picture in the mind of either a red or swamp maple, or the sugar or rock maple. While there are several species, including shrubs, the two just named are perhaps the best and most widely known, the red maple for its beautiful form and autumnal coloring, and the sugar maple as the source of maple molasses and maple sugar.

The maple family has long been admired for beauty of outline, for abundance and richness of foliage, for the delicate coloring of winter twigs and branches, and the sturdiness of the trunk. The ancient name *Acer* means a point and was given this genus because the wood was much used in ancient times for heads of pikes and lances. The wood of most of the maples is hard enough to take a high polish, making it valuable for cabinet work, interior finish and for furniture.

The red maple is certainly one of the most beautiful forest trees found in the eastern half of the United States. It prefers wet soil, and often forms pure groves in swamp lands, but it often grows on hillsides, and is extensively used for roadside and park planting. While these two kinds are not subject to attacks of either insect or fungi, they are not well adapted to city streets, as the large stoma or breathing pores become clogged with dust and soot, causing the leaves to turn yellow and fall early in the season.

The red maple is one of the very first trees to bloom in spring. The clusters of small, sweet-scented flowers coming before the leaves, are of a coral red, making the tree very conspicuous at this stage. Tiny insects distribute the pollen in a wholesale fashion, which accounts for the bountiful crops of winged seeds or samaras, in botanic parlance, which this species usually sends out into the world early in spring. It is interesting to notice these seeds as they float down to the ground. At first they lie flat on the grass or soil. Soon the moisture causes the seed to swell, and in a short time the samaras have assumed an almost upright position, with the seed end down, ready to burrow into the ground to secure a foothold as soon as germination fully takes place.

We often hear the expression, "How early the fall has come this year!" from persons who do not realize that it is the habit of certain red maples to mature early, reminding us of the coming winter. In the low swamp lands the autumnal coloring is most brilliant, often beginning with a single spray on a tree as early as the latter part of August or early September. Even in winter this tree is true to its distinctive characteristic of color. The twigs and buds are red and shining against the background of snow. The gray trunk contrasts beautifully with the bright colored and gracefully curving twigs and branches, giving the tree great beauty even in winter.

The sugar maple delights in rocky uplands, and from this characteristic is often called rock maple and hard maple. This tree is typically American and is associated in our minds with sugar camps enveloped in clouds of steam which come from the boiling sap-kettles and the buckets hanging from the trees into which the sap falls drop by drop. Some one has said, "He, who, in the audible hush of the wood's night, has never reclined in the comfortable glow of a sugar camp furnace, nor breathed that delightful aroma wafted from its seething kettles, has never experienced quite the same relish for story-telling and story-hearing as his more fortunate brother, for stories are as common to the sugar-camp as bread is to the dinner table."

But if the sugar maples were not the source of the delightful sweets, maple molasses and maple sugar, they would still command our admiration. The erect trunk with channeled brown bark bears a dome of shapely branches and twigs which in summer are heavily clothed with leaves, making a dense shade.

The yellow flowers appear with the leaves in clusters at or near the ends of the twigs, of the preceding season. They are long-stalked and drooping and numerous, causing the tree to stand out conspicuously in the landscape. Two unfailing means of identification in winter are the sharp-pointed brown buds and the channeled trunk with smooth places between the fissures.

It is this tree that often yields the much sought after "bird's eye" and "curly maple" lumber.

The black maple is often regarded as a variety of the sugar maple, but after much study botanists have agreed that it is specifically distinct. Like its near relative, it is an upland species. One of its distinctive fea-

tures is that the old bark is dark brown, in fact, almost black, especially on the ridges.

From Nova Scotia west to Michigan and Minnesota, and extending south along the Appalachian Mountains, grows the striped maple, more generally called Moosewood. This name was given in Maine where the moose and deer invariably strip it for the sweet juice in the tender green shoots in winter. It usually flowers as a shrub, and is suitable for lawns and parks. The flowers are borne in long drooping clusters at the end



A Grove of Maple Trees.

of the branches, much after the fashion of the sugar maple. The bark is thin and reddish-green, striped with lighter colored bands or lines. The young twigs are yellowish green in the growing season and reddish brown in winter.

The ash-leaved maple, or box-elder, is a small tree, more often occurring as a shrub. The name ash-leaved maple comes from the three to five pinnately compound leaves, resembling the ash leaves. The bark of old trees is thick, deeply furrowed and light brown in color. The clustered flowers grow in the axils of last year's leaf scars, and come with or a little before the leaves. The fertile and sterile flowers are found on separate trees. This maple is one of the lowland forms, but it is frequently used for ornamental planting, the only drawback being its short life.

TIGE, A DOG PRINTER.

We have all read about the dogs of Belgium drawing the milk carts about the streets of the cities, and perhaps pitied them for having to work for their living; but I wonder if anyone ever knew a dog printer besides Tige? Poor, faithful old Tige!

Tige was a great English mastiff. He was born in England and brought over to a frontier town in northern Canada when a puppy. Here he grew into a fine dog, and finally became quite a character in the place, for when he was three or four years old he was working the press that ran off the local paper! Every Friday, rain or shine, Tige could be found at his post of duty back of the printing office, wearily treading, hour after hour, until the weekly edition was printed.

Sometimes Tige would rebel against his task, and now and then when press day came the poor fellow was missing, and it usually took a long search on the prairie before he could be found and brought back to his duty.

But although Tige disliked his work, woe betide the dog who, with prying nose, came round to investigate this piece of property which he considered his very own.

The dog printer was a general favorite. Everyone loved the friendly old fellow, and many were the choice bones and other delicacies that were saved for him by the dozen families who had the honor to be on his visiting list.

One winter's night the business center of the little town was destroyed by fire, and the printing office was burned. Later it was learned that the fire started here through the carelessness of some half-drunken men whose minds were too dull to notice that their lighted cigar stumps had fallen among the papers scattered over the floor.

For several days after the fire Tige wandered in a bewildered sort of way among the ruins of the printing office. He seemed to be searching for something he could not find. Nowhere could a trace of his old tread-

mill be found. Day by day he renewed the search, and daily grew more dejected. His appetite began to fail, and finally even the choicest bits no longer tempted him to eat, and he lay quietly down and died.

Poor old Tige! He could not live without the old press that had given him his life work, and which had been destroyed through the evil drink habit.—*Union Signal.*

NO TROUBLE ABOUT THE BOYS.

A FEW weeks ago I spent a night at the home of a Nebraska farmer. He homesteaded in 1878, and still lives on the original homestead, to which he has since added many broad acres. The farm house was by no means a pretentious mansion, but everything about it, inside and out, spoke eloquently of comfort. To achieve all this the farmer and his splendid wife had endured many hardships and privations—grasshoppers, drouths, hard times, and even Indian scares.

When we sat down to supper there were eight of us—the farmer and his wife, four stalwart sons, the youngest 15 and the oldest 24; a daughter of 18 and myself.

We talked about the problem of keeping the boys on the farm, and the farmer said to me:

"I've never had any trouble about that," and the four boys smiled.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I couldn't explain why or how, but I know my boys have never shown any disposition to leave the farm for the city."

"How about it boys?" I asked.

"O, we're well satisfied here," said the oldest son, and the other boys nodded assent.

I thought afterwards that I had penetrated the secret. I saw in the family sitting room row after row of good books. I saw half a dozen farm and dairy journals. I discovered that two of the boys had taken the course at the State Agricultural College, and that another one was to enter the same school next fall. Each son had an interest in the farm, and every year was given his proportionate share of the farm profits, and the family kept books like an up-to-date manufacturing establishment. The daughter was a graduate of a high school and was preparing to enter the State University. She prepared the supper while her mother walked with her husband and the visitor about the farm premises. Before time for retiring the daughter played the piano and the whole family sang. A little gossip was exchanged over the telephone with a neighbor or two, and shortly after 9 o'clock—about four hours earlier than I am accustomed to retiring, the father reached up and laid his hand upon a well-worn Bible. From it he read a few verses, and then, while we all knelt, he poured forth a prayer of thanksgiving and a petition for blessings upon the household and the guest within the gates. Then off to bed, and somehow or other, confirmed victim of insomnia that I am, I dropped off to sleep without loss of time, and next morning was up and stirring around about the hour I usually manage to get to sleep.

Perhaps the problem of keeping the boys on the farm isn't such a difficult one, after all.

This same farmer owns a fine pasture bordering upon a small river. Three or four years ago he and the boys scraped out a nice pond near the stream, excavating until the bottom of the pond was lower than the bed of the river. The pond immediately filled up by sepage and was stocked with fish—channel cat, croppies, bass, pickerel and bullheads. Pretty soon that farm will be harvesting a profitable crop of fish, to say nothing of the pleasure it will afford the members.—*The Commoner.*

MONEY IN APPLES.

FANCY Oregon apples are selling in Washington today at 10 and 15 cents each! Any man who, 20 years ago, had predicted any such prices as these for apples would have been thought crazy. And the fact that fine apples can command several times what the best oranges command shows what a change there has been in the fruit business within recent years.

Perfect apples can be raised in many of our States, provided sufficient care is devoted to the business. The time is past, however, when good crops can be expected from trees that are neglected year in and year out. Throughout the East a generation ago the finest apples grew almost spontaneously. Such a thing as spraying had not been heard of, as it was not needed, and if anyone had proposed it he would have been sent to a lunatic asylum.

The result of this almost uniform neglect of fruit trees in the East is that the orchards nearly everywhere are now the prey of every sort of parasite, so that they will not produce good fruit. "Do men gather figs from thistles?" And yet even these old and neglected trees can be made into money-makers, with proper care. New and choice varieties can be grafted onto them, thus producing crops of the very best fruit in two or three years.

But intelligent and constant attention must be given to the trees if the results are to be successful. And it is unquestionably a fact that the same amount of care devoted to an orchard in the East as is devoted to those in the West will produce equally fine fruit. The apple men of Oregon and Washington make a serious business or rather profession, of apple-raising, and if the orchardists and farmers farther east would only realize that it pays to do this, we would not have to report an apple shortage every year.—*The Pathfinder.*

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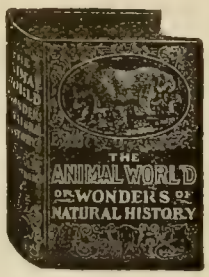
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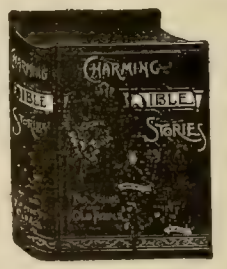
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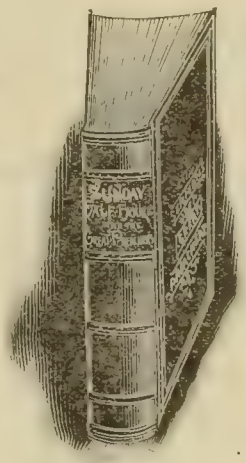
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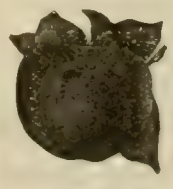
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By Otho Winger

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June 21, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 25*

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VIA

Union Pacific

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Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the **First and Third Tuesday** of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

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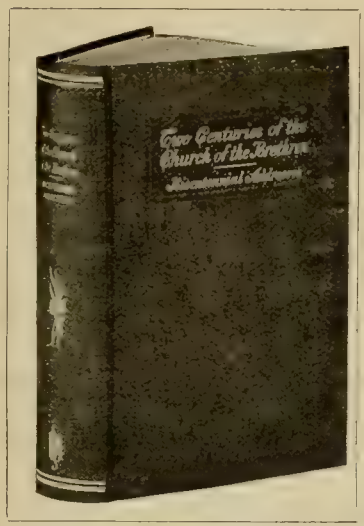
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OF THE

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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. June 21, 1910. No. 25.

The Teacher's Influence

John H. Nowlan

FROM the earliest times the teacher has been supposed to possess certain literary qualifications. These requirements vary according to the demands of the people he serves.

His personal habits also come in for a share of the popular criticism. He may have the necessary knowledge and yet be unsuited because his habits are such that he is not acceptable. He may be neat, orderly and courteous, and yet fall far short of the ideal teacher.

He should have intelligence guided by moral principle. Though he may outwardly conform to all the requirements of polite society, yet if he have not moral principle he has no place in the schoolroom. Yes, I would that I might repeat these words till they would sound and resound in the ears of every teacher and prospective teacher, never to be forgotten—"THE MAN WITHOUT MORAL PRINCIPLE HAS NO PLACE IN THE SCHOOLROOM."

Let such a man seek a livelihood *anywhere* else—let him enter any other profession for which he has even the *least* fitness; or failing there to obtain the necessary things to sustain his miserable existence, let the gaunt hand of starvation force him back to the dust from which he sprang rather than to poison youthful minds and drag them down to his own miserable level.

He should be frank with both parent and child. When a doting parent makes inquiry regarding the progress of his child he has a right to a truthful answer. To lead him to believe that the child is making greater progress than is the case is deceit, which time will expose.

He should also be frank with the child. Do not praise him for work not properly done or tell him that which he will have to unlearn in coming years. One of our humorists stated a homely truth when he said, "I would rather not know so much than to know so many things that are not true."

If you teach the child myths call them such. If you tell him that Washington, Santa Claus, Jesus and Satan are real characters he believes it; and if in years to come he has reason to doubt your sincerity on any one of them you have laid a foundation for a disbelief in all.

Do I believe that teachers may unintentionally make infidels? *Yes.* I would rather send my child to school to an avowed infidel than to one who mingles truth with error, for then I would have an open enemy to fight.

That the teacher is responsible for the intellectual growth of the child in so far as the child is capable, all admit. Some seem to think the teacher's task begins and ends there. Of far greater importance is the moral and religious training of the young. "Knowledge is power," but knowledge without moral principle to regulate it makes man a powerful rascal.

The example of the teacher teaches so much that if his precepts do not agree with his example it would be better for all that he keep silent.

The qualifications of those who properly fill the pulpits of our land and of those who stand behind the desks of our schoolrooms in the right spirit are so much alike that I am constrained to think them identical. You who disagree say, "Thus and so is the minister." My reply is, "Thus and so should be the teacher."

Fellow teachers! Whether we realize it or not, a fearful responsibliity is ours. We are called upon not only to guide the intellect, but also to lead and direct immortal souls.

"What sculpture is to the block of marble," says Addison, "education is to the human soul." Before the sculptor removes from the block of marble the first fragment he has in his mind an ideal, and every blow of the hammer, every stroke of the chisel, is directed toward the development of that ideal. The teacher should have an ideal and every act, every effort should be toward the development of that ideal.

"Who is able for all these things?" do you ask? To those who hesitate because of these words I say, "Go ON." The honest mind, realizing its own weakness, and honestly striving to remedy the same is a much more powerful factor for good than the one who, satisfied with the present attainments, makes no

further effort toward improvement. The honest mind, with the proper amount of industry, is sufficient for these things.

I wish to repeat what I have previously said,—the province of the school is to fit children for citizenship; therefore I say in the language of one of our noted educators, "*Our schools must impart moral culture.*"

Any one who has visited an institution where law-breakers are confined cannot avoid being struck with the fact that many of them are intelligent looking men. Quite often they have had a good, and sometimes a liberal education. Then why are they there? Not because of any special viciousness on their part, but because of the weakness of their moral natures. Tempted just as other and better men, they fell, because in childhood no one had trained and strengthened their conscience—God's great gift to fallen man. How many of these date their fall from the evil influence of a recreant teacher of their early days God alone knows. This the All-seeing Eye alone is able to do, and this he ever does.

Teachers, conscious of your responsibility to your fellow mortal and your accountability to the Maker and Ruler of all, go forth and teach your school; and endeavor to so teach that when you meet your pupils; not merely in the common walks of life; not perhaps in some penal institution; not perhaps upon the shores of time, but upon the other side of the valley and shadow of death, before the throne of him who will righteously judge all mankind, you may be able to give a good account of your stewardship and be worthy of the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HEROES.

H. A. BRANDT.

All admire the hero, and a certain awe for the heroic seems inherent in the race. When Manila was captured Dewey's name was on every tongue and people named anything from their sons to goats and dogs after the hero of the day. It is not given for many to live before the public, to have their daily doings reported in the papers or to be written up in the magazines, in fact most people have to put up with the commonplace of life. Few people, perhaps one in ten thousand, are ever known very far beyond the rather narrow limits of their own neighborhood.

Now most of us have the idea that the ordinary duties are unworthy the truly heroic and that the great and unusual deeds are all that real heroes ought to bother about. It is hard to separate heroism from the desire to be praised of men, for we forget the fact that it is easy enough to be brave when men applaud. Bravery is often little more than foolhardiness and it is after all only the coward that is truly brave for he appreciates the risk and has the courage to shrink from danger.

Most of us have to be content with doing the ordinary routine of life. This goes down pretty hard with those who long for the romance of life across the seas. A missionary went to China and gave his life that the heathen of that land might get a Christian notion of what life ought to mean. Yet during all those years of service he did not have the joy or encouragement of baptizing one convert; in fact it seems that the problems faced in other lands are as painfully real as the obstacles to be found at home. From one standpoint the life of the missionary spoken of was a failure—no tangible results could be footed up to his credit. But it must not be forgotten that the life this man laid down was so much in the necessary preparation for those who were to follow him in the work, and that the splendid harvest gathered by other reapers was but the fruit of the first missionary's sowing. The life, therefore, that was a seeming loss becomes in the final analysis a tremendous success. Like the great base stones of modern skyscrapers that lie down deep in the dark of the earth, so the missionary's life became the foundation for the superstructure of other men's achievements. There is a true heroism in the life of one who without applause or encouragment performs faithfully the unheralded duties of everyday life.

George Washington is called "the father of his country," yet what could he have done without some thousands of faithful men at his back who were willing to risk their all for a beloved land? What we attribute to Washington is, therefore, based four-square upon the aggregate sacrifice of thousands of heroes who were glad to face cold, hunger, and even death for the sake of a just cause. The faithful performance of the humble, common, and yet necessary duties of life are at the last the foundation of all great achievements and the real test of the heroic in men. Real heroes are therefore not especially the people who do the unusual things, but quite to the contrary, those who see duty's line of action in the common things of life and work with their might even though the task is menial.

3435 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

SHALL WE FALL IN LINE WITH THE EDUCATIONAL PROCESSION?

JAMES R. REED.

There is a prevailing idea among us that an education destroys the usefulness of a man or woman. We yet have a great many people that oppose schools; and with those who cannot give a good reason why we

should not educate our youth, there is still a doubt whether it is advisable for our young people to go away to school.

Furthermore, the more conservative take the stand, on the grounds that the Apostles were unlearned men, that the Testament teaching condemns what they call "high learning."

I wish to notice whether or not there are grounds on which such charges can be brought against our systems of education justly. Are these accusers "fogyish," or is there some reason for their taking the pessimistic view of this question? I believe the objections are brought principally along the line that those spending several years in college come home proud and bigoted. They say, "Just let this one or that one go to school a few months and he will come back with the collar and cuffs swelled, unfit especially for church use." In regard to this, it has always seemed to me that those making such a change in a short time surely were not very deeply grounded in the principles of nonconformity in their home church, and had simply been taught the form—not the principle.

However, whether or not students become proud, I think the educational element has no influence toward pride. It must be accounted for in some other way—the social environment, perhaps.

Students are accused of being big feeling. We have some "first rate people" that are ready to pronounce upon the student this title. The fact, however, remains, that those who look with a censuring eye upon those who have aspirations for that which is higher; those who are ready to read the hearts and motives of others are more ready to divine the intention of their fellows than to look within themselves to analyze their own motives—they are the ones who take the responsibility to announce what God only knows.

One of the greatest difficulties that a school management has to contend with is, especially among new students, the destroying of the feeling that one is something when he is nothing. The instructors calculate on about three years to bring the average student to the ground where he becomes aware of his own insignificance—to the place where he sees the necessity of climbing. Among our advanced students are the humble young people who are willing to be taught.

Again, the argument is brought that the Apostles were unlearned men; for this reason we should depend on the dictations of the Spirit, etc. It is sufficient to notice that the Apostles had a three years' course of instruction from a divine Teacher of precept and example, of instruction and practice. They were prepared for their work; they understood their business. The most zealous and active worker among them all was the educated Paul. It was his education acquired at the University at Jerusalem and experience that largely enabled him to adjust himself to every opportunity; that qualified him to stand before Agrippa and before the men at Mars' Hill; that empowered him to instruct many young men in the ministry. Paul's efforts were more far reaching than any other disciple primarily because he had the mental calibre.

However, there is one great deficiency in the present systems of education. It is said that we really have no universities in America because we have no institution that covers the entire scope of human knowledge. I think, strictly speaking, we have not a university in the world; for we fail to place in the curricula of our schools that branch that embodies the teaching of reverence of God. We fail to associate natural things with the divine hand. We try to account for conditions and phenomena, causes and effects from a natural standpoint. We try to make Nature answer her own questions. The biologist peers through his microscope down the line toward the infinitely small, but he comes to a standstill. The astronomer looks through his telescope up the line toward the infinitely large, but he can go no farther, and if he does not associate the wonderful of nature with the first great Cause it becomes a great monstrosity that cannot be accounted for, which makes disbelievers, speculators, infidels, agnostics and fools of men.

This is the side that our good fathers see; and their remedy is to keep the boys and the girls out of our higher schools.

The great fault lies in our not having the proper idea of what education is. Our conception of education has undergone many changes; but it will remain incorrect until we associate the beginning of all things with the Deity.

Shall we condemn education because our present systems are in some respects misleading? Surely not; for the misuse of any good thing does not advocate that it is to be denounced. On the other hand, we should foster educational interest and make corrections rather than discountenance the whole scheme. Paul's advice to Timothy is, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman. . . . " How can one be a workman without the qualifications? But some say, "God helps his servants." God helps those who help themselves, and is it not God's plan to help his earnest worker by placing within his reach all these helps?

The man that has been given glimpses of the infinite in mathematics, science, art and literature is in a better position to reverence the Almighty Father than the one who never sees beyond the external of commonplace things.

Include in your conception of education the symmetrical development or unfolding of all the soul powers; and let all swell the educational train.

Cherry Mine Disaster

Henry M. Spickler

In Four Chapters. Chapter IV.

I SHOOK hands and talked with McCleland and Waite, the Scotch prayer leaders in the mine. McCleland said that he supposed he swore while preaching and praying, but that he did not mean to do so. I had rebuked him for swearing while he was talking to me. These miners live a rough life far removed from the culture and education that abound in most towns. It is wrong for them to swear but they are less guilty than are men with better opportunities.

Their homes were very common. Mrs. Waite was putting out the wash, while a little boy offered to go and bring his father so I could get his photograph. Rent for the houses was high, for there were no comforts, no luxuries, no trees, no nice lawns or gardens. Just as if the Company, as do many coal companies, desiring to keep the men in ignorance, had planned to give the men just so much of life's good, and no more, to pay just so much and no more, and to get back most of this pay in drink and other expenses; the men merely existed here.



Jules Governor and Family, Cherry Miner.

Here is work for the church. Christians should visit here, send teachers and lecturers here, to educate, refine and ennoble these families of Europe settling in our mining camps. The children should be taught to care for flowers and to keep the weeds out of the garden. In the social life of these people, so given up to the lower forms of sensual enjoyment, some sweet girl or boy from the college should enter and live, directing the ambitions and aspirations of these people. Many of them are fine, good looking, prettily dressed, and with manners equal to any other workers. They need a Savior, that's all, and when the Savior comes to them, the unjust greed and tyrannical oppression of the Company will cease.

At the home of Jules Governor I took a picture of him, his wife and pretty daughter. She was the only one who spoke English, and so she acted as my interpreter. She said her father was the last man out of the mine after the accident, and she was overjoyed at his being saved. And what a bright, handsome man he was! Think of his being slowly starved to death, with a hundred others, in the mine, when more energetic efforts to rescue them could have saved them! Money, in the eyes of robber stockholders, is more precious than men.

The only church in Cherry, except a small Catholic chapel, is the Congregational. Here, Rev. Bailey and many kind women prepared meals for the suffering poor. Long tables were built in the basement where a hundred orphans were fed. I myself was served a dish of soup by one of the little girls who had lost her father in the mine. After the meal, clothing that had been sent in from towns, was given out. In the picture, the little widow is holding an apron full of these clothes. She must also care for the little boys by her side, for these are her brother's children. Her brother was also lost in the mine, and their mother is dead. The little girl holding the baby had a father and two brothers killed in the mine.

I was glad to see so many, rather so *few* Protestant nurses and helpers, for the Sisters of Charity were there daily, in numbers, and they went about doing good, in the homes of the afflicted, and at the mine. Many readers of the Nook will remember the motherly face of this young Sister, Mrs. McLean, whom they met while pursuing studies at the Mount. So there were at least two Mt. Morris people in active service at the disaster. Going into this warm, safe spiritual atmosphere from the sordid, grinding, death-dealing mine works strewn with wreckage and bloated bodies of victims was like entering heaven. No wonder I stayed and stayed and chatted with the preacher's pretty daughter, Irene.

From here I went to the potter's field, out at the

edge of town. Long trenches had been dug for the coffins, which, set in the rough boxes, were lowered into the graves, with and without ceremony. The coffins came to within three feet of the surface and the grave was partly filled with water. Just as in battle, the dead slept here with no friend to ever visit the mound above, for many of them were unidentified. It was an object lesson of the futility of life and the certainty of death. Every day for two weeks funerals were seen coming to this lonely spot, the hearse followed by a single mourner or by none.

In closing this series I will add a summary of the event in brief:

Two hundred and sixty-five men lost their lives in the mine.

There was no adequate lighting system throughout the mine. The electric lights had been out of service some weeks before. Torches, foul and dangerous, took the place of electric bulbs. Had the electric light been installed in working condition there could have been no Cherry murders.

The escape shafts were inadequate. Only a few men could be brought out at one time. But coal was hoisted on these elevators instead of men at the time of the fire. Coal is worth more than a soul.



1 Mrs. Starks of Chicago; 2 Miss Dockery, Pana Hospital.

Little boys, it is said, stood by the coal cars as they were pushed on the cage, begging to go up, but were restrained. For an hour after the fire coal was sent up, and the men kept down.

Officials lost their presence of mind. System and discipline were both absent. Requisite means of safety and recovery were wanting. Everything had to be brought in from Chicago or other places. Even water was imported.

Rescue workers, consisting of common-sense men, heroic miners and conscientious labor workers, were eager to push back into the mine in search of victims, but were restrained by "expert" miners and overcautious company officers. There was no splendid effort made or allowed to be made by these rescuers, who begged to be allowed to rush back into the black chambers after the imprisoned miners.

The press was muzzled. The truth about the facts of the accident could only be guessed at.

Gentlemen, leisurely strolling about or lolling in cushioned seats of palace cars, dined on fine foods in the dining car, while the self-sacrificing rescuers slept on the ground and ate sandwiches like slaves or convicts.

The people received the impression that the Company was trying to keep the bodies of the miners from being identified. The insurance or indemnity on an identified man is more,—two thousand dollars more,—I think, than that on an unidentified body.

Since the reopening of the mine, the evidence, as I have heard it and read it, is such as to lead me to believe that many miners died in the mine long after it had been sealed for the winter,—miners too that could have easily been rescued. But I can not prove this, and there are usually two sides to each story.

The shafts were lined with pine, when iron ought to have been substituted.

The air shaft was directly against the escape shaft, when the law says it must be three hundred feet away.

My own ideas as to the mine, when I entered it, not having known the law as to the above points, was that it was a model mine. It was in better shape than I expected to find it.

My impression, above ground, was that Satan had control of things, that he was paid to do just as the Coal Company ordered. The good men, the safe men, the humane men were turned down. Every effort seemed made to stifle the real truth and to escape the blame. The faces of the employees, spies and servants of the Company, were "set" against the cause of rescue, and I do not wonder that the soldiers were called out. It is my own belief that had the miners of Cherry been given full sway, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts to cheer them on, they could have cleared the whole thing up in a day or two, and at the loss of far less lives.

In the prosecution of those in charge the St. Paul Company has been found guilty on three counts.

Here, then, are thanks to the Company that allowed me to go down the shaft, but a thousand more kindlier feelings and wishes to the *miners* of Cherry. God bless them, and judge the guilty ones.

THE FARM, THE FARMER AND HIS HOME.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

A PERSON once said that farm life now (this age) was too simple,—that it was causing much insanity among the farmers' wives. Let us think a moment; is that statement true?

Again, you hear some one say, Send that boy or girl of yours to the city; there's more work and better pay. Stop and consider; ponder it well. How about the morals and the physical condition of that same boy or girl after five years of city life? Let the wage question come last. Bad companions are plentiful in the city; alcohol, tobacco, etc., are freely given and often as freely acceptèd.



Feeding the Orphans. 1 Miss Bailey of Ottawa; 2 Mrs. McLean of Mt. Morris.

The youthful farmer has a countless number of opportunities which are for his use, to make of them almost unlimited realities if he will but look around him, with his eyes wide open, not half way.

Many thoughts like the above chase each other through our brain, evening after evening, while sitting at our reading table, close to a cheerful wife, while the snows of winter are drifting out of doors. The daily paper is lying within our reach; it came on the rural route a few hours ago. But does the paper satisfy? No. Why? Because it is filled to overflowing with suicides, railway accidents, steamship disasters, auto explosions, etc., and only a brief mention of peace news and such like.

The telephone bell rings and we answer our call. The exchange tells us that some man has cornered another staple food product, and that the price is soaring high. And when we hang up the receiver we utter half aloud: "I'm glad I live on this good old farm,—but then, let me see,—I too had the city fever once, and had it not been for my ever faithful, far-seeing, common-sense wife I too would have been in the city's dizzy whirl." So much for all such level-headed, Christian wives and mothers, who have hopes in their husbands when all others lose hope, and those who believe in their sons when others do not. That surplus energy is then turned into pure, simple, unadulterated living for the one who had full confidence in them.

Years ago the present up-to-date, modern farm equipment would have seemed a sort of dream life, but the then ideal farm home has become in truth a reality.

The farmer's home is lighted with electricity, and before he retires for the night, the furnace in the cellar is attended to, which furnishes an even temperature to the entire house all night without any more attention. No cold rooms to enter on the second story. In the bed room we find iron beds with mattresses, clothes-hangers, etc. The bath room at the end of the hallway upstairs has every modern convenience for all members of the household.

Well may the rural boy of today envy his city cousins. Oh! no. And what is more, he is not annoyed with the noise of the city, neither is he bothered with its factories' smoke.

The kitchen is modernly equipped and the systematic and economical housewife knows how to run it well. In the library are found copies of books, such as you would see on the shelves of the city divine, doctor and lawyer, as well as a number of volumes of the best fiction and last, but not least, an almost complete list of books on agricultural subjects. Also the better class magazines and papers.

When the farmer's boy and girl complete the graded course in the country school, the township high school is open to them. After that, if they have not the time to enter college, they can take an agricultural correspondence course by mail. The training in bookkeeping for farmers is in itself a safeguard against living the life of that personage mentioned so often in a certain farm journal as Peter Tumbledown.

On the Sabbath Day the farmer and his family can drive to their house of worship and enjoy the session of Sunday school as well as preaching services. But if they live too far away to reach Sunday school in time, the Home Department comes to their aid, and they still have an opportunity of keeping in touch with the lessons from Sunday to Sunday by home study during the week.

The minister may be a man who has worked on his farm during a portion of the week, and his plain, primitive truths are grand in all their simplicity.

Instead of putting a couple of bags of grain on a

horse and going many miles to some water mill as his grandfather did, he makes use of the wind or steam or electricity at his home, to grind his grain, cut corn fodder, hay or straw, pump water for the stock, shell the corn, cut the winter's supply of kindling, etc. In the summertime he has his plow, cultivator, harrow, roller, grain drill, reaper, etc., each fitted with a spring seat and an umbrella attachment, so in case the sun is very hot he can be protected from its scorching rays.

Then, too, instead of the old way of turning the half-cured hay in a wet season he hitches to a hay-tedder and it quickly does the work of several men. The modern traction engine and separator threshes his grain in a short time and he need not be sorry that the day of the flail or "poverty poles," as some term them, is past.

Some evening when he drives home from the farmers' institute and he has the team to stable, he presses a button on entering the shed which lights up the entire lower part of the barn. If he wishes to get hay after dark from one of the mows, overhead, another button is pressed handy to the stairway and the upper part of the barn is completely lighted.

But I still hear some doubter say: "It can't be done in even one long lifetime." Well, of course, it can't all be done in a few years, but by a careful, systematic, Christian foresight, little by little, these improvements can be made, until all is completed; then in your calm and peaceful old age you can while away many happy hours with your life-long companion and helpmeet, free from debts and mortgages, contented and happy with your loved ones.

The boy of today who has one iota of a chance to stay on that old run-down farm with its tottering wooden buildings, can by careful, patient effort transform it into a veritable mansion set out in God's own outdoors, the country with all its natural freedom and independent farm life. Live the simple life in your own home. You can if you will. Will you?

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use of running when there's time enough to walk?
It is hurry that brings silver to your hair.
What's the use of sighing when there's time for cheerful talk?
It is worry that brings on the lines of care.
What's the use of weeping over milk that has been spilled?
Other cows are feeding in the pasture lot.
What's the use of groaning when the world with joy is filled?
You are better off with many things forgot.

What's the use of grumbling as you tote your heavy load?
Loud complaining never made a burden light.
What's the use of growling at the roughness of the road?
It brings on no better rest when cometh night.
What's the use of mourning o'er mistakes of other days?
Time so spent is but another big mistake.
What's the use of shutting out life's beauties from your gaze?
Look, and get the joy of flowers in your wake.

What's the use of striving for the things not worth your while?
Sodom's apples turn to ashes on your lips.
What's the use of frowning when you have a chance to smile?
Joy is always within reach of fingertips.
What's the use bewailing that you have no chance to shine?
There are duties lying 'round on ev'ry hand.
And the man who does his duty near approaches the divine,
In good time the world will see—and understand.

—The Commoner.

Sunset

Jennie Taylor

SUNSET.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Now slowly sinks the brilliant, burning sun
At close of day; once more his race is run.
Along his spacious path as daylight pales,
A wealth of gorgeous color grandly trails;
Those splendid hues then, at their chief's behest,
Are gathered in the far-off ruddy west;
There in long lines and floating fragments lie,
Like fretwork rare against the evening sky.
Now, faster slips the sun behind the woods,
Then, solemn stillness o'er the landscape broods.
The stately gold-lined clouds move silently,
Damp falls the dew on drooping bush and tree,
While yonder glowing rays of light
Blend with the blue of coming night;
Or, straying through inviting windows, fall
With lingering glory on the cottage wall,
As though that bit of world they yet were loath to leave
Till all the tired hands had found kind rest at eve.
At length, the purple shades are deepening still,
The great round orb has dipped behind the hill;
And, as Night's shadows softly creep,
The great watch stars their vigils keep.

Tipton, Iowa.

THE ARMOR OF INDEPENDENCE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

HAVE you ever known a person who lacked the ability to think and act independently? A person with insufficient stamina and moral courage to proceed freely yet with surety? If you have, mark him. For him no victor's meed; for him no toiler's pay.

Why hang your hope on some one else? He is not responsible for you; besides, he may fail. Why throw your crushing weight on some other's already burdened being? You may cause him to sink, and be responsible for the ruin of both. Inoculate into your backbone the limewater of *will-power,* and STAND ALONE. Why trust your success to a fellow-man's good or ill fortune? Impregnate the microbe of *strength,* and BLAZE YOUR OWN TRAIL. What need to rest your head on the pillow shaped for another's sinking form? Ingraft the component *decision,* and LEAD TO VICTORY. Then you will need no invalid's pallet, no failure's shroud.

Be independent. After thorough consideration, act irrespective of anyone else. If man needed another head nature would provide it. Do your own thinking. Do your own acting. Live your own life, for you certainly must make your own final answer.

Independence does not mean selfishness. There is nothing more ruinous to the unfortunate bigot nor more despised by contacting people than the self-worshipful and greedy. "I would rather have a big, splendid, useful life that was a blessing to humanity, than a big bank account with selfishness."

Nor does it mean disregard for others' desires and feelings. Never will one succeed who lives to himself nor for himself. In thus acting, the opposite of independence will be approached. The mark of the true gentleman is his regard for the rights and privileges of inferiors, as well as superiors. Better be killed than to kill, better be trampled than to trample.

An independent, unconditional, untrammeled, free life brings success beyond one's most sanguine dreams. The rock has been selected upon which to build, the foundation carefully laid, and the structure erected with exactness and accuracy. The best material has been used, the strictest precision followed. What could be expected but an enduring texture?

Would you build such a structure? Independence is the rock. Acquire it, and you have made the step. Underlay your castle with determination, and cement it with courage. Use judgment for the hammer and tact for the spikes. Drive them securely into a framework of concentration, and inclose it with dauntlessness, high hopes, noble ambitions, glory in achieving the impossible. Beware of seeming barriers: it is always easier to see an obstacle than to see a way around it.

The time to begin is in youth. Teach the child independence; that leaning on some one else will never strengthen his own limbs; that permitting others to think for him will not develop his own mind. George H. Knox says: "Give the boy a chance. Teach him to be useful. Teach him self-reliance. Teach him to stand alone. Teach him that the success for which he is striving is carefully wrapped up within himself, only waiting to be developed."

Scottville, Michigan.

LIVING UP TO COUSIN ELIZA'S LACE CURTAINS.

"JOHN! John!" Mrs. Holton tugged insistently at her husband's blue jean sleeve. Mr. Holton turned reluctantly from contemplating a stack of good reliable blue and white socks, to where his wife and his daughter Nancy were hovering over the upholstery counter. Mrs. Holton had a piece of green and blue looped over her arm for his approval.

"How do you like that, John?" she questioned. "Don't you think it's lovely? Green is a good color. "Don't you think it matches the curtains *be*-utifully?" A spasm passed over John Holton's face, then it settled into its usual lines of stolidity.

"The curtains ain't green," he protested. "I don't see how you can match velvet and lace, they're as onlike as dollars and doughnuts."

"But the pattern—ferns—" persisted Mrs. Holton. "There's ferns in the curtains, you know, John, and this little scroll is most identical. Nancy and I thought that seeing we were getting a new carpet to match the curtains, we ought to upholster the parlor chairs, and maybe get a new table cover. Crazy work spreads ain't used nowadays. Nancy says that lace and linen is all the go, and they certainly have got one over there that matches the curtains *be*-utifully. There's one thing: I haven't seen any curtains that's nicer than ours, so there! Cousin Eliza used such good taste—and when we get things to match—"

"Bother Cousin Eliza!" was John Holton's mental ejaculation.

"I got a bottle of varnish, and Nancy and I are going over the straight-backed chairs and give the old organ a coat. I *do* wish we could afford a rocker. Course the old one won't look so bad when it's covered new." She comforted herself with a fresh contemplation of the green and blue upholstery.

"Yes, I believe you can cut me ten yards," John Holton heard her telling the waiting clerk. "Let me see! Ten yards at eighty cents a yard—" He groaned in spirit as he turned back to pick himself out a pair of everyday socks. Eight dollars! And only an hour ago he had been called upon to plank down a clean twenty for a new parlor carpet. As they had set out

to match the lace curtains Cousin Eliza had sent from New York there was no telling where it would end. He put his hand over the mouth of his breeches pocket protectingly.

The surrey was packed when at last they were ready to start home. Mild-tempered John Holton, deacon of the church, and superintendent of the Locust Grove Sunday school, said something too low for the women folks to hear, as he tried for the fortieth time to hitch a fancy music rack, a spindle-legged stool, and a sprawling halltree on behind with the tie strap. He stopped to mop the perspiration before he clambered in over a basket of bric-a-brac, and edged a place for himself upon the seat. Mrs. Holton handed him over the mirror that was to rejuvenate the spare room dresser.

"Hold it right betwixt your knees," she cautioned him. "Be awful careful not to break it. It cost two dollars. It's French glass, you know!"

Mrs. Holton was carrying the crystal glass vase, and a plaster statue of Psyche, done in green tones. Nancy clung to a waving Boston fern in a fancy jardiniere, that "so matched the lace curtains, you know!" The next time she went to town she meant to get an onyx-topped table to set it on. How in harmony—pale green onyx and ferns! Nancy had esthetic ideas.

It took John an hour to carry things in through the front gate. He stubbed his toe over one of the stones that bordered Nancy's pink bed, and bundles flew in every direction. He drew a breath of relief when at last he had them all in on the parlor floor. He stood and looked wistfully around the plain little room with its homely comforts—the chintz-covered lounge in the corner, where he had crept off to take his afternoon nap away from the flies—that must go into the chamber, and so must his red handkerchief footstool.

It was a big, bungling thing, no doubt, but so soft and cozy to stick his "buniony" feet into when he pulled off his shoes at night.

The bunch of swamp grass and everlastings he had gathered for ma had lost its value, too, and was going up into the attic to make room for the green plaster Psyche. He went miserably into the cellar to get himself an apple. He was about starved. What man who had followed a woman around shopping all day, and rode home in a load of bric-a-brac without breaking any of it, wouldn't be? There wasn't any hope that they'd start supper for an hour yet. They'd have to undo everything. That was the way with women folks. If they'd spent four hours buying it, they'd have to look at it the first thing when they got home. Women never could let up a minute until their enthusiasm was worn to a frazzle. Martha'd have to pull out threads and burn 'em to see if they were all wool. Of course, she'd have to see if they matched the curtains. That was the main point. Since those pesky things had come from New York, they had lived and moved and had their being in delicate fern leaf designs and hifalutin scrolls. It was getting just a little motonous.

The next morning they put the carpet down, and soon everything in the room was out of harmony. The dull brown woodwork was dingy and horrid—the wall paper just wouldn't do at all, though John Holton thought it cheerful and pretty. It was a little old-fashioned posy pattern—rosebuds on a white ground, and little wreaths of forget-me-nots around in between them. It reminded him of dresses little girls used to wear when he had been a boy. They didn't make anything nearly as pretty nowadays, but Martha didn't like it and neither did Nancy, and nothing would do but he must hitch up for them to drive to town for new.

Next it was the stove. The old one was terribly out of date. It didn't have as many isinglass eyes as some; but aside from that it was a good stove. It "het up" on a cold night and it didn't eat its head off in wood, either. Just one or two chunks would "get her humming."

Martha and Nancy went to town on Saturday and picked out a new battenberg centerpiece for the walnut stand, and then they were at a standstill. They had never noticed so many blemishes in Grandmother Holton's one pride before. It had to be carried away out of sight, and happiness could never reign again until a crooked-legged wabbly little thing had been bought to take its place. They could never think of setting the old lamp on such a fine new stand, so away they went again to buy a new lamp. They brought back a fine glass affair, all scorpions and dangling beads that shut out the light.

Father Holton's birthday came in the midst of operations and they bought him a mission rocker that he couldn't lean back in. It didn't have any back to lean on, and scarcely any seat; but it was in harmony with the curtains.

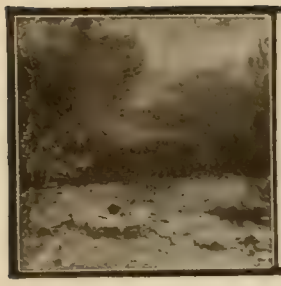
In vain he argued in favor of a good, old-fashioned chair with big, roomy arms to hold him—big enough for him and a generous feather cushion besides, but the women folks carried the day. The mission rocker was big enough to sit in, and if folks wanted to lie down they ought to go to bed.

The work of transformation went on. They scrubbed and polished and altered. Martha Holton went about with the air of a martyr, her head done up in rags and camphor. The smell of fresh paint always gave her a headache, still she kept persistently at it.

It was all finished on Saturday, and Sunday they sat in the parlor for the first time. They religiously left on their good clothes instead of changing them after Sunday school, as had been their custom.

John squirmed about uneasily in the mission rocker, then he went over and tried the one that had been upholstered, but it wasn't much better. It had been

(Continued on Page 589.)



THE QUIET HOUR



GETHSEMANE.

SELECTED BY MERLE R. SHUMAKE.

To every soul that seeks to win,
The victory over self and sin,
To walk the path ordained by God,
The path by saints and sages trod,
There comes a time by heaven's decree,
To pass through dark Gethsemane.

The Master's bitter cup to share,
His lonely grief, his midnight prayer;
To find when evil powers prevail
The dearest friends are sure to fail,
That God alone our help must be,
When passing through Gethsemane.

But, oh, supremely blest are they
Whose path leads through that gloomy way;
To such God's angel comes at length,
Reviving hope, imparting strength;
And Christ with all is sure to be,
When passing through Gethsemane.

When thus prepared for every loss,
They leave the garden for the cross,
Take up their burdens, one by one,
And say: "Thy will, not mine, be done."
And so at last they come to see
The meaning of Gethsemane.

Trevilians, Va.

THE STORY OF JOB.

D. Z. ANGLE.

"THERE was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." "And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance was seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East."

Now it seems that Job's sons and daughters feasted a number of days; and while their feasting was in progress Job offered up burnt offerings for each one, for he said, It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts. Was not Job wise and humble, and careful not to offend God, also to stand mediator-like between his sons and his God? About this time the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord and Satan came also among them. And it seems he was there for a purpose too, as usual, and not a good purpose. On this occasion Satan told the Lord that he had been walking up and down the earth, possibly so as to give the idea that he knew about everything people were doing, good or bad, especially the bad, and now he endeavored to convince the Lord that Job was not so perfect and upright as he seemed to be. (It seems to me I have seen a few people, these days, talk somewhat like Satan did on this occasion. Do I talk so? Do you? Oh! how we ought to watch our tongues!) Satan told the Lord that the reason Job feared him and lived uprightly was because God had blessed him so abundantly with children and servants, lands and cattle. Satan assured the Lord that if he touched or destroyed all that Job had he would curse him to his face. Accordingly, Satan was now given power to take from Job all that he had, except Job's own life.

So this he did, and after Job had lost practically everything that he had,—then Job arose and rent his mantle and shaved his head and fell down upon the ground and worshiped, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly. Thus far Satan had failed to prove any imperfections or unrighteousness in Job. He insisted though that if Job were further afflicted with bodily ailments, even nigh unto death, then he would curse the Lord to his face. And the Lord said unto Satan: "Behold he is in thy hand, but save his life."

So Satan smote Job with sore boils from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Job scraped himself with a potsherd and sat down among the ashes. Then said his wife unto him: "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" But Job answered her: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women. Do we not receive from the Lord good and evil also?" In all this did not Job sin with his lips. Job had three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, who, when they heard of his troubles, appointed a time to come together to comfort him and mourn with him. But when yet some distance from him he was so sadly changed that they scarcely knew him, but gave vent to their sympathy and sorrow by weeping and other expressions of grief. They sat down with Job seven days

and seven nights without speaking, for they saw that his grief was great. Then Job spoke and cursed the day of his birth in a number of words. He was reproved by Eliphaz, who told him that before his sorrows came upon him, he had instructed and encouraged many but now through weakness and fear, had lost confidence and hope. He reminded Job that mortal man, formed of perishable and sinful clay, could not be more just, more pure, or more perfect than God, his Maker, who put no trust in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly.

"Yet man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." He is of a few days and full of trouble. Job communed with his three friends and received many wise words of comfort and consolation. He also seemed to have forgotten his troubles long enough to say many wise sayings and parables. He asks, "Whence cometh wisdom? And whence is the place of understanding?" "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Elihu reproved Job for self-righteousness. The Lord reproved Job and showed him his own power and great works. Job answered the Lord saying: "Behold, I am vile. What shall I answer thee? Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Then the Lord reproved the three friends for not speaking rightly to him as Job had, and required them to offer burnt sacrifices to him, and that Job should pray for them. After they had done so the Lord accepted them and Job.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends: Also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. He had also seven sons and three daughters. In all the land were no women so fair as his daughters. After this Job lived an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.

Possibly this story illustrates an example of the severest trials and sorest afflictions, coupled with humility, patience and fortitude, similar to and typical of the sinless life of the Godly Man of Galilee.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

DURABLE RICHES.

THE instinct of accumulation is natural to man. We toil, grasp, gather, and lay up; and as the instinct is natural and universal, it is God-given, and so, within proper limits, is right. But in accumulating and laying up, we are naturally led to inquire, what are the most profitable accumulations? What things which we may acquire will be of permanent value to us? It would perhaps startle some persons if they were called to decide what investment which they could make for *themselves* would be most profitable to them twenty-five years hence. They could not lay up provisions, for these would spoil. No person would think of accumulating garments, silks, broadcloths, hats, bonnets, boots and shoes, for these would be out of date, out of fashion, and practically useless long before that time would expire. A man might purchase houses, but many of these in twenty-five years would look old, weather-beaten, and out of style. He might seek to acquire friends, but how few of them would remain at the end of a quarter of a century;—some would die and others would prove to be foes. He might devote his energies to acquiring name and fame, and in twenty-five years he would be wellnigh forgotten. He might purchase land and look over his broad acres, but in twenty-five years it is altogether probable that a spot of earth two feet wide and six feet long would satisfy his utmost desires. He might leave property behind him for children to quarrel over and lawyers to divide. But there is very little that a man can win or gain of this world which would profit *himself* twenty-five years hence. What will luxuries and pleasures be worth when appetite is gone and desire has failed? What will possessions be worth when all earth is slipping out of reach? What will earth's honors and glories be worth on a dying bed? What will earth's pomp, and joy, and pride, and luxury be worth in the great day of eternity that rolls in upon the world?

There *are* durable riches of righteousness. When the richest man on earth shall be as poor as the beggar on the dunghill; when the mightiest man of earth shall pillow his head in the dust, and be the food of worms, when death shall wrench all things away from the grasping hands of the strongest and the greatest; when the accumulations of a lifetime shall be scattered like autumn leaves upon the dancing waves; then nothing shall remain but that which is heavenly, and divine, and eternal. The work done for God shall outlast all the accumulations of men; the treasure laid up in heaven shall be safe from the devouring moth and rust. The kind words spoken, the kind deeds done, the toils to save the perishing, and rescue those who are in danger and in distress, these labors shall have value then. The friendships of ransomed souls whom we have led in the way of life shall never cease. The labor and the self-sacrifice which has sent the Gospel to the benighted, and brought home the prodigal to the Father's house, shall be found even more profitable in future ages than today: and they who have devoted their lives to God and his cause shall know in that day that their labor is "not in vain in the Lord."

What are *you* doing today? Are you laboring for the present, or for the future? For the meat that perisheth, or that which endureth to eternal life? May the Lord help you to do work which shall abide forever.—*The Christian.*

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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We received a number of excellent papers for our contest which closed June 1, and we are sure our readers will receive many helpful ideas from them. As soon as possible we will have all the contest articles passed upon and will publish the prize-winners as well as others.

Our farmers, fruit-growers and students of nature will be interested in the clipping in "Nature Studies" taken from *The Fruit-Grower*. The subject of how nature protects itself against its many enemies is an almost inexhaustible one. The farmer and gardener will have noticed that in the matter of color protection the fruits and useful plants are not the only ones that understand the art of painting their exposed surfaces so as to be able to absorb enough heat to preserve life; some weeds also have been carrying away coals from nature's fireplace and are well prepared to make their usual stubborn fight for supremacy.

We call the attention of our readers to the article entitled, "The Teacher's Influence," and hope that all will give it a careful reading. We are especially impressed with the writer's declaration that "our schools must impart moral culture." In our desire for intellectual teachers and intellectual training for our children we fear this important matter is being overlooked. Time was when we were pretty safe in depending on the home to look after the moral training, but we are not safe to do so any longer, as a rule. The nation is coming to realize this fact and for the sake of self-preservation if for no other reason it will require of its public school-teachers not only moral fitness but ability to inculcate the strongest lessons in moral culture. It is our duty as loyal citizens to see that she fully realizes the conditions and adopts this remedy before it is too late.

Not long ago the editor took several days off and attended our Annual Conference. Since one person does all the editorial work on the Inglenook, some of the work must be delayed or suffer more or less in the editor's absence. Of course before going away we endeavor to push the work ahead as much as possible, but just as the housekeeper cannot cook tomorrow's meals today or do next week's washing this week so we cannot push our work ahead beyond certain limits; some things are bound to pile up, as for instance the mail, and then some things and some people are compelled to wait. As a rule when the opportunity presents itself for a few days' recreation we have little trouble in persuading ourselves that it will be the best thing all around to leave the office for a little while. But when we return with our mind full of other things besides the office work and are confronted with a dozen things that need to be done *at once*, and we see our program, that generally moves off with clock-like precision, in a state of chaos, we are almost forced to conclude that we are not justified in leaving the office for a day. If those who are inconvenienced or have to pay more dearly than we do for our days off will enter a complaint, we will make a decision to this effect and include it in the resolutions we make—next New Year's.

A THOUGHT ON VACATION.

Where we shall spend our vacation is a question second in importance to *how* we shall spend it. To be sure, the where may have some influence on the how, but in the final summing up the latter gives the character to the weeks off and determines their influence on the life and work of the worker.

Right here is a point that is generally overlooked or disregarded by those planning for a vacation. As a rule they think only of their pleasure and give no thought to the influence the vacation program may have on the work that is to follow. Granted that the would-be vacationist decides on a program that cannot be classed as downright dissipation, yet he must confess that certain kinds of recreation do not fit in well with his particular work while other kinds are most stimulating and helpful.

If we keep in mind our work and consider what may bring us back to it prepared to carry it on even better than before, we need not worry about self—we can hardly be unjust to ourselves when we are fair and just to our duties. In fact, whatever recreation fits us the better to pursue our work must in the nature of things also contribute to our individual well-being.

We do not mean by this that one should be all the time thinking of his work; he would get no recreation in that way. All that is necessary is to decide on a vacation that will mean recreation in the original sense

of the word. Then he can forget all about the work itself confident that he will be found true to it at all times.

"A BUREAU OF INFORMATION."

It is not necessary for us to urge Inglenookers to read the article appearing under the above title in the home department of this issue. The writer is so well known in our family and her writing so generally liked that it is only necessary for one to see her name at the head of an article to settle down at once to learn what phase of home life she is brightening up with one of her wholesome and interesting stories. Our object in referring to the article is to get in another plea that our home-makers may take its lesson to heart and help to make our home department a bureau of information as well as a source of inspiration to those who sometimes grow disheartened over the task of home-building.

To be sure, we have received some response to the former appeals made along this line; some of our housekeepers are doing a noble work in helping to improve this department of our magazine. But the help, while it is as much as we can ask from those who *do* help, is not equal to the need nor to the power to help that lies in our housekeepers. And as long as we have these two conditions—the need of help and the power to help—we shall continue to endeavor to bring them together.

We do not know the reasons that are standing between our housekeepers and this work, but taking a little of our own experience into a consideration of the matter we conclude that with some it is difficult to get the time to write, the inclination to write and the subject matter for writing all together so as to bring the desired results. For that case we have this suggestion to make: Keep a pencil and paper near at hand while at your work and when a thought or suggestion occurs to you that you think might be helpful to other home-makers, jot it down. Then when you have a little leisure the inclination to write will not be so likely lacking, with the subject matter in hand. But if you should still need something to spur you on to take up the pen, think of the many hard-working women who may be helped by what you are able to give them. Do you not know, housekeepers, that a good many of the calamities that befall the home and its members are caused by little things, apparently insignificant in themselves, and that they might easily have been averted if the home-maker "had only known" how to manage the little things? You gladly walk to a neighbor's and sit down and chat an hour, exchanging helpful ideas about your work. Why not take the same time and write down the same information for a thousand other housekeepers who would appreciate it as much as the neighbor near you?

LIVING UP TO COUSIN ELIZA'S LACE CURTAINS.

(Continued from Page 585.)

plumbed up until it was stiff and unyielding, and all the comfortable hollows and curves that had fitted a body so were gone.

There was something forbidding in the aristocratic cold green of the wall paper that sent a chill to his very marrow. Martha, in a stiff white apron and her best black silk, sat with unnatural dignity and looked about her proudly.

"Yes, I do believe that now we can live up to Cousin Eliza's curtains," she said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I don't see but one thing that doesn't match, and that is that 'Home Sweet Home,' motto over the door. It seems to me it's a little out of harmony; what do you think, John?"

"It *don't* look quite as appropriate as it did once, that's a fact. Guess you'd better take it down, Martha, and hang it along with the rest. 'Home, Sweet Home,' is bound to be where they are. I guess a parlor is a poor place for such things," he added, with subtle meaning.

As the weeks passed the parlor was opened less and less frequently. John Holton took his midday nap on the kitchen settee, and fought flies and thought regretfully of the good old days when they hadn't had anything better than a good plain "sittin' room."

In desperation he snatched the kitchen cushion and went out in the yard to find a shady spot. He chose a place under the crab-apple tree, though the grass had been cut with a hifalutin' lawn mower Nancy had borrowed of the neighbors. It wasn't very comfortable.

Neighbor Jones' pet goat, Billy Bryan, nosed the line fence insistently trying to get a tempting bite just inside the wire, left unscathed by the ravaging mower. He peeped through at his restless neighbor with a sympathetic "Baa." The lawn was even worse cropped on his side. John Holton rolled over where he could put his hand through the fence and stroke the moist nose.

"It *is* a shame, Billy," he commiserated. If he couldn't sleep he could amuse himself by talking to a goat. "You might as well have had it as not. 'Twas good timothy, too, the best kind, enough I reckon to have kept you and me comfortable all summer. It's all on account o' them pesky curtains o' Cousin Eliza's.

"Innocent lookin' things to cause so much trouble, hain't they? Do you know, I wish we had never got the old things, I do." It was a comfort to unburden himself even to neighbor Jones' goat. "Hain't been a mite o' comfort on these premises since I fetched that bundle from the office. If I'd a knowed what a passel o' trouble I was a luggin' home for myself, I'd a managed to a lost it."

He felt a little better after he had unburdened himself to Billy Bryan, though the flies were thicker under

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THE HOME WORLD



The Inheritance of Iniquity

PAUL MOHLER.

IN giving the law on Sinai, Jehovah spoke of himself as being a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate him. I am glad that God's mercy is free to all today; and yet we do see innocent children suffering because of the sins of their parents. What a terrible thing it is for a child to be born with a constitutional weakness of any kind, and how frequently we see such children. Every young man who is eager to sow some wild oats, should be carefully warned that he himself will never be able to reap the whole crop; he may not even feel the effects of his own sin to any great extent, but his innocent children will. Many a man who himself inherited a great wealth of physical strength and has spent his vitality freely, now wonders why his children are so weak. If he had inherited a large fortune and had spent it freely, he could easily understand why his children should be poor. Can he not understand the other also? I wish every man and woman could realize the fact that notwithstanding the mercy of God, the iniquity of the parents is visited upon the children in weakness if not in noticeable suffering and disability.

I am sure this fact would be noticed much more if sin were not so universal. "All have sinned," as the apostle says. This is literally true, and therefore the children of all sinners are suffering the effects of sin in a weakness that would be very noticeable indeed if there were with us any men that had not been crippled in like manner. We measure ourselves among ourselves and say that some men are strong. Do we know how strong men would be if there had never been sin? Until we know that, we are not able to measure the physical effects of sin alone, to say nothing of the mental and moral blight.

Every man should love children and, loving them, should do all in his power to protect them and provide for them the best advantages for strong and successful living. We are doing much as a nation along that line. We spend enormous sums for schools, enact child-labor laws, erect orphan asylums, etc., for the rising generation. But what are we doing for the unborn children? We are spending the strength that we ourselves have inherited from our forefathers in a perfect madness of waste. The American people, the prospective parents of another generation, wear their nerves to shreds in the mad race for money, and then finish their ruin in the equally mad race for "pleasure." What can we expect for our children but physical, nervous, and moral bankruptcy from their birth if we do such things? Some men say that God is cruel to punish innocent children for their parents' sins. Why, bless you, if it were not for God's interfering providence, the entire human race would perish from sheer waste of vital energy inside a half dozen generations. God is ever repairing our sinful waste.

I do not wish to over-emphasize the influence of heredity. I think that is often done. We are unkind in our expectations for the children of particularly evil parents, refusing them entrance into respectable homes if orphans because we fear they will not turn out well, forgetting that God has had his hand in the natural endowment of every one of us or we would all be beyond redemption. Moreover, the lines of inheritance of every man now living are a perfect tangle that no man may trace, and all of them are twisted by sin. It is indeed our duty to keep our own children as free as possible from the evil results of our own weaknesses, but not to refuse to the children of others the benefit of a first rate chance in life. They may indeed surpass our own.

But I do want to emphasize the advantages of a good environment for every child. Right here, I am sure that the lives of most children are made or marred. Good people that talk before their children of the follies of their youth, if such people can be called "good," have no right to expect their bad example to be lost. The man that does that is doing everything in his power to visit his iniquities upon his own children, an awful thing to do. And the better his life is now in contrast to his former life, the more harm his evil days will do; for his son is sure to think that he too can enjoy the same follies and effect the same reformation that his father did. Perhaps he can, and perhaps he can't, but the chances are that he can't. It is an awful risk to run, and the father that encourages his boy to run that risk is assuming a terrible responsibility. If a man has such a past as that, he should never speak of it to his son, except in deepest humiliation and with

every expression of aversion. It is indeed an unfortunate thing for any father to have such a past to confess or to hide or to condone, whatever course he may pursue. Its shadow is sure to darken the life of his sons.

And I think this fact should appeal to every right-minded young man. Every young man should look forward to the time when he shall be the father, the teacher, the example of a son of his own whose future success in life will be largely determined by the WHOLE LIFE of his parents. Such a prospect should steady the habits of any sensible young man. Let every young man that prizes the good name made for him by his fathers, be careful to hand that name down to his own son unsullied, and the real power of heredity will appear. Let every young man that feels the disgrace that his name now bears from the evil deeds of his parents, resolve that HIS children shall have a better heritage, and the evil power of heredity will be broken right there. And thank God it can be broken. May God save the America of tomorrow, even the world of tomorrow, by granting his Grace to the young men of today. May his Mercy be unto children's children, unto all that fear him.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

HIS FIRST NIGHT AWAY.

The neighbor lad had teased, and so had he,
Till mother sighed: "Well, if it has to be!"
And father said: "Sure! Let him run along:
It's so near by there's nothing can go wrong."
So mother rolled his gown into a lump
  Smaller than one her throat held; put his comb
In with it; and he left, with joy a-jump—
  First time he stayed all night away from home!

He choked a little when he said good-night
To stranger-parents; and he saw a light
Shining in his own house, two worlds away
In the next block; then dreamed till dawning day
That he was homeless. At their breakfast-time
  He could not eat, but made his homesick flight
Without adieux—to him no social crime—
  When first he stayed away from home all night.

And mother met him with her arms outspread,
And in her loving bosom hid his head
A long, long time while neither of them stirred
Nor anybody said a single word.
In her a pang, old as maternity,
  Forewarned her of long partings that must come;
For him had ended all eternity—
  First time he'd stayed all night away from home!

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

THE chronic mood of looking longingly at what we have not, or thankfully at what we have, realizes two very different types of character. And we certainly can encourage the one or the other.—*Lucy C. Smith.*

A BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

MARIAN glanced up from her ironing board with a frown as steps sounded on the walk outside. But her look of impatience at the interruption of her morning's work changed quickly to an expression of pleased welcome, as a cheery face presented itself an instant later at the kitchen door.

"That's right! Come in, Eleanor, and see if you can't hypnotize some decency into the soul of this ironing!" she ejaculated, as her friend shut the screen with a click and seated herself in a convenient chair.

"I've given up the practice of black art entirely, since that last time I was hanged for a witch," was Eleanor's merry protest. "Besides, I believe there's a certain 'white' art that would probably do you a great deal better service. What's the matter with the ironing, sister?"

"Look!" Marian answered, with a scowl of disgust. She drew the iron back, and a wrinkled fold of white petticoat adhered to it, leaving an ugly brown scorch across the hem. "I think this must be a miserably poor grade of starch, or something. Everything has acted just like that—aprons, collars, shirts and all. I never had such luck!"

"Do you use the prepared starch?" Eleanor asked.

Marian shook her head, too near tears of vexation, for the instant, to trust her voice.

"Some kinds are very good," Eleanor said; "but I don't have a particle of trouble with the common, cheapest lump starch, either boiled or cold, since I began using borax."

Marian looked up quickly. "The common powdered borax?" she asked. Eleanor nodded.

"Borax is a thing to conjure with," she declared, with a comical assumption of solemnity. "It is magic for the laundry, the ironing, for delicate fabrics, for the hands, face, hair, teeth, eyes, throat,—even, I was going to say, for the soul, since through material channels we reach the spiritual, many and many a time. That's no joke, Marian dear. When the work goes like a humming top, we feel ourselves much better Christians, and there's no denying it, either; don't we, now?"

"This ironing hasn't generated a very sweet Christian spirit in me," Marian acknowledged, dejectedly, as she reached for a case-knife to scrape the discolored starch from the face of the iron. "Goodness knows I've tried hard enough to keep my moral balance, though. How did you use the borax, Eleanor? I warrant I'll try it next time, if I live to get through this!"

"You needn't wait till next time," Eleanor replied, quickly. "You haven't thrown out the bowlful you did these in, I see. Just put about one-fifth of a teaspoonful of borax in that and stir it up again. Then dip these collars once more, and you'll see."

Marian set the iron back on the stove, and proceeded to try the experiment. While the starched articles lay "setting," she finished the plain clothes, and chatted with her caller, who was one of the comfortable sort that refuses to be entertained at the expense of hindering another's work.

"You've told me so many helpful things that I have a great deal of faith in what you recommend," the young mistress of the house said, gratefully, as she glanced over at the roll she had been dreading. "I always loved ironing, except the stiff things, and it is such a comfort when they come out nice and smooth!"

"The clothes look beautifully white," Eleanor observed, with an admiring look over the rapidly-filling bars. "Do you use kerosene in the boiling?"

"No, I just rub and rub," Marion answered, dubiously. "You'd believe it, if you knew how stiff and lame I am when I get done. Is kerosene good?"

"Fine," Eleanor replied. "I put about a half teacupful in the boiler, with two quarts of cold water and half a bar of soap thinly shaved. When it has boiled up into a nice 'sudsy' consistency, I fill the boiler with cold water and put in the clothes, rubbing soap freely on all the soiled places. Then I let them boil steadily for an hour, during which we have breakfast, and I get several morning duties done. By that time they are ready for what little rubbing is needed, rinsing, and hanging out. This method removes tea, coffee, fruit and grass stains, and will all but annihilate ink spots. The odor of the kerosene never stays in the garments if one is careful to boil up the emulsion well, and rinse them thoroughly. It is not half so wearing as hard rubbing, and will not injure the colored clothes if they are washed in the same water. Henry has offered several times to get me a machine, but, as we haven't a regular laundry, that would mean lugging it up and down stairs every wash-day, the very thought of which makes my back ache. Sometimes patent contraptions are more bother than help, I think."

"Machines are fine in a basement laundry, though," Marian contended. She had a fascinating memory-picture of such a place in her city sister's home. "I don't care so very much for the hard work, though. I'm strong and I like housekeeping,—that is, when things come out nice and right."

"There's one puzzle for me," Eleanor remarked, presently, "and that is the getting out of those disagreeable yellow stains caused by perspiration. Henry and the boys perspire very freely, and under the arms their thick knit shirts are simply frightful. Soap hardly makes an impression; at least, it doesn't remove the stains."

"Why, glycerine will take those out!" said Marian, quickly. "I read that in some paper, I forget what one, and tried it. It works like a charm."

"Oh!" Eleanor exclaimed. There was profound relief in her tone. "Is that so? Just pure glycerine? Marian Warner, I thank you from the bottom of my soul! If you knew how—"

"Look!" Marian interrupted. She had unrolled one of the refractory collars, and laid it across the board. The hot, clean iron slipped over it without the least suspicion of "sticking," leaving a surface like glass. She glanced up with a delighted laugh.

"Praises be to the bureau of information!" she said, gaily. "After this, Eleanor, let's share every single good thing we learn about housekeeping!"

"With all my heart," Eleanor answered, warmly. "It is the ideal way."

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD MANNERS.

UNSELFISHNESS is the foundation of good manners, but it is not the superstructure.

I have heard mothers say, "I am not going to bother teaching my child etiquette. I'll teach him to be unselfish, and all the rest will come naturally."

It may and it may not. Unselfishness is the foundation but it is not all, though there can be no real politeness without it.

One mother says. "Manners are only the outward sign of the inner nature. If my daughter has a kind heart and a well trained mind she will behave in a gentle, charming fashion," and she is not far wrong.

Another mother might say, "My daughter and sons can never get along in this twentieth century without a knowledge of the proprieties; they need to be taught conventional manners. They shall be taught from childhood to emulate the speech and bearing of ladies and gentlemen; they will need to be instructed in the proper behavior for every occasion"; and she will not be far wrong.

Neither mother has solved the entire problem. They both have the truth, but neither has the whole truth. The foundation does not make a building; a building without a foundation is anything but stable. Children need to be taught unselfishness; they need to be taught good manners; they must be taught by precept; they must be taught by example.

The secret of charming manners is the desire to possess them. The foundation of good manners in a child is the possession of them in the mother.—*American Motherhood.*

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

AND I do beseech and charge you that as you look about for something to take care of and thus fulfil your destiny, you will take such charge as you may of men in general, and especially the young ones of your own generation, and try, in so far as you can, to make something of them that will be an advantage to the country and to the human race. You cannot make a

good world without good men. Do try to make something of these young ones that you will find about. It will be good practice for you in the most important duty that falls to women. Don't compete with them in their employments unless you have to. All the college presidents wail over the young men because they can't get enough of them interested in knowledge. If you have some knowledge, feed out a little to them, sugar-coated, and if they have any, get it out of them. Most of the inspirations that men get, they get from women. Do qualify yourselves to diffuse inspiration. It is the thing our world needs the most. Material things immensely abound, means can be got for anything that deserves them, but the fire that touches the spirits of men is somewhat to seek. Money's a-plenty; bricks, stone, food, books, and all that, but inspiration is scarce. Have it to give if you can.—*E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.*

JUST PLAIN FOLKS.

"Do you know what I'm going to be when I grow up, Nora?" This question came from Ted, who was curled up on a kitchen window-seat, with a book, near where Nora was ironing.

"No, dearie." Nora folded a towel deftly, and hung it across the clothes-horse, smiling indulgently at the dreamy little face. She and Ted were fast friends, and to her he had brought all his cherished hopes and inspirations. "What are you going to be?"

"A hero!"

Nora didn't seem as delighted at this announcement of what appeared to be a noble ambition as Ted could have wished. She turned to the range for a fresh iron, and touched it with a moist finger to see if it was hot enough before she replied.

"Is that so? Well, now, I can't say that I ever thought much of heroes, as a class. I like just plain folks. A hero is somebody who does a great thing. Now, there are lots of people who have done great things who are always lettin' the little ones slide, or leavin' 'em for somebody else to do, or makin' an awful fuss about 'em in one way or another. There's a kind of heroism in most folks if you look for it, and I like best the kind that crops out in the little things of life—the little duties done well, the little trials borne bravely, the little sorrows choked back so as to be able to help other people bear theirs. Yes, I think I'd much rather associate for everyday livin' with just plain folks!"

"Well," reflected Tom, as he closed the book and climbed down from his seat to bring in the chips Nora had asked for some time ago, "maybe, after all, I'd just as lief be plain folks of the right sort, and this is a good time to begin."

"Bless the boy!" said Nora, softly, as she folded the last piece of shining linen.—*Daisy Wright Field, in the Presbyterian.*

LIVING UP TO COUSIN ELIZA'S LACE CURTAINS.

(Continued from Page 589.)

the crab-apple tree than they had been in the kitchen, for Martha had her drying racks hung up in the yard, full of harvest apples. Drying apples always called a swarm of flies.

He carried the cushion impatiently through the house and upstairs into the attic. He'd get some place where the pesky things couldn't torment him if he had to climb the flag pole. On a disused cot, thrust back among the cobwebs, he finally got to sleep.

He was awakened by the sound of something falling below. He got up sleepily, rubbing his eyes, and went to the little dormer window, and looked down upon the lawn. There was some commotion below, just what he could not make out at first; then something white and familiar streamed out across the lawn, and at the other end, something still whiter and more downy, reefing it in. It dawned slowly upon his sleep-benumbed consciousness that Billy, the goat, was eating up Cousin Eliza's lace curtains.

Instinctively he started to run to their rescue; but memory sprang up and pursued him. Gradually his feet slackened their pace. When he reached the landing he was walking; in the hall he stepped on a tack and sat down, nursing his stockinged foot excitedly. It was a long time before he got up. Billy had finished with the curtains, and had gone away to seek for pastures new.

On the morrow they drove to town for new curtains. He might have known they would, but he didn't. Short-sighted John Holton!

They looked through a dozen stores, but they could not find anything half so good. Curtains were terribly high, too—five, six and seven dollars. There was only one more store to go to—Newcomb & Bascomb's. They were having a sale of lace curtains. The counters were piled high with them.

Suddenly Martha stopped and held up her hands. There they were, identically the same—whole stacks of them, and she had thought them so exclusive—a dainty spray of ferns held by a scroll, the same border and all. Her face lit up and she tugged at John Holton's sleeve.

"There they are, John! We can match them exactly. Aren't we lucky?"

John Holton followed, clutching his pocketbook with an iron grip. It was a habit he had gotten into these days. He felt sure that now he would be stripped of the last dollar. He looked over Martha's shoulder anxiously while she hunted for the price tag. At last she found it. The curtains were ninety-eight cents a pair.—*Selected.*

NIGHT AIR.

MANY years ago Florence Nightingale assaulted the popular superstition against breathing night air with the unanswerable question, "What other air can you breathe at night?" Doctor Oswald, in a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, enters upon the assault against this superstition, which survives every attack, upon no other ascertainable ground than that the less reason there is for a superstition the harder it is to kill it.

"Before we can hope," he says, "to get rid of consumption with any chance of success, we have to get rid of the night air superstition. It is probably the most prolific single cause of impaired health, even among the civilized nations of our enlightened age, though its absurdity rivals the grossest delusions of the witchcraft era. The subjection of holy reason to hearsay could hardly go further. 'Beware of the night wind; be sure and close your windows after dark!' In other words, beware of God's free air; be sure and infect your lungs with the stagnant, azotized and offensive atmosphere of your bedroom. In other words, beware of the rock spring; stick to sewerage.

"Is night air injurious? Is there a single tenable pretext for such an idea? Since the day of creation that air has been breathed with impunity by millions of different animals—tender, delicate creatures, some of them—fawns, lambs and young birds. . . . Thousands of soldiers, hunters, and lumbermen sleep every night in tents and open sheds without the least injurious consequences; men in the last stage of consumption have recovered by adopting a semi-savage mode of life, and camping out in all but the stormiest nights.

"Is it the draft you fear, or the contrast of temperature? Blacksmiths and railroad conductors seem to thrive under such influences. Draft? Have you ever seen boys skating in the teeth of a snowstorm at the rate of fifteen miles an hour? They counteract the effect of cold air by vigorous exercise. Is there no other way of keeping warm? Does the north wind damage the fine lady sitting motionless in her sleigh, or the pilot and helmsman of a storm-tossed vessel? It can not be the inclemency of the open air, for, even in sweltering summer nights the sweet south wind, blest by all creatures that draw the breath of life, brings no relief to the victim of ærophobia. There is no doubt that families who have freed themselves from the curse of that superstition can live out and out healthier in the heart of a great city than its slaves on the airiest highland of the Southern Apennines."

Is there not, the reader asks, danger in the malarious air of the Roman campagna or the Charleston meadows? Yes! There are regions where the air is poisonous. But the only way to escape the poison is not to live in such a region.

You might as well allow sewer gas in your bathroom and expect to escape the poison by keeping the chamber door closed, as to live in a malarious swamp and escape the malaria by trying to live in an air-tight house. Any fresh air is better than any stale air. Breathing the breath-befouled air and poison-laden fumes of such shut up sleeping apartments is perfectly preposterous, as fatal as it is absurd and presumptuous as a health proposition.—*Vanguard.*

GERMAN AND DISHWASHING.

"I LEARNED German while I washed the dishes," said a busy girl whose command of that language was the wonder of her friends. "I propped up my grammar or my reader or my 'conversation book' on the shelf, and practiced a little every day, and I do the same thing still, just to keep my mind in the habit of German."

It would have been the natural thing for the average young woman, who had no more time for regular study than this girl had, to give up altogether the acquisition of German. But success came, in this case, as a result of piling one little grain upon another, and keeping at the task with sturdy persistence.

This example not only shows what one can do under adverse circumstances, but it also illustrates the fact that what we get is by littles. It is not the "spurt" that wins, but the steady, day by day training. When that girl said that she kept in "the habit of German" she touched the real heart of the matter.—*The Pilgrim Visitor.*

ICE FOR THE SICK.

WHEN ice is broken in small pieces, ready for use in the sickroom, it melts rapidly. Keep a large piece in a basin or pail and cover with several thicknesses of newspaper and break off the pieces as needed. They can be broken any size desired and with little noise simply by sticking the point of a darning needle into the ice and tapping it with a thimble.—*Exchange.*

ONLY WAITING.

Oft there comes a gentle whisper o'er me stealing,
When my trials and my burdens seem too great,
Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly pealing
It is saying to my spirit, "Only wait."

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that whisper ever pleading,
"God is working, God is faithful—only wait."

When the promise seems to linger, long delaying,
And I tremble lest perhaps it comes too late,
Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ever saying,
"Though long it is in coming,—only wait."

When I see the wicked prosper in their sinning,
And the righteous pressed by many a cruel strait,
I remember this is only the beginning
And I whisper to my spirit, "Only wait."

Oh! how little soon will seem our hardest sorrow,
And how trifling is our present brief estate.
Could we see it in the light of heaven's tomorrow,
Oh, how easy it would be for us "to wait."

Note: The poem, "Only Waiting," has a queer history. I do not know the author but would like to. It was given me by Mrs. Lettie Watkins of 36 Liberty Street, Dansville, N. Y., asking that I have it published in my magazine, the Inglenook. Her husband died very suddenly, and when an old pastor of his came to preach the funeral sermon he gave her this poem (written in a strange hand) and said: "When I was in trouble your husband gave this to me and said it had helped him, and it would me, and it did, and now I return it to you." It was like a voice from the dead to her, and helped her. She thinks if it was published, it might help others, and she might find who the author is, but will never know who gave it to her husband. Mrs. A. L. Colwell.

The Children's Corner

A RUNAWAY SMILE.

One day a little smile
Played truant for awhile,
From a room where little smiles should always be;
And a little boy said, "Can't,"
And a little girl said, "Shan't,"
And a nurse's face was very sad to me.

Then that little smile felt sorry
To have caused this dreadful worry,
So it crept beneath the nursery window-pane;
And some little sulks flew out,
And four lips forgot to pout,
Kissed instead—and nurse's face grew glad again.

Said that little smile: "I never
Thought my running off could ever
Make two people look so very, very black;
So I think I'd better stay,
Or next time I run away
They really might forget to want me back."

—Unidentified.

THAT WONDERFUL BOY.

"THEY'VE only got a boy," Elma said, tragically. She had been watching the new next-door family move in. Now everything and every one was there, and it was quite certain that there was not a girl in the family.

"Never mind," consoled mother. "He may be a nice boy. I've known them quite as nice as girls."

The next day Elma brought in another report.

"He is a nice boy, mother. He has three dogs and a cat and some bunnies."

"If he has all those pets, and is kind to them, he must be a nice boy," said mother.

"I think he is kind, for they all love him. The dogs wriggle all over when they see him."

That afternoon the new boy got acquainted. He came to the fence, and said, "Would you like to see my dog do his tricks?"

Elma was very shy, but she said yes, and the new boy called the littlest dog and had it do tricks. It could play dead, and march like a soldier with a stick for a sword, and sing and dance, and jump through a hoop. At first Elma smiled, but soon she shouted with laughter and clapped her hands.

"Oh, but he's lovely!" she said. "How did he learn so many things?"

"I taught him," said the boy, whose name was Harry. "He'll do anything for me."

"That's a perfectly wonderful boy. He's smar than any one," Elma confided to her mother.

And with the passing of each day the "wonderfulness" of the new boy increased. He could make tiny doll baskets out of peachstones; he had a little workshop in the barn, and he could make furniture for the doll-house; he could make puzzle pictures with his jigsaw; he could whistle so that the birds answered him. And, best of all, he *would* do all these things to amuse his admiring little neighbor.

Elma carried all these reports to her mother.

"I wish I was a boy," she said one day. "I wish I could learn to do things like Harry. I guess girls can't ever do any nice things."

"Oh, I think they can," said mother.

"Not nice things like boys," doubted Elma.

And mother said no more about it just then. But the next morning she let Elma help her bake. Now, Elma was a good little cook, and she made some of the puffy yellow cakes all by herself. Mother had taught her months before.

When the baking was all done and cleared away mother said, "Would you like to invite Harry over this afternoon and make some of your nice fudge for him?"

"I'd love to," said Elma. "And the dogs, too?

"Yes, the dogs, too."

Elma ran out to invite Harry, and that afternoon he came with all the dogs. He had them do their tricks for mother, and she admired them very much.

"Now," said Elma, "we'll make candy."

"Hurrah!" said Harry. "But can you make it yourself?"

"Of course," said Elma.

They went into the kitchen and Elma made the candy. Then she set out a dainty lunch on the playroom table on the back porch.

"You made the sandwiches and the cake and the candy," said Harry, admiringly, when he had tasted of each of the good things. "And they're all as good as can be. You're a smart girl, all right. Boys can't do things as nice as that."

"Oh!" said Elma. Then she laughed. It was just what she had been saying about him. After all, perhaps girls could do some nice things.—*Christian Standard.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



That bleached flour may be detected by its odor was the statement of Andrew S. Mitchell, a government chemist, who testified in the bleached flour case in Kansas City.

The Panama railroad is about the busiest little stretch of track in the world. In April, 199,800 passengers were carried. The week-day average was 5,592 and the Sunday average 13,600.

Municipal corporations—that is, corporations absolutely owned by municipalities and in which no shares are sold—in the opinion of Commissioner Cabell of the internal revenue bureau, are not subject to the tax of 1 per cent on the net income of corporations imposed by the new tariff law. The opinion was rendered in response to an inquiry made by Collector H. A. Rucker at Atlanta, Ga.

Gifford Pinchot has forcibly declared himself against the administration's land withdrawal bill, now in the senate, asserting that "the bill operates directly for the benefit of the water-power interests and directly against the interests of the people." Pinchot opposes the bill mainly for two reasons. First, because of the provision for mineral entries, and, second, because the measure does not validate existing withdrawals.

It is claimed by officials connected with the state department that the international hygiene exhibition in Dresden, Germany, in 1911, will be the most extensive presentation of hygiene ever attempted. The area for the exclusive display of hygienic objects is about 350,000 square yards. For the first time in history the whole science of hygiene is to be presented in a classified course of instruction. The United States will have an exposition.

A rumor at Ann Arbor, which seems to be well founded, is that Acting President H. B. Hutchins will be appointed president of the University of Michigan for a short term of years by the regents at their meeting June 25, and in that case Professor Bates will be made dean of the law department for the same length of time. Acting President Hutchins, who is also dean of the law department, has been carrying the work of two executive offices for the past year.

A novel ventilating system has recently been developed, which consists of a small electric fan connected to the window sill in such manner that it may be operated either to draw in air from the outside or to exhaust the air from a room. It is suggested that the value of this will be appreciated in a kitchen on ironing day, or when any baking is being done, as it prevents the heat from spreading through the entire house, besides making the kitchen itself more comfortable to work in.

President Taft has nominated William D. Crum of South Carolina to be minister and consul general at Monrovia, Liberia. Crum is the negro whose appointment by President Roosevelt as collector of the port at Charleston, S. C., raised a storm of protest.

It has been determined that the sinking of the United States floating drydock "Dewey" at Olongapa in the Philippines was due to an omission to close the intake valves. Accidents of this character occasionally occur, and one is reminded of the sinking of the "Texas" at the Brooklyn navy yard, which happened shortly before the Spanish-American war. At the time of her launching, the "Dewey," 500 feet in length and 135 feet in width, was the largest floating drydock in the world. She will probably be raised intact.

The fact that the excavation of the Panama Canal through the Culebra range of hills has set in motion a mass of 2,000,000 cubic yards of material, which is sliding into the excavation apparently on an inclined substratum of clay, serves to illustrate one of the many advantages of the present high-level canal over one at sea level. The sea-level cut would have been carried eighty feet deeper, and the slides would have been, in all probability, enormously greater. The material will have to be removed; but outside of the additional expense, no ill effects are to be apprehended.

That malarial fever costs the people of the United States $100,000,000 a year and that 14,909 persons died from the disease in 1900, according to statistics gathered from the last census, were the statements of Dr. Seale Harris, professor of medicine at the University of Alabama, in an address before the convention of the American Medical Association. "There would be little chronic malaria if the acute cases were cured," Dr. Harris declared, "but there are probably two or three million people in the country harboring malarial parasites." Dr. Harris said malaria was seldom cured in this country, but only checked by a few heavy doses of quinine.

Twelve and a half million dollars is the approximate amount that England expects to receive this season from American visitors. Now that the shock of King Edward's death has largely worn away, merchants, hotel keepers and others who profit largely from foreign tourists are figuring on the season's returns, and the foregoing estimate is published in one of the hotel journals. It is expected that 100,000 Americans will come to England during the summer, and it is estimated that they will spend an average of $125, exclusive of railway fare. The amount is hardly as large as in several past seasons owing to the practical abandonment of the London "society season."

A bill by Newlands of Nevada for the appointment of a national conservation commission by the President has been recommended for passage by the Senate committee on conservation. There are to be 15 members of the commission, who will serve without salary. The duties of the commission are to be to investigate all questions relating to the conservation of the natural resources of the United States for the "preservation of its beauty, healthfulness and habitability."

The New York Legislature has passed the bill which places telegraph and telephone companies of the State under the supervision of the Public Service Commission for the second district. The bill empowers the Commission to investigate and regulate the rates and service. The companies are required to file annual reports, and the Commission may veto any privileges under the franchises of the companies which have not as yet been exercised. Reduced rates, passes, or franks for the transmission of messages are prohibited.

Do you know that the compasses of the ocean steamships can be operated by wireless? The big French steamship La Provence has recently been equipped with a new device which bids fair to become of the greatest importance to navigators. It is called the Hertzian wave azimutal compass. The new system on board La Provence allows one to determine the exact position of a wireless telegraphic station, no matter what the atmospheric conditions may be. Even in fog bearings can be taken and the position of the ship determined, thereby reducing the liability of collisions.

That the steel trust proposes to put the jobber completely out of business is the belief of those conversant with the scheme of the United States Steel Corporation. The erection of large warehouses in various sections of the country is believed to be the weapon for elimination. A warehouse is being constructed in Pittsburg and another has been built at Waverly, N. J. Depots are being established by the steel corporation subsidiary concerns near St. Louis and New Orleans. Steel prices are based on the Pittsburg price plus the railroad freight rate. With depots at Mississippi River points, the United States corporation will be able to ship by water and undersell the jobber.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Illinois State Bar Association, to be held at the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, on Thursday and Friday, June 23rd and 24th, will be devoted chiefly to the subject of Court reform. The idea is to consider practical suggestions and substitute changes for technicalities, and reduce time and save expense in litigation. The most prominent speaker on the program will be George W. Wickersham, Attorney General of the United States, who will speak at the opening of the morning session, Friday, June 24th. His subject will be "Federal Control of Stock and Bond Issues by Interstate Carriers." Roscoe Pound of Chicago will deliver an address on "The Reforms in Court Procedure." The Justices of the Supreme Court of Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky and Illinois are expected to be present and representatives of those Courts and members of the association will participate in the discussion following the address of Mr. Pound. It is planned to make this meeting one of the largest in point of attendance and one of the most influential in practical results ever held by the Illinois State Bar Association.

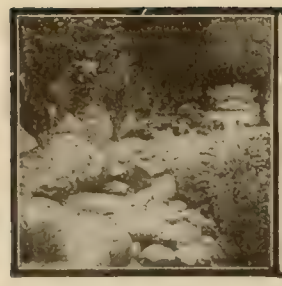
Attorneys for the Pullman company and the railroads affected by the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission reducing Pullman and sleeping car berth rates will ask for a rehearing before the commission.

One thousand Chicago postoffice clerks and letter carriers will be informed July 1 that they have received increases of $100 each in their yearly salaries. The increase will take effect on that date under instructions issued in Washington by Postmaster General Hitchcock Saturday, affecting nearly 30,000 clerks and city letter carriers throughout the country. The feature of the increased pay order will be that the maximum salary, now $1,100 will be increased to $1,200, and the lowest scale, $500, will be raised to $600. Only men who have been in their positions a year will receive the increases, but all employes will have opportunity to rise to the $1,200 mark and new men will be taken on at $600. In giving his instructions the Postmaster General expressed himself as approving most heartily the recent action of Congress in passing the bill making appropriations for the postal service in which the increases were included. He paid a high tribute to the efficiency and faithfulness of the postal employes for their co-operation in carrying into effect certain reforms through which he expects to show a reduction this year of fully $10,000,000 in the postal deficit.

With the passage of the postal savings bank bill by a house vote of 192 to 113, it is highly probable that the measure will be passed by the Senate and become a law without the formality of a conference. The Lloyd measure, offered as a substitute for the Republican caucus bill, was defeated, 196 to 113. The whole gamut of postal savings bank legislation was run during the speeches of Vreeland of New York, Foss of Illinois, Burgess of Texas and Graff of Illinois. The Republicans present voted solidly and 22 Democrats deserted their colleagues to support the Republican caucus measure. The latter justified their actions on the ground that their votes were in line with Democratic platform pledges of 1906. The postal savings bank bill, as it will probably become a law, provides for a board of trustees, consisting of the secretary of the treasury, postmaster general and attorney general, who shall determine where banks shall be opened; it also provides that no individual deposits of more than $100 a month shall be received. Accounts may be opened with $1, but 10-cent stamps will be issued for sums of less than $1. Two per cent interest per annum will be paid on deposits, and exchange of deposits for government bonds of $20, $40, $60, $80, $100 and $500 denomination, to bear 2½ per cent interest, is provided. Accumulations in postal savings banks are to be deposited in State and national banks in the vicinity of the postoffices in which they are collected, such banks to pay 2½ per cent interest. Not more than 30 per cent of the deposits can be withdrawn by the government at any one time for investment in United States bonds.

AUTOMATIC LIGHTING BEACONS.

By an ingenious automatic lighting apparatus, the buoys on the Swedish coast are kept in action seventy days without renewal of the tube of fifty liters of dissolved acetylene. A bright reflecting surface and a black absorbing one give unequal expansions by daylight, thus closing a valve and shutting off the gas, but by night this action ceases, the valve opens, and the gas automatically lighted, continues to burn. Maud Hawkins.



NATURE STUDIES



MORE ABOUT THE FINDS.

J. Z. GILBERT.

THE long silence of the writer since the publishing (Feb. 1) of our article on the rich finds near this city has not meant idleness at the Brea Beds, for the work of excavation has gone steadily on with striking results. Among the remains unearthed and the one about which I wish now to speak is the fossil form of the Ancient American Horse.

It has been known for a long time that the great herds of horses on the plains of South America and the wild horses of our own country are not descendants from the earliest horses found fossil in various parts of our country, but from horses introduced by the Spanish at the time of the discovery.

In view of the readiness with which the wild horses sustain themselves in the new world, it is very remarkable that the ancient ones should have passed away without a single descendant. The real cause of this sudden extinction may never be known, yet scarcity of food and change of climate as well as loss of race vitality through "crossing" and disease offer the most satisfactory explanation.

The horses found in the Brea Beds are for the most part either the young or the very old. So generally true is this that to date not enough mature representative material has been found to make a sure identification of the species.

The fossil horse we find here is about the size of our horses today.

The teeth, except to the eyes of an expert, appear very much like those of our horses, and the fossil bones are not radically different from living ones.

For some time in the digging no traces of horse were found, but to our surprise one day the top part of a large skull appeared. It proved to be the skull of a very old horse in which the teeth were so worn down that the markings on the grinding surfaces were effaced. Some limb bones were found and then came to light a hoof bone and to our great satisfaction the splint bones of one leg were excavated. The next was a small bone that quite puzzled the boys who were doing the digging. This proved to be the navicular sesamoid bone, occurring next to the hoof bone. This peculiar bone, in shape resembling a sesame-seed, occurs in various places on the body attached to the skeleton or on the tendons.

Thus one bone after another was uncovered, revealing to us the fact that thousands of years ago there lived a horse which was very much like ours, having its knee and elbow up near the body and walking on the tip of the toe nail and that too of a single toe.

The original American horse became extinct not only before the introduction of horses by the Spanish but long before that time. The Aztec tribes left no trace of horses in their history of Mexico, nor did any of the South American peoples; neither in the legends and myths of the Indians is there mention of the horse notwithstanding the statements of some to the contrary. The discovery of these original horses in the Brea Beds, in Texas and elsewhere is suggestive of the probability, although not yet absolutely demonstrated, that the direct ancestors of the horse in which we take so much pride came from America, migrated from here before it became extinct and thus became America's gift to the world. If North America is to be considered the original home of the horse, then the development of that animal becomes an intensely interesting subject.

Far back in the history of animal life the age of mammals followed that reptiles—Gen. 1—and with this mammalian age the history of the horse begins. The supposed ancestor of the horse was peculiar in three ways—the head was very small, about the size of that of a fox,—the teeth were like those of a monkey—and it had five toes upon each foot. The first real horse, the skeleton of which actually exists today, had a head about the size of a greyhound skull, the teeth were short crowned and without cement. There were four toes and a splint in the fore foot, and three with a splint of the fifth digit on the hind foot. Such a horse was followed by one of larger size, yet with the same kind of teeth, but having four toes in front and three behind, the side toes touching the ground. The next in the series was slightly larger than a Newfoundland dog, but while having the same kind of teeth as its predecessor it had three toes in front with the side toes touching the ground, and a splint of the fifth digit. The hind foot differed only slightly from that of its ancestors. Then came a horse about the size of a pony, having long crowned and cement covered teeth. It walked

upon the tip of the middle toe. The two side toes did not touch the ground. Following this the last and the most perfect came the grand type of the horse of today, which though beginning long before man, has lived to be contemporaneous with him and became when domesticated one of the greatest factors in civilization and justly to hold the highest place of all the animals in the pride of man. This horse grows to be very large. Its teeth have very long crowns with cement and it walks upon the nail of the middle toe with the side toes present only in the form of small splints. This kind is found in the Brea Beds and illustrates the immediate ancestor of our domestic horse.

It should be gratifying to every boy and girl of our INGLENOOK readers to know that the grand old horse can be traced in its ancestry to our own loved America as being its original home. Let us hope that our young readers will admire this beautiful animal more than ever before and that each will resolve to count himself a member of some Humane Society for the prevention of cruelty to this noble creature.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PREMATURE COLORING OF YOUNG APPLES DURING THE PRESENT SEASON.

WHEREVER the freeze failed to kill the apple crop this year, the apples which remain on the trees are for the most part notable for taking on an unusual red coloring for this season of the year. It has been noted by growers generally over the State wherever any apple crop is left. A good many are wondering what it means, and whether it signifies that the apples are hopelessly injured, whether they are starting in to ripen so prematurely as to not develop, and inquiry is rife as to what is the cause.

Briefly stated this unusual amount of color in the apple serves as a protection to the fruit during this unusually cold spring. For some years the fact has been known botanically that the red and purple coloring matter in plants so prominently observable, especially in plants of high latitudes and high altitudes, has the power of absorbing heat from the sun's rays, thus raising the temperature of the plant above the temperature of the atmosphere and enabling it to grow and to exercise its functions at a lower atmospheric temperature than it could do if these high colors were absent.

Kerner has called attention to the fact that in many Alpine species normal green color may develop in the lower valleys where the weather is warm, at the same time that bright reds and purples dominate in the same species of plants in higher elevations where the weather is colder. If one of these red or purple-colored plants is transplanted from the cold heights down to the warmer valleys it will speedily lose its high color and become normally green. While at the same time if a green plant from the warmer location is transplanted to the colder elevations above, it will not be able to grow and exercise its normal functions until it has developed its red or purple colors.

Stahl has shown by actual experiment that plants possessing these higher colors absorb heat enough that the atmosphere immediately under their leaves in a still time will register somewhat warmer than the general surrounding atmosphere. He attributes this to the heat absorbed by the purple coloring matter during bright sunlight.

Kny observed that when the coloring matter of a green plant was placed in solution in a glass dish in a sunny window that it would absorb less heat than the red or purple colors of the same species of plant placed in the same location in a similar solution.

At the Missouri Experiment Station it has been found that peach twigs in winter containing abundant red and purple coloring matter will absorb heat enough on sunny winter days to raise the temperature of the twigs in some cases as much as twenty-five degrees above atmospheric temperature; that peach twigs having pale yellowish green twigs will absorb heat enough to raise the temperature only a few degrees above the atmosphere; that if the twigs are sprayed with lime whitewash to reflect the heat they will remain at atmospheric temperature. The natural reddish or purple twigs have their buds swelled and grow perceptibly on sunny winter days, due to this excess of heat absorbed, while twigs from which the sun's rays are excluded will not be warm enough to make any perceptible growth at all. This ability of a plant to grow if it has these red and purple colors when the atmospheric temperature is too low for a green plant to make growth is generally noticeable to a greater or less extent in spring and in autumn.

Many of our native forest trees have a reddish or purplish tinge to their leaves and buds in spring, which gradually disappears upon the approach of warmer weather. Similar but more marked autumn colors upon the appearance of cold weather are still more noticeable. During the present spring many of the maples and other forest trees in Missouri are retaining these high colors, particularly at their growing tips, much later in the season than is usual. The later cold weather is prolonged in spring the more persistently does this coloring matter remain in the growing tips and early leaves.

The high coloring matter in the apples which have barely escaped death by cold this spring is no doubt incident to the abnormally cold weather which has prevailed and which up to the present writing (May 20) is still with us. This high coloring matter undoubtedly enables the fruit to absorb heat enough to make more progress in its development than it otherwise could do. The development of this high color being induced by cold simply signifies power on the part of the plant and fruit to promote self-protection which acts automat-

ically. Without any doubt the apples are better off with it than they would be without it.

In some cases the apples have their young seeds and core injured by the cold, and where this occurs they may not all survive on the tree and reach proper development. Wherever the young seeds and core are of normal color and uninjured, there is no reason why the young apples now holding should not reach normal development in the fall, and these high colors which the fruit is developing favor rather than oppose such maturity.—*J. C. Whitten, Missouri, in June Fruit-Grower.*

FORESTRY.

Our beautiful country is fast becoming denuded of all its forest trees, not only in the thickly settled older portions but in many of the new unsettled regions where the lumbermen are stripping the woods off as fast as possible, and making no attempt to reseed the land or to leave the saplings. This wasteful way of lumbering precludes any possibility of a second growth. Erosion gullies form, and soon the bared area is a scene of desolation, nearly equalling in uselessness the territory where the forest fires have burned off the trees and, in some places, the soil down to the rock.

China has a warning for us. For centuries she deserved the name of "The Flowery Kingdom," but now the inhabitants can gain but a scanty livelihood by the hardest toil, and they live in constant dread of famine and flood. The entire surface of the country, including the watersheds, have been stripped of their growth of timber, until now there are scarcely any trees in China except in the sacred groves around their heathen temples.

In France, at the close of the eighteenth century, 2,500,000 acres of disease-breeding, sandy and marshy waste land was set out to pine trees. At the present time these same lands are among the most productive and healthful. The character of the climate has been changed in a measure, being more mild and balmy.

In the locality where I live (northwestern New York), when it was first settled a century or more ago, the climate was much warmer than it is now. Orchards flourished, some of them being grown from seeds. Now the old orchards are dying out and it becomes more difficult every year to make young fruit trees live through our severe winters. Cutting off the forest trees has brought about this change. The cold north and west winds have a sweep that freezes the ground so deep in winter that many young trees die. People here are just beginning to be aroused, and interest is gaining every day in practical forestry.—*Farm Journal.*

Seek life's nourishment in life's work.—*Phillips Brooks.*

A NEW COMPETITOR OF THE HORSE.

The "zebrass" has made its bow to the public. This creature is a new thing in the world, it never having existed until a year ago. It is the hybrid offspring of the African zebra and the Texas donkey. There are at the government experiment station at Bethesda, Md., six young zebrasses. Their sire is the royal Abyssinian zebra which King Menelik gave to President Roosevelt. The latter turned the striped creature over to the experiment station, and here the idea of developing a new race of animals was conceived. These six young ones are the nucleus. They are regarded as offering great promise. Certain of them combine the docility, strength and utility of the mother with the spirit, activity and beauty of the father. The yearlings are already larger than their mother. They are beautifully built and should be adapted to the many uses to which the domestic animal is put.—*Scientific American.*



Between Whiles

Getting Even.—He—"Why not give me your reply now? It is not fair to keep me in suspense."

She—"But think of the time you have kept me in suspense!"—M. A. P.

The Straws That Showed.—Mother—"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?"

Daughter—"I certainly do, mama. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one."—Scraps.

She Knew the Worst.—Mistress (hiring servant)—"I hope you know your place?"

Servant—"Oh, yes, mum! The last three girls you had told me all about it."—St. Louis Star.

Truth Will Out.—Hub (with irritation)—"Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?"

Wifey (calmly)—"We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out."—Boston Transcript.

FULL REPORT
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19 And unto Ē'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vītes, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nīms, [f]and all they that had separated themselves

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patric*

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sixty and two years, and he [a]Ē'nōch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he Ē'nōch eight hundred years begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

B.C. 1000

[1] Heb. *in wickedness*
[2] Heb. *A*

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37 And he will say, [c]Where are gods,
The rock in which they refuge;
38 Which did [d]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cain w.
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there s born a son; and he called his

B.
[a] Ja
18
[b] ch

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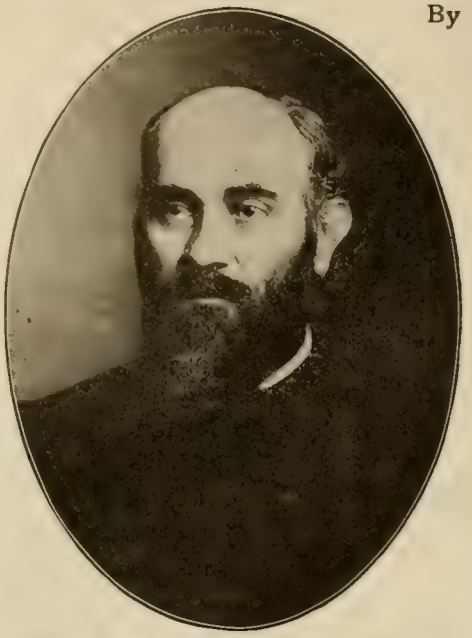
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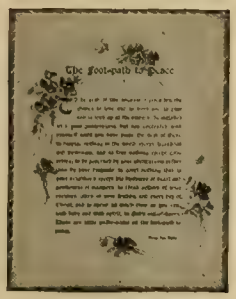
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¶ The apple is the **King of Fruits.** ¶ Montana is World famed as being the "**Land of the Red Apple.**" ¶ Apples are used in more different ways than is any other food. ¶ It is the fruit that is relished every day. ¶ The apple production has diminished to an alarming extent. ¶ In the last twelve years the apple yield has fallen off nearly 59,000 barrels in the United States. ¶ The cities are crying for **Apples, Apples, More Apples.** ¶ In Febuary 1910 good apples were selling for $4.00 per box.

The **Northwest** contains the only extensive territory being **successfully** planted to apple trees. The market for good apples is hopelessly under supplied and prices are tending to **increase** rather than decrease. Already a number of Brethren have investigated and purchased some of the famous **Yellow Stone Valley** fruit lands offered for sale at the exceptionally low figure of from $50 to $60 per acre with **perpetual** water right, by **GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY, Big Timber, Montana.**

R. E. Arnold of Elgin, Ill., is planting ten acres of apple trees this spring on his quarter section.
Prof. Robert I. White of Elgin, Ill., is planting 15 acres on his quarter section.
I. B. Trout of Lanark, Ill., is expecting to plant some on his land.
Another party is planting 100 acres of apple trees in one tract.
Many others too numerous to mention are putting out orchards.

A good apple orchard five years old is worth from $500 to $1,000 per acre. Now is your opportunity to get in on the ground floor.
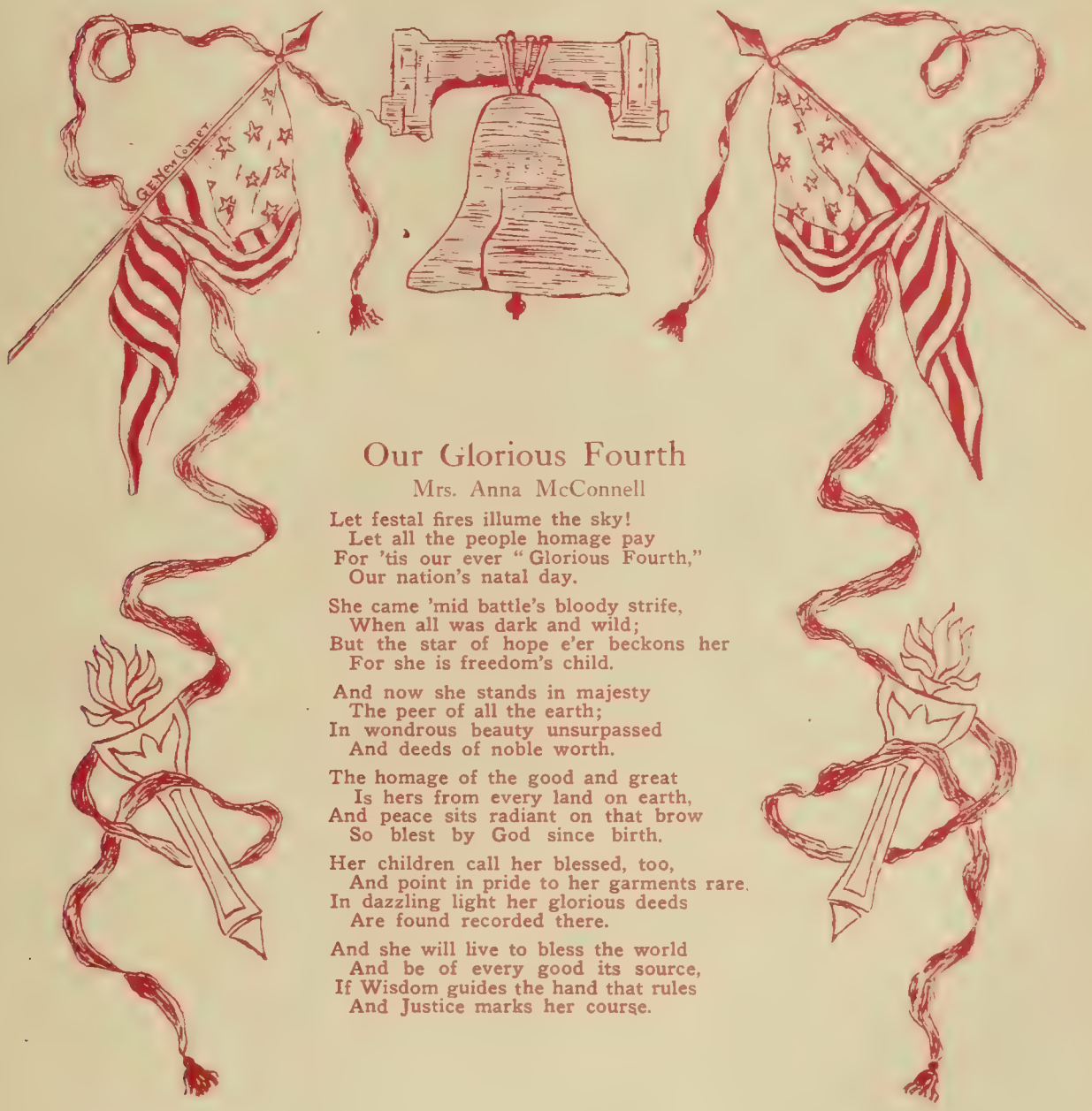
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GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONTANA

J. F. APPLEMAN, Plymouth, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK



Our Glorious Fourth

Mrs. Anna McConnell

Let festal fires illume the sky!
  Let all the people homage pay
For 'tis our ever "Glorious Fourth,"
  Our nation's natal day.

She came 'mid battle's bloody strife,
  When all was dark and wild;
But the star of hope e'er beckons her
  For she is freedom's child.

And now she stands in majesty
  The peer of all the earth;
In wondrous beauty unsurpassed
  And deeds of noble worth.

The homage of the good and great
  Is hers from every land on earth,
And peace sits radiant on that brow
  So blest by God since birth.

Her children call her blessed, too,
  And point in pride to her garments rare.
In dazzling light her glorious deeds
  Are found recorded there.

And she will live to bless the world
  And be of every good its source,
If Wisdom guides the hand that rules
  And Justice marks her course.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

June 28, 1910 Price $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 26

Homeseekers' Excursions

VIA

Union Pacific

HOMESEEKERS' FARES

Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the First and Third Tuesday of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

TO / FROM	Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Omaha and St. Joseph	Chicago	St. Louis	Peoria	St. Paul and Minneapolis	Des Moines	Sioux City	Milwaukee
Biggs ..... Ore.	$52.50	$57.50	$55.00	$57.50	$52.50	$55.00	$52.50	$57.50
Boise ..... Idaho	49 50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Bosler ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30 00	31.20	33.40
Butte ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34 50	39.00
Caldwell ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51 50	49 50	54.00
Cheyenne ..... Wyo.	†	30.00	30.00	30.00	35.75	30 00	24.20	33.40
Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Denver ..... Colo.	19.00	30 00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Gooding ..... Idaho	41.90	46 40	46.40	46.40	43.90	43.90	41.90	46.40
Green River ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30.00	31 20	33.40
Helena ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Minidoka ..... Idaho	38.00	42.50	42.50	42.50	40.00	40.00	38.00	42.50
Mountain Home ..... Idaho	45.90	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ..... Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49.20	53.70
Ogden ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Pendleton ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52 50	57.50
Pocatello ..... Idaho	34 50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30 00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
Salt Lake City ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36 50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Shoshone ..... Idaho	41.00	45.50	45 50	45.50	43.00	43 00	41.00	45.50
Spokane ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Twin Falls ..... Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
Umatilla ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

†From Council Bluffs the fare is $19.00. Omaha, $19.00. St. Joseph, $24.35. Leavenworth, $25.05. Kansas City, $25.85.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28, Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa,	$50.00	$53.90	$66.95	$63.90
Missouri River Gateways, ...	50.00	50.00	65.00	60.00
St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	60.00	63.50	65.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois,	62.50	62.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado,	45.00	45.00	60.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 [illegible] **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 [illegible] **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 [illegible] **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 [illegible] **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

FINAL RETURN LIMIT: Columns 1, 2 and 3, three months from date of sale, but not later than **October 31, 1910.**

Column 4, October 31, 1910.

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of
The Church of the Brethren from 1778 to 1909

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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A SPECIAL FEATURE

Editor Trout is always on the alert for interesting and helpful matter with which to improve our Sunday-school periodicals.

In the January **Teachers' Monthly** he announces the completion of arrangements which will bring the finest maps and descriptions of Bible lands within reach of every teacher or schools using the **Monthly.** We refer to the

"Underwood Travel System"

Helps to the Sunday-school Lessons for 1910.

Under the caption **"The Lesson in Palestine"** will be found a careful description of the places mentioned in the lesson and directions for use of the maps and the stereographs.

During this year each issue of the **Monthly** will give a reproduction of one or more of the famous Underwood maps.

This one feature should induce every student of the International Uniform Sunday-School Lessons to use the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** during 1910.

Price single copy per year **50 cents.**

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Read and Learn

OF THE

Great Future For Miami Valley

in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from $1.00 to $1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

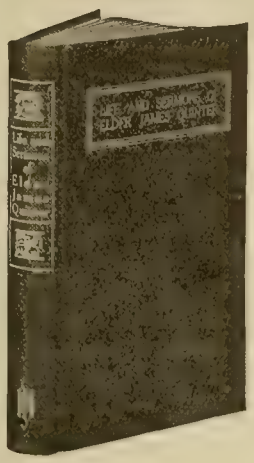
You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

Springer, New Mexico.

LIFE and SERMONS
OF
Elder James Quinter



We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

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The Olive Branch of Peace and Good Will to :: Men ::

By S. F. SANGER and D. HAYS

¶ The doctrine of nonresistance as taught and practiced by the Church of the Brethren has, at different times, brought her members face to face with severe trials and suffering, and even death. But with all that, it has also been instrumental in preserving that abiding faith in God, that feeling of brotherly love, that unyielding fidelity to the teaching of Christ's Gospel, which characterize the true followers of the Prince of Peace. Sustained by the deep convictions as to the right of it, the persecutions and suffering have been endured, and the doctrine remains in the church as one of the fundamentals of true Christianity.

¶ The above named book is a history of the trials and experiences of the Brethren during the War of the Rebellion, together with a brief record of the persecutions of the Brethren in Germany and the early years of the church in America.

¶ The object of the presentation of this history to the public is (1) *that it may be a means of increasing the courage, strengthening the faith and deepening the convictions of the Brethren in relation to this doctrine, and* (2) *that our peace principles, and our relation to the government in maintaining these principles, may be better understood.*

¶ In these days, when the subject of international peace is agitating the minds of men in high places in all civilized countries, a book of this kind is a timely one, and will be read with peculiar interest.

Price per copy **75c**

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. June 28, 1910. No. 26.

Up Pike's Peak

W. G. Eisenbise

PIKE'S PEAK is in a sense unrivaled among American mountains. It perhaps has a more prominent place in the story of the exploration and occupation of the Great West than any other name. Before the land west of the Missouri River was mapped, before the territories were bounded and named, Pike's Peak was adopted as the unofficial designation of this section of the country, and numbers of eager pioneers, moving to the mysterious West, chose this mountain as their goal. There are other mountain peaks of the Rockies as high as Pike's Peak, but they rise with others about them, and the views from their tops are not so wide and diversified, neither can they be looked up to from a plain spreading beyond the limit of vision.

It seems fitting that this great mountain should bear the name of him who first described it to English-speaking people—Zebulon M. Pike. Major Pike records that on November 13, 1806, he saw a light blue cloud, which he concluded to be a mountain. After first sighting the mountain, Pike traveled for ten days before arriving at its base, and on November 27 attempted the ascent, accompanied by Doctor Robinson and Privates Miller and Brown. The temperature was below freezing, there was deep snow, and the party reaching the top of what is now known as Cheyenne Mountain, saw from there a discouraging prospect, and Captain Pike says in his record: "I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." Captain Pike probably had no idea that he immortalized himself when he looked upon the mountain which perpetuates his name. The pluck of the man, no doubt, deserved this reward, even if he did not succeed in climbing it, as multitudes have done since.

The first ascent of Pike's Peak was made July 14, 1819, by Dr. Edwin James, three unknown men, and a volunteer named Harris, members of an "expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains" sent by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under charge of Major S. H. Long. The first woman to stand on its summit was Mrs. Jas. H. Holmes, who reached the top on August 5, 1858.

The foregoing history in connection with the mountain was gathered by myself in the year 1907, while in the Pike's Peak region for a few days.

Monday, September 23, of the year already named, as a party of excursionists, we boarded the electric cars at Colorado Springs, Colorado, bound for the top of Pike's Peak. We passed through Colorado City, the old capital of Colorado, and soon arrived at Manitou, where we were to begin the ascent of the mountain. The distance from Colorado Springs to Manitou, through Colorado City is five miles. The three cities are built almost together, and it is seemingly one city five miles long. In going these five miles we ascended 714 feet, but one hardly realizes that he has gradually been lifted up to this extent. In the streets of one of these cities water was running rapidly on both sides of the driveway, and some of us had to believe, almost against reason, that the water was running its natural way, down hill. It seemed like it was running up hill. At Manitou our party divided, some going up the mountain by way of the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway, others on the backs of burros, and others on foot. Several of us chose the latter way.

Let us notice something about the construction of the railway, and the equipment of the road. It is the only one of its kind in existence, as far as I know. This marvel of engineering skill had for me about as much attraction as the peak itself. What an amount of study must have been devoted to this difficult problem by the best engineers and mechanics, what dangers and hardships must have attended the surveying and the construction of the road. Camping out, climbing over mountains covered with fallen timber and jagged rocks, the occasional intense cold, terrible snowstorms, fearful winds and the difficulty of getting provisions must have made this wonderful undertaking almost beyond conception.

From the folder issued by the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway I have the following: "The feasibility

of the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway, as now constructed, was conceived in 1888, and some preliminary surveys made that year. Grading was commenced in 1889, and the golden spike driven October 20, 1890.

"This railway differs in two respects from ordinary railroads; first, in the very heavy gradient, which, in a few feet less than nine miles, overcomes an elevation of 7,518 feet; second, the system of Abt rack rail used, which forms a continuous double ladder, into which the toothed wheels of the locomotive work.

"The roadbed, which is from fifteen to twenty-two feet in width, is most substantial, being cut from or



In the Neighborhood of Pike's Peak.

built upon solid rock in many places. There is no trestle work whatever; the four short bridges on the line are of iron, resting on solid masonry. To prevent the moving or sliding of the track (which is within the dim shade of possibility), owing to its enormous weight and the effect of varying temperature upon iron and steel, 146 anchors are imbedded into the solid rock or masonry at distances of from 200 to 1,400 feet apart, according to the grade.

"The common T (forty pounds per yard) are the ordinary rails used, and they are laid to standard gauge. The office of these rails is to carry the weight and guide the train, all the pushing force being exerted upon the rack rails. These rack rails are made from the best adapted Bessemer steel, the teeth having been cut from the solid piece by machines especially constructed for the purpose. They are 80 inches long and vary in weight from 21 to 31 and one-half pounds per foot, the heaviest ones being used on the steepest grades. So particular were the constructors that the contract for making these rails required that each tooth be within the fiftieth part of an inch of the specified size. This nicety of detail characterized the work throughout. In the center of the track is the rack ladder, which is formed by two rack rails set 1 and 5/8 inches apart, which are firmly held by four bolts (two in the center and one at either end) to three die-forged chairs, which in turn are securely fastened to the extra long and heavy ties. The rack rails are laid so as to break joints, and the teeth are also staggered, thus giving the two double wheels of the locomotives practically an even bearing at all times.

"The exact length of road is 47,992 feet, and the average grade is 16 per cent, or 844.8 feet to the mile. The maximum grade is 25 per cent, and the sharpest curves are 16 degrees, or a curve with a radius of 359 feet.

"The present equipment of the road consists of five locomotives and six passenger coaches.

"The locomotives, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, are of the four-cylinder Vauclain compound pattern; the high and low pressure cylinders are 10 and 15 inches in diameter respectively, and 22-inch stroke. The steam pressure carried in the boiler is two hundred pounds. Each engine is provided with two double steel cog wheels, through which the power is applied; extending from the sides of these wheels are four corrugated surfaces, upon which the powerful steam and hand brakes do their work. Any one of these brakes is sufficiently powerful to stop the locomotive and train. The steam cylinders are also fitted with the Le Chatlier water brake, and are utilized on the downward journey as air compressors to regulate the speed of the train. The coaches are luxurious and largely of glass, to facilitate observation; each has seating capacity for fifty persons, and the seats are so arranged that passengers will at all times have a level sitting.

"The cars are fitted with two separate pinion brakes, which can be operated from either end, and each is sufficiently powerful to hold the car.

"The locomotive pushes the car in ascending and precedes it when descending, thus giving perfect control over the car, which, because of not being coupled to the locomotive, can be let down independently."

Difficult, indeed, is the task of trying to describe what may be seen ascending Pike's Peak. A picture for the mind can reach it only through the human eye. Our course was over the railway just described. We begin the ascent, passing between Manitou and Hiawatha Mountains, up through what is called Englemann's Canyon. Ruxton Creek, whose source is the perpetual snow, is followed for nearly three miles, now close beside us, again, far below, dashing over the mass-

ive boulders, and forming numbers of cascades and waterfalls.

The scenes and points of interest are many. We soon reach Echo Falls, named from the Echo Rocks above, from whose high walls the sound of dashing waters is distinctly reverberated. Just beyond we view the Natural Creek tunnel, an arched waterway formed by fallen boulders through which the stream flows. Then the large Hanging Rock is seen, and soon we are at Artist's Glen, from where we look back and get a fine view of the Garden of the Gods. At Minnehaha Falls is a picturesque group of Swiss cottages, among pine trees, and occupied by pleasure-seekers. At one of the railway water tanks near here, there was ice on the track at eight o'clock A. M. The Half-Way House suddenly comes into view, but as we have had our breakfast, we pass on. We thought we were now half way up the mountain, as the name suggests, but found out later how badly we had missed it. We had gone but 2.63 miles. It is located half way between Colorado Springs and the top of the Peak. After some hard climbing we enter, and for two and one quarter miles travel a comparatively level stretch of track. Next we are in Ruxton and Aspen Parks. Here the city of Colorado Springs gets its water from springs. On turning the faucet for a drink of water at Colorado Springs, the water rushes with such force, that for a few minutes after one has filled his glass, it looks like milk. We were told that here was our last chance to get water, before arriving at the top. We laid in a supply but soon found that some of us would likely suffer for water before we found more, which was the case.



At the Top of the Peak.

We met parties returning, who had spent the night in either going up the mountain or camping out. They told us of their experiences, some of which we were soon to realize by actual experience also. We now reached the steepest incline (about 25 per cent) and found that we were having a hard time to breathe because of the altitude,—about two rods at a time and then about five minutes of gasping for our breath. We were making extremely slow time. We were now at timber line, and nothing but rock of all sizes everywhere. Slowly we went on and arrived at Windy Point, where we turned a sharp curve and the east disappeared and the western view greeted us. We saw a long stretch of track ahead, gradually climbing up the side of the mountain. We were trying hard to get to the top, but our water was all gone, we were very tired, our ears were ringing, and we felt queer in many ways; even our voices didn't seem to sound natural. One member of our party wanted to return and did so. I sampled my lunch, as it was now past the noon hour. This proved to be my undoing. I became very sick and managed to crawl off the track to a large flat rock where after yielding up the lunch just eaten I felt a trifle better. I too was ready to return if I could. The other two of the party went on. If only I could get some water. The Railway Company had a man working for them who lived near here, and to him I went in quest of water. He stated that water was pumped up for his use every so many days, and he pointed to a tub with some water in and told me I might have what I wanted. But after tasting it I didn't want much. I hurried back down the mountain as fast as I could, and found that descending was harder on my limbs than ascending was. About sundown I reached the bottom, and boarded a car for my lodging in Colorado Springs, where I found the other members of our party. Two of them reached the top after great exertion and sickness and returned on the train. As for me I resolved that I had all of the experience wanted, in trying to reach the top of Pike's Peak. I met a boiler-maker from New Orleans, Louisiana, going up the mountain as I was returning, who said he was trying to get acclimated to the atmosphere by going a little ways further every day for about ten days, and thus reach the top. Whether he succeeded or not I never heard. There is much in being used to the atmosphere there, however, in being able to stand the trip.

From the top on a bright clear day, it is said, one may view a panorama of 60,000 square miles. To the east is a gay confusion of buffalo plains, streams and flowering fields, dotted over with villages and cities. Colorado Springs, Manitou, and the Garden of the Gods are at one's feet, and look like flower beds. To the south are seven lakes, the Raton Mountains of New Mexico and the famous Spanish Peaks; the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Canyon City, and Altman,—the highest mining town in Colorado—and the Arkansas Valley; Cripple Creek and Bull Run appear to be but a stone's throw, and the various mines, settlements, cabins and busy railroads are plainly seen. To the west is the Sangre de Cristo range, spreading out its sheet of perpetual snow; Buffalo, Blanca, Ouray, Harvard, Princeton, Holy Cross, and Elbert Peaks are in this direction at distances varying from 60 to 150 miles. To the north are the abyss; Gray's and Long's Peaks, the farthest north of any we see in the Continental Divide; and Denver, Castle Rock and Manitou Park.

On the top of Pike's Peak are the United States Signal Station buildings (the highest observatory in the country). Pike's Peak is 14,147 feet above sea level. Water boils here at 184 degrees Fahr.

OUR FLAG.

EFFIE REED POLK.

As the flag in its glory unfurls, and we view
The stars and the stripes, the red, white and blue,
Our hearts swell with pride, as it's floating so grand
O'er the homes of our nation—America's land.

O flag of our country, in triumph you wave
O'er land and o'er sea, o'er the soldier's lone grave,
He who fought that thy colors in freedom might wave
O'er the land of the free and home of the brave.

The stars and the stripes, the red, white and blue,
An emblem of freedom to brave and to true;
Long may you unfurl, and in purity wave
O'er our land, which God, in his mercy did save.

Each year as the glorious Fourth of July rolls around, the whole nation rejoices with renewed interest in the fact that we stand a free and independent people, unfettered by any other nation of the globe. The growth of patriotism is always marked by a reverence for the flag—the stars and stripes—which appeals to the best and truest sentiments of the nation.

The origin of the flag is somewhat questioned, but the majority of the historians tell us that the first flag was made by Betsy Ross of Philadelphia. The Congress of our country decided that the national flag should consist of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and white stars in a blue field.

Under this decision, George Washington and a committee of Congress directed the making of the flag by Mrs. Ross, who finished it June 7, and Congress formally adopted it as the flag of our Union, June 14, 1777. This Fourth of July, 1910, we celebrate the one-hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of our independence from British rule. On that day, July 4, 1776, the thirteen original British colonies ceased to exist. In their place stood a new nation—the United States of America—your country and mine.

Mansfield, Ill.

"AMERICA,"—OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

T. H. FERNALD.

Many ambitious musicians have tried to produce a national hymn that would take the place of our famous "America." It is admitted that "America" is not a perfect musical composition but its spirit is so fine and so patriotic that it holds its own year in and year out with the people. We doubt if there could be a better poetical composition written to take the place of our beloved "America," after the manner in which it has won its way into the hearts of the people. "America," like all songs and hymns that have won the hearts of all, was written by the author upon the implse and inspiration of the moment, and not with any attempt to write a great song.

It is now more than a century since the author, Samuel F. Smith, was born, he having first seen the light of day in Boston, October 21, 1808. When about twenty-four years old he was a student of the theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. In his youth he had been a student of the old Boston Latin School, which is the oldest school in America. After graduation he entered Harvard College, where he was a classmate of young Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was also destined to become a distinguished man, and to make his mark in the world. Holmes once referred to Smith in one of his merry poems, thus:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee.'"

On one dull February day in 1832, in the town of Andover, Mass., Samuel F. Smith wrote the words to "America." The house in which he wrote them still stands. It was a typical New England house and was quite ancient at the time Smith lived in it. He was a very warm friend and companion of Mr. Lowell Mason, who was one of the leading musicians of his day, and there was never a man who did so much to advance the cause of music as did he. It was through his efforts that music was first introduced into the public schools.

When Smith wrote "America" it had but little impression upon him, but he sent it to Lowell Mason, who was greatly impressed by it, owing to its high patriotic spirit, as well as its poetic merit. Mr.

Mason had the words set to music, and on the Fourth of July, 1832, it was sung for the first time, at a Sunday-school concert in the Park Street Church, Boston. The song at once became the most popular one of the day.

Edward Everett Hale was but a boy of ten years when our national hymn was sung for the first time. He was playing with other boys on Boston Common, near the Park Street Church, and seeing the people entering the church, he left his playmates and went into the church to see what was "going on." This is how he happened to hear "America" when it was sung in public for the first time.

Among the many songs written by Mr. Smith, none have achieved the undying fame of "America," so that he will ever be known as the writer of *one* famous song. It was worth a great deal to have written the national anthem of a country like ours, and to have the true patriotic spirit that this young student had when he wrote:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

"AMONG THE LIVING."

FORREST R. GROFF.

"STILL among the living, are you?" It was easily said, and thought of as lightly, perhaps. Glad you are! But let me inquire further of Mr. ———'s welfare. "He's among the living," you say; but how do you identify the idea of his living from that of merely existing? I have a plan. Let us try it.

Suppose we set about dividing humanity into two classes, for the purpose of locating ourselves. We will need to group the characteristics of the human race under two heads, and designate them by the titles: the "Merely-Existing" society and the "Among-the-Living" society.

Now we honored ourselves (?) by joining the "Among-the-Living" society, because that society holds the membership of the immortals, whose names we hold in reverence, whose deeds are related on the pages of the world's history, whose thoughts are recorded in the many books we love to read, and whose handiworks are to be found zealously guarded in some nook of our art galleries. We egotistically listed our names under the banner of the "Among-the-Living" society, hoping to share that honor so nobly won by the few, whose names are enrolled on the book. We said, "We will join this society, because its ranks are thin; and it needs our support to make the society represent each day of the world's existence." We perused the constitution and felt confident we were able to abide by its jurisdiction! and so on in conspicuous and flourishing style, we proudly signed our names to the list of the immortals, believing our honor to be secure.

What we have done for this society depends a great deal upon our understanding of the purpose of the society. It is set forth in the preamble as a society formulated for accomplishing a great purpose. Its high ideal is embodied in these words; "To the end that we may attain to a higher degree of intellectual, moral, and social culture; that we may ever be found diligent in good works; and that we create something to be placed in the world's treasured repository." Intellectual development depends upon original thinking, mental discipline, or the activities of the mind called forth in the desire to grow. The producing of a good book, or anything useful, will do this, not only for its instigator, but will add to everyone's store of good gifts. All that requires the individual's efforts to produce or reproduce will develop the intellect. Plagiarism, therefore, has no place in this society's work; and he who has resorted to it is a traitor to the purpose of the society.

No one will deny the influence of each one upon the other. This co-operation and mingling of character with character, with one purpose in mind, is not without its good or bad effects. It therefore is necessary that we contribute something to better our coworker; and our efforts to accomplish the purpose of this society are as mutual and congenial as possible; but he who does not intend to pull in the harness as much as he can beside his fellow, deserves the chastisement of the society. All that enhances our appreciation of life is, therefore, accepted as an attempt to reach the ideal of this society.

It is a question now for each one to consider, What have we done to fulfill the purpose of the society? In the first place, we usually consult ourselves and finally decide that we have done our share, in order to throw the blame on the society. We never stop to note what advancement the society has made or to find out how it may be advanced; but we point our finger at the other fellow, and slyly say, "He ought to get busy, if we want this society to go." Of course, we have very cunningly answered the question, Have I done my best? And feel assured, we have never done anything because we had to do it. It is understood that we have spoken a word of encouragement to each individual, who has appeared in public; that we have noted the likes and dislikes of each individual, and endeavored to have him follow his hobby; that we have encouraged genius—not praised it, for praise belongs to a noble attempt—that we have kept in mind the purpose of the society, and have felt the responsibility of its growth. If that has been true, we are "Among the living," and this society is a glorious success, invincible, and must

soon set a higher purpose before it. Let us stop and think; then act, and act with a heart in it.

A great deal has been said about understanding the purpose and standard of this society; but more depends upon understanding one's own self. What is my greatest aspiration? Am I true to myself? Does my standard conform to that of the society? Am I true to its colors? Am I an attribute to any line of work in the society? Do I apply myself to the work in a selfish interest? Do I strive to give light to my fellows? Do I love the work? These are some of the questions the individual should ask himself, in order to know himself, and his relation to the society. Real, zealous, unselfish, whole-hearted men are the only salvation for accomplishing the purpose of this society. Oh, the half-hearted worker! Oh, the envious who clog the wheels of progress! These are some of the dead weights we often carry along.

Let us exhort one another to question ourselves of our interest in each other's welfare, and of our concern in the society's advancement, forgetting self, but all for the making of the "Among-the-Living" society still at its best.

Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Rich Without Money

Myrtle Whisler

THERE are two kinds of riches, the one having a value in dollars and cents, the other an incalculable value, for it is valued differently by each individual,—such as the estimation placed on a gift from a dear friend or perhaps the estimation placed upon a virtue.

The man that feels secure of his wealth even when panics or bank failures threaten, is the man that has an interest in the bank that deals in honesty, purity and truth. He can hold high his head, look one full in the face and say, "I am rich, for I am a man."

Pity the man that is so poor in noble deeds, lofty ideals and high aspirations that he takes pleasure only in the wealth of cold marble, stones, dollars and cents.

Many a man can count his possessions only in material things and has no part in the world of hope and love, without which at some future time the material will be nothing to his hungry soul.

If we can show as our choicest possessions a clean record of our past and present life, we can smile at that much-envied millionaire who secured his farms, flats and gold through dishonest means—perhaps by grinding others.

I was surprised by what a very prominent, rich and liberal man not long ago said concerning a poor washer-woman. He had been telling how she lived in a poor old house and washed six days in the week. Out of the money thus gained this woman was living scantily and using the remainder for the needy in the county hospitals. He said she was a happy woman in the true sense of the word. This man concluded by saying: "And do you know, I'd rather be in that poor washer-woman's place now and when life is over than be in my own place." When one thinks of the unseen mansions she is building she is to be envied. The Miller of the Dee who said:

> "I envy nobody, no not I,
> And nobody envies me,"

tells one he owns something exceedingly precious because of which he is unwilling to change places with even the wealthiest or most highly honored man living.

Of what untold worth would it be to us if we could see the image of the character we are daily carving before it is too late to change the statue, for many times we would hide our faces at the unsightly figure and immediately begin shaping it to that one which is the product of careful thought and untiring labor.

The old proverb, "He that controlleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city," is as true today as when first written. A man who controls others but is not master of himself is a failure.

We have such rich neighbors! Their wealth consists of two small and very happy boys. The parents seem contented with home life and do not appear trying to rival their neighbors.

People living sham lives are running up a debt to humanity which they will never be able to pay. They are already destitute. A lady who had recently returned from California told me of a woman she met while on the train. She was a bundle of fears,—was afraid her new daughter-in-law wouldn't like her, afraid something would happen before reaching her destination, afraid she was looking too old and even afraid she was losing her mind. If she keeps on fearing in this way insanity may be the climax in her life. She is wretchedly poor. Prosperous people in the true sense of the word are not bothered by trifles, do not hunt for worries, but are the ones who are living up to their best efforts in all lines of work.

We often find ourselves saying, "Some day I am going to be generous, or good, or studious." But we deceive ourselves. If we are not striving to accomplish these graces at the time we make the remark, the probability is we never will attain them.

That man is valueless that has lost the love and respect of his family because he strives harder to hold money than the love and affection of his wife and

children. Envy that one who can claim little children as his friends.

That individual has abundant wealth who has no twinge of conscience when in solitude, who can enjoy nature's charms to the fullest. Why do not people call other better things besides money in terms of riches? Why don't they say, "As rich as Shakespeare, Milton, Luther, Beethoven"? Shakespeare had that wonderful gift which enabled him to picture all classes of people, from the exalted to the lowly, in fascinating pieces of literature. This would be a rare possession for us if we could express simply and well, noble thoughts, desires and emotions.

We are living in penury when we are building air castles in which we see people honoring us, and think only of making our name and fortune, when we delight in seeing others trampled down that we may gain their positions.

One cannot honestly "get rich quick" in money or in character. Both require hard work and perseverance. He is rich who estimates people at their highest worth, who sees the good and in a measure overlooks the faults. He can be called a genius.

Is a man worth much if he cannot count his dollars because of their abundance but can count his friends because of their scarcity in numbers? Bankruptcy is unknown to that person rich in health, ambition and intellect.

How easy it is for us to be influenced by the handsomely-dressed and good-looking person and how long it takes us to realize all is not gold that glitters, for back of a homely face and patches we often find a hero.

What wealth of nature one misses if he has always lived in the hustling, bustling city! Has only viewed buildings and people and has never seen the sun come up above the horizon, has never viewed a glorious sunset, has never heard a farm medley composed of the pumping of the windmill, the cackling of the fowls and perhaps the barking of a dog; has not heard the men in the distant fields urging their horses and their cheery whistle. He has missed a thrill of ecstacy who has only heard the music of caged birds and has not heard the song of the pewee, the whip-poor-will or the meadow lark.

It seems to me a man to be highly regarded must be one who is ruled partly by impulses of the heart and not entirely by cold head calculation. There must be a combining of the two.

Viewing all sides I can see but four kinds of paupers: money paupers, intellectual paupers, moral paupers and spiritual paupers. Shun the moral pauper as you would shun a leper. He can destroy both body and soul. If we wish to be fair with ourselves we must look at things as they will actually exist in the long run—from beginning to end before we can give our opinion. By constrasting the lives of the rich and the poor after they have lived and died the lives of the poor or perhaps those in the common walks of life are oftener to be admired than those of the rich.

The Man that had nowhere to lay his head was the richest Man this world has ever seen.

Sterling, Ill.

A VISIT TO THE SPRING ROUND-UP.

FRANK MUSSELMAN.

On the twentieth day of May, the news reached town that the round-up force of the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, was camped at the head of Sand Creek, which was only a few miles from town. This was what we were waiting to hear and soon a large crowd of "easterners" on horseback and in buggies, well equipped with cameras, were on their way to Sand Creek. We reached there just as supper was finished and were greeted by the foreman with a hearty handshake and the western greeting which is mainly composed of "Howdy, old Scout."

In response to the cook's invitation we each accepted a tin plate and cup, and began to load the plate with biscuits, baked beans, baked potatoes, fresh beef and all kinds of "chuck" which only a round-up cook knows how to prepare, and with a cup of steaming black coffee, we were ready to seat ourselves on sage brush, river bank, or on the ground and enjoy a meal which must be dreamed of by the aid of a rich imagination to enjoy otherwise.

The gang consisted of both men and boys numbering about fifty. All were clad in leather breeches, wore broad hats and high heeled boots with clanking spurs. They were governed by a foreman, who is elected each year from among the ranchmen; these, with the cook, composed the Big Horn Basin Round-Up.

When the meal was over the boys spread out their blankets on the ground and settled down to games of different sorts, some to story telling and some to sleep. Here they remained till along after sundown when the foreman called, "Everybody up, for the Cavey comes."

The saddles were scattered over the ground, each neatly covered with a slicker or a blanket. In an instant each man was at the saddle tying the slicker on behind, and loosing his rope which is always tied on the front. While these were doing this another gang were mounting ready saddled horses, loosing their ropes and circling the camp, while still another gang were stretching out a long rope which was used for the corral. Then into camp came the galloping herd of two hundred and fifty head of saddle horses, for each man when he starts with the round-up, furnishes at least five head of horses to be used in the rounding up of

the cattle. These were rounded up by the ones who drove them and the ones who had circled the camp. Then each man walked around the closely-banded herd and with a twist of his arms threw his rope around the neck of one of his horses that he wished to ride for the night or the next day.

Here the Cavey was allowed to remain for a short time while the foreman chose from the men his different night guards. When this was done the order came, "First guard out."

Instantly three men swung themselves into their saddles, the rope corral was dropped and the Cavey was driven to the river to water and thence to the prairie to feed on salt sage for the night.

During the night there are four guards; first guard from eight to ten, second from ten till twelve, third from twelve till two and last from two till four, when the herd is again driven into camp to be met by the men, breakfast over, and ready for the day's work. As soon as daylight comes the foreman has the men out on the prairie and directs each one which way to go and where to meet the camp in the evening. Each man takes his territory and travels over it carefully through the day, turning all the cattle that he finds towards the meeting place of the evening. Then in the evening all the cattle are rounded up and herded for the night. The next morning the same routine is followed out. While a few men take the herd already gathered, others take the Cavey, while the old cook "slings the mules on the grub wagon" and gets it to the meeting place where he immediately begins boiling coffee and beans. This is kept up till day after day the territory is covered. By this time the herd will probably number thousands of head. When the territory has all been covered, and all free range cattle have been gathered together, the different ranchers brand their cattle and all are turned loose to feed on salt sage for the summer. By fall another round-up is held called "The Beef Round-up" at which time all beef cattle are rounded up and are then shipped by the different ranchmen.

Much more could be said of this spring round-up, but I will not take the space to tell it here.

A certain occurrence took place while we were there that will show what the true western nature is like. All westerners have, according to books and appearance, a very rough manner, while in reality they are of the tenderest hearted of mankind. While we were there a man rode up to camp and called one of the youngest of the boys to one side and in a quiet tone informed him of the death of his brother in a town called Ten Sleep, a distance of forty miles away. In an instant every man was up from his game or from his sleep, every hat was removed and pipes put out. Each man had a consoling word to offer and a tender handshake; each one wanted to saddle the horse for the boy to ride home on and when the foreman called for volunteers to accompany the lad in his night ride of forty miles across the Bad Lands, every ranger was on his feet. Here we left them, holding in our hearts a tender feeling for the westerner and the western ways.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TWINE.

WHAT is generally known as hemp twine, used in such enormous quantities for various purposes, is manufactured from two varieties of fiber known as Manila and Sisal. Needless to say, the first named comes from the Philippine Islands, forming one of the principal products of this possession of the United States, while the Sisal is secured principally from Mexico, the State of Yucatan contributing the largest supply. An idea of the extent of Manila hemp manufactured can be gained when it is stated that each year no less than 125,000 tons are shipped from the city of Manila, most of it coming to the United States.

The fiber from the Philippines is obtained from a species of the banana family, which attains a height of fifteen or twenty feet. The stems of the separate leaves grow in a close cluster, forming what appears to be a solid tree trunk, to the height of ten or twelve feet, where they separate and branch out like the limbs of an ordinary tree.

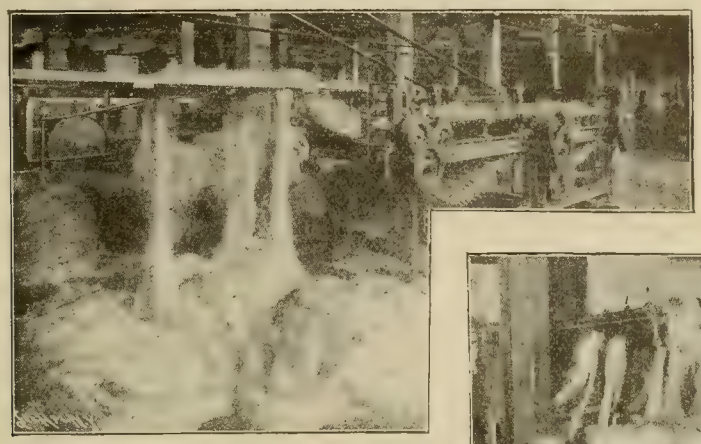
The natives cut these stalks off near the ground, removing the leaves from the top of the stalk, then separating the stems and removing the pulp from the fiber by repeatedly drawing it across the edge of a dull blade pressed on a block of wood. This primitive method of cleaning the Manila fiber has not as yet given place to modern machinery. The average day's work of a native is eighteen pounds of cleaned fiber.

This work of growing and cleaning the fiber is confined to the mountainous districts. After the fiber has been dried it is packed in convenient sized bundles and brought down to the coast villages, where it is purchased by exporters, who sort the fiber and press it by machinery into bales convenient for shipping. These bales are protected by mattings woven or plaited from rushes by the natives, and are secured by rattan bands.

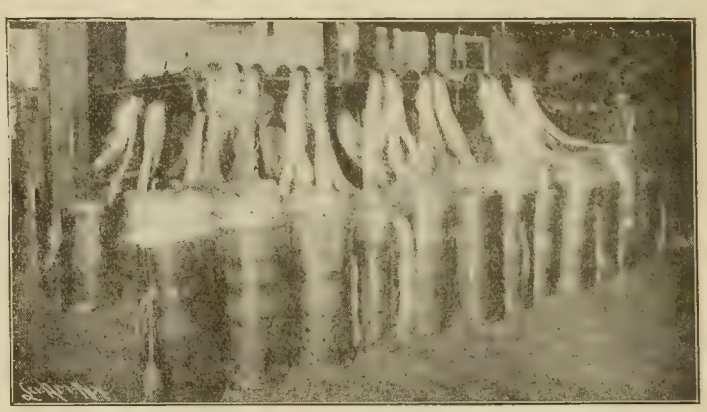
The Henequen plant furnishes the Sisal fiber which is brought to this country. The plant bears a remarkable resemblance to the well-known century plant, and is frequently mistaken for the latter on account of its appearance. As it forms one of the principal products of Yucatan, the Sisal plant is cultivated on large plantations, principally by Indian labor. The young plants on these plantations are set out in rows about ten feet apart. About the fifth or sixth year the plant is sufficiently matured, so that the under and larger leaves are cut, and the pulp removed by decortication, leaving the fibers to dry in the sun; they are then baled ready for

market. The plant continues to grow, and produces about a dozen mature leaves each year. At the end of a period ranging from fifteen to twenty years the plant dies, and is replaced by a young one.

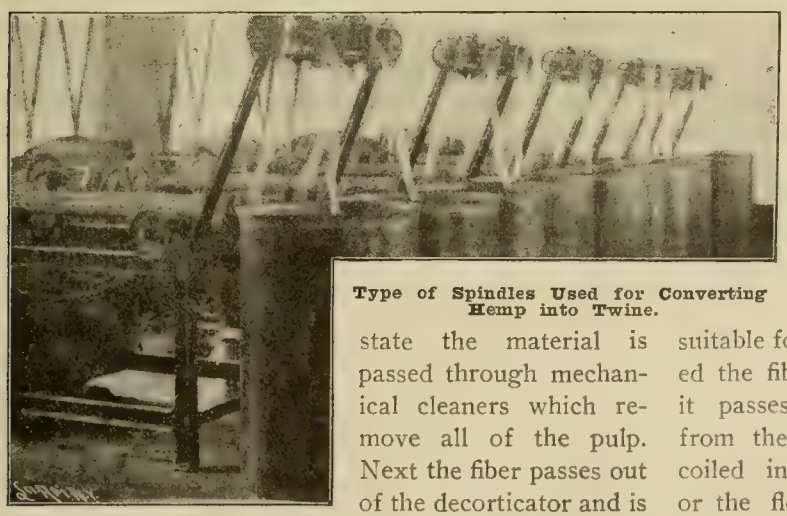
The method of gathering the Sisal and shipping it to market is much more systematic than the process employed in the Philippines, for nearly all of the Sisal plantations have tramways extending through the Henequen fields, so that as fast as this curious harvest is gathered it can be loaded directly on cars and drawn by mules to the factory, where it is converted into fiber. This is done by the usual method of decortication. The material is fed into the receiving hoppers of the mill by means of an endless conveyer, the leaves being laid upon the surface of the conveyer side by side. By means of toothed wheels they are cut lengthwise into shreds. In this state the material is passed through mechanical cleaners which remove all of the pulp. Next the fiber passes out of the decorticator and is carried to yards adjacent to the mill, where it is hung upon lines and dried by exposure to the heat of the sun. This process concluded, it is pressed into bales of convenient size, and is then ready for shipment to the United States. As already stated, the preparation of Manila fiber is done almost entirely by hand, and before being exported it is also dried in the sun, the natives using long poles, however, instead of rope or wire as at the Mexican plants.



Combing Out the Hemp Preparatory to Shipment.



Winding the Material Into Canisters for Spinning.



Type of Spindles Used for Converting Hemp into Twine.

The manufacture of both the Manila and Sisal fiber into the twine of commerce is performed by practically the same process. The interior of the modern twine factory is somewhat similar in appearance to that of a modern cotton mill, with the exception that some of the machinery utilized in the latter is missing. This is due to the fact that less care is required in the preparation of the fiber for spinning, since its appearance usually does not increase the value of the finished product. As is well known, the preparatory machinery in a cotton mill is by far the most elaborate apparatus installed. It includes the opening and scutching machine, by which the material is cleaned from dirt and other foreign particles. As the fiber is not a mass of lint like raw cotton, this mechanism is not required, nor is it necessary to form it into bats preparatory to carding. In the modern twine mill, however, the fiber is passed through mechanism which is somewhat similar to the carding engine and performs the same duties, disentangling the fiber by means of revolving cylinders provided with cards which are suitable for treating such coarse material. When carded the fiber is drawn into a conduit, through which it passes between calender rollers and emerges from the machine in a coarse strand. It is then coiled in large heaps either upon movable racks or the floor. This is the first process in preparing the hemp—for such it has now become—for spinning, but before being conveyed to this apparatus, is goes through what is called the finishing machine. This combines in part the drawing and slubbing frames of the cotton mill, so that when the mate-

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THE QUIET HOUR



Open-Air Preaching

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE Master has well said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Luke 16:8. In the race for success the world has kept ahead for the past centuries. While the church has been theorizing how to reach the masses, the world has solved the problem.

Note, for example, the plans of a politician planning for a campaign as though the destiny of humanity for a millennium hung upon the votes of the people. If they can reach the masses better in the open air than in buildings large platforms are erected and popular speakers put on them reëforced by bands, banners and flags for the simple purpose of getting votes. The saloon-keeper if possible, opens a summer garden to draw the crowds. The merchant and business man send out their traveling agents to drum up trade. A writer has well said, "In these days everything is brought to a man except the Gospel." If the church were to put forth as much effort as the world does, greater results would be achieved for the kingdom of Christ.

How different are our views from the teaching of Jesus in Luke 16:21-23, where he gives us the marching orders by saying, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the halt. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be filled."

The seed sown by the wayside, as may appear in open-air preaching, has often fallen in good soil and brought forth an abundant harvest. Successful fishermen first scatter bait over a certain area in the ocean to attract the fishes to the place and then follow with hook and net and great is their success. It would be well for the fishers of men to follow this example.

Preaching in the open air dates back to the beginning of preaching and for centuries seems to have been the only kind of preaching. Enoch the seventh from Adam no doubt used the hillside for his pulpit, and Noah must have preached to his contemporaries in the shipyard where the ark was being built. We find frequent mention of religious gatherings in the open air in the Mosaic Era. Did not Moses give the Law in the open air?

For my part I believe that pure oxygen in the open air is just as sacred as carbonic acid gas within four walls, and though the church building is needed for organized work and worship, church members should go out *into* the highways and hedges and seek the lost. The Bible is an open-air book. It begins in the open air in the garden of Eden. The greatest revival in biblical times, under Ezra, was in the open air. The song of the angels above the plains of Bethlehem was in the open air. And the miracles and sermons of Jesus Christ were in the open air. His transfiguration and resurrection and ascension were all in the open air.

And then there is the valedictory address of Moses, and the three other addresses which he delivered east of the Jordan. They were given under the blue dome of heaven. Joshua had a number of open air services, one being at Mt. Ebal and another where only "mighty men of valor were gathered." Joshua's farewell sermon at Shechem was also in the open air. The judges followed the same method. Samuel had a most wonderful open-air service at Mizpah and the Philistines were defeated. 1 Sam. 8:5-12. Solomon prayed at the dedication of the temple in "the court and upon it he stood before all the congregation of Israel and spread his hands toward heaven." 1 Kings 8.

From Proverbs 1:20-33 we would infer that open air and street meetings were common in those days. Elijah had a wonderful open-air service on Mt. Carmel. God so wonderfully blessed the street meeting in Nineveh under Jonah that the king and his subjects repented in sackcloth and ashes. Jeremiah is commanded by the Lord to preach in the Valley of Hinnom and in the gates of Jerusalem. It was a difficult task to preach in the gates of a walled city, as Isaiah tells us when he says, "who lay a snare for him that reproveth at the gates." In Nehemiah 8:1-4 we have an account of the first pulpit ever erected so far as known, and that was in "the broad place that was before the water gate." Ezra had a street meeting which lasted all morning at which he read the Word of Law to the people. Other references might be cited if space would permit. But it is without a doubt, a fact that open-air preaching is biblical.

Open-air preaching is also apostolic. In the New Testament we find the synagogues and the open-air meetings were optional and yet they were observed. John the Baptist sounds the bugle note by saying, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The Rabbis must have envied him as they found their con-

gregations going out to hear him. Jesus never discouraged gatherings in consecrated buildings in his day, for he often went to the temple; but he did not limit his mission to buildings alone. He preached the Sermon on the Mount, which might be called the introduction to his ministry in the open air. He preached by the seashore and in the city, wherever people gathered to hear him. His baptism in the Jordan, his temptation in the wilderness, his agony in the garden and all those other wonderful things before mentioned, took place in the open air! And the apostles followed in his footsteps. Paul preached on the river bank at Philippi and the conversion of Lydia occurred in an open-air service. In Athens Paul preached on Mars' Hill, and again we find him preaching on the streets of Lystra and other places.

The establishment of the church on earth owes much to this method of preaching.

In various books on missions in Pagan countries we find that *the tidings of great joy* were first preached in the open air. This is true of Catholic and Protestant missions. Open-air preaching was introduced into England by the missionaries during the reign of King Ethelbert and helped to pave the way for the Reformation. Dr. Luther, who did his work chiefly with pen and before diets, preached in the market place at Zwickau, Saxony, to an audience numbering twenty-five thousand people. Rev. John Livingstone preached his memorable sermon, when five hundred were converted, in the open air.

Only when the church grew cold and formal did this method of preaching cease, and then God called Wesley and Whitefield in the eighteenth century to revive this practical method of bringing the Gospel to the people. A thoughtful critic says, "It was by field preaching and in no other way that England could be roused from its spiritual slumber." Whitefield preached his first open-air sermon to about two hundred colliers from Matt. 5: 1-3, and entered in his diary "Blessed be God, the ice is broken and I have taken the field," and in another entry, "Pulpits are denied and the poor colliers perish for knowledge." The attendance in those gatherings in the fields grew to twenty thousand people. Wesley followed the example of Whitefield. Spurgeon often addressed vast audiences in the open air. The Lord Mayor of London said at one time, "I am glad that prejudice against open-air preaching is gradually diminishing.

Open-air preaching is an excellent method for city evangelization.

One of the most perplexing questions that confronts the church today is the problem of city evangelization, how to reach the masses. We say the masses have drifted from the church, but they believe the church has deserted them. That there is a chasm between the laboring classes and the church, is an admitted fact. If the laboring people prefer the parks, woods, or seaside on Sunday instead of the churches, we must carry the Gospel to them. In the fifteenth chapter of Luke the good shepherd is represented as going after the lost sheep.

Never before have such efforts been made to evangelize the cities, especially during the summer season, as at present. In various cities of this country tent-meetings, grove meetings, meetings in parks, street meetings, and gospel wagon meetings are in full operation during the summer months. In that busy mart of commercialism, Wall Street, a noonday meeting is held each day. The preacher stands on the steps of that old historic building, the U. S. Treasury, and breaks the Bread of Life to large crowds that assemble there, and they are *interested!* Camp meetings have by no means gone out of existence and Bible conferences are growing more numerous. The question arises "Will it pay?" What are the fruits of open-air preaching? Why not ask what are the results of our preaching in our churches? Street meetings may precede regular services in order to draw the people, or the service may be complete in itself and tracts may be distributed connected with personal work. Tent meetings have often been the means of organizing new missions. Open-air preaching has saved many a soul, and has added greatly to church membership.

May the great Head of the Church lead his hosts to heroic work in the open air as well as in consecrated buildings and God will save the harvest, which stands full and white, ready to be gathered.

* * *

A PRAYER.

O Thou who hast given me love without measure and help without price, let me not weigh and mete out my obedience like a slave, but teach me how thy children live before thee in a noble freedom and joyful continuance of faithful love. Let each day of my life be a day of thy presence. Kindle in my heart desire of holiness. Let me not waver, faint-hearted and irresolute, the sport of circumstance and the shadow of other men's wishes, but aid me to be strong and steadfast, daily giving thanks for a child's place in the Father's house and for the opportunity of helpfulness. O thou, the faithful Redeemer and Shepherd of our souls, as thou didst live in obedience and uprightness of faith and love, enable us also to be true, and persevering and let thy blessing rest on all who seek and follow thee. Amen.—*From the Congregationalist.*

* * *

Few of us use to the full the resources of happiness that are available. Happiness depends upon the treatment of what we *have*, and not of what we have not.—*E. J. Hardy.*

THE INGLENOOK

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THE men of '76 struggled and suffered in vain for us if the men of all the years since that time had not stood loyally for the principles that were established then. What shall those who follow be able to say of us?

IF you are disloyal to your country in your deeds, you may celebrate the Fourth all you please and shout as loud as your voice will allow, it will not avail to drown out the sound of your actions. Only those who are loyal through and through can really observe the Fourth properly.

A VERY good way to prepare ourselves for a proper observance of Independence Day would be to brush up on the history of United States and our knowledge of other countries and peoples, and then do a little comparing. Americans who have traveled abroad are unanimous, almost without exception, in their expressions of praise for their native land when they consider it side by side with the countries visited. We cannot all make this study in person, but we have some trustworthy writers who can help us.

OUR forefathers fought for freedom from the oppression and tyranny of a king, but the victory gained was not absolute freedom. We have been struggling ever since for freedom of some kind. We are no sooner free with respect to one part of the social body than we find another being bound by almost unbreakable fetters. Perhaps the main fight for freedom today is a fight against caste and the present caste-making conditions. Anyone who has given the subject thought will agree that the struggle is no easy one; it calls for men as true and courageous as those of '76. But the cause is righteous. Shall the call be in vain?

IMPRESSIONS. No. 1.

LAST year after attending the conference of the Church of the Brethren at Harrisonburg, Va., we published in these pages some of our impressions of the people, the meeting, and the trip in general. This year we have again attended the conference, or Annual Meeting, held at Winona Lake, Ind., and have decided to set down a few of the things that came to us as one of the crowd.

We never attend these meetings for the sake of making a report of them and so make no pretensions as a reporter. With thousands of others our time was so fully employed in taking in the services and meeting old friends that we had no time to make notes. The few impressions we give here we absorbed naturally and are no more than what found their way into the hearts and minds of any interested attendant.

It is hardly necessary to explain, however, that we are not giving *all* the impressions that came to us during the meeting. To do so would be well-nigh a physical impossibility. Then, too, there are a good many things that would not be worth writing down, much less worth reading, while there are other things too sacred for one to attempt to express by means of mere words. To be sure these last must find some expression to be of the highest use even to us, but it cannot come at once; it must come through the life. The life thus inspired and quickened may mold deeds and words also which here and there, bit by bit, may pass on these impressions which come to those who sit in heavenly places.

It would be a wonderful blessing if we came under only such influences or were open only to such impressions. It is true, we exert a more or less controlling power as to what shall most deeply impress us, but unfortunately most of us are so constituted that things not exceptionally good, yes, even things that are harmful, manage to make their impression alongside the best things and we have much to do to make the most out of the latter. Sometimes we wonder how it is that Satan is able to make any progress at all in the world, and then again we wonder how the truth is able to stand or make any headway, and it all comes from some study of bad and good impressions.

We are constantly meeting conditions that test our character and reveal its defects as well as its admirable points. A very favorable opportunity for character study is afforded in observing the individual in a crowd. To be sure, some people when abroad are so incased in "company manners" that it is hard to get at the real self. But even these are likely to open up when the crowd becomes dense and they see that they are not on parade. It is strange how different people are influenced so differently by a crowd. Some maintain the company-manner attitude under all circumstances so that one can hardly make a mistake in put-

ting them down as artificial. Others go to the other extreme and conclude that since they are only a part of the crowd and no one knows them they can dispense with manners altogether and act like p-i-g-s or any other animal they may choose to disgrace by imitating. Then there is another class, and there is a large number of them, who endeavor at home and abroad to do "the kindest thing in the kindest way." Sometimes they make mistakes but they are so honest in their efforts to put others before self that their motives are sure to be rightly interpreted.

We were glad to notice so many of this class at the conference. In so large a crowd there are always more or less discomfort and inconvenience to be met. While these were reduced to a minimum at Winona Lake because of the arrangements for handling crowds, those that could not be eliminated were accepted with rare good humor. It seemed the people had come with a spirit to make the best of things as they found them and this doubtless helped them to carry away so much of good, as many testified they did. At one of the eating houses,—a small one,—people sometimes stood an hour waiting their turn. Even then when they had an opportunity to break their fast it was a common thing for them to stand back and say, "Let this mother and child or this older person in; I can wait a while longer." And the same thing often occurred when the people patiently waited for a chance to enter the crowded auditorium.

These are little things, you say? That depends upon your standard for measuring. They have very much to do with one's character and very much to do with making things pleasant for other people. When we find people who can pass creditably on points such as these "little things," we need not look farther for those who will stand nobly when the great issues are to be met. One of the characteristics of the little things is their peculiar controlling power over the things we call great.

INGLENOOK COOK BOOK TO BE REVISED.

At the last meeting of the General Mission Board it was decided to have the Inglenook Cook Book revised and to give it as a premium to subscribers of the Inglenook. No other book published by the House has enjoyed so large a sale as the present cook book. This may be due to two characteristics of the book. First, the recipes are of dishes that are familiar to the common people. They are mainly wholesome and substantial and at the same time they require no great amount of time and labor for their preparation. In short, as a rule they are the dishes one would expect to see on the tables of those who endeavor to practice the principles of the simple life.

The revised cook book will include all or nearly all of the recipes in the present cook book and a great many more besides. It is the aim of those who are to prepare the revised book to make it as complete a cook book as possible consistent with their understanding of what such a book should be. To this end we urge our sisters in sending in recipes to make the directions plain so that one who has had little experience in the art of cooking may follow them with confidence and fair success.

Palatability, wholesomeness and simplicity are three things to keep in mind in contributing recipes for the new cook book. Aside from this we draw no lines,—you may send in recipes for the preparation of any dish in the realm of cookery.

The second characteristic which we think has contributed to the popularity of the present cook book is the personal element in it,—each recipe being followed by the name and address of the sister who recommends it and sent it in. This feature will be retained in the revised cook book and each one sending in recipes is urged to accompany the same with her name and address. In this connection we would like to ask the help of our readers in making corrections in the present cook book. We would like corrections not only of the names and addresses appearing there but also corrections of recipes wherein these fall short of giving the necessary directions.

Please take up this matter at once, dear housekeeper, and pass the word along to other members of your congregation who may not be subscribers to the Inglenook and therefore may not get this notice and invitation direct. Address, The Inglenook, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

WHEN THE COWS COME ALONG IN THE TWILIGHT.

Down the lane where the night-birds are singing,
And down by the brook's emerald way,
While the sky reddens deep in the westland,
And long shadows of twilight lay;
Come the cows with their hay-scented breathing
And their deep, serious eyes, so mild,
Swinging slow down the sweet-smelling rose lane,
Where the blossoms grow red and so wild.

There's the dear kind Molly so gentle,
And Nellie with fawn-colored side
And Bessie so frisky and handsome,
Then Polly, the pet and the pride.
Little Sallie, the Jersey, who proudly
Holds head with her glistening horns high,
While Jerry, her calf, trots beside her,
So tiny, with wee baby cry.

Oh! the joy of it all—the meadows,
The hay-scented air all around;
The grass, so green and so restful,
The clouds where the reds all abound;
The soft feathery branch of the tree top,
The deep shiny bed of the stream;
The blessings of God's dear country
Shower down as if in a dream.

—J. S. Brooks.



THE HOME WORLD



The Suppression of Anne

MARY I. SENSEMAN.

EXISTENCE begins in the cradle. For some unfortunate ones; life begins there, too. But Anne was not of the latter class.

The third-born, she was not such a novelty to her parents as to be spoiled by them. Nor were her sister and brother old enough to do so. Anne slept and ate and cried and laughed and kicked and crowed in perfect freedom and happiness. As she grew older she acquired walking, speech, and childish song. The days of all the year were play-days out-of-doors.

Giving no attention to anybody, no one gave attention to Anne. Not that she was neglected. From the first, mother had trained her good points into habits and had eliminated her doubtful ones.

At last, when Anne was eight, she showed a desire to learn from books. She was then put into school. The teacher never had to send out poor or indifferent reports of this pupil. She studied with a brain developed for it. Hence she passed no fagged-out, idle, mischievous hours in the schoolroom. On the playground, in relation to the other pupils, Anne's natural frankness protected her like a coat of mail. She had become as sturdy, wholesome, and invulnerable in character as in body.

When Anne was sixteen, her mother and father lost their lives in a railway accident.

If Albert, the older son, had been the eldest of the family, he would probably have tried to maintain the home. But he was just out of high school and had learned no means of livelihood. And Margaret, aged twenty, had her first position as a stenographer, and could not uphold the burden of a house and its occupants. So, to keep Anne and the younger brother and sister in school, the five children had to separate.

The homestead was left nominally in their possession. Margaret continued her work. Albert did what he could find to do, and lived with his oldest sister in a part of their own house. The two small children were taken into the home of an uncle. And Anne went to live with a married sister of her mother's. With this aunt and her husband there had always lived the aunt's maiden sister.

A few days after Anne had gone to her new home, her unmarried aunt, Henrietta Kingston, told her to get ready to go along to a funeral. It was that of a woman who had resided in the neighborhood.

"I am not going," said Anne. "I never knew the lady, and I don't care to go."

"Have you no respect for your own dead parents?" Miss Kingston inquired sharply. "Go, at once, and dress to go with me."

Anne did not protest further, but went to her room, struggling against her tears. She was as sensitive as she was frank, and her aunt's remarks had sunk deeply. She had control of herself in a few minutes, however, saying to herself, "If aunt *likes funerals,* I suppose I can *endure* one, though it is a stranger's."

Anne's dress allowed her freedom of body and limb, for she played active games with all her old joy. But now her aunts let out hems and tucks, put on ruffles and flounces, until every dress whipped Anne's ankles.

It was the girl's custom to comb her hair straight back from the forehead, tie it at the nape of the neck, and let the ends hang in curls. When the dresses had been altered, Miss Kingston was ready for Anne's hair. She parted it in the middle, twisted into puffiness a portion on each side of the face, and plaited the whole at the center of the back of the neck, folding and re-folding the braid under itself.

"There! you look dignified and young-lady-like, and your hair is dressed in the fashion," said Aunt Henrietta.

Anne saw reflected from the mirror, rebellion, fright, helpless submission, and hate. The face that had been attractive because of its strength and calmness, gladness and sincerity, was now homely, even ludicrous.

Anne must also become accomplished, so the arts of music and painting were introduced into her summer days. It argued nothing to the aunts that their niece had neither taste nor talent for the piano and the palette and brush.

When the end of vacation approached Anne looked so thin and tired that a tonic was prescribed. And Anne was meek outwardly, perhaps, but had in her heart a cold, bitter, "What care I?"

In school all was changed. The teachers knew the girl and loved her. And she loved them and loved the daily occupations and associations. She was soon the

Anne of previous years, but having, in addition, the indelible marks of Anne of the summer.

The second summer came, and the attitude, "What care I?" became positive,—"I do not care." The instincts of an unhealthy mind were all developed and were being nourished daily by the presence of a viper.

For two weeks Anne secretly walked and talked with the poison-minded youth. Then, more boldly, they began to frequent public places. It was while strolling through a park that they encountered Miss Kingston herself.

The boy and girl turned and ran. They boarded the first train leaving the city.

As soon as they were seated in the car Anne realized what she was doing.

"I am going to wash my hands," she said to her companion with something of her old independent air, although her mind was black with horror. And she made her way to the lavatory.

There she waited for the conductor, and when he at last came leisurely collecting tickets, Anne, trembling so much she could hardly talk, asked for his protection.

"I have run away with that boy back there, and I must get back—home. And I'll live my own life after this, if Aunt Henrietta turns me out for it."

"We meet a train at the next station. I'll let you off there and you can go back," said the conductor.

"If that boy—" began Anne.

"I think he's lost his interest in you," said the conductor, glancing toward Anne's companion, who was lolling indifferently on the seat. "Anyway, I'll keep him on the train till you are safe."

When she reached her own city, Anne hurried nervously from the station to her uncle's gate. Then she walked leisurely, calmly, across the lawn and into the house. Her younger aunt was talking, in a sharp, abrupt tone, and Miss Kingston was sitting silent, twisting her gold cuff links.

"I'm back, aunts," said Anne, cheerfully. Then she deepened her voice until it vibrated with stern decisiveness, and added, "And from now on I'll live as mother taught me."

Aunt Janet came to her with open arms.

"O Anne!" she said, "we nearly destroyed you. Forgive us!"

"Forgive *me!*" exclaimed Aunt Henrietta.

Existence had advanced rightly for sixteen years. Then it turned into the channel of wrong for one year. Now knowledge had come, with harshness,—for which there is no necessity,—and Anne began life.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

WHY cannot the white slave trade be stopped? It can and it should be. It is worse than some of the customs of the barbarous countries. There, often women are protected better than they are here in this beautiful country of the brave and the free(?).

It is said a nation is high or low in the scale of civilization as it shows respect to its women. How about out country?

If a horse is stolen, the authorities rest neither night nor day till the thief is captured and the horse brought back to its owner and the thief severely punished. So thorough is the search that seldom one escapes. If an innocent, trusting young girl is taken away from her home, the affair is hushed up and kept a secret, or if the fiend is brought to justice, the punishment is very light, probably a few weeks in prison, which is no punishment to a man of his low standard, simply a resting spell for him, where he is left to himself while he plans more schemes for his satanic trade.

Is a horse of more value to this glorious country than its fair and innocent daughters?

If a Willie Whitla is kidnapped, the whole police and detective forces of the country are on the alert for the capture of the guilty ones. All the people are up in arms and the legislature suggests a bill for the penalty of death to all kidnappers.

And when the child is returned to his parents as good and pure as when taken away, having been so well cared for that he really enjoyed the outing, the sentence to the offender is life imprisonment. But if a girl is enticed away precisely as he was, by false promises, and mistreated and kept in captivity till she has no desire to return to her friends, there is no attempt made to rescue her, or to capture and punish the guilty ones. Should not the penalty of death be dealt out to those demons in human form?

Would it not be better that their victims be murdered in cold blood? Their destroyer would then meet his fate on the gallows, but the murderer of both body and soul is allowed to go free to still practice his infamous trade.

Would not parents prefer to see their beloved daughters, whom they have reared so tenderly and shielded from harm so carefully at a great sacrifice to themselves, in their graves, than to be torn from their protecting arms to live a life of torture and shame?

Is it worse for the parents of a Willie Whitla not to know the whereabouts of their *son* than for the other parents to be fully conscious that their *daughter* is living in sin and disgrace with no power to save her?

The offenders can't be punished! Why, pray? Other crimes are ferreted out, why not this? So thorough is the search for a law-breaker that he seldom escapes. It can be punished and it is a shame and a disgrace to allow such evil and cruel practices to exist against those who should be protected and cherished.

The nation gives all sorts of aid, advice and protec-

tion for the raising of stock but does it do much to protect its daughters? Why cannot this strong government protect its subjects? Why is the brutal treatment allowed to go unpunished when the facts are so plain?

If there is no law, why is it? Others are "protected in life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," but the innocent girl does not seem to come under that part of the constitution of the United States. In this our glorious Union, is there no way to stop the great evil?

One is led to believe that this is the best country in the world for women to live in. We are told that the women of the United States are allowed more freedom, honored, respected and adored more than in any other country, but when we get a peep at the "pictures of life's other side" it is far different.

There are all kinds of schemes and devices perpetrated by city scalawags for separating the residents of rural communities from their hard-earned dollars. This is truly bad and blameworthy as far as it goes, but it is not to be spoken of in the same day of the week with that trade which is plied by devils in human form in the centers of population when they use all blandishments in their power to delude the country girl and separate her from that which is dearer than life itself—her honor and purity. Such vultures should not be allowed to exist. But they are, and so long as there is no punishment meted out to them, it is well for the country girl not to be misled by alluring and enticing advertising announcements, which gives promise of large salaries at easy work for country girls who will go to the city and make enquiry at such and such a place. The only safe course to follow if a girl *wishes* to seek employment in a large city is to secure the advice of some thoroughly reliable friend of the family who is acquainted with the conditions. Acting on this suggestion will often save heart aches, heart breaks and a blasted life. But better still is the advice, "stay at home."

THE "DO-IT-NOW" WOMAN.

THE woman who takes as her life motto, "Do it at once," is the woman who is not hounded by an accusing conscience. The modern prayer for forgiveness is chiefly for things we have not done.

The only time one is sure of is the present; putting off to some more convenient moment is to lay up a reputation for rudeness or slovenliness.

The woman who believes that to apologize is to accuse, will rarely have to back water on her belief if she gets into the do-it-at-once habit.

Do it at once is but another name for the "little drops of water" precept of childhood. The "mighty ocean" of accumulated duties will never swamp you if each wave is breasted as it comes.

Doing it at once is like oiling a dusty pike. It smooths the path of life and smothers complaint and criticism.

Much of the fret and nerve-racking comes from postponing the things that might just as well be cleared off at once. One is worried until they are done, and more worried if they are not done.

The girl who sews the first rip never has to take a day off for her mending.

The girl who answers her invitations the minute she gets them never will be mortified by being called up over the telephone to know if she is coming.

The woman who sends her checks as soon as she gets her bills, who returns her obligation calls within a week, who gets off her gifts to a bride the day the cards come, who answers her letters immediately, never has to work the excuse of forgetfulness overtime.—*Exchange.*

OVER THE 'PHONE.

Do not monopolize a telephone for trifling conversation, particularly if you are on a party line. Some one may want to deliver an important message while you are "just passing the time" talking to a friend.

Do not tell gossip over the telephone or any secret which concerns your friend which she would not want repeated.

Do not listen to the conversations of other persons. Many a woman who would think herself disgraced for life if caught listening at the keyhole will listen to a telephone conversation not intended for her ears.

Do not make a practice of ordering groceries and meats over a telephone. It may be convenient and save a walk to the store, but you will save money by a personal visit and inspection of the display of vegetables and foods, and you will be able to plan more intelligently.

Do not call a business friend during work hours. Your friend will want to be polite, but your telephone call may mean a serious loss of time and sometimes of money. Besides, it is always an annoying interruption to a busy person.—*Woman's National Daily.*

ARRANGING CUT FLOWERS.

THE season of flowers is upon us, and it is one of the delights of this time to gather into the house, for its adornment, the blossoms of the outside world.

To secure the most pleasing results in the arrangement of flowers indoors, it is necessary to consider their manner of growth outside. It is a great mistake to remove the single blooms from a tall stalk and mass them closely in a low or flat receptacle. Flowers which grow upon tall stems should be placed in high vases, which allow the lovely long green stems to rise in natural fashion, with a few of the long leaves standing

gracefully among them. This is nature's intention in regard to many of the lilies.

Pansies, when grown in profusion, are prettiest if cut with stems and leaves, and massed in a low, flaring bowl, where they will appear as if still growing.

As far as possible, the natural appearance should be striven for. The flowers which grow side by side in woods and fields are frequently the ones most suitably combined in artificial arrangement. A certain true lover of nature always arranges her field daisies loosely, with a few seed grasses and timothy heads, because they always grow together, she says. She never masses the daisies closely, because they do not grow with their heads pressed close together. Her method of arrangement is perfect. She gathers the few loose heads together with both hands, just above the center of the vase or bowl, then, removing her hands, lets the grasses and daisies fall where they will, with the freedom of nature. "Then when I look at them," she says, with all the enthusiasm of an artist, "I do not see a handful of daisies in my room. Instead, I see *a whole field of them,* with the grasses and timothies nodding lightly in the wind."

A single long-stemmed rose or bud or two or three such long-stemmed flowers, requires a tall, slender vase, about six inches higher and a little larger around than one's finger. Thus placed, they are as beautiful to behold as a whole bowlful of nodding roses.

Very tiny flowers should be placed in small vases, corresponding to their size. No flowers should have their heads placed close together. They should, instead, flare and spread in just such measure as nature designed. By careful study of this matter much may be gained in beautiful effects from cut flowers.

It is a not uncommon mode of disposing flowers for enjoyment in the home to insert the stems in a dish of sand, allowing the heads to crowd together, close to its surface, thus revealing the molded form of the sand. Even geometric designs are sometimes executed in this way, circles or ovals being made of one color to form a center, and bands of other colors made to surround these centers.

As has been before stated, the appearance in nature must be studied and striven for. Flowers from vines need a vase of sufficient height from which one or two of the blossoming vine-ends may trail gracefully; a position upon a mantel sometimes allows a freer, more natural disposition of such flowers.

Roses should be tumbled loosely into a bowl when many of them are to be used indoors. Some tasteful women seem to have a perfect genius for giving to cut roses their natural grace and beauty.

Such flowers as hollyhocks, gladioli, goldenrod, ironweed, and others, must be placed in tall jars or vases, which will permit them to assume the stately attitudes they do in the garden or field. One rosette-like blossom from the hollyhock's long stalk, two or three separate flowers from the gladiolus' spike, must always be beautiful in themselves; but the finest possibilities of these tall favorites are lost sight of when an effort is made to arrange the blossom-heads without the stem, which bears them aloft so majestically.—*Jane Layng, in Household Journal*

HOW TO MAKE WASHING EASY.

MRS. MARTIN MOYER.

UTENSILS needed: tub, washboard, galvanized foot tub, cake of Fels naptha soap, bleaching bluing, other soap,—home-made or any kind that can be used in boiling water, for naptha soap must not be used in hot water.

Fill foot tub nearly full of cold water, blue it a little, then put white clothes in it and set on stove where it will heat slowly. This can be done while baking or cooking. As it heats rub naptha soap on clothes where they are most soiled and stir them around every little while.

When the water is quite warm pour them over in other tub. Then fill foot tub with cold water again, put towels, underclothes, light aprons and men's shirts in water and proceed same as with white clothes.

While they are getting warm, rub or wring white clothes out for they will need very little rubbing. Now take others out of foot tub, put white clothes on in hot water, with other soap and a little bluing in water. Let them come to a boil, stirring every little while. Rub out towels and other clothes, empty tub, put white clothes in tub and others on to boil. Wring out white clothes and rinse in plenty of water slightly blued; do same with other clothes when boiled. Wash colored clothes after towels.

I like the foot tub much better than a boiler because it is easy to handle and heats quicker. Can heat two batches of clothes in it while one in boiler. Then it is so nice if one wants to wash a few towels and aprons. Soak them a little while, rub out and rinse.

A large washing can be done in one and one-half hour in this way. No big wash machines to empty and lift around when done either. Have a piece of oil cloth to lay on floor when washing; it saves lots of work.

Goshen, Ind.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

I WILL answer Mrs. G. W.'s query in INGLENOOK of May 24 as to how to make sheepskin mats. First remove all flesh and fats, then make strong soap suds, using hot water and letting it stand until cold. Then wash the skins in it, carefully squeezing out all the dirt from among the wool. Then wash them in cold water till all the soap is out. Next dissolve one-half pound each of salt and pulverized alum in a little hot

water in a tub and add cold water sufficient to cover the skin and let it soak for at least twelve hours. Then hang over a pole to drain. When well drained stretch carefully on a board to dry. Stretch several times while drying. Before it is entirely dry sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of saltpetre and pulverized alum, rubbing it in well. Then lay flesh sides together and hang in the shade for three days, turning it over every day till perfectly dry. Finish by scraping flesh side with a blunt knife to remove any remaining scraps of flesh, and rub with pumice or rotten stone. I have tanned three dozen dog skins and one heifer skin in this way also. I have never tried to wash a skin after it is tanned.—ALLEN D. BLOUCH, *Annville, Pa.*

HOW TO WASH A WHITE SWEATER: Take lukewarm water, and one tablespoon ammonia to each gallon of water. Soak the sweater a half hour, press it out, take another ammonia water and a good wool soap and wash; then rinse in lukewarm water. Lay it on a cloth to dry; as it is drying turn and shape it as you like.—MARY NETZLEY, *Batavia, Ill.*

IN answer to the query of Mrs. G. W. in INGLENOOK of May 24, I will say, the tanning recipe referred to in issue of April 26, was by me so will give the change needed for tanning a sheepskin: Clean the flesh side of the hide thoroughly. Then wash hide, wool and all, in tepid soap suds until clean. It is then ready for the solution of one pint alum, one-half pint borax, and one-half pint saltpetre dissolved in two gallons of water. Leave in this solution about thirty-six hours. Wring out, nail up on the shady side of a barn, wood shed or large dry-goods box. Stretch it flesh side out and the shape desired. Let it become nearly dry, then rub with fine pumice stone and it will become soft and pliable. If one desires the hide dyed any color it can be done by taking the hide down before fully dry; then dye the same as any woollen material. To wash when dirty, it should be done in tepid soap suds; wring dry as possible, let dry slowly and when nearly dry rub and stretch it a little to keep it from getting hard and out of shape. It will again be soft and fine.—H. D. MICHAEL, *Myrtle Point, Ore., formerly of Pasco, Wash.*

TO ROAST MEAT.

MRS. MOTHERBY asked me to write out my recipe for roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, which she seems to think particularly good. Really, it is not roast beef, in the strictest sense of the term, but a very good substitute. I have met cooks who were quite indignant when told that they did not know how to roast meat, yet there isn't one housekeeper in ten who can do it properly. To begin with, we do not have the requirements, for roasted meat is always cooked before an open fire. What we call roasted meat is really baked meat; but if properly prepared it is always as good.

Meat that is to be cooked in this way should never be washed. Instead wipe it carefully with a damp cloth. If it cannot be cleaned in that way, do not purchase it at all. Do not rub salt and pepper over it before putting it into the oven, for that extracts the juices. Have your oven as nearly red hot as possible, scatter a little of the fat trimmed from the meat over the bottom of the dripping pan, lay the meat upon it, and put it into the oven. Do not put a drop of water into the pan, for if you do, your meat will taste more broiled than roasted. Let it remain in the oven, without opening the door for at least five minutes—longer, if the oven is not red hot. Never mind if it does appear to be burning; you want it to sear over so quickly that the juices cannot escape. When well seared, let the oven gradually become cooler, so that the meat will cook more slowly. When it is half done add salt and pepper, mixed, and applied a little at a time as the meat is turned from side to side.

If the roast is to be rare, let it cook fifteen minutes for every pound—that is, allow sixty minutes for a four-pound roast. My family likes meat best when roasted twenty minutes to the pound.

I had a tinner make a very deep pan for roasting meat; then he made an iron grating to fit into the pan and keep the meat from touching the bottom. You will need something of the sort if you are to have Yorkshire pudding; but you can make a substitute by placing sticks of even thickness across the pan and letting the meat rest upon them.

To make the pudding, take one pint of milk, a little salt, four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and two cupfuls of flour. The prepared flour is best, but if you do not have it, add a little baking powder to the flour at hand and sift it several times, to give added lightness. The batter should be thin enough to pour easily—about like that for flour pancakes. Three quarters of an hour before the meat is to be served, pour the batter into the pan, under the beef so that the drippings will fall upon it as the beef cooks. It should be a nice golden brown when done. When serving it, cut it into squares and pile it on the platter around the beef. If the beef is very fat, drain off a little of it before pouring the batter into the pan. You want just enough to keep the batter from sticking and no more.—*Mrs. Clare Dunsmore, in Fruit Grower.*

CANNING RASPBERRIES.

THE ordinary process of canning will ruin the red raspberry, but here is a way that is recommended: For three one-quart cans (glass jars preferably) use three cupfuls of sugar and a little over four cupfuls of water.

Put this on to boil. Have the cans sterilized, and fill with rather underripe fruit to have solid. Shake the fruit down gently in the can, and when the syrup has boiled two or three minutes, fill the cans, flooding them with the syrup to fill air spaces, adjust rubbers and seal immediately. Have on the stove a receptacle large enough to hold all the cans, and bring the water to a boil (enough water to nearly cover the sealed cans); remove from the stove, set the sealed cans in it, cover closely and let stand until cold. Try it and report.—*Mrs. C. M. J., in the Commoner.*

CHARCOAL AS A DISINFECTANT.

Glass vessels of any kind, as well as other utensils, can be purified by rinsing well with powdered charcoal. Putrid water can be immediately deprived of its bad smell by charcoal, and a few pieces of charcoal laid with fresh meats will absorb all bad odors. A tablet of willow charcoal taken twice a day will sweeten the breath.—*Exchange.*

"Cream Pie.—Take one cup of pastry flour, add a pinch of salt and mix to the right consistency with sweet cream. Chill thoroughly. Line a deep plate with the crust, prick with a fork and bake. Mix four tablespoonsfuls of sugar and three of flour and stir this into a cupful and a half of cream; cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly, then take from the fire and flavor with vanilla and an eighth of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Pour this cream filling into the baked pastry shell; bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown. This pie is delicious, and it will not harm the most delicate stomach."

The Children's Corner

PAINTING BOTTLES

Patty and Betty had been painting pictures all the morning. The little oblongs of soft water colors in their paint box began to show the wear and tear they had been through. So did the tempers of the twins. Perhaps the children had sat over this work too long; perhaps it was the heat of the day coming on. Whatever the cause, they were both getting undeniably cross.

Big, broad-shouldered Uncle Jim, with sunny glints in his blue eyes and in his long, curling beard, and with cheeks bearing the marks of travel in foreign countries, came in just in time. Patty and Betty looked up at him, and the little frowns in their pretty foreheads smoothed themselves out as fast as they could. Uncle Jim's quick eyes had seen the scowls, though, before they had had time to go away.

"Painting, are you?" he asked with interest. "Well, well!" and he studied Patty's rose and Betty's morning-glory with the eye of an artist student. "Very good, indeed. How would you like to lie on your back on a bed of green boughs and do your painting holding the bottle and brush up above you, with a light coming through a window set in the roof?"

"What, Uncle Jim?" asked Patty, interested; and "The bottle!" exclaimed Betty. For it sounded as if a story were coming.

"Wait till I go up to my trunk," said Uncle Jim. And they did wait, exchanging happy looks, for so many pretty and interesting things had come out of Uncle Jim's trunk in that week since he had been visiting them!

When he came down again he was holding a little bottle not more than three inches long, and its neck was so small you could not possibly have thrust even a very slender lead pencil into it. It was painted beautifully, too, the twins thought—on one side a Chinese lady with flowing robes of pink and blue and green, carrying gorgeous flowers, and with a long-legged bird nestling against her—and on the other side a vase of cherry blossoms and a whole group of curious pieces of Chinese pottery. Then there were decorations in black paint all round the edges and sides of the bottle—a Chinese lettering that the twins looked at with wonder.

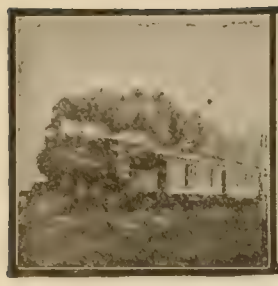
"And what a lot of painting to go on such a little bottle!" Patty exclaimed, after they had admired the odd pictures for some minutes.

"In the bottle," corrected Uncle Jim. "That was all painted on the inside of the bottle, and I saw the artist doing it himself."

"O! O!" said the twins together.

"There is just one place in the world where they do this," Uncle Jim went on—"a town in China that I visited for the express purpose of seeing them work. The artists are in a room that has no side windows at all, but is lighted by glass overhead. They lie, as I said, on a mass of green branches, on their backs, holding these little bottles up against the light. The glass has been carefully ground inside, and they use very slender, pointed brushes. You can see what a tender opening the bottle has. Think of putting your brush through that end and then managing to paint on the inside. Yes, the bristles are curved a little, or they could not possibly do it. Pretty neat piece of work, isn't it?"

"O, yes!" Patty drew a long breath, and Betty drew another. It was all so true and exact—not a slip had the brush made. Patty and Betty sighed a bit as they turned to their own attempts at painting, then they both smiled rapturously, for Uncle Jim was telling them that the bottle was for them to keep. They flew to hug him, and the two little faces were wreathed in smiles for the rest of that day.—*Bertha G. Woods, in Zion's Herald.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Archbishop Vilatte of the Greek church has bought 50,000 acres of land near Candelaria, Mexico, for colonization.

Senator Cullom of Illinois has introduced in the Senate a joint resolution postponing payment of the corporation tax till January 1. President Taft has expressed his emphatic disapproval of Cullom's plan.

Richard Parr will receive a sum approaching $1,000,000 for exposing the sugar frauds to the United States government. The amount was fixed at a conference between Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and Parr.

Japan is preparing to revise the world treaties and one of the first steps will be to renounce that with the United States. It is no mark of hostility but a move to change the whole fabric of her relations with the outside world.

King George and Queen Mary propose to tighten the purse strings of their household. Much of the pomp of Buckingham palace's past will of necessity be retained, but there is to be a general scaling down of salaries for directors of purely ceremonial services.

A victory by the Commercial club of Omaha over various railroads regarding the rates on lumber from the South was won when the Interstate Commerce Commission decided that the rate to Omaha, Des Moines and Lincoln should not exceed 25 cents per 100 pounds. This is 1½ cents less than the railroads are now charging.

Figures just compiled by the Pennsylvania Railroad system show that although in 1908 and 1909 its various lines carried a total of 299,762,658 passengers on its 24,000 miles of track, only one passenger was killed as a result of a train wreck. In other words, the chance of a passenger losing his life in an accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad system was one out of about 300,000,000.

Because there is too much idle money in the republic Mexican banks have declined to pay interest on idle deposits. The pioneers in this move are the National Bank of Mexico, a government institution; the Central Bank of Mexico, and the Bank of London and Mexico. It is claimed the inactive funds in the Mexican banks amount to over $85,000,000. Mexico seems to be approaching a crisis due to over-prosperity.

Foreign aviators may be reckoned with in flights in this country shortly, as a result of the vacation by the United States court of appeals of the temporary injunctions obtained by the Wright company against the Herring-Curtiss company and Louis Paulhan. It will not be necessary for aviators to now put up bonds, which it is expected will mean many entries for the numerous prize flights planned for the near future.

Thirty-two aviators, including Glenn H. Curtiss, Charles K. Hamilton, J. C. Mars and Charles E. Willard, will participate in an aero meet in Chicago July 2, 3 and 4, according to an announcement made by the Colonial Aero Club.

"Thrift" is the new keynote of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Insurance Saving league. Members are being encouraged to the study of saving, and school superintendents propose to make the subject one of the branches of study.

The New York Presbytery, which has taken to task by the recent general assembly at Atlantic City for the installation of several young clergymen whose orthodoxy was not clearly established will avoid a repetition of the incident by requiring the following examination pledges: (1) The Holy Scriptures are free from error; (2) Christ was born of a virgin; (3) Christ suffered for our sins; (4) Christ rose from the dead with the same body; (5) Christ showed his power by miracles.

While thousands of the unemployed are bemoaning their inability to get a job, Charles W. Freeman, traveling salesman, has one of which he would like to get rid. While in the West a year ago, he applied for a mail route in Yellowstone Park. Since that time he has obtained a more lucrative position. But the United States government has just notified him to report for duty under penalty of forfeiture of a $5,000 bond and a sentence of twelve months in jail.

A trust-busting suit against the Great Lakes Towing company and a score of subsidiary companies has been filed in federal circuit court by District Attorney Day. The suit is based on the Sherman antitrust law, and alleges the defendant company has a monopoly on the towing business of the Great Lakes. Day took the action after a week's conference with Attorney General Wickersham. The petition was also signed by the attorney general. According to Day, the suit is designed to dissolve the Great Lakes Towing company's towing contracts. The suit will be prosecuted at Cleveland, Ohio.

The largest trade on record between the United States and France, aggregating about $250,000,000, was transacted during the fiscal year which ends this month. According to a report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, should the rate of commerce shown in the ten months' figures at hand be maintained in May and June the imports will aggregate $130,000,000 and the exports $120,000,000. Of imports from France a large proportion is composed of articles usually classed as luxuries. Exports to France consisted largely of manufactures and foodstuffs.

A fund has been established by Mrs. E. H. Harriman for the collection of complete data on mammals and other animals of the North American continent. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the biological survey of the Department of Agriculture, will resign from the government service to take charge of the work. The late Mr. Harriman was intensely interested in natural history. It was with his financial support that Dr. Merriam visited Alaska a few years ago and collected data which added much to our geological and biological knowledge of that region.

The following are some of the law reforms urged by Circuit Judge John Gibbons in his annual report to the Illinois Supreme Court: Capital punishment for aggravated attacks on women and girls. Require automobile owners to give bonds to indemnify persons injured through their carelessness or negligence. Abolish the doctrine of assumed risk and require employers to pay stated amounts to employes injured in their service. Have five judges instead of three on the appellate court bench; give litigants the right to appeal to either supreme court or appellate court, and make the decisions of each court final.

An airship service between London and New York is announced by Baron Roenne, a Russian who has been one of Count Zeppelin's assistants and is now installed in offices in the Haymarket, London. In his prospectus the baron claims confidently that the super-Atlantic journey is possible in seventy-two hours, even against a head wind of fifty-five miles an hour. The first airship of the line is to be 1,000 feet long and of sixty-five feet beam. The enevlope, to be constructed of a special alloy, will carry 35,000,000 cubic feet of gas. There will be eight motors, developing 1,600 horse-power and driving fifteen propellers, the whole lifting 103 tons.

The United States Civil Service commission announces there will be examinations July 13 and 14 for assistant engineer in the reclamation service, salary $1,500 a year, and junior engineer, $900 a year and upward. Examinations also will be held at the following places: Yuma, Ariz.; Oakland, Cal.; Rupert, Idaho; Family, Fort Shaw, Glendive, Huntley, Malta and St. Ignatius, Mont.; Fallon. Nev.; Klamath Falls and Hermiston, Ore.; Bellefourche and Mitchell, So. Dak.; and Powell, Wyo. Age limits: assistant engineer, 25 to 45 years; junior engineer, 20 to 45 years. Intending applicants should write to the United State Civil Service commission, Washington, for application forms and information.

"Organized for reform" is the slogan of the Internation Moral and Social Commission which has been incorporated in Washington for a perpetual existence—for doing good in all sorts of ways and under all sorts of conditions and in all countries of the Old and New Worlds, for all time. The object of this new corporation is stated to be educational work in promotion of morals, social and political reforms by means of lectures, literature, correspondence and otherwise. Total abstinence, suppression of saloons, crusades against the so-called white slave traffic, race gambling, Sabbath desecration and the promotion of arbitration are among its declared purposes. The work will be supervised by a board of 12 trustees. The incorporators are the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, William W. Milan and Brainard H. **Warner.**

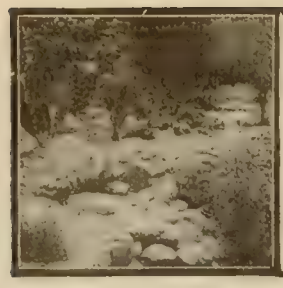
Thomas Snow has refused $70,000 cash and royalties for his patent on an automobile wheel. The offer was made by Denesta Benoist of France. The invention does away with pneumatic tires.

Canada has withdrawn from settlement a reserve on the Rocky mountain slope 14,400 square miles. The entire slope of the Rocky mountains from the international boundary northward to a short distance north of the 54th parallel of latitude is now reserved from settlement or occupation, and will be administered entirely with a view to the proper utilization and reproduction of forest, protection of the water supply of the prairie provinces and related projects.

The new commerce court to be created under the conference railroad bill will consist of five members, to be appointed by the President as additional circuit judges. No two of them can be appointed from the same judicial district. Martin A. Knapp, at present chairman of the interstate commerce commission, without doubt will be appointed as the chief of the new court. Wade H. Ellis of Ohio is also looked upon as a certain future member of the new court. At present he is in charge of Republican politics in Ohio as chairman of the State committee. There will probably be a southern Democrat and probably a Pacific coast representative on the court, but no suggestions from those sections have yet been made. Members of the court will receive $7,000, the same salary as circuit judges. In addition it is provided that they shall receive $1,500 on account of increased expenses of living, and they will also receive $10 per day as expenses when traveling.

Direct nomination of candidates for public office and provision for an investigation of alleged legislative corruption are advocated in a special message of Gov. Hughes to the extraordinary session of the New York assembly. He declares the people are dissatisfied with existing methods of choosing candidates and are demanding a change. He also declares the resolution for an investigation of legislative frauds is not sweeping enough and should be amended to include a general party house cleaning.

A possible hint that the Interstate Commerce Commission will not approve the increased freight rates which are coming before it under the provisions of the recently enacted railroad bill is contained in a decision upon an unimportant case just made public. The opinion says: "Comparing the year 1909 with the year 1899, the operating expenses of the railroads of the United States have during ten years, increased 1.35 per cent compared with gross earnings. In 1899, the operating expenses of all railroads are given as 65.24 per cent of the gross earnings, while in 1909 the per cent is 66.12 of gross earnings. The compensation of labor with relation to operating expenses of the railroads of the United States have, and the ratio of compensation of labor to gross earnings, which for 1909 was 41 per cent, ten years ago was 39.81 per cent. Whatever may be said as to these earning, they certainly do not justify an increase of rates of 25 per cent upon low-grade commodities." The increase in commodities rates contemplated by the lines of the Western Traffic association which were held up by President Taft, amounted to 40 per cent, and in the case of sugar from Chicago to Wisconsin points, 50 per cent.



NATURE STUDIES



THE FLOWERS OF JUNE.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

Oh, how can the spirit of mortal be sad
When the flowers of June are making it glad?

I long for the fragrance of roses in June
And for smiles and blushes when nature's in tune.

Then away to the woods, where wild flowers grow,
To hear the birds singing just all that they know.

I'll speak and I'll sing of the queen of the year,
For no other month is so fragrant or dear.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

HOW TO KNOW THE COMMON BIRDS.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THE best way to become acquainted with the birds of a locality is to take up a group of closely allied species and learn to distinguish them; then take another group, and so on until all of the sparrows, all of the blackbirds, all of the thrushes, all of the woodpeckers, etc., of a region are perfectly familiar. After two or three years of study according to this plan, a knowledge of the common species of all the bird families of a locality may be gained.

There are nine bird species in the boundaries of New York State which are called flycatchers. The surest way to identify a flycatcher is to note its method of feeding. It sits on some dead branch, or on a fence, or on a telegraph wire, always in a place free from obstructions. It sits erect, the tail drooped, except that it is frequently jerked up or down as if to help the bird keep its balance.

From this open perch the bird flies up into the air after passing insects, perhaps holding itself poised on its rapidly moving wings while it captures the coveted morsel, then returning to the exact spot from whence it flew.

The tail of the dog has always been regarded as an organ most eloquent in expressing the emotions of its owner; the tail of a flycatcher is quite as expressive of the mental activities of the bird,—its movements show plainly an alert, nervous attitude. This twitching seems to indicate that its owner is more than ready to swoop up or down to gather in some unlucky insect which comes within its range of vision.

The kingbird, which is a flycatcher, is almost black above and has its tail tipped with white in a most striking way, this alone distinguishing it from other species. The kingbird has the reputation of being a fighter, but it is simply a citizen who looks carefully after his rights. When it chooses a site for a nest it makes up its mind where, out in space, its line fence extends. What though this fence is like the Tropic of Cancer, in that it is quite an imaginary circle, woe betide the large bird, especially if it be hawk or crow, which dares to cross it.

The kingbird is an example of the power of fearlessness in defending a just cause. Any one who has seen it chase a scared and squawking crow or a hawk trying to beat a dignified retreat, must have paid it the mental tribute which is always due to bravery and daring.

Fully ninety per cent of the kingbird's food is insects and these are of the sort which we can best spare, such as weevils, grasshoppers, beetles which are the adults of wire worms, etc. It has also a bad reputation among bee men, which it has done little to deserve. The United States Biological Survey has proved this by opening two hundred and eighty-one stomachs of kingbirds, and of all these only fourteen contained bees. There were only fifty bees in all, and of these forty were certainly drones and only four were surely workers. The kingbird is sufficiently astute to leave alone food with so much hot seasoning in it as worker bees are supposed to have; and by killing off the drones it is a help instead of a detriment to the apiarist.

The kingbird winters in Central and South America and therefore appears here somewhat late in the season. It builds its nest in orchards and other civilized places, and never takes care to protect it from sight. It has implicit confidence in its own ability to protect its nest. For it loves its home and hates those who would injure it, and what is more, it is not one bit afraid of them. How the winged insects must hate a kingbird, who is a real tyrant over them, and must seem very cruel. He sits on your clothesline and suddenly—flip, snap! a fly is caught—flip, snap! a wasp dies. All day long he is waging war and helping us in our never-ending battle with the bugs. He is also a good friend to horses and cattle, because he kills the terrible gadflies.

Smaller but not a whit less active than the kingbird is the phœbe or water pewee. This small flycatcher

which is almost as familiar about the farm and roadside as the robin himself is a friendly little neighbor, and builds its nest in the piazza or under the eaves or on the rafters of the barn or shed. Sometimes phœbes build under a bridge or in a rocky pocket above a stream, for they love water and are great bathers.

They make the outside of the nest to match the rock by covering it with lichens. The outside it built up of mud and moss, and lined with soft grass and horsehairs; the nest is then ready for the white eggs which are sometimes varied with a few brown spots. In length phœbe is about seven inches; upper parts deep olive-brown, dark on the head; bill and feet black; under part dull white, with a yellowish tinge. The well-known song, or call of the phœbe, distinguishes it from all other species, and is beloved by every boy and girl in the country, and is listened to with much more pleasure than many a longer and more pretentious warble.

The phœbe-note of the chickadee in spring is often confused with that of the true phœbe. The difference between these songs should be learned. A more useful bird does not exist from the human standpoint, for the phœbes spend all their time catching noxious insects; especially do they love to hover over the water and destroy mosquitoes; or if they have their nests near the barn, they spend their energies in catching the flies that annoy the cattle. Ninety-three per cent of the food of the phœbe is insects, and the remainder berries of wild plants which are of no use to us. Phœbe winters in the Southern States and comes north in March to tell us spring is coming.

The least flycatcher or chebec is a mite of energy that has a love for civilization almost as marked as that of the kingbird, or phœbe. It particularly likes orchards, where it takes its place on a topmost branch and there utters its short note "chebec" over and over with many vivacious flirts of the tail. Its note often changes from the "chebec" to "check." It is a most industrious singer and it is as noisy as it is beneficial to the orchards, where it destroys hundreds of insects every day.

It builds its nest in forks of branches and makes it daintily of finely-shredded bark and hair and the down of plants and rootlets. Color, upper parts bark brown with an olive shade, and ivory white wing bars; winters south of the United States.

The wood pewee, while it loves the depths of the woods, is learning the advantages of civilization and the telephone wire as a point of vantage where he can rest "between bites." The wood pewee is a constant singer, and its plaintive, sweet note, "pee-ah-wee," is a certain means of identification. It does not flirt its tail quite so constantly nor raise its crest quite so excitedly as does the phœbe. Its ivory white wing-bars distinguish it readily from the phœbe. It is a most useful bird to our forests, feeding upon insects which injure both timber and leaves.

The wood pewee's nest is an exquisite structure; it is beautifully curved inside and made soft with fibrous materials. On the outside it is usually decorated with lichens, and is so smoothly connected to the object on which it rests, that it seems almost a part of it. It does not build a nest until June when the trees are in full leaf. Winters far south, coming north in May.

The great-crested flycatcher is as large as the kingbird and has more of the color of the phœbe, but will never be mistaken for either on account of its habits. It lives in the woods or in old thickly-grown orchards and away from people. It is especially fond of water courses through woodlands. Its favorite perch is the dead top of a forest tree. Its song is a loud interrogative exclamation, quite harsh and challenging. Mr. Chapman says that he exclaims, "What!" and then chuckles, but some have spelled the note "Wheep." It is sufficiently startling after one has heard it never to be forgotten. The great-crest has the strange habit of putting a cast snake skin about its nest. The reason for this probably lies thousands of years back in the history of the species, and has nothing to do with present-day conditions. A species of flycatcher in South America and one in Arizona have a similar habit, and they all probably inherited this habit from some ancestral bird, which perhaps devised this method for protecting its nest from some creature dreadfully afraid of snakes, like the monkey.

The great-crest builds its nest in a hollow limb; its eggs are cream white, streaked lengthwise with chocolate; it winters in Florida and Central America.

The olive-sided flycatcher is about the size of the phœbe but is more olive-brown above and has brownish dark sides and breast. Two tufts of white feathers on either side of the tail show during flight. Its song is loud and constant,—"Pip-pip-ee." It is found in the Catskills and the Adirondacks where fire or man has made clearings in the forests.

The alder flycatcher has brownish or grayish wing bars which distinguish it from the chebec and the green-crested, and its under parts are whitish instead of yellow like the yellow-bellied. Its throat is pure white, this being another mark to distinguish it from the chebec, with which it is likely to be confused. It lives in alder thickets, along streams and in swamps. The Acadian flycatcher is olive-green above with white throat and whitish breast; its wing bars are buff. It occurs in New York only in the southeastern part of the Hudson Valley. Its song is "pe-ah-yuk" or "Wake-up."

The yellow-bellied is another small species and is distinguished from the others by having the entire under parts distinctly yellow, shaded with olive on the throat, breast and sides. It occurs only in retired places,

having a special liking for low woods and swamps; its song is a short "pewick"; it sometimes has a call a little like that of the wood peewee.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

THE QUAIL'S ARTIFICE.

One day, in strolling by some fallow ground,
I drew quite near a quail's secluded nest;
Quickly the sitter rose and much distressed
Commenced to limp and flutter close around
My feet to draw me from that sacred bound;
And so I followed with the truth unguessed,
Till she had led me far in fruitless quest;
Then, taking wing, refuge in flight she found!

I soon returned, and from a nook unseen,
I heard her signal, and her callow brood,
Piping, from hidden places all drew near;
And as she marched away across the green,
Intently seeking here and there for food,
The meaning of it all to me dawned clear.

—Alonzo L. Rice.

FISH STARTLERS FOR 1910.

Professor Prince of the Canadian service reports the discovery of a fish which, tough and ugly in its outward form, sings with what may be a real mother's tenderness to its young, developing from the spawn. From Professor Seal of our own bureau of fisheries, meanwhile, we have the story of the "Gambusia affinus," a finny Lilliputian of the South Atlantic coast, which makes a specialty of hunting out mosquito larvæ and eating them by the million. Thus we have the two best fish stories of the dawning summer season from bureaucratic sources. They may be accepted without affidavits. Possibly also without reservation.—*New York World.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF TWINE.

(Continued from Page 609.)

rial emerges from it, the strand has been considerably reduced in size and is slightly twisted, enabling it to be coiled in cans, from which it is fed to the spinning jennies. While the spinning machine is of course designed for treating this fiber especially, it is as automatic in its operation as the modern self-acting mechanism, and no more human labor is required to convert the slivers into finished product than is required in the manufacture of yarn and thread from the ordinary cotton. The twine spinning machine includes drawing rolls for lengthening the sliver, the material as it issues from them being twisted by the action of the spindles mounted upon carriages which adjust themselves to the movement of the drawing rolls.

As fast as the twine is spun it is also wound on a large spool or bobbin, the latter being taken to the balling machine as soon as it is filled with the twine. The balling machines are also automatic in their operation, not only winding the ball from the bobbin, but discharging the finished ball automatically when it has reached the proper dimensions. These machines are calculated to wind balls weighing five pounds each, where the twine is used in connection with binders and other agricultural machinery, the balls being packed into cases holding ten each.

At the McCormick plant, which is illustrated in the accompanying engravings, several grades of hemp twine are produced, one of which includes the mixture of Mexican and Manila fiber, as this is found to be very durable. To show the difference in the weight of the material it may be said that a pound of such twine contains 600 feet. The twine made entirely from Manila is slightly finer and averages 650 feet to the pound, while the Sisal is the coarsest, averaging 500 feet to the pound.—*Scientific American.*

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"And that ivory stick, carved and forked at the end?"

"People use it to fish out things they have dropped into carafes."

"That square of morocco, about the size of a nut, what is that for?"

"It's a tampon, used to press down stamps after sticking them on envelopes."

"That shell roller?"

"To flatten out the corners of photographs."

"That ornamental box with a whole battery of tiny brushes?"

"They are used to clean other brushes; brushes to clean hair-brushes, brushes to clean tooth-brushes, brushes to clean nail-brushes, and so on."

"I see. And those Russia leather tubes?"

"Eye-protectors, to look at colored photograph projections in rooms adjoining lighted rooms."

"That little doll's funnel?"

"Oh, that is indispensable to pour perfumes into the vials in traveling-cases."

"And that jigamaree of complicated little silver sieves?"

"A novelty; it's a cleaner to take off spots of ink on lead pellets."

"Lead pellets?"

"Certainly; the shot you put into those little cups to stick pens in after using them."

"Are there many who use them?"

"No, but they are easy to sell."—Figaro.

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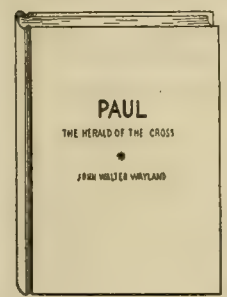
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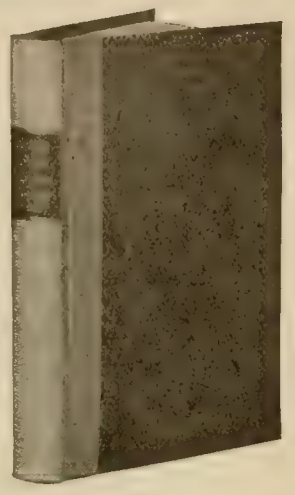
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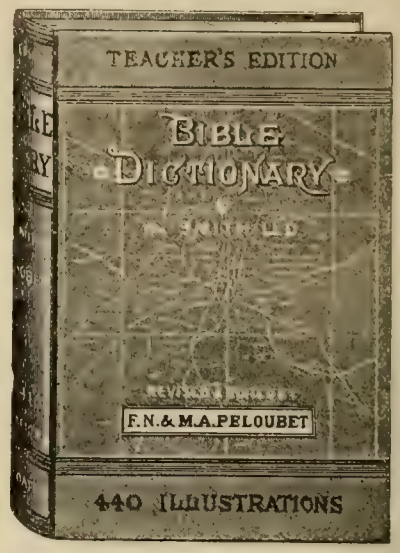
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"Alfalfa is absolutely sure to make farming a success. It fertilizes the soil, as does clover in the East. On it we graze our horses and colts; it fattens the horses and makes the colts grow. On it, while growing or in stack, the hogs feed. On it hundreds of thousands of sheep are fed. On it milch cows are fed, increasing the quantity and richness of their milk. It is



the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

"One acre sown to alfalfa and irrigated will produce 10,000 pounds of hay.

"One acre of irrigated alfalfa will feed one steer 400 days.

"One hundred and sixty acres of irrigated alfalfa will maintain 1,600 sheep one year or 160 steers, and prepare them for market."

All domestic animals eat and thrive on alfalfa; it alone fits them for work, for dairy and for market. When ground it furnishes a splendid diet for laying hens.

Alfalfa Seed Yields a Net Profit of Over $100 Per Acre.

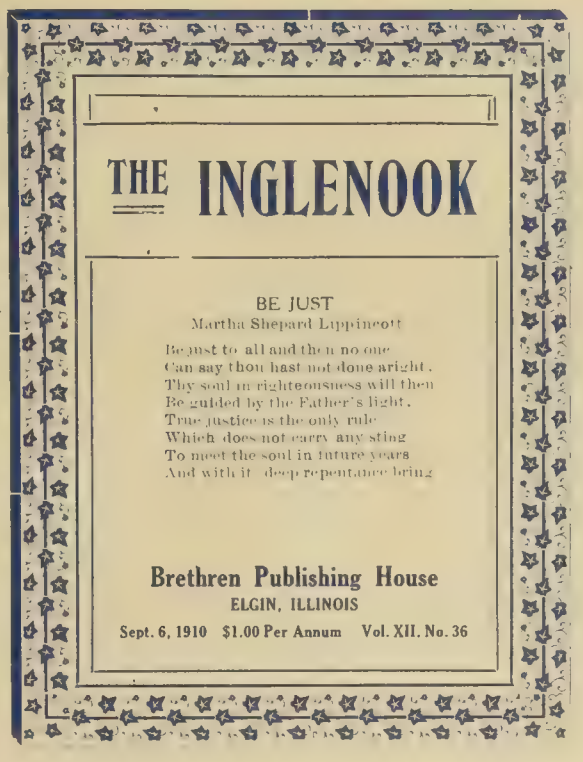
"One of the best paying crops is, and will continue to be, alfalfa seed. Seed grown in this region has been carefully tested and has been found to have more germinating power and vitality than Utah seed which has heretofore been classed among the best. It is a well known fact that the farther north seed can be grown successfully, the hardier it is and the more germinating power it has. The area being planted to alfalfa is year by year spreading over the United States. The demand for Montana grown seed will not only increase for many years in this State, but throughout the whole United States. If the farmers make a specialty of alfalfa seed and are careful to secure a reputation for good, pure seed and square dealing, there is no reason why they cannot secure and hold the market for this product for the whole country. Three acres of alfalfa which was not originally intended for seed but was sown with the idea of cutting hay—consequently the stand was too thick for the best seed results—in 1906 threshed $375 worth of seed."

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THE INGLENOOK


THE INGLENOOK

BE JUST

Martha Shepard Lippincott

Be just to all and then no one
Can say thou hast not done aright.
Thy soul in righteousness will then
Be guided by the Father's light.
True justice is the only rule
Which does not carry any sting
To meet the soul in future years
And with it deep repentance bring

Brethren Publishing House
ELGIN, ILLINOIS
Sept. 6, 1910 $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 36

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 5, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 27*

Homeseekers' Excursions

VIA

Union Pacific

HOMESEEKERS' FARES

Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the **First and Third Tuesday** of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

TO ☞ FROM ☞	Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Omaha and St. Joseph	Chicago	St. Louis	Peoria	St. Paul and Minneapolis	Des Moines	Sioux City	Milwaukee
Biggs ..... Ore.	$52.50	$57.50	$55.00	$57.50	$52.50	$55.00	$52.50	$57.50
Boise ..... Idaho	49 50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Bosler ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30 00	31.20	33.40
Butte ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34 50	39.00
Caldwell ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51 50	49 50	54.00
Cheyenne ..... Wyo.	†	30.00	30 00	30.00	35.75	30 00	24.20	33.40
Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Denver ..... Colo.	19.00	30 00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Gooding ..... Idaho	41.90	46.40	46.40	46.40	43.90	43.90	41.90	46.40
Green River ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30.00	31 20	33.40
Helena ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	86 50	34.50	39.00
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Mountain Home ..... Idaho	45.90	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ..... Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49 20	53.70
Ogden ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	38.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma ..... Idah	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Pendleton ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Pocatello ..... Idaho	34 50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs ..... Wyo.	27 50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
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Twin Falls ..... Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
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Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

†From Council Bluffs the fare is $19.00. Omaha, $19.00. St. Joseph, $24.35. Leavenworth, $25.05. Kansas City, $25.85.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa, ...	$50.00	$53.90	$66.95	$63.90
Missouri River Gateways, ...	50.00	50.00	65.00	60.00
St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	50.00	63.50	65.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois, ...	62.50	62.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado, ...	45.00	45.00	60.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

FINAL RETURN LIMIT: Columns 1, 2 and 3, three months from date of sale, but not later than **October 31, 1910.**

Column 4, October 31, 1910.

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The Life of Elder R. H. Miller

By Otho Winger

¶ It is a great and blessed privilege for any one to be permitted to live in close touch with great and good men. If this be not possible the next best thing is to read the biographies of such men. The history of church and state is read to a large extent in their lives.

¶ One among the men who were the strong pillars in the Church of the Brethren during a long period of time in which many epoch making events occurred was Elder Robert H. Miller. Perhaps not one of them was stronger and wiser in helping to direct the activities of the church than he. His life was a benediction to those who were brought into intimate relation with him. He is among us no more but those who read the book, just published, which gives a faithful record of his life and labor, will find it full of interesting and important history and a source of much spiritual uplift and comfort.

¶ This is not a book to be read once only, but it is a book to be read and placed in your library for future reference and re-reading.

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¶ MIAMI VALLEY is famous as a cultured center. Five ministers of the Church of the Brethren, and 22 teachers and Professors are living in MIAMI VALLEY.

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¶ Nearly a thousand acres of land sold during the first half of June. Our Northside Tract No. 2 will soon all be sold.

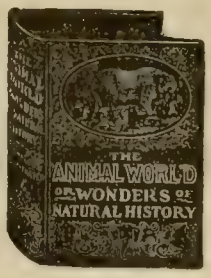
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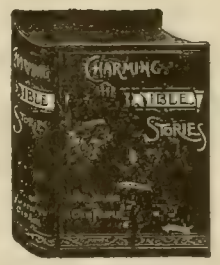
By Margaret Sangster.

This is a life of Christ, written for children, including all the facts given in the Four Gospels. No one who has been a reader of current literature in the last twenty-five or thirty years need be told of Mrs. Sangster's qualifications for writing such a book. She tells the old story in a style that makes it read like new. Not every event in the life of Jesus, nor all his words, could be introduced in this little volume, but the reading of this will give them a desire to go to the New Testament for the rest. It is written in simple language, so that mothers and children may read it together. And it is not for little children only. "Its message is to the older young people still in training for life and its activities."

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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. July 5, 1910. No. 27.

The Evolution of Peace

Edmund Lashley

WHEN man first appeared upon the earth he was thrown into conflict with opposing forces. He was subjected to the raging storm, the blinding heat, and the chilling winds of winter. No spacious home presented to him a refuge from the unchained fury of the elements. No indulgent parent gratified his natural craving for food. No sympathetic friend proffered a garment to cloak him from the stinging cold. For food, for clothing and for shelter he was compelled to struggle.

In conflict with him came wild beasts, matching all the subtleties of their instincts against his undeveloped reason. For him the glories of the chase did not exist. It was a life and death struggle between savage beast and scarcely less savage man. It is not strange that when interests clashed man turned all the fury of his being against his fellow-man. To him no gentler way of settling disputes had yet been taught. Fortune, reputation and very existence itself were conditioned on his fighting.

In that early time the existence of altruism as a dominating principle had not yet crossed the threshold of the human imagination. In its stead the rankest individualism prevailed. The reasons are readily apparent. In the earlier days of the world's history the interests of each individual were centered in his own particular tribe and later in his own particular nation. Upon all peoples beyond these limits his eye rested with suspicion and distrust, natural offspring of ignorance and fear. And yet we dare not blame him, for he was but the normal product of the conditions of his age.

Over half the territory of the earth was unheard of by the most civilized races of the time. Education was unknown to ninety-nine per cent of the people of that day. Books were the rarest and costliest of possessions, while science was as yet unborn.

No large commercial interests bound countries together in close relationship. No media of communication could then flash round the world the intelligence of all peoples. No bonds of international friendship and international law restrained the nations from relentless warfare upon each other. And lastly the ethical and religious sentiments were as yet dim lights reflected against the dark background of savagery, superstition, and fear.

Is it strange that under conditions like these "tribe should be pitted against tribe," and "nation should rise against nation" and that the earth should be drenched in blood? With so many forces impelling men to conflict and with so few influences to restrain them the horrible wars of antiquity were the logical result.

And yet I would not be of those who deny that war has at any time indirectly conferred great benefits upon civilization. When the Israelites entered the promised land they warred against the heathen nations that Hebrew civilization and Hebrew religion might predominate. The conquests of Alexander the Great made possible a widespread dissemination of Hellenic art, language and literature. The military prowess of Rome held in abeyance the barbarian nations until she could make her contribution of law, literature and art to the Teutonic races. The arms of Britain have been a potent factor in the extension of her influence over one-third of the peoples of the earth.

Whether there existed another and better way of conferring these blessing we do not know. Whether or not the evils attendant upon these struggles outweighed the resulting good we shall not now attempt to say. But we do maintain and we believe that the evidences of a twentieth century civilization bear out the assumption that at the present time the evils resulting from war far outweigh any blessings direct or indirect which could possibly result therefrom.

The least deadly of the evils of war is the economic loss which it entails. Yet in itself the economic loss due to militarism is a reason sufficient to warrant the abolition of war. Over seventy per cent of our revenues are expended for military purposes. England spends millions on her army and navy while her unemployed cry out for bread. The entire economic system of continental Europe is weighted down by stu-

pendous warlike expenditures. Japan, the lastest accession to the family of world-powers, though on the verge of bankruptcy from her recent war with Russia, still struggles to increase her armament in harmony with that of the other great nations. Most of these vast sums are employed merely in preparation for war. When the storm actually bursts forth there is added the numbers of men withdrawn from industrial pursuits, the increased expenditures on armies and navies and the widespread destruction of property on land and sea. As a business proposition alone war is one of the most foolhardy of schemes.

But if war be an economic folly, how shall we describe it when it is measured in terms of human life? In what manner shall we estimate the possibilities latent within those whose lives had a tragic end on field of battle or in military dungeon? With what measure can we sum up the bitter grief which has wrung the hearts of the widows and orphans bereft by war? Who can adequately proclaim the cruel privations which have fallen upon its innocent victims? And yet if we were to search out its most pernicious effects we should not seek them in the physical and mental suffering which it has brought. We should find them rather in the lowered standards of our national life, in the brave soldier transformed into the vindictive foe, in the false ideal held up to youth, in the demoralizing influence which it exerts upon politics, the press and even the Christian ministry itself and in all those psychic developments which drag down the lofty idealism of the state.

But how shall we cope with a monster so prodigious? What quick and final cure can be administered to this deadly evil? Alas! No such cure exists. A mental and a moral state wrought out by ages of environment can only be transformed by the evolution of centuries. Yet we need not be discouraged, for corrective forces have long ago begun their work. We witness the peace principle rising with the dissemination of knowledge, promoted by the practical annihilation of space and strengthened by the close economic ties which now exist among the nations. We see it triumphing in the rise of science, in the development of law, in the supplanting of force by justice. The altruistic spirit is abroad and the impulses which motive its activity are those of love and not of hate. And grandest, mightiest, gentlest factor of them all the Christian religion has through two thousand years proclaimed the gospel of peace to the rebelling sons of men.

Every year great peace conferences are convoked. Their deliberations are shaped by the highest ethical standards in coöperation with the most mature experience in law and statesmanship. The increasing number of arbitration treaties and the decreasing number of wars are hopeful harbingers of a better future. It may require years, it may even require centuries, but in the end the principle of peace will prevail. We believe that it will come not alone from economic considerations, not alone from an enlightened public sentiment, nor even from a quickened Christian conscience, but rather from a harmonious combination of all these forces working unitedly to establish a righteous principle of God.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

In Three Parts. Part One.

H. M. HARVEY.

One of the problems confronting honest young men is what can I do best and in what prosper most. This is a matter of no little importance as upon it depends much of their success and happiness, and in no small degree their health. They are able to see that others have entered the wrong booth and that they are to avoid such a fate if possible. There is danger of getting a round plug into a square hole.

One of the commonly given bits of advice is that he should do the thing that he most likes and allow that to be his criterion. Can this be a good standard? A great many would prefer to do no kind of work; perhaps the majority would, and others would prefer the softest jobs. These conditions prove that to be poor counsel. If we were to follow our likes only there would soon be a long line of soup eaters and street beggars. There would be need of many more midnight lunches being served. However, there is something about doing the thing that we like best that is not to be overlooked. It may be taken as our guide with a grain of salt—if the grain is large enough. It may be a part of the determining factors and quite a large part if the birth and training has been all that God intended it should be. The liking is a good spur if there is a bit to curb it also.

Some young people do not have this to decide for themselves. In places it is a matter to be determined by the parents of the child. In many countries the child must be taught the trade of the father, whatever that is. The ancient custom among the Hebrew people was that every boy was to be taught a trade, usually that of the father. In America the parent does not feel obliged from custom to bring the boy up in any trade, especially if it does not inflate the purse properly. So the American youth of all youth is obliged to select his own vocation.

Not infrequently when he seeks advice from some of his older acquaintances as to his future the inquirer is warned to steer clear of the one they follow. Queer enough. It may be well given, but it is not very much encouragement for the one seeking information. It is probably due to the fact that they know best the difficulties of their own trade and see most the advantages of other trades. This is likely what gives rise to the

saying that every man covets some other man's trade. The above advice does not so commonly seem to be given by the farmers.

It is a certainty that there is no scarcity of callings from which to make a selection. One ought to be able to find the one that just fits him and his ideals. If one can not be found it can be made. Those already known are not copyrighted and there is no law to prevent patenting a new one. Contrary to what one might think, the multiplicity of trades and the possibilities of others is the real cause for difficulty in making a choice. Were there but two or three or only a few it would not be half so difficult. As it is, a selection must be made from all the professions known, heard of and imagined. Certain it is that the average person making a choice early in life will not know of nearly all of these trades. These facts are not usually considered by the people who say to make a choice early in life and then bend the education to fit it. How is a choice to be made between two or more things when the things are not known? Those who advocate an early selection forget the time it takes to learn sufficient about a dozen or forty trades to know which is preferable. Then, too, the specialist is said to often be an extremist. If he specialize before he generalize he is sure to be. He will be narrowed and likely biased. Therefore the importance of much time before launching out upon a career, especially if it is selected largely by deliberation.

The selection, however, is not always a matter of deliberation. Some are born geniuses and some are so near geniuses that there need be little hesitation as to the selecting. Those who have their trademark already granted in this manner will do well to follow their bent if it is honorable. That one may attain to great perfection in his line but is likely to lack breadth.

The Late Sovereign of England

Dallas B. Kirk

Part One. As Prince of Wales.

ALBERT EDWARD, son of Queen Victoria, was born November 9, 1841. Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, asked the nurse: "Is it a boy?"

"It's a prince, your grace," answered the indignant woman. Albert Edward inherited a good constitution from his mother. He became an observing traveler in early youth, making a tour through Germany and Switzerland when only fifteen. Two years later he visited the Pope,—the first visit received by a Pontiff, from a British Prince. Just before he was nineteen he crossed the Atlantic on the ship *Hero,* landing at St. John's, Newfoundland, July 24, 1860. He drove the last spike, completing the Victoria Bridge, a great structure of engineering skill; also laid the cornerstone of the Ottawa Parliament building.

He thought the Niagara Falls was one of the finest sights he ever saw. When the writer was in Canada he saw a cenotaph, which was erected by the Prince of Wales on this Canadian tour. It marks the spot where the British General Brock fell in the war of 1812. The Prince was received with great enthusiasm everywhere.

Next he crossed the border into the United States, traveling under the name of "Lord Renfrew." In Chicago over fifty thousand people welcomed him. While in Washington, D. C., he stayed with President Buchanan at the White House. When he visited Mount Vernon, he planted a chestnut tree by Washington's grave,—the man who had defeated his great-grandfather, George III.

In Philadelphia he heard Adelina Patti for the first time and visited Independence Hall.

Half a million people saw him arrive in New York, where he was the guest of the mayor.

He went to Boston via Albany, where he had the pleasure of meeting Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and other distinguished writers of the "Hub."

Portland, Me., was the last place he visited in the United States, leaving there, October 20 and arriving at Windsor Castle November 15, 1860.

Prince Edward was educated at three universities. First at Oxford, where he also used to hunt. He held the reputation for straight riding. Second at Edinburgh, and lastly at Cambridge. He was finely educated, speaking with ease several languages. Among his noted private tutors was Charles Kingsley.

He visited the Continent in 1861 and met his bride-to-be, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, a beautiful daughter of the "Sea Kings."

His father, "The Prince Consort," died December 14, 1861.

In 1862 he made a special tour to the Holy Land, visiting at Jerusalem. Like Odysseus of old, he had traveled much and knew many men and cities.

He was married March 10, 1863, in St George's Chapel, Windsor, where no other royal marriage had been celebrated for over seven hundred years. Their early married life was spent in travel, and at the Marlborough House. The royal couple visited Ireland.

Prince Eddie was born January 8, 1864; afterward created Duke of Clarence. In 1865 another son was born, now King George V of England. In 1867 Prin-

cess Louise, now Duchess of Fife, was born. And 1868 marks the birth year of Princess Victoria. In 1869 Princess Maud, now Queen of Norway, was born.

His favorite home was Sandringham, which was completed in 1870. Among his friends was Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," the writer who wrote critically on the "Four Georges." Close friendship also existed between Gambetta, the republican leader of France, and the Prince.

The Princess being attacked by a long siege of rheumatic fever, the Prince and Princess went on a long tour in the East, in search of health. They visited the French Empress Eugenie, then in the height of her glory. Also her parents at Fredensburg and the Crown Princess (the late Empress Frederick) at Berlin. Next they went to Egypt, where they were received with the gorgeousness worthy of the Arabian Nights. After visiting the Pyramids, they went to Greece, and visited the Princess' brother, King George; they also called on the Sultan at Constantinople, returning to England in May, 1869.

Accompanied by General Teesdale, the Prince paid an incognito visit to the battlefield of Sedan. He was taken ill with typhoid fever in November, 1871. Sir William Jenner and Sir William Gull performed heroic treatment on the Prince. Upon his recovery, a national thanksgiving was held at St. Paul's.

Dean Stanley wrote of a private thanksgiving service, which was held in the Abbey: "It was one of those rare occasions on which I was able to say all that I wished to say."

The Prince was installed as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England in April, 1875, the installation being witnessed by over 8,000 members in Albert Hall. The same year he went to India. The House of Commons and the Admiralty paid the traveling expenses.

Prince Edward called himself "a farmer on a small scale." Shooting was his favorite pastime, and in one year over seventeen thousand pheasants alone were killed in the Royal grounls.

In 1887 there was held a Golden Jubilee in honor of the Queen-mother, who had then successfully reigned fifty years.

On January 14, 1892, Duke of Clarence, heir-apparent to the throne, died.

The famous Diamond Jubilee was celebrated in 1897, owing its effectual organization to Edward, Prince of Wales.

In 1898, while he was staying with the late Baron de Rothschild, he slipped on the stairs, and it was feared he would be lamed for life; however, it left no trace.

In May, 1900, he was shot in Brussels, having a narrow escape with his life.

Prince Edward was an inveterate smoker. He was five feet, eight inches tall, and weighed about two hundred pounds. The Prince was noted for his loyalty to his Queen-mother who died January 22, 1901; having reigned for sixty-four years, which was the longest reign of any English sovereign. The Prince of Wales now became King Edward VII.

Rockton, Pa.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THIS is *our* country. We who either by chance or choice abide on this part of God's green footstool can claim this as our own.

It is useless for me to discuss that memorable July day of one hundred and thirty-four years ago, when the ideal of Richard Henry Lee became the real. The history of that wonderful document, the Declaration of Independence, may be found in almost any school history and is well worth study. Each clause is a vivid statement of a fact, but the one which appeals to me the more forcibly is the one said to have been suggested by Franklin. That is the one that declares that all men are created equal.

Later this idea was embodied in the Constitution and became a part of the fundamental law of the land. True, for many years it was not taken seriously, yet it was a law just the same.

It does not say that all men *are* equal. This we know is not true. Mentally, morally, spiritually and physically men are not all equal and can never hope to be. Then how are they equal? In the eyes of the law all are equal in that they all have to answer to the same laws.

All were created equal, but by some misdeed some have fallen under the ban of the law.

Equality! This is the cornerstone of the great American Republic! The "Inglenook Family," as I feel tempted to call it, reaches over the length and breadth of the land from the Golden Gate to the wave-worn coast of Maine and from the alluvial plains at the mouth of the mighty Father of Waters northward beyond his source into the vast wheat fields of the Canadian provinces.

Some of us trace our lineage back to the *Mayflower* or the First Families of Virginia, while others are of such recent origin that the odor of the bog moss or the heather still clings to our clothing. Yet we are equal. We who represent the first generation of native born Americans in our family have the same rights and privileges accorded to those who assisted in the founding of the Republic. *And we have the same duties.* "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is for all and it is our duty as citizens to do all in our power to see that they get their just dues. The dramshop is robbing the children of food and clothing, life, and liberty. The industries are taking an unnecessary toll

of human life which might have been avoided had the legal precautions been taken.

Of the names appearing in the INGLENOOK from time to time few of them are personal acquaintances of the writer yet he can mentally see them. From my secluded corner in the INGLENOOK circle I look around to see my companions. Here is one whose articles I used to read in *The Children at Work,* but now another name has been added. From the county south of my home comes the farmer writer who viewed from any angle is the same and on the shore of the Mississippi resides the German-American principal of schools. Thus, mentally, I have pictures of all of you, some perhaps erroneous and some I have reason to believe are true.

To you I wish to appeal personally. What are you doing to advance the cause of humanity? How do you stand on the temperance question? You have a talent and are responsible to the giver for the manner of using it. Each year a vast army of drunkards go to the grave in this boasted land of the free, and an equal number of boys are coming forward to take their first drink, later to take their places in the ranks of the army of sots.

SAVE THE BOYS! Fellow writers, wherever and whoever you may be—preacher, teacher, farmer, merchant, mechanic or home maker, one and all, use your influence to save the boys. "Save the children of today and save the nation of tomorrow." Let the trumpet give forth no uncertain sound. If you teach, teach temperance; if you speak in public, stand for right living; if you write, let your theme be "Equal Rights for All," and if you vote let it be for men who stand "four square" for civic purity regardless of party creed.

"The love of money is the root of all evil" is as true today as in the long ago. The license system is a sham and a fraud. If a thing is wrong, it is wrong, and piling dollars mountain high will not make it right. To license a thing is to sanction it and thus become a partner in the work.

On the anniversary of our nation's birth if you have not done so before make a solemn vow to yourself that from that day forward you will use your influence in the cause of humanity.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

Country Life

H. Atlee Brumbaugh



Out in the country fresh breezes are blowing;
And in the barnyard the cattle are lowing;
The meadows are covered with carpets of green,
While out in the orchard ripe apples are seen.

The clover's in blossom, the field is quite red;
The country's the place when the truth is all said;
The place where I can run barefooted all day;
The place where I can work as well as play.

The cherries have ripened, the harvest is past;
Next comes the corn song, for its strains are the last.
Ah, the farmer praises the bright summertime,
As his wife comes singing her musical rhyme.

There's music and merriment all the day through,
I hear the chickens cackle and ki-oo-coo.
I'll cling to the farm with a definite charm,
The city's distressing; I'll sound the alarm.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DUTY IN PROTECTING ITS CITIZENS.

JOHN WOODARD.

EVERY citizen of the United States has the right to be protected. It is the duty of the government to protect him. Formerly this has been interpreted to mean protection from external foes (foreign nations) and internal foes ("undesirable citizens"). For the first we have spent millions in building large fleets of "Dreadnaughts" and seacoast fortifications. We have taken large numbers of men from productive industry and supported them as parasites on society just because we have been afraid that some other nation would try to conquer us. Against the second enemy we have marshaled large forces of police who are not producers but consumers of the nation's wealth.

These costly preparations are made because we suspect our sister nations and fear the undesirable citizen. And we have magnified these supposed dangers so much that we have entirely overlooked other more serious dangers which are daily injuring many of our citizens. These evils kill many, maim others, and have a great deal to do with making undesirable citizens. We have little need to prepare for war. If the United States does what is right she has nothing to fear from Japan or any other nation. The undesirable citizen is not as dangerous as he seems. What makes him dangerous is improper treatment. Proper treatment will decrease his virulence. These other dangers are far worse and it will take constant vigilance to control them. They are greed and disease.

There is hardly an evil in the country that is not to some extent the result of greed. Some manufacturers are not satisfied with a reasonable profit for their goods. They want all they can get. But the price is kept down by foreign competition, so they go to Congress and get a "protective tariff." They can then charge the former price plus the tariff. The consumer has to pay the tariff and the manufacturers do not care if this unnecessary increase in the cost of living reduces some people to starvation. All they want is this extra profit and they don't care who suffers because of it.

The liquor men know that their goods debauches all who use them. They know that liquor injures a man physically, that it weakens the intellect, and that it destroys all his higher spiritual qualities and stimulates his lower qualities. In short, they know that liquor takes a man in all the pride of his manhood and degrades him till he is less than a beast. But what do they care? They are after the profit and they care not who suffers.

There are men, some of them church members in good standing, who are either owners of a controlling interest in large corporations or high officials in those corporations. These men are highly respected citizens, and yet they seem entirely indifferent to the fact that some of their employees are worked to the point of exhaustion in return for wages that hardly keep soul and body alive. Neither owner nor superintendent seems to have any humanitarian impulse. All they can see are the dividends. Increased dividends enrich the former and increase the salary of the latter. In one factory girls are compelled to work a heavy loom which wrecks their health in a short while. A certain mechanical appliance would make this work easy, but this appliance is costly and girls are cheap. Many girls in cities work at wages which are less than a decent living wage. Some simply can't live on the wages they get. Their employers do not expect to pay them a living wage. The girls are expected to have a "gentleman friend." The reply that is often given to girls applying for work is, "Yes, if you will be obliging."

There are girls who merely work for a little spending money. They live at home and the home expenses are paid by other members of the family. Such girls can work at wages which would compel those supporting themselves to lead an immoral life. Starvation is preferable to such a life, and some would starve if they had only themselves to look out for. But often there is an invalid mother to support and they choose the factory rather than a life of open shame. The factory or shop gives a "cloak of decency," but this "cloak" is worn rather threadbare, as one will see if he hears some men talk about factory or shop girls.

Will anyone say that the government has no right to compel the employers to pay a living wage to the girls who work for them or to any other employee? Will any one say that our boys and girls should not be protected against the greed of the liquor seller? Common decency and humanity demand such protection, and the government should enforce that demand. Even if there was no altruistic motive, selfishness should stir us to action. No nation can prosper very long if any class is overworked and starved mentally and physically. Nor can it prosper when steeped in immorality. Immorality causes physical degeneracy and is also an important cause of "race suicide" in the United States as well as other countries.

The greed of man is partly to blame for disease. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." The poor do not know how to take care of their health and, usually, they could not do it if they did know how, for they are every often compelled to live under conditions that breed disease and they cannot improve the conditions. Overwork and underfeeding makes people susceptible to disease, for they haven't the resistence a normal person has. Immorality brings diseases that are particularly degenerating.

Disease is "no respecter of persons." It attacks the poor man in his hovel and the rich man in his pal-

ace. A person weakened by overwork and underfeeding is no more susceptible than one weakened by excessive social pleasures and overfeeding. The woman starved into immorality and the "gilded youth" who willfully walks into vice both suffer. And the innocent woman who afterwards marries this young man often helps reap "his wild oats." Invalidism and childlessness or diseased children are the result. One result is blind children. Conservative physicians say seventy-five per cent of the blindness in the United States is due to this cause. Others say a larger per cent.

How are we to remedy this evil? How are we to eliminate disease, or at least keep it in check? If greed is kept in check disease will be reduced but not eliminated. Some diseases originate and others spread through ignorance. We must dispel the ignorance and see that diseases are promptly attacked when they do spring up. With this end in view we should have government physicians to teach the people how to avoid disease and see that every case of sickness has proper attention. Every sick person should have the privilege of a free consultation. This is not charity. It is merely a selfish scheme to prevent some one from scattering a contagious disease. As it is now, a man gets sick, but he thinks he can't afford a doctor unless he gets quite ill. By that time he may have ignorantly exposed a large number of people to a contagious disease. With a free consultation he would not wait till he was very sick before going to the doctor. The consulting physician should not treat any cases except perhaps school children. He should merely tell them what the sickness is and whether they need a doctor or not. If they need medical attention and are unable to pay for it, they should be cared for by philanthropic institutions. Contagious diseases could thus be immediately isolated and their spread prevented.

Is this socialism? No. It is a move in that direction, but so were free public schools. Because the socialists advocate a certain thing does not necessarily mean that it is bad. Even despots have occasionally brought about good legislation, but their programs as a whole were bad. The socialists are extremists. They are at one extreme and the anarchists are at the other. As a rule extremes are bad. The safe position is somewhere between. This is probably the case in government, the middle position is best, but we believe that in the United States we are nearer the anarchists than the socialists.

Columbia, Mo.

"BABY TALK."

BY A TEACHER.

BABY'S first words—how "cute" they sound! How delightfully amusing his first attempts at pronunciation! How *easy* to encourage the further use of those forms by adopting them ourselves when talking to him! How *hard* then for the teacher to correct him when he starts to school! Such, in exclamatory form, is the burden of this paper.

I had a girl in my school last winter who persisted in using a language that would well befit a child of two years but not one of five. Besides the indistinct and incorrect pronunciations, which I pass over as being "too numerous to mention," she habitually used certain objective forms of the personal pronouns for both the nominative and possessive cases. For instance, "Me can do that," "He lost him ball." She often omitted the verb, *is*, the adjectives, *a* and *the*, and the infinitive form, *to*. After seven months of effort to correct these I was able to note but little improvement.

Another girl seven years old always said *'ittle* for *little*. Probably the first time she said that it was sweetly becoming. No doubt it is pleasing too to hear her baby brother pronounce it the same way. Yet it does not sound pretty to hear a seven-year-old girl reading in the Second Reader say 'ittle. However, it is not her fault. Although I have been in her home but very little I can say almost positively that she seldom hears the word pronounced any other way. This, too, I found very difficult to correct.

Now why should parents adopt and encourage these imperfect pronunciations? The baby will use his baby language as long as you want him to any way. He will understand you quite as well, too, if you speak correctly. If those who persist in using baby talk could visit my school, note the two pupils above mentioned, and then contrast with these one manly little fellow only five years old who stands up erect, looks you straight in the eye and pronounces each word distinctly and correctly, I am sure they would agree with me that, while baby ways in babies are nice and very much to be desired, yet we do not want our children to be babies always.

In this connection, too, permit me to express my belief that if parents would make a practice of using none but correct speech before their children and of speaking to them always in terms which they would use in conversation with intellectual friends, the child, when he starts to school, would have no incorrect habits to change but a pure vocabulary, and beautiful language would be his for life. I am led to this belief by observing how minutely the child copies the words and phrases his parents use. The use of *can* for *may*, *them* for *those*, and *ain't* for *isn't* or *aren't*, as well as incorrect case forms and other errors might thus be done away by never having been learned.

Many parents perhaps have not a knowledge of grammar sufficient to enable them to be absolutely correct at all times but let even these do the best they know and errors will be surprisingly few. Do all you can to form habits of correct speech in your child, for

it is not only an aid to clear thinking but an index to one's refinement as well. Above all don't use "baby talk."

A DROP OF DEW.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

It came in the stillness of the night,
When the world seemed dead;
And all things,
Despondent and forsaken,
Wilted down in lone despair.

But it braced the tender fibre,
It put strength in every thew;
And a harvest rich of golden grain
Was garnered everywhere.

It came when the hand of fortune failed,
When the world seemed turned
Against him,
When every hour brought storm-clouds
And troubles by the score.

But it soothed a troubled bosom,
It relieved a wearied mind;
And a heart went forth with firm resolve
To live for evermore.

'Twas only a drop of silvery dew,—
'Twas only a kind word spoken;
But it saved a stalk of rarest worth,—
It started a soul toward heaven.

FEEDING HOGS ON FISH.

W. F. GILLETT.

DURING the last year the writer has observed some happenings that are certainly unique. For instance we saw one man in an automobile hunting horses that had strayed from home. But the most unique of all is the feeding of hogs on fish in the Imperial Valley. This we saw on April 4.

Before we can tell the story it will be necessary to relate a little of the history of the Imperial Valley. In the year 1905, the irrigating canal from which water is used to irrigate the Imperial Valley, cut out so deep that it let the Colorado River flow into Salton Sink. Those versed in geography will remember that Salton Sink is 265 feet below sea level. Before the river could be shut out, the Sink filled up with water until the water was nearly one hundred feet deep. Now during this time the water ran down two channels, one called New River, the other Alimo. This channel cut down from eighty to one hundred feet deep in places. but the closer to the Sink you go, the channel becomes more shallow. April 3 myself and wife went to visit friends, who live close to Salton Sink. While there we went fishing at a place where the Alimo channel is dammed for the purpose of irrigating some low land, but there is waste water running through to Salton Sink. Below this dam is a brush mat, weighted down with rocks (this was put in to prevent the dam from washing out) and the fish are constantly coming up this stream from Salton Sink and for some cause (I suppose it is from hurting themselves on the brush and rocks) they jump up on the brush mat and die.

Now there lives by this dam, a rancher who has hogs, and he gathers up these fish and cooks them for his hogs. He cooks them in a pan that resembles a miniature molasses pan. He has the furnace dug in the ground and he burns dried fish in the furnace for fuel. We saw the hogs and saw the fish bones in their trough, so there is no guess work. We have heard of fish being used for fertilizer and other purposes, but this is the first time we ever heard of them being used to feed hogs. These fish consist of humpbacks (a kind of sucker), carp and Colorado River salmon. We went to catch some salmon, but they were not running, so we did not get any, but there were thousands of pounds of carp and humpbacks lying on the brush mat, ready to be picked up and fed to the hogs.

Holtville, Cal.

THE MORGAN MONUMENT.

THE Morgan monument stands in the old cemetery at Batavia, N. Y., a few feet from the track of the Central Railroad. It is thirty-eight feet in height, and weighs forty tons. It was erected by R. F. Carter, of Ryegate, Vt., under the supervision of the National Christian Association, and unveiled at its fourteenth annual convention, in presence of an immense concourse of people, who gathered to pay a tribute of respect to the heroism of the man whose courage and devotion to his country it is designed to perpetuate. Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D. D., of Chicago, and President Charles A. Blanchard, of Wheaton, Ill.; Prof. E. D. Bailey, of Washington, D. C., and Rev. H. H. Hinman, of Oberlin, Ohio, were the principal speakers. It was to this convention that the Hon. Thurlow Weed sent his letter on the abduction and murder of Capt. Wm. Morgan.

As a work of art it ranks with the first in our country, and is a fitting memorial to the martyr whose life was sacrificed by Free Masons when they discovered his intention to publish the secrets of their order. On the four sides of the polished dice are the following inscriptions in legible characters:

South side: Sacred to the memory of Wm. Morgan, a native of Virginia, a captain in the war of 1812, a respectable citizen of Batavia, and a martyr to the freedom of writing, printing and speaking the truth. He was abducted from near this spot in the year 1826, by Free Masons, and murdered for revealing the secrets of their order.

East Side: Erected by volunteer contributions from over 2,000 persons residing in Ontario, Canada, and twenty-six of the United States and Territories.

North Side: The court records of Genesee County,

and files of the Batavia *Advocate,* kept in the Recorder's office, contain the history of the events that caused the erection of this Monument, Sept. 13, 1882.

West Side: "The bane of our civil institutions is to be found in Masonry, already powerful, and daily becoming more so. * * * I owe to my country an exposure of its dangers."—Capt. William Morgan.

At the dedication of the Morgan monument in Batavia, N. Y., just seventeen years ago, Mrs. Evalina P. Mather was introduced to the assembled



Mrs. Evalina P. Mather.

multitude by Secretary J. P. Stoddard. She was then in the 88th year of her age, and the above portrait is a very good likeness of her at that time. In introducing Mrs. Mather, Secretary Stoddard said:

"It is fifty-six years ago this evening, at about 9 o'clock, since Morgan was taken from Canandaigua jail by a band of Freemasons. After getting out of the jail he found that he was about to be forcibly seized by men whom he had every reason to fear were determined to take his life, and he cried 'Murder! Murder! Murder!' The woman that heard that thrilling cry is on this platform. Her name is Mrs. Evelina P. Mather, of Ellington, N. Y., and she is 88 years old."

Mrs. Mather was aided by friendly hands to stand upon a seat that all might see and hear. She said:

"When Morgan was kidnapped I was living in Canandaigua." She told in a clear voice how she saw the crowd running about the jail, and in the moonlight she saw they were disguised and had a living man dragging along in their midst. She heard him cry. "Murder! murder! murder! Help, for God's sake!" and would never forget the piercing tones. There were few or none of the citizens to be seen, and the band of men hastened off in a carriage.—*Christian Cynosure.*

* * *

AGAINST EVOLUTION.

In a volume of his recently published speeches, William Jennings Bryan deals the evolutionary theory, as applied to the genesis of man, some hard licks. He says:

"I object to the theory for several reasons. First, it is a dangerous theory. If a man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going toward him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former.

"It is true that man, in some physical characteristics, resembles the beast, but man has a mind as well as a body, and a soul as well as a mind. The mind is greater than the body, and the soul is greater than the mind, and I object to having man's pedigree traced on one-third of him only—and that the lowest third. Fairbairn, in his 'Philosophy of Christianity,' lays down a sound proposition when he says it is not sufficient to explain man as an animal; that it is necessary to explain man in history—and the Darwinian theory does not do this. The ape, according to his theory, is older than man, and yet the ape is still an ape while man is the author of the marvelous civilization which we see about us.

"One does not escape from mystery, however, by accepting this theory, for it does not explain the origin of life. When the follower of Darwin has traced the germ of life back to the lowest form in which it appears—and to follow him one must exercise more faith than religion calls for—he finds that scientists differ. Those who reject the idea of creation are divided into two schools, some believing that the first germ of life came from another planet and others holding that it was the result of spontaneous generation. Each school answers the arguments of the other, and as they can not agree with each other, I am not compelled to agree with either."

If compelled to accept one of these theories, Mr. Bryan would prefer the first, he says, adding, "for if we can chase the germ of life off this planet and get it out into space, we can guess the rest of the way and no one can contradict us, but if we accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation, we can not explain why spontaneous generation ceased to act after the first germ was created." We read further:

(Continued on Page 635.)



THE QUIET HOUR



MY VISION.

NELLIE BECKNER BARLOW.

Last night while wrapt in slumber,
When all was hushed and still,
There came to me a vision,
A vision, both strange and real.

For an angel stood beside me,
He came from, I knew not where,
And his face was bright and shining,
And his robe was white and fair.

And in a voice like music
He bade me follow him.
And he led me down a stairway,
So dismal and dreary and dim.

We came at last to a gateway,
Which at his bidding opened wide,
And as it heavily swung on its hinges,
He bade me look inside.

My heart turned sick with terror,
At the awful sight within;
'Twas the lake of fire and brimstone,
Where the penalty is paid for sin.

And many there were who had entered,
For their wailings now fell on my ear,
As they prayed aloud for mercy,
But no merciful ear could hear.

The rich man was there, now a pauper,
For his riches had melted away,
He had found on the day of Judgment,
There was one debt no money could pay.

The gambler was there, and the drunkard,
And the barkeeper with him did dwell
Together with those who for money,
Had given him license to sell.

The murderers, the thieves, and the liars,
Alike this torture did share.
'Twas a place prepared for the wicked,
And many, indeed were there.

'Twas a picture so full of anguish,
That I turned away in despair,
While that voice like music whispered,
"Thou art warned, beware!"

"Oh Heaven spare me," now I cried,
"From such an awful fate."
But when next I looked, some unseen hand
Had closed, and locked the gate.

But another scene now rose to view,
'Mid a flood of silvery light;
'Twas a second stairway, built of gold,
And thronged with angels bright.

We ascended the stair, my guide and I,
To a gate pearly and white,
Which was open wide and I saw within,
A city all radiant with light,

Whose walls were built of jasper,
And whose streets were of purest gold,
And thronged with a white-robed angel band,
Singing songs that never grow old.

The widow I saw, and the orphans were there,
Each wearing a robe white as snow,
With the poor, the sick, the lame and the blind.
Nevermore a sorrow to know.

As I looked on that land where happiness reigns,
I tho't of the sad, sad fate,
Of those who had tried to enter too late,
And were turned from this beautiful gate.

"Oh let me go in," I pleadingly cried,
But my guide's voice answered, "No,
'Tis not your time, your work is not done
In that sin-stained world below.

"Go tell those there of that place prepared,
For those who die in their sin.
Of how you have seen the awful fate,
Of all who enter therein.

"And tell them of the beautiful home,
In this heavenly world above,
Where the righteous may come and forever dwell,
In a land of peace and love."

The voice died out, and I awoke,
Once more to earthly care,
But the angel's message I now repeat,
"Thou art warned, beware!"

FIRE.

IRA P. DEAN.

"Bong! Bong! Bong!" listen! "Bong! Bong! Fire! Fire!"

"Where is it?"

Thirty-two.

"Where is thirty-two?"

Third and Boas. Clang! Clang! look out! there they go; out Walnut Street. Everybody is running toward Third and Boas Streets, windows are hoisted and heads are seen looking up and down the street. Look out there! get off the street! here comes a steamer.

"What's on fire?"

I don't know, but everybody is going just the same; bicycles, automobiles, wagons and everything movable is in motion toward box thirty-two. Once there we

find the fire engines working, ladders run up the side of a building from which smoke pours through the windows and flames leap from the roof. "More water!" "This way!" "Cut it open!" "Break the glass," and similar commands are heard from the firemen. Everything is excitement. Thousands of people have congregated in the streets in less than five minutes, every nation under heaven, nearly, is represented, every class and character is found in the crowd, and all just because the fire bell rang and there was a fire.

Why don't the church services draw crowds like that? Guess there must not be much fire there; fire always draws a crowd. The Bible tells us there is a big crowd going to that eternal fire; read Matt. 7: 13; Rev. 20: 9, 15. If there was more fire in the pulpit there would be a larger crowd at the services. If there was more real spiritual fire in the pulpit there would soon be real Christian fire in the hearts of the people in the congregation. Isaiah 6: 6, tells us that a live coal was taken off the altar and touched the lips of the prophet and purged them. Perhaps if there were more live coals on the altars today for the Lord to use there would be more purified conversations heard.

There must be fire in the pulpit, on the altar, in our hearts, if we want to attract the people. Did you ever notice the three fires with which Peter was so closely connected? Of course you did; every good Bible student did. The first fire he was at was when he denied his Lord, Luke 22: 55. The first fire didn't do him much good you will say; well but Peter was a good fireman and he didn't fail to go to the next fire,—when Jesus appeared unto the disciples by the sea of Tiberias. Read it for yourself John 21: 7-9; and the third fire Peter was at did him the greatest good of all; he wouldn't have missed that fire for the world, and neither will the people today, once they get used to going to spiritual fires. Read Acts 2: 3, what a blessing it was to be at that fire!

Christ wants us to be interested in the spiritual fire and use it, for John the Baptist said, "He (Jesus) will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Luke 3: 16.

Fire is a powerful thing and holy fire is the most powerful thing we can use to attract people today. But let God kindle the fire, that's his business and he will do it. If we kindle the fire it won't burn long; let God kindle the fire, and all the water the devil can produce will not extinguish it. Read 1 Kings 18: 38. Let us have more fire in the pulpit and it won't be long until it will spread into the hearts of the laity and then we can give a warmer welcome to Jesus Christ in our lives.

PRAY RIGHT.

People are apt to test the value of prayer by the answers that come to it. They very often anticipate the answers. Where the answer does not come as they expected it, they begin to doubt whether it is worth their while to pray. But it needs little proof to show that this is a mistaken view of prayer and its purpose. God has not promised to answer every prayer, nor is every prayer, even when earnestly offered to God, wise in the expression of the heart's real wants. There is no part of our life that requires more scrutiny and carefulness than the devotional side.

It is not surprising that so much is said in Scripture about prayer, because easy though praying seems to be as an act of mind and soul, there is no exertion of our nature that ought to be made with more deliberation and wisdom. Jacob is said to have wrestled with a divine combatant all through the night by the lonely stream side; but he wrestled as truly with himself as with his unknown antagonist. He learned a great lesson about prayer in that encounter. No one should pass consciously and deliberately into the presence of God without realizing what must be involved in that act and the interview that follows it. It is a gathering together of the soul's powers that they may be firmly set on God. We cannot collect ourselves for an act of intercourse with our unseen Lord without remembering that he is wiser and holier than we. The misuse of prayer is the misuse of God. To confine it to a petition is to belittle God in the time of the most solemn action of our soul. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." It is a common error.—*From William Watson, in "Prayer."*

AGAINST EVOLUTION.

(Continued from Page 633.)

"Go back as far as we may, we can not escape the creative act, and it is just as easy for me to believe that God created man *as he is* as to believe that, millions of years ago, he created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see today. I object to the Darwinian theory, until more conclusive proof is produced, because I fear we shall lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life, if we must accept the theory that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations.

"But there is another objection. The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. If this is the law of our development then, if there is any logic that can bind the human mind, we shall turn backward toward the beast in proportion as we substitute the law of love. I prefer to believe that love rather than hatred is the law of development. How can hatred be the law of development when nations have advanced in proportion as they have departed from that law and adopted the law of love?"—*Lutheran Witness.*

THE INGLENOOK

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ENCOURAGING CRIME.

Many good people have all along recognized the evil influence coming from the publication of crimes of various kinds and they have endeavored to have some check put upon the growing practice. Up to the present, however, very little seems to have been accomplished, the newspapers apparently reaping a crop of their own sowing in additional narratives of crime.

But this evil of publishing crimes and thus hardening the public to such things and suggesting similar courses to the weak and criminally inclined may overreach itself and die by its own hand as many evils do. Deaf to the arguments and appeals of the good people who have foreseen the evil, its agents may be compelled to heed the demands of an aroused people who are coming to realize that their preservation depends on the suppression of the evil. In the recent meeting of the American Medical Association the committee on hygiene and public health sounded a note of warning against the danger of publication in newspapers of news regarding suicides. The argument is plain; suggestion, that force which is coming to be more and more recognized as a controlling factor in life, has to do with the matter. The committee may with equal reason have included murders, thefts, divorces, etc., also, for these increase by suggestion the same as does suicide.

The cure these medical men advise is that all newspapers which publish such news, as suicides, be barred from the mails. They recommended that the government be urged to adopt such a measure and the association indorsed the recommendation.

It is to be hoped that other authoritative organizations as well as individuals will join in agitation of the subject until the government is led to take the matter in hand. In the meantime we can help the cause along as individuals either by refusing to publish crimes or by refusing to patronize publications which make a specialty of publishing such things. The individual may think that his influence does not amount to anything, but it does, and joined to that of thousands of others it will bring about the needed reform.

PRIZE PEACE ORATION.

The article appearing in this issue entitled, "The Evolution of Peace," won first prize in the Bailey Oratorical Contest at Huntingdon, Pa. This contest is provided for by Thomas F. Bailey and his mother, Mrs. John Bailey, of Huntingdon in memory of the father and husband, Judge John Bailey, deceased, also formerly of that city.

Two prizes are offered in the contest, the first twenty-five dollars and the second fifteen dollars. This is the first year the contest has been held and our readers therefore have the privilege of reading the first of the first prize orations. While the contest is not confined to any particular line of subjects, it is gratifying to know that one exalting the principle of peace carried off first honors.

IMPRESSIONS. No. 2.

We previously stated that it would be impossible for one to tell of all the impressions received while spending several days at a meeting like our general conference, and more than that some would not be worth relating, some would be beyond one's power of expression and others, of the unpleasant kind, would be better left undisturbed. But not all of the last named are altogether injurious in their influence; sometimes we can get lessons from them that will be of much use to us. It is with this purpose in mind that we speak here of some incidents portraying the selfishness of human nature.

Perhaps most of our selfish acts, while they spring indirectly from an innate selfish nature, make themselves heard and felt because of thoughtlessness. We are going to put these incidents down to thoughtlessness and then it will not be so hard for us to resolve to take the lesson. It will call for no readjustment of our code of ethics, no complicated course of reasoning; we can utter the common excuse, "I didn't think," and then resolve deep in our hearts that we *will* think next time.

In our former article we mentioned the crowded auditorium. There were thousands of people who would have been glad for standing room inside, but there were a number of reasons why the building should not be packed. In the first place the builders or owners would not guarantee the building to support more than so many, and seats were provided for this number. In addition to this, there is a law in the State forbidding the crowding of aisles in such meeting

places. The great loss of life that has occurred in over-crowded buildings at the time of accidents affords sufficient reason for this law. But if neither of these reasons existed there is another, strong enough to check the humble(?) desire for simply standing room in the aisle. In the majority of cases the one standing cuts off the view of others and interferes with their enjoyment of the service. Now if one who thus stands in the aisle can give a good reason why he should hear and see at the expense of one or a dozen other people we will say no more about it, or about him. But we declare that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a reason cannot be found.

One day when a particularly interesting service was in progress a woman endeavored to push past an usher in the balcony to an advantageous position near the balcony rail. The usher gently stopped her, saying there were no seats there. The woman pushed on, saying she could stand by one of the supporting posts in the aisle. The usher still obstructed her passage and informed her that standing in aisles was forbidden. The woman continued to insist on having a place and asked if she could not sit on the steps, but the usher said the building was guaranteed to hold only the number for whom seats were afforded. Then came the climax when the woman was heard to say, "But the building won't collapse; the Lord wouldn't let it in such a meeting, would he?" Even now the usher was not to be outdone and he wisely replied, "We have no right to tempt him." The writer after hearing this conversation turned to get a look at the woman, having concluded that she must be a little "off" and would show as much in her appearance. But no, she looked as intelligent and cultured as the average. Presently she secured a seat through some one leaving and we continued to observe her closely now and then for some signs of mind weakness. But we saw none and had to conclude that it was a case of thoughtlessness gone to seed.

During many of the services when the auditorium was full and the ushers were gently but firmly denying entrance to hundreds more who were anxious to get within hearing distance, a woman of defective hearing, carrying a camp chair in one hand, would present herself at the main entrance and insist on passing inside. When it was explained to her that there was no room, that the blocking of the aisles was forbidden and that hundreds of others had to be turned away because of this condition, she prevailed with the argument that she had lived there eight years and had yet to see the first time when she was denied entrance. No doubt her statement was true, but we do not know whether she had worked on the sympathies of the ushers all these years or whether, which is more likely the case from statements made by those in a position to know, it was a rare occurrence when any who wished could not secure a comfortable seat in the auditorium without making a special plea. In an audience where all are fairly well situated for seeing and hearing we believe as much as anyone that those who have defective sight or hearing should have the best positions. But when it comes to hundreds being shut out altogether, no good reason can be given why the rules should be broken for the benefit of one who has such a defect. We can hardly blame the ushers, but we do think that those who make a plea of their infirmity under such circumstances afford another example of thoughtlessness and selfishness.

From the foregoing our men-folks may conclude that their sex has made a score in the matter of unselfishness. In circumstances of this kind we are inclined to allow them the point but even they have not yet reached perfection. It is often the case in a crowded place like our conferences, and it is more often true of men than of the women, that those who are well known and prominent in the affairs of the church demand a seat when "common people" are turned away; or if they are already inside they make it evident that they think an advantageous place is due them above many others. James doesn't say anything directly on this side of the subject, but he does censure those who draw lines of distinction among their brethren and the inference is plain here and the direct teaching of Paul and the Lord himself is plain that the censure would be greater still in a case where one seeks out the favored places himself.

* * *

It is not the fault of the writer of "Equal Rights for All" that his article did not appear in last issue along with other Independence Day matter; the article was in our hands in good time. We trust the delay in its appearance will not prevent anyone from giving it the consideration it merits.

* * *

HIS BEST.

He did his best with all his might,
  He labored on year after year,
And yet his world was seldom bright,
  The sky he viewed was seldom clear;
He gave the best he had to give,
And merely won the right to live.

He clung to hope; with purpose grim
  He strove to win the world's applause;
But few men ever noticed him,
  Or cared how dutiful he was;
With all the courage of the brave,
The best he had to give he gave.

One day he learned to cease to care
  For rich rewards or for applause;
He toiled for love, and then and there
  The world found out how great he was;
For love of what he did he strove,
And straightway all his ventures throve.

—S. E. Kiser.



THE HOME WORLD



"A Life Worth While"

AMANDA FETTER BJELKSTROM.

"SPEAKING of some of my experiences in school today, just reminds me, Mrs. Jones, of a question I wished to ask you. You know Marjorie Reese of course? Well, there is something unusually attractive about her—she is the possessor of some unusual qualities of character for a girl of her age. It is more than I can fathom. Can you explain?"

Thus spoke Roy Barton, an energetic young man who was teaching his first term of school in the country, to the lady with whom he boarded.

"I could if I would," she smilingly replied. "But let me suggest what I think will prove a wiser and more instructive way of learning to know your pupil—for that is in short what you desire. Visit her home Mr. Barton."

"Without an invitation?"

"That difficulty will soon be solved, for Marjorie's mother never misses acquiring an early acquaintance with her daughter's instructors."

"That in itself is *some* light," he replied, brightening. "To know her one must know her mother! Thank you!" and adding a cheery "Good-night" he retired to his own apartment.

He was an ambitious young man who had overcome many difficulties in order to do what he most desired to do. Now he was planning a college education if he could master the financial difficulties. He eagerly grasped every situation he could convert into an opportunity and was always thankful for a word of real encouragement. He felt interested in Marjorie, for he knew she had within her nature a something he like most others had failed to come in contact with. A few days later as he was facing one of the dark problems in his experience, Marjorie handed him a note.

"From mother," she added with her usual bright smile, in answer to his look of inquiry. Immediately the cloud was lifted from his mind and he felt the sunshine come into his life.

"When all reflect God's smile thus"—but this was not his hour of "dreams and visions"—this was his hour to face the realities of life in the schoolroom—realities changed from darkness to light by the smile of a beautiful soul.

The note proved to be one of invitation, simply yet exquisitely written, asking him to spend the evening of the next day in their home. Time passed swiftly, duties were performed pleasantly, and it was with a heart, light with the joy of anticipation, that he started with his pupil on her homeward walk.

It was in the glad, sweet springtime and the world was beautiful indeed. As they entered the gate he wondered at her self-possession while he himself felt somewhat excited. This was soon to be driven away however. A lady, apparently young and neatly and pleasantly attired, whom Marjorie announced as "My Mother," sweetly welcomed them into their attractive home.

What was there about her personality,—that which made him feel at once perfectly at ease, perfectly confident in his own ability and at peace with all the world? As she talked freely upon topics of current happenings, he felt this home was as an open book to him; here he could learn what he never could read from a printed page.

The parents and children were comrades. When the two brothers, four and six years of age, entered, they were introduced as Vivian and Omar. They recognized the introduction in a way that showed that to them there were no "strangers"—all were friends. They were naturally playful children yet they possessed that same "something" which characterized their older sister.

Everything moved in peace and harmony and because of this the very home atmosphere contained a rare feeling of rest. Little mistakes on the children's part were unnoticed or excused. They were always told what *to do* instead of what *not* to do. Instead of "don't take that down" was "leave it there; that is where it belongs," etc. Each knew his tasks and performed them without waiting to be told, thereby cultivating self-dependence.

After the simple yet perfectly satisfying supper the parents joined in the evening's games and little pleasures dear to children's hearts. The evening passed pleasantly and the children were tucked into their beds to live in the "happy dreamland."

As the mother returned with her usual smile she said: "Mr. Barton, I am greatly pleased to have met you and know that my daughter has for her instructor

a young man of such sterling character. Your confidence in yourself and your scholars begets on their part confidence in you and themselves likewise."

"Thank you," he replied, "but may I ask the question that has been in my mind since I entered your home? What is the secret of your home management?"

"Now, Mr. Barton, I never have secrets," she laughingly replied. "But I *always* had a desire to live in harmonious surroundings. A *real live persistent* desire and you know that kind is *always* realized. Of course that meant first and foremost to create harmony within myself. That was not difficult when I realized I was a child of God—his own image and likeness; therefore harmony was within me. My part was to destroy all thoughts of worry, anger, dissatisfaction, fear, etc., so that this harmony within could manifest itself in my life.

"We are surrounded and filled with God's beautiful love, peace, joy and abundance. We may always have all we put ourselves in position to receive. When we conquer self, allow these virtues to be developed *within us* our surroundings will easily respond. I teach my children so fast as they can comprehend that the real self is good, perfect and wise. And to let these good impulses of the real self always determine their actions is to be really and truly great and good.

"I praise the good and true and pay as little attention as possible to their opposites. When we tell a child what it does is bad, etc., we impress that very thing on the subconscious mind in a way never to be erased. Forget that and talk to the child of the opposite virtue—its beauty and goodness—and you will impress that on its mind in the same lasting manner. Never in your school work tell a child he is 'too stupid to learn,' 'too careless for anything,' etc., or you will do him a lasting wrong.

"These are seed thoughts. Think and work along these lines and you will realize what I have realized in my own life. Of course we must keep cheerful; good cheer is contagious and we will find it in our surroundings. Don't forget to smile; you know how God's smile brightens this great earth? Just so your smile will do in your own little world—where you create conditions. There is power within to make these conditions what we would have them.

"But I will not tire you now. I know you will visit us often, for there exists that congenial spirit between us; we each can learn of the other."

"I can only thank you for the help you have given. You will be repaid, for good always returns to the sender accompanied by what more of its kind it has gathered on its journey. You have driven away all fears of failure. I know now I shall succeed and am happy indeed. I have learned much and will be glad to learn more of a beautiful, useful life—'a life worth while.'"

Hayes, S. Dak.

A SONG FOR THE CHILD-WORKERS.

Ah, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Shall we cheat them of their childhood? Shall we rob them of their right?
Shall we bend their shrinking shoulders 'neath the load?
Shall we stunt their tender bodies? Shall we stint their souls of light?
Shall we deal with them by Greed's accursed code?
Ah, my brothers, from your ledgers for a moment turn away!
Ah, my sisters, leave your follies and your toys—
And give ear to one whose song is for humanity today,
For the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Dearly do we pay for progress, dearly are our profits priced,
If we have to rob the school to run the mill,
And our creed's the creed of Mammon, not the gentle creed of Christ,
If the little ones he loved must suffer still!
Let us cease our foolish babble of the rolling tide of trade.
Let us prate no more of traffic and its noise,
If the wheels of Commerce rattle o'er a roadway that is made
Of the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Shall we cheat them of their childhood? Shall we rob them of their right?
Shall we bind them to the chariot of Gain?
Shall the childish brain be blunted, shall the little face grow white
In the crowded hives of Industry and Pain?
Ah, my brothers! Ah, my sisters! You had better turn away
From your ledgers and your dividends and toys,
For a menace to the future is the thrift that thrives today
On the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!
—Denis A. McCarthy in the Journal of Education.

GET OUT IN THE SUNLIGHT.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE outdoor season is here. No doctor can give better advice than that we get out into the good, pure, fresh air. Baseball, fishing, gardening, walking—anything to get out. It's fresh air and sunshine that sets the blood, good red blood, tingling through the system.

Perhaps the long and tedious winter through which we have just passed, has brightened our appreciation of this season of bud and blossom, for we enjoy all things from contrast, and this passing from the snow and cold of winter to warmth and verdure produces an unwonted thrill of pleasure. At any rate you may talk of the purple haze of Italy, the vine-clad hills of France, the green tints of the Emerald Isle, the quiet lanes of England, fragrant with their blossoming

hedgerows, but who ever will rise with the sun these mornings, can enjoy the essence of them all, and not leave his own dooryard. No seagirt island can boast a fresher green than our grass and foliage. The air is vocal with the songs of birds and odorous from the trees. Flowers of every hue are springing from their retreats and bearing to our hearts bright promises for the morrow.

All nature seems instinct with life and hope. Come then, ye sick and sorrowful, to the feast of good things. Don't spend these precious mornings tossing wearily on your couch, hoping the doctor will find a panacea for your ills, or that something will turn up to dissipate your gloom. Go out to meet these healing, inspiring influences, which nature is providing for your relief, open your lungs and heart to her sweet breath and words of cheer, and a balm more potent than any ever patented by man. A God-given panacea for the ills of humanity shall be given you. You will be glad that you are alive and in this glorious country, and that it is a beautiful summer morning.

Did you look up the hills, and let your thoughts stray to the clear, blue sky? Did you notice how bright the sun, how warm the air, how green the grass, how beautiful the flowers, the trees and all nature? If you did, you looked upon a scene of beauty so rare that you must have thrilled with a fine joy, a rich sense of luxury in the possession of life.

And as you walked on in the bright sunlight, did you realize how good it is to live, how good it is to be a part of the world, good to be a partner of the green earth? You have often looked up at the star-studded sky when the calm of night spread over the earth like a mantle, but did you drink in the beauty of it all? Did you stop to realize the grandeur of nature? Did you ever feel that you would like to live always, that you would like ever to be a partner of this grand old world? And did you ever look out on the fury of a storm, noting the vivid lightning flashes, harkening to the crashing thunder, and realize that it was all a part of life, that in its fury there was something grandly beautiful, that in its awe-inspiring flashes and crashes there was the variation of nature, and when it was ended, and the sun shone again, did you think what a grand old world this is? We know of no grander place.

While the season of sunlight is here it behooves all to go out and enjoy all these blessings. Let us cut out too much meat, medicine and melancholy, and breath deeper and eat vegetables and satisfy our olfactory nerves with the odor of trees and flowers and gladden our ears with the songs of birds. All the organs of the human body need change of environment more than they need rest, for change is rest and recreation combined.

The human body requires seasons of excitement to increase circulation and cause deeper and fuller breathing.

If you can't afford a carriage, walk, and it is so much the better for you if you do have to walk. After all, walking is the healthiest exercise of all, and there is nothing like good long walks in the early morning, and to those who feel languid we suggest that they arise at five o'clock and walk to the next town, and come back on the train. If that is too irksome, try one-quarter of a mile next Monday morning, one-half mile Tuesday morning, three-fourths on Wednesday, and so on, and by the next Monday you will be able to walk two miles without much fatigue. Walk with a vim, breathe deep and let your mind rest on hopeful things.

This will take some practice, but you can do it. If you are tired when you return, lie down and take a sleep. Don't take a stimulant or you will kill all the good effects of your walk. You will get up refreshed in mind and body. New thoughts will take the place of the old worries. While you are working, the long winding country roads will come back and thread through your memory, dotted with pretty fields and farmhouses on every side, and rounded hilltops in the distance and green trees down by the pasture fields, with soft clouds floating overhead like visible dreams of hope. Enjoy the sunlight while it is here, for winter will be back again in less than six months.

Chinook, Mont.

HAPPINESS AND DRUDGERY.

THE day I left college, as I stood among the young people who were being congratulated by their friends, a dear old lady acquaintance came up to me to say "good bye." "I expect it will be a long time before I see you again," she said. "After all the money that has been spent on your education, it seems a shame that you are only going to get married."

How many, many times I have thought of her and of the large number of people she represents—those who really believe that for a homemaker a college education is money and time thrown away, and yet of all the things that have helped to make these years of homemaking happy ones for me, I think what I got from my college life were the greatest.

It is not what a girl learns from her books and the lectures she attends; these things are the most perishable results of such an education. What really counts is the personalities she meets, the independence of being away from home and the consequent necessity of thinking and acting for herself, the broadening influences of the knowledge of other people's ideals and their various interests, the training of the mind to the accomplishment of certain ends and other things one

might mention that make a woman more useful to herself as well as to others.

How many times, when I have been washing dishes has my mind gone back to those six girls who shared with me that floor at our "rooming place,"—back to them and their pranks and the jolly good times we used to have. Many a time have I had a hearty laugh over the wash tub as I thought of something that happened then or was said by the drollest of the lot, and there was no drudgery for me as I went about the mechanical part of the work thinking often of those old days and what they held for us.

Would I like to go back to my college life with all its fun and pleasures? I can truthfully say, I am happier now than I ever was then, happier in the possession of my husband, my baby and my home, and all the responsibilities that come with these possessions. But I am glad I had those days and in many ways they help to make my homemaking happier than it could ever have been without them. I shall count it a great deprivation if I cannot give to my daughters a college education before they have homes of their own. A great hope, too, is that in their day a college education will mean a training along more practical lines than it does now and that their curriculum will include more courses that bear directly upon a homemaker's daily life. Of how much more value would my education have been had I had then a chance to study domestic economy, cooking, kindergarten methods, nature and child study. I firmly believe, however, that when my daughters go to college they will have these chances their mother has missed, and I think they will be happier, more intelligent women; better fitted to be happy homemakers and wise mothers.

While at college I one day came in from a class and found my roommate complaining of a headache. She had on a loose dressing-sacque and her hair was stringing down her back in a most distressing way. She really looked "horrid" and I did not wonder she was feeling bad. About an hour later I came in from another class and found her in her "best bib and tucker," her hair elaborately "done up" as though she were going to some function. I dropped my books in wonder.

"What is going on?" I asked. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere," said she.

"I thought you had a headache."

"So I have," was her reply.

"What are you all dressed up for then?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I thought I would feel better if I changed my clothes and slicked up a bit!"

That incident taught me a lesson that has helped me a great deal in my home life. There is more real rest in your good clothes than you imagine unless you have learned the secret by experience. Don't wear about your housework the most ragged, slouchy and unbecoming costume you possess. The more disreputable you look, the more like drudgery will your housework seem to you. Neat, simple, becoming house clothes may be made of most inexpensive material and you will accomplish more work in them with less expenditure of energy than you think possible before you have tried the plan.

Plan on doing just so much during the day, do not try to do all your work for the week. About three or four in the afternoon, if you can not do it sooner, take off your house dress and change for something you can wear outside. If you can make a call or two you will come home feeling as though you had not done a thing all day long. Even sitting out doors on the porch in the open air will rest one wonderfully and getting supper for the family will not seem the last straw on an overworked woman's shoulders.

I can very well imagine how the suggestion of making a few calls in the afternoon after doing a hard day's work will strike a great many women. Such will set me down as most impractical until they have tried the plan and analyzed their feelings after the experiment. I have a baby who has just learned to walk; for the last six months have done all the work for our family of three, sewing included, and there have been very few days when, after the dinner dishes have been washed, I have not been free to change my dress and call or read as I feel like doing. Many times, after a hard morning's work, I have felt that it would be easier to sit down at home and read, but I have found that even at such times it is far more restful to go somewhere else and visit for a short time. Then, in the evening, after the supper table is cleared and the baby put to bed, I read. I have learned that it is economy of time and energy in my case to leave the supper dishes and wash them in the morning after breakfast.

If you can make your kitchen more pleasant or convenient you will find such energy is well spent. It is hard to tell which is the more restful—and more conducive to happiness—looking well at one's work or having a pleasant place in which to perform such work. Either will help to make you happy—both will make you happier.

When you have a pleasant kitchen and home, smile in it. Have you never noticed how good you feel after you have smiled? Laugh at first at nothing at all, if you have nothing better to laugh at; then laugh at having laughed at first. The first thing you know you will think of something really worth laughing at and the thing is done—you have changed the beginning of the day, perhaps for your whole family. The children will hear an infectious peal from the kitchen and stop their quarreling to see what mother finds so funny; and even a smile will be found lurking around the corners of the mouth of a burdened husband and father; before he

knows it, for some reason he does not realize, he will find his load a little lighter.

A few weeks after we began housekeeping I had to ask a neighbor how to cook pork roast. She took the occasion to give the bride some excellent advice.

"Now, don't go down to the market thinking, 'I wish I had thought to order this meat yesterday so I wouldn't have to break into this morning so.' Say to yourself, 'What a beautiful morning this is! How glad I am that something requires my being out to enjoy it.'"

Dear, good woman! She has the secret of living and of being happy in what many deem drudgery. As long as we have such commonplace work to do, why not look on it as pleasantly as possible and do all we can to help ourselves to be happy in it?—*American Motherhood.*

SEWING HINTS.

JENNIE NEHER.

Have any of our readers ever tried to rub a little hard soap on seams, when sewing muslin that is starched, or closely woven, colored canton flannel, or any goods that seemed hard for the needle to work through? I have tried it, and was much pleased to find that with such a simple remedy the difficulty was overcome.

In making gingham, calico, or other wash dresses, especially children's dresses, allow one inch more than is needed for the hem, and take it up in a hand-run tuck on the underside of the hem. When the dress shrinks you have only to draw out the tuck to make the dress of proper length. Two runnings will allow two lengthenings, without the trouble of re-hemming. In making shirts for our men folks I simply run an inch tuck at top of sleeve just as near the armhole seam as possible, on underside, so it will not be noticed; then when shirts shrink from washing, I just draw out the tuck, and there is no complaining of short sleeves.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

SAVING BREAD CRUSTS.

How often a pudding or a cutlet or some other culinary production has been spoiled for the lack of some good dry bread crumbs to give it a toothsome, crusty covering. The wise cook saves her bread crusts for just such uses, and this is the advice one of them gives us:

Take the bread crusts and place in a pan in the oven, dry them thoroughly, and run through the meat chopper. After they are finely ground, sieve as you would ordinary meal and put into jars for future use.

What a neat shelf a woman can have in the pantry with jar foods. First there are bread crumbs, the jar of navy beans, lima beans, dried corn, spices, crumbled parsley, which has been dried and crushed, sage, hominy, etc. A large gallon crock is splendid for holding salt, another for sugar, and by buying large quantities of sugar one gets more for the money. The pantry should be the pride of the kitchen and all neatly arranged. Nothing makes a better breadbin than a large lard can or a large stone jar. The later will prevent bread or cakes from freezing in a cold room if they are wrapped in a tablecloth and carefully covered.—*Selected.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Nut Scrapple.—Stir into two quarts of boiling water two cups of cornmeal, one cup of granulated hominy and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Cook until of a consistency suitable for frying. Take from the fire and stir in two large cups of chopped hickory nut meats. Pour into a buttered pan. When cold slice and fry. This takes the place of meat.

Date Muffins.—For date muffins you need one-third cup butter, one-fourth cup sugar, one beaten egg, three-fourths cup milk, two cups flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, half teaspoon salt, half pound of dates seeded and chopped. Bake in gem pans.

Syrian Nut Cheese.—Take a pound each of seeded raisins, figs, dates, currants, blanched almonds or any kind of nuts you wish. Grind them in the food chopper; then press the mixture solidly in a stone or agate dish, and cover, putting a heavy weight on top of the muslin cover. Let it stand three days. Then it is ready to slice and use in sandwiches or on buttered toast.

Fried Rice (Central American).—Wash and dry one cup of rice; have ready a tablespoon of melted lard in a large frying pan; put in the rice and toss about until each kernel is coated. When well heated add enough boiling water to almost fill the pan, add a teaspoon of salt; cover very closely and cook as slowly as possible until nice and dry. Dish and serve at once.

The Best Baked Macaroni.—Take a cupful of broken macaroni, put into rapidly boiling water, salted, and cook for twenty minutes or until tender enough to cut easily when pressed against the side of the kettle. Turn it into a colander and drain cold water over it to keep it from being pasty. Then put a layer into an earthen baking dish and sprinkle it with onion juice, paprika, salt and a generous amount of grated cheese. On top of this spread a thick, rich tomato sauce. Add another layer of macaroni and then the seasonings, and so on until the dish is filled. The top should be covered with the tomato sauce, bread crumbs, bits of but-

ter and a thin sifting of grated cheese. It should bake for half an hour. It is a perfectly delicious dish, when done, and is an excellent substitute for the dinner meat.

Old-time Sponge Cake.—It is the most delicious of all sponge cakes if made with care and attention to the important features: Weigh any number of eggs (four will make a good-sized cake); take their weight in their shells of granulated sugar and half their weight in sifted flour and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the yolks until very light colored and like thick cream, then add the sugar, and beat the mixture again until very light. The lemon juice and rind should be added, and then the flour, which must be sifted until very light and full of air. The whipped whites should be folded in with the greatest care. Have the heat of the oven moderate at first, increasing it gradually after the cake is well risen.

"If tarnished silver is soaked an hour in buttermilk, then washed in hot soapsuds, and dried on a soft towel, it will have a beautiful polish."

"To make doughnuts light, put a teaspoonful of vinegar into the grease in which you fry them. The doughnuts will not then soak up the grease."

"Cooking Sour Fruit.—Rhubarb, cranberries and dried fruit will require less sugar if they are covered with hot water and allowed to stand until the water is cool. Then change the water and cook."

"Rhubarb Tarts.—Make a rich pie dough, line the pans and fill with one cup of finely chopped rhubarb, one scant cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cracker crumbs, one egg beaten separately, using white for top. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes. This is new and delicious."

The Children's Corner

REAL KINDNESS.

Oh, it was such fun to play ball there on the lawn! Jack and Donald threw and caught, and Grace was given a turn every time one of the boys missed. The air was crisp and cool, so it was exactly the day for ball, and there was to be a special chicken dinner, because it was Jack's birthday. Think of the appetites there would be for a birthday dinner after a game of ball!

But when Grace had a turn, she came up to the boys and said, "Boys, we mustn't play ball any more. It's mean."

"Not play ball?"

"Why is it mean?"

"It's mean on account of Arthur," Grace said. "Look at him, only make believe you're not looking.

There at the window of the next house sat a boy, propped up with pillows in a big chair, a boy with a very white face and wistful eyes, that said as plainly as his lips could have said, "Oh, how I long to play ball! Oh, how dreadful it is for a boy not to be able to use his legs!"

"Poh!" Donald said. "We've not broken our legs. It's all right for us to play ball. We're not hurting him."

But Jack looked sober. "I guess seeing us use our legs makes him wish for his all the more," he said. "I say, let's go around back of the house."

"No," said Grace. "Let's play something he can play, too."

"What could he play?" said Donald.

"We can't go into the house, Grace, and put puzzles together, or read," muttered Jack.

"Let's put a string from his window to our piazza," said Grace, "and send things back and forth."

Now there was nothing Jack liked better than to "rig up things," as he called it, and when Arthur was told of the plan, though his face was still white, the shine in his eyes and the smile on his lips made him look like a different boy.

A stout cord was fastened between the two houses, and a basket arranged so that it could be pulled across by a string. The first load to be sent was one of Jack's birthday presents—a game, to be loaned to Arthur for a week. Arthur sent back one of the six glasses of jelly that had been brought to him that day, of which the three hungry children made short work.

At dinner-time Jack sent over a part of his birthday dinner with this rhyme on top:

A boy who can dine heartily,
But cannot use his feet,
Is better off than one who runs,
But has no food to eat.

All the afternoon the little basket was kept busy, and the children were kept busy, too, thinking of things to send across. Arthur made a remarkable apple boy, with skewers for legs and arms, the legs bandaged, like his own. Jack returned a paper doctor, with a medicine case in his hand. Grace sent over her microscope and some pretty mosses. And so the basket went to and fro, even carrying live stock, for Jack fastened in the puppy, and it announced its coming by indignant yelps.

The last thing that came across was a big dish of ice-cream from Arthur, with a card which read, "To the good people who stopped using their legs because of one who could not use his."—*Mayflower.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The population of the city of Washington is 331,069. This statement by the census bureau is the first official announcement of any population total as the result of the 1910 census. In 1900, the population of Washington was 278,718.

The St. Louis and San Francisco railroad has offered the use of a car to the Missouri Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis to be used as a traveling exhibit throughout the State. Other roads have offered to haul it free.

The United States Senate has passed the bill introduced by Senator Depew governing wireless telegraphy. It requires that all wireless stations secure licenses from the Department of Commerce and Labor. The bill aims to prevent interference of messages and the sending of false distress signals and gives the army and navy messages the priority over commercial messages.

Little difficulty is anticipated in introducing the postal savings bank feature into local postoffices throughout the country. In the majority of cases no extra help will be employed. In the larger cities it will be the policy to designate one of the clerks in the money order department as teller. The opening of an additional set of books will be necessary, but the deposits will be banked in local institutions each day as they are received. The larger cities will handle deposits from the smaller postoffices.

The bankers of Kansas City and of the Southwest dependent on Kansas City have agreed to lend no money to anyone who intends to use the cash for the purchase of a motor car. This boycott is brought about, the bankers say, by the extravagance of the country in the purchase of automobiles. Thirty-two million dollars were invested in motor cars in the last year in Kansas. One million dollars may be added to keep these motor cars in repair for the same twelve months. One Kansas City banker stated that his safe contained fifty-two real estate mortgages, the money for which he knew went for the purchase of automobiles.

The system of transmitting train orders in this country by the telephone is making rapid strides. Statistics filed by the Interstate Commerce Commission show that the telephone is being used for this purpose on 295 roads in the United States, on which 26,344 miles of road are operated by this method. On ten of the roads telephone dispatching covers 500 miles or more, and on five roads the distance covered exceeds 1,000 miles; this being the case on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé; the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; the Great Northern; the Illinois Central, and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Russia, France and England have reached an agreement for mutual defense against Germany's menacing activities, pledging themselves to a tremendous increase of their respective naval armaments. It is believed among foreign diplomats the Russo-French-British entente reveals a momentous situation and shows just how much, or rather how little, those great powers place faith in the world's peace talk.

Exports of manufactures in May were larger than in any past month in the history of our export trade, and for the full fiscal year 1910 will be larger than in any past fiscal year. The total value of manufactures exported in May was $71,000,000, including both manufactures ready for consumption and for further use in manufacturing, and for the eleven months ending with May amounted to $699,000,000, indicating that June, the twelfth month of the fiscal year, will bring the record for the fiscal year 1910 above that of any of its predecessors.

The decision of Crete to submit to the edict of the four protecting powers and to admit Moslem deputies to the assembly without requiring them to take the oath of allegiance to the king of Greece is considered a triumph for the government over Alexandra, England's queen mother, and Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, who both were conducting a vigorous campaign in favor of Greece's annexation of Crete. King George of Greece is a brother of Alexandra and Marie. Crete's decision, in the opinion of the foreign office, disposes of a situation in the Hellenes that has been promising trouble for several years. At one time it was feared that the trouble between Crete, Greece and Turkey would result in a European embroilment.

Woman is soon to have an exclusive field of labor at the telephone switchboard. Ninety-five per cent of the operators now are women or girls, according to the forthcoming census report on the telephone industry. In 1907 there were 16,638 women switchboard operators and 3,576 men in the same business. In 1902 there were 2,525 men and 37,333 women. Beginners in virtually all of the large exchanges now are taught the business by instructors before being assigned to serving customers. Candidates for positions are accepted, as a rule, only after passing a careful examination as to general health, disposition, mental alertness, education, voice, sight and hearing. Discipline in the telephone exchange operating rooms is necessarily strict. Comfortably equipped quarters are provided with rest and lunch rooms. Out-of-door gardens also are provided in some cities and some companies provide kitchens in which operators may prepare tea, coffee or cocoa or cook light meals. Others supply food gratis. In some sections of the country toll operators of the district are called together for friendly conference once each six months.

An early culmination in the general unrest throughout Portugal will be precipitated it is feared, by King Manuel's decision to inaugurate a practical military dictatorship in consequence of his failure to form a new cabinet. The failure to form the cabinet resulted from the jealousies of numerous leading politicians on whom Manuel had relied for support. Manuel has tired of this opposition and is determined to expel from parliament, by force if necessary, the rioters and obstructionists who have hindered the work of readjustment. In accordance with his new plan, the military element of parliament is being greatly strengthened and sweeping moves are expected. Some of the more conservative of Manuel's advisers are afraid that his course will precipitate a general outbreak, for which it is admitted the country is ripe. Manuel insists, however, that he has promises of support from enough of the leaders to insure the successful conclusion of his plans.

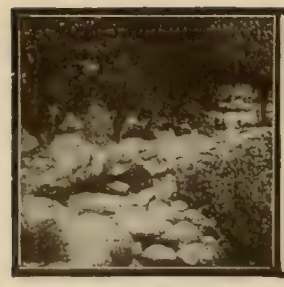
Congress' Legislative Action Sponsored by Taft: Striking revision of the railroad laws, including the creation of a commerce court. Admitting Arizona and New Mexico as separate States. Authorizing the establishment of postal savings banks. Giving to the President unlimited authority to withdraw public lands for conservation purposes. Providing for publicity of campaign contributions after elections. Authorizing the issue of $20,000,000 in certificates of indebtedness to complete the reclamation projects. Creating a bureau of mines. Extending the activities of the tariff board and appropriating $250,000 for its use. Looking to the suppression of traffic in "white slaves." Authorizing the entry of the surface of coal lands. Creating a commission to consider economies in the administration of the federal government. Providing a new tariff system for the Philippine Islands. Legislation which ultimately is expected to give practically prohibition to the Hawaiian Islands.

Fully one-third of the time of the United States supreme court at its next term, beginning in October, will be occupied with the consideration of cases in which the government is a party or in which it is interested because they involve the construction of federal laws. According to a review of the situation made at the department of justice the court has advanced the date for hearing 53 cases between Oct. 17 and Jan. 3 of next year. Of these, the government is interested in no less than 43. They include the Standard Oil and tobacco trust cases, those involving the constitutionality of the corporation tax, the New York World libel suit, the Buck's Stove and Range case against the American Federation of Labor, involving the boycott question and the contempt proceedings against Samuel F. Gompers; the validity of the commodity clause of the Hepburn law as it applies to coal-carrying railroads, the Lehigh Valley, Erie, New Jersey Central and the Pennsylvania; the case against Augustus Heinze, accused of misapplying funds of the Metropolitan National Bank of New York, and the Hipolite egg case, which is the first to be brought under the pure food law. In the first 300 cases before the court on regular call the government has about one in every four. This not only indicates the activities of the department of justice but emphasizes the tremendous interest which the government and the people have in securing a full bench. If all of the cases set for argument for the first three months of next term should be decided within that term it would be the most important period in the history of the court.

This session of Congress, along with spending $1,074,000,000 of the people's money, has been the wordiest on record. The Congressional Record has already reached 9,000 pages and probably will total 10,000. A page contains more words than the average newspaper column. Figuring that only 6,000 pages were devoted to speeches and debates—the other 4,000 to records—the statesmen uttered a mere matter of 10,800,000 words during the session. Bills introduced in the House during the present session number 27,065, and in the Senate 8,800. Thousands of these are pension and private claim bills. Of those intended for the general good, 136 house and 83 senate bills have become laws. Three treaties of no great importance have been ratified by the Senate, which also confirmed 10,800 nominations by the President. This session of Congress convened December 6. The long sessions of the five preceding Congresses ended May 30, June 30, April 28, July 1 and June 7.

At last, the long looked for approval has been given by the department of the interior of the construction of the Engle dam, which will be the main structure of the New Mexico-Texas irrigation project that will water 180,000 acres. Of this amount 25,000 acres will be in Old Mexico. The reservoir will be one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the world. It will total 2,538,000 acre feet and will be caught by a rubble masonry dam 1,400 feet long on top, 265 feet high, or within 100 feet of the height of Niagara Falls, and will have a spillway 190 feet high. The country is interesting from a historical point of view. It was the region through which the Spaniards first entered New Mexico. The rainfall is only 9½ inches, but there were quite extensive irrigation works, some of them built by the Indians within traditional memory and some of them reaching back to prehistoric times. Some of the ditches are known to be 250 years old, and some of them go back probably to the time of the cave dwellers. The project will cost about $9,000,000, which will be secured to the United States by lands that will be worth $15,000,000 when the water is turned on them.

The first woman to be honored by Yale has received the degree of master of arts in connection with the 209th commencement at the famous university. Jane Addams, founder of Hull house, Chicago, was the recipient, and in conferring the honor which establishes a precedent in the history of the college, Prof. Perrin paid a glowing tribute to the work for humanity performed by Miss Addams. "She has had a prophetic vision of what might be done, and militant courage, united with a high order of administrative, social and political capacity in doing and getting done," he said, "and the world at last realizes her worth." Other degrees were to James J. Hill of the Great Northern railroad, Truman H. Newberry, former secretary of the navy; Kenyon Cox, artist; Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; Dr. John Burroughs, naturalist; Walter Francis Frear, chief justice and governor of Hawaii; Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution, and M. W. Jacqubus, president of Hartford Theological seminary. The John Addison Porter prize of $450 was won by William Smith Culbertson of Emporia, Kan.



NATURE STUDIES



THE BATTLE OF LAND AGAINST WATER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Text: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Eccles. 9: 11.

In the Bible account of creation we are told that after the separation of land and water the first vegetation created was grass. Nothing was done without a reason for the same, so there must be a reason for this order. No doubt it was for the purpose of assisting the land in its struggles against the encroachments of the waves by binding the soil together.

We are subject to the same laws today that were in force before man set foot on this planet. Today we see the waves and swift currents undermining the banks and shores, while the wandering winds fiercely toss the torn fragments to and fro. Must the land submit to these acts with no means of defense? The winds are swift and the waves are strong, but our hope lies in the promise of our text. Slowly, yes, so slowly that long periods must elapse before its progress can be marked, the grass creeps down over the ruin wrought by the relentless elements and pushing its roots through the sand and gravel binds it once more into a firm mass. Bending to the slightest breeze, lying prostrate before the onward sweep of the flood, the humble grass clasps the earth with its rootlets and when storm and flood have passed strives to restore beauty to the earth.

In our inland regions we may see former lakes and swamps that have been filled by the action of a species of aquatic grass, but along water courses and by the seashore may be seen the greatest object lessons in the study of grasses.

These sand-binding grasses are the natural allies of the land in the ceaseless battle with the elements and may be made to act as the allies of man as well. By their aid it has been possible for the Hollander to maintain the little ribbon of earth that holds back the relentless North Sea from his door. The grasses planted by France along her coast have thrust their roots down deep into the sand that the winds were piling up and rolling inward, threatening destruction to the homes of the terrified peasantry. Each season they struggled upward from the new layer of sand, patiently thrust their long rootstocks along near the surface, then throwing out new roots sent up new crowns to renew the struggle. Inland from this grass-cemented wall were grown fields of soil-binding grasses to reclaim the waste brought down from the torrent-scarred hills far inland.

One of the most widely-distributed of the sand binders is *marram grass,* or sand reed. In the time of William III laws were passed by Parliament to prevent its wanton destruction, as was also the case in Holland, the possession of even the stalks being a penal offense.



(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.)

Advancing Sand Dune One-half Mile North of Ophir, Oregon.

Coming to our own side of the ocean, some of the towns of Cape Cod formerly warned the inhabitants to turn out and plant marram grass, just as we of the inland regions are called upon for labor on the highways. This was in April and he who refused to do so was subject to a fine.

The stems of this grass grow to the height of two to four feet and as the sand drifts in around them new shoots form in the axils of the leaves, causing them to appear to rise as the sand piles up. The rootstocks, growing much like calamus or sweet flag, extend a distance of twenty to thirty feet, at intervals sending down fibrous roots and sending up stems.

The marram is a type of one kind of binding plants,

but we have another kind. In this the roots form a dense mass of fibrous threads forming a sod. The prairies of Illinois in early days were covered with a coarse grass, often rising to a height of ten or more feet, and with perennial roots so densely interwoven that plowing was quite a task. Straggling specimens are to be found where the original sod has not been broken.

Along the south Atlantic coast *bitter panic grass* is a well known sand binder. It is of no great value aside from its binding qualities.

Another is known as *salt grass* or *alkali grass.* It is found growing upon the alkali land of the Death Valley regions where other vegetation is quite rare. It will grow on other land, however, and when it once gains a foothold quite effectually resists all ouster proceedings.

These are only a few of the grasses available for the purpose of holding the soil in place and they in turn are but a small portion of the known species.

Let us consider the grass which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. We have a place to fill and let us fill it as faithfully and unfalteringly as the grasses do theirs. When waves of disappointments come let us bow to the inevitable and, when the storm has passed, again lift up our heads to resume our duties.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

NATURE STUDY.

Not to have so much as a bowing acquaintance with the birds that nest in our gardens or under the very eaves of our houses, that haunt our woodpiles, keep our fruit trees free from slugs, waken us with their song and enliven our walks along the roadside and through the woods, seems to be at least a breach of etiquette toward some of our most kindly disposed neighbors.

To the uninitiated or uninterested observer all small, dull-colored birds are "common sparrows." The closer scrutiny of the trained eye quickly differentiates and picks out not only the Song, the Canada and the Fox sparrows, but finds a dozen other familiar friends, where one who "has eyes and sees not" does not even suspect their presence. Ruskin says: "The more I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something." "Hundreds of people can talk," says Neltje Blanchan, "for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one."

Nature study fails of its chief end if it does not send us to nature itself. What we want is not only the mere facts, we want, through them, to add to the resources of our lives; and I know of nothing better calculated to do this than the study of nature at first hand. To add to the resources of one's life—think how much that means! To add to those things that make us more at home in the world; that help guard us against ennui and stagnation; that invest the country with new interest and enticement; that make every walk in the fields or woods an excursion into a land of unexhausted treasures; that make the returning seasons fill us with expectation and delight; that make every rod of ground like the page of a book, in which new and strange things may be read; in short, those things that help keep us fresh and sane and young, and make us immune to the strife and fever of the world.

The main thing is to feel an interest in nature—an interest that leads to a loving, unconscious study of her. Not entirely a scientific interest, but a human interest as well; science upon the one hand and an appreciation of the mystery, the beauty and the bounty of life upon the other. A touch of real knowledge—how humanizing and elevating it is!

To the real nature lover the bird in the bush is worth much more than the bird in the hand, because the nature lover is not after a specimen; he is after a living fact; he is after a new joy in life. It is an important part, but by no means the main part, of what ornithology holds for us to be able to name every bird on sight or call. But to love the bird, to appreciate its place in the landscape and in the season, to relate it to your daily life, to define its character, to know it emotionally in your heart—that is much more.

John Burroughs says:

"Whatever opens up new doors or windows for us in the world about us, whatever widens the field of our interests and sympathies, has some sort of value—moral, intellectual or æsthetic. Nature's book is like any other book; you must open the covers; you must fix your eyes upon the text; you must get into the spirit of it. When you have read one sentence correctly, you are so much the better prepared to read the next one. We have only to look into nature a little more closely and intently to whet our powers of observation. By the use of such books as reliable nature libraries contain we can add vastly to our pleasure in and our knowledge of the world that lies about us."

To all the above, so well and truly said by poet, nature student and lover, I would like to add another plea, directed especially to those souls (if there be any who read this article) to whom only matters having dollars' and cents' value appeal. *Protect the birds,* if only for selfish reasons. The best farmer in the world could not succeed without the aid of birds, who help to keep in check the slugs, insects and worms that prey upon the results of the farmer's work. If you have too many hawks, crows, blue jays and English sparrows in your neighborhood, kill them, if you must—although even these seemingly "pesty" birds have their uses—

but don't begrudge the useful robin a few pecks at your cherries. Make some use of the gray matter in your head—learn the balance and relation of things in nature—and you won't want to blunderingly disturb that well-designed balance and relation, and, unwittingly, *harm yourself!* Mothers and fathers, inform yourselves, and teach your children. Remember, "not a sparrow falleth but its God does see."—*Farm and Home.*

FAVORITE SUMMER BIRDS.

THE sweetest warblers are usually found near inhabited lands. The bobolink, whose rich, deep notes adorn the meadow in harvest time, never seeks the forest or wild sections of country. As he sings, atilt on a clover blossom, if you listen and say, "thank you, Robert o'Lincoln," he is almost sure to respond with an encore just as if he appreciated your applause. They haunt cultivated grass fields because of the insects that abound. The supply is never exhausted for their young. Search in the wake of the mower during haymaking time if you would find the bobolink's nest.

It is quite probable that these birds were few in number previous to the settlement of America by the Europeans, owing to the small amount of land that was tilled. Experience has shown that the bobolink, song sparrow, linnet, and robin have increased according to the spread of agriculture. What a beneficent act on the part of an all-wise Creator to thus provide for the protection of the agriculturist from insects. Were it not for the birds, it would be impossible to attain success in this branch of industry.

In the latter part of June, the summer birds join with the earlier warblers in their more vehement and musical strains. As the morning stars grow fainter and the ruddy light fringes the east, a single note of challenge is uttered. Soon the feathered sleepers are all awake and the chorus of song arises like an ocean of music. At midday the singing of the larger number of birds is finished until another dawn, but the vireo and bobolink are always full of music to overflowing.

The swamp sparrow finds his favorite perch on the limb of a dead tree in a wild brook where his sweet note is often the only sound that disturbs the forest solemnity. The wood sparrow frequents isolated habitations. The chewink, redstart, oven bird, flicker, grosbeak, and scarlet tanager are other favorites, whose habits it is worth while to know.—*Home and School Visitor.*

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Beginning with the stock of the wild mountain or Yoshino cherry, the gardeners grafted the shoots of the flowering varieties close to the ground, then enlarged the petals, changed stamens to petals, and multiplied the petals. These they curled in cuplike forms beyond the possibilities of a plum blossom, and, beside the one indentation of the traditional heart-shaped petal, cut deep notches like a sparrow's beak or made serrated edges like the petals of a pink or daisy.

They called the latter flower the "little chrysanthemum." They curled and broadened the stamens, stood them upright like the sail of a junk, and in some cases left two pistils of pale green in the heart of the rosiest flowers as a charming color contrast.—*Century.*

Between Whiles

It Pays to Talk.

Sim Watson's stock of wit was small,
But he let on he knew it all;
He held his head up mighty high;
The word he spoke the most was "I";
He had a large amount of gall,
And never let a chance go by,
Whenever he was in a crowd
To make his conversation loud.

You'd hear his voice above the rest,
He'd strut and he'd stick out his chest,
He never "guessed," he always KNEW;
Or, leastwise, he pretended to;
He always seemed to worry lest
He might be hid from view;
When taller men than Sim were there
You'd see him standin' on a chair.

We all knew that his talk was guff,
That he was puttin' up a bluff,
And yet, somehow, we kind of got
To thinkin' that he knew a lot;
The jokes he told were old and tough—
Most of them tales that we'd forgot—
But still we'd laugh at what he said,
And so his reputation spread.

Well, as I see the case today,
Sim taught a lesson, anyway:
Your stock of knowledge may be small,
But don't stand back against the wall
And listen to what others say,
Speak up and claim to know it all:
Most people will believe you do—
The wise ones are so mighty few.

—S. E. Kiser.

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19 And unto E'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lĕ'vites, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nims, [f]and all they that had separated themselves

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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sixty and two years, and he [a]É'nŏch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he É'nŏch eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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THEN Job answered and said,
2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

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[1] Heb. *in wickedness*
[2] Heb. *A*

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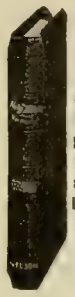
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37 And he will say, [r]Where are gods,
The rock in which they refuge;
38 Which did [s]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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e genealogy GENE

d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cain w.
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there s born a son; and he called his

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a Ju 14
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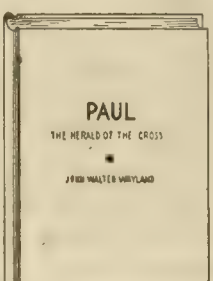
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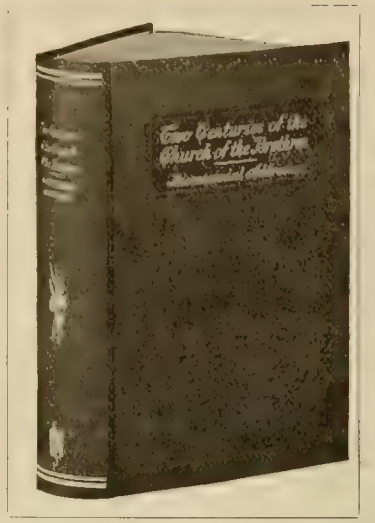
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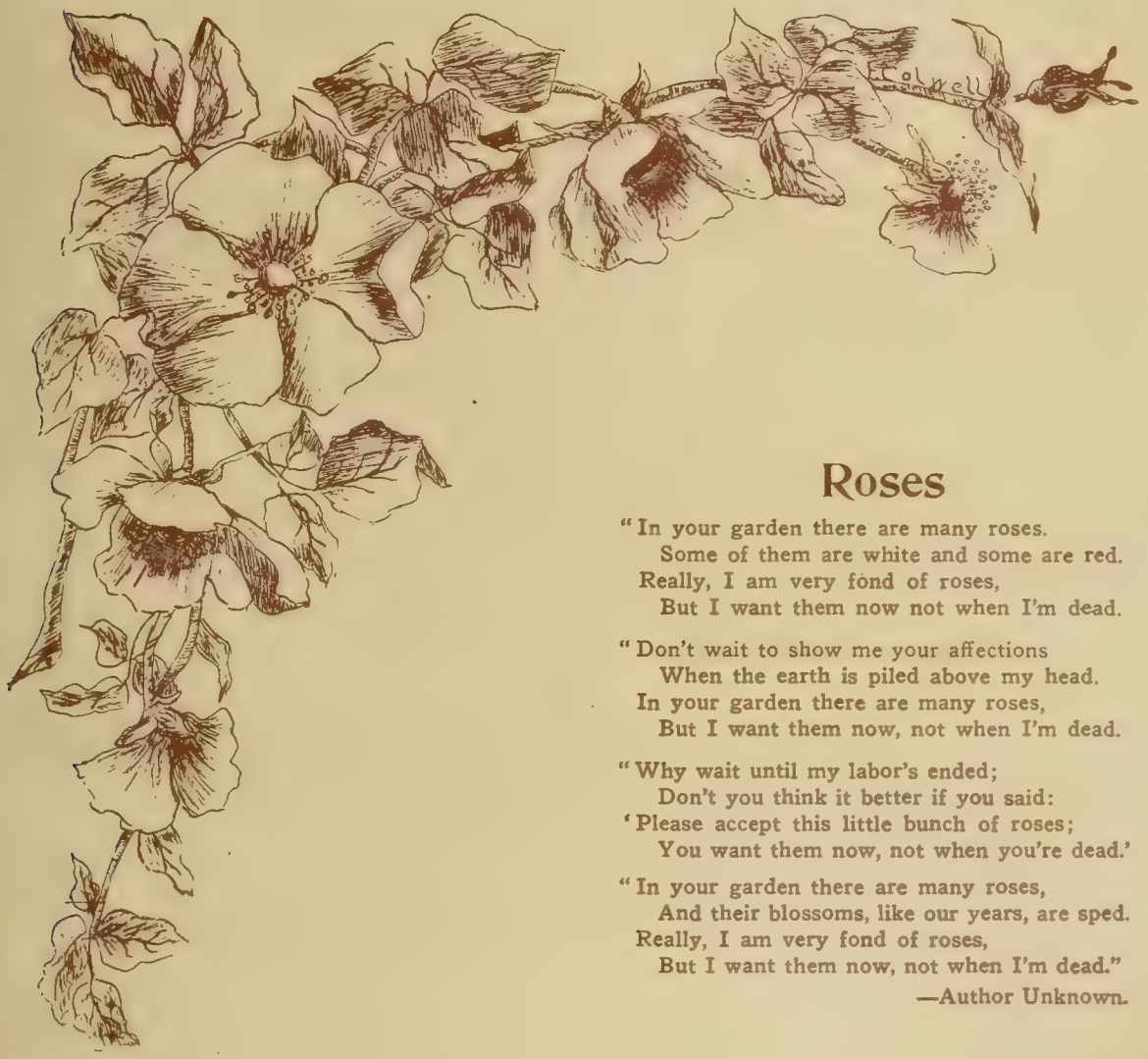
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Really, I am very fond of roses,
But I want them now not when I'm dead.

"Don't wait to show me your affections
When the earth is piled above my head.
In your garden there are many roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead.

"Why wait until my labor's ended;
Don't you think it better if you said:
'Please accept this little bunch of roses;
You want them now, not when you're dead.'

"In your garden there are many roses,
And their blossoms, like our years, are sped.
Really, I am very fond of roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead."

—Author Unknown.

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Colorado Springs..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Denver .....Colo.	19.00	30 00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Gooding ....Idaho	41.90	46 40	46.40	46.40	43.90	43.90	41.90	46.40
Green River .....Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30.00	31 20	33.40
Helena .....Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Huntington..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls .....Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Minidoka .....Idaho	38.00	42.50	42.50	42.50	40.00	40.00	38.00	42.50
Mountain Home.....Idaho	45.90	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ....Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49.20	53.70
Ogden ....Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma .....Idah	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Pendleton ... .Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Pocatello.....Idaho	34 50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo..... .. ....Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo .....Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs.....Wyo.	27 50	30.00	30.00	30 00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
Salt Lake City..... ..Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Shoshone . .....Idaho	41.00	45.50	45 50	45.50	43.00	43 00	41.00	45.50
Spokane ... .Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Twin Falls..... ..Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
Umatilla.....Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Walla Walla . .....Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee .... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

†From Council Bluffs the fare is $19.00. Omaha, $19.00. St. Joseph, $24.35. Leavenworth, $25.05. Kansas City, $25.85.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa, ...	$50.00	$53.90	$66.95	$63.90
Missouri River Gateways, ...	50.00	50.00	65.00	60.00
St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	50.00	63.50	66.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois, ...	72.50	72.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado, ...	45.00	45.00	80.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

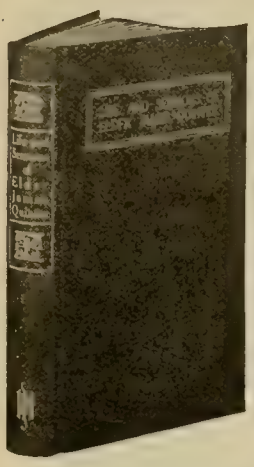
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Column 4, October 31, 1910.

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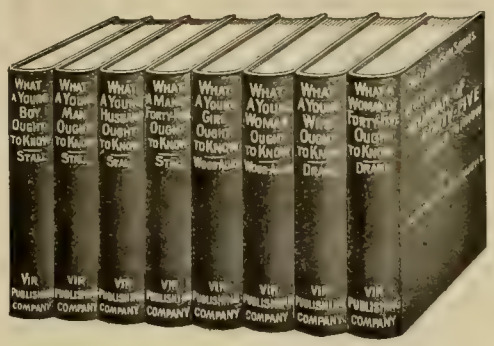
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A SPECIAL FEATURE

Editor Trout is always on the alert for interesting and helpful matter with which to improve our Sunday-school periodicals.

In the January **Teachers' Monthly** he announces the completion of arrangements which will bring the finest maps and descriptions of Bible lands within reach of every teacher or schools using the **Monthly.** We refer to the

"Underwood Travel System"

Helps to the Sunday-school Lessons for 1910.

Under the caption "**The Lesson in Palestine**" will be found a careful description of the places mentioned in the lesson and directions for use of the maps and the stereographs.

During this year each issue of the **Monthly** will give a reproduction of one or more of the famous Underwood maps.

This one feature should induce every student of the International Uniform Sunday-School Lessons to use the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** during 1910.

Price single copy per year **50 cents.**

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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. July 12, 1910. No. 28.

A Few Facts About Money

William L. Judy

MONEY, besides being the root of all evil, is a very interesting subject. It is also a "deep" subject. Political parties have taken it up; our financial history necessarily has much to say about it; political economists spend much time on its discussion; the present Congress wants to legislate in reference to it; and all of us, from the millionaire to the beggar, are more or less troubled about this subject. To go into the details and the "philosophy of money" would require too much time and space. So many books have been written on it, "that I suppose even the world itself could not contain them." We can give here only a few facts on the subject.

Money is a common measure of value and a medium of exchange. As a common measure of value it is abstract; we estimate the value of an article in terms of money—so many dollars and cents. As a medium of exchange, it is a concrete thing; a transaction is usually effected by the giving of money (or money credit) in return for value received. Without it the country's vast business could not be carried on. Yet, of all the business, only five per cent is effected by means of real money, the other ninety-five per cent being transacted on *credit, the cornerstone of American prosperity.*

There are two kinds of money—coin and currency. But the latter is backed by bullion and so metallic or coin money is the only true money. Currency or paper money is comparatively modern. Metals were not always used for making coins; the Chinese used silk; the early New Englands, codfish; the Virginians, tobacco; while American Indians employed wampum, Some coins were square, some hexagonal, and others were cubical or in the form of rings. Today gold, silver, and copper are the chief metals employed for money purposes.

Five qualities are desirable in an article to be used for money. The metals, especially gold, possess these in the greatest degree and are therefore most suitable. The qualities are:

1. The article must be *portable* (barter is too inconvenient and costly).

2. It must be *durable*—not easily worn out, able to endure constant wear and use.

3. Easily *recognizable.*

4. *Stable in value*—worth as much one year as another; time should not depreciate its value.

5. *Intrinsically valuable.*

Gold possesses all these to a greater extent than any other metal.

The present supply of gold is obtained mainly from Australia, South Africa, Alaska, and United States. Each year's output is so small in proportion to all the gold that is already used, that the annual increase does not affect its value. The metal is so malleable that it can be beaten into sheets three hundred thousandths of an inch in thickness. A grain of it can be drawn into a thread five hundred feet long. It is easily recognizable, being the only metal naturally yellow.

Our money comes to us not as pure metal in bullion but in small pieces called coins, which are pieces of metal stamped to indicate their weight, fineness, and the rate at which they shall pass in trade. Private persons coined money in this country prior to 1864. But coining is now universally considered an attribute of sovereignty or the state. The United States mints that coin money are located at Philadelphia (the oldest mint), San Francisco, New Orleans, Carson City, and Denver.

There are four steps in the coining. The bullion is first *assayed* or tested; then *refined* until all impurities are driven out; the *alloy* copper to the extent of ten per cent is added to give the desired hardness; the *coining* proper now takes place. The alloyed bullion is cut into strips a little wider than the coin desired. These trips are passed between rollers to give them the exact thickness of the coin. The coin is now cut from the strip and stamped between the dies. The rim is grooved in order to detect criminal abrasion or "clipping."

At the present time our government issues the following coins: Gold—double eagle, eagle, half eagle, and quarter eagle ($2.50); silver—dollar, half dollar, quarter and dime; nickel—nickel; and copper—penny.

No silver dollars have been coined since 1904. At different times but not any longer were coined the one and three-dollar gold pieces; the three, five and twenty-cent pieces; the two-cent bronze piece; and the one-half cent copper piece.

Not all money is legal tender. The government decrees what moneys must be accepted in the payment of debts. If the kind of money tendered is not "legal" tender, it need not be accepted. Gold of any denomination is legal tender for any amount, as is also the silver dollar. But smaller silver coins are not legal tender for more than $10.00 in one payment while the limit of pennies and nickels is twenty-five cents.

We now come to an interesting question: What metal should be the standard, gold or silver? This was the great issue in the presidential campaign of '96. The intrinsic value of gold coins is the same as the face or stamped value. But the present value of the silver bullion in a dollar is only fifty-four cents. Silver is not as stable in value as gold. The recent discoveries of large silver veins have reduced its value until today a pound of gold is worth thirty-four pounds of silver (the ratio of 16 to 1 being false).

The free and unlimited coinage of silver means that anyone having silver bullion can take it to the United States mints and have it coined into silver money free of charge. Bimetallism or the double standard has been rejected and gold (since 1900) is the only standard, coinable "free and unlimited."

Just a few stray facts about coins. The symbol $, or dollar sign, represents probably the letter U written on an S, denoting U. S. (United States). If you want to measure a few inches and have no rule, use the change you have in your pocket. The penny is three-fourths inch in diameter; the half-dollar, one and one-fourth inches; and the dollar, one and one-half inches. Coins from the Philadelphia mint have no mint mark on them. Those coined in New Orleans have an O on the reverse side below the eagle; at San Francisco, S; at Carson City C C; and at Denver, D, The small letter stamped against the bottom of the neck of the liberty head is the initial of the die maker. Coins are valuable because they are rare, not necessarily because they are old. The "leader of valuable American coins" is the 1804 silver dollar, worth at least $800. Only seven or eight are known to be in existence.

The other kind of money is paper money or currency, which is usually a promise to pay. It derives its value from the obligation it fixes on the government to make good to the holder the amount stated thereon. That is, INTRINSICALLY CURRENCY IS WORTH ONLY THE PAPER ON WHICH IT IS PRINTED. The promise of the government to pay on demand the face value and the confidence of the people in the ability of the government to make good its promise are the two essentials in the making of paper money valuable.

The present government did not issue paper money until 1862. Previous fiscal operations were transacted exclusively with coin, by its own officers without the intervention of banks. In this year the "greenbacks" were issued, non-interest bearing, payable to bearer. They soon depreciated until in 1864 the rate was thirty-five cents per dollar. On account of this the cost of the Civil War was greatly enhanced.

There are three other kinds of paper money in circulation today: bank notes and gold and silver certificates. Bank notes can be issued by any national bank but are not legal tender. Gold and silver certificates, as their names imply, represent that much bullion stored in the vaults of the treasury basement at Washington, payable on demand to the bearer of these certificates.

Greenbacks are issued in denominations of $10 and upward to $1,000; gold certificates, $10 to $10,000; silver certificates, $1 to $100; and bank notes from $5 to $100. The currency is printed in the building of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. The paper is manufactured in Massachusetts by a secret process.

The issue and redemption of money is an intricate subject. The business of the country is so interwoven with money and money matters that any legislation gives rise to fear and unrest. There seems to exist a great need for a more elastic currency. Congress is attempting to legislate on it. Costly experience should afford them a safe guide. It is well that the people have great confidence in the government, without which confidence money legislation would be doubly difficult. The present government has always fulfilled its promise to pay and has shown itself worthy of the confidence placed in it.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE days are at hand when the toilers long for green pastures and still waters; when dreams of hillside and valley, waving fields, rustic porches and cooling shadows mingle with the dust and smoke, the noise, the fret, the work and weariness of city life. The heart of tired humanity grows restless as the heart of nature stirs in tree, shrub and flower, and we are inclined to envy the very apple blossoms blowing on the wind.

Change is such a necessity: the mind as well as the body that has worked too long in a routine grows flaccid, as a string that has been stretched too far, and rest and benefit come from exertion in a different direction. The fatigue that follows the journey through new scenes, that comes after the long tramp through the woods or the long pull up

the river, is what the truthful old lady called "a good tired;" the overstrained muscles relax and rest, the unused ones wake to new life.

The vital virtues of change are so apparent that the wise physician orders it in place of nervine or tonic.

"Go to the seashore," said the doctor to an invalid.

"It is not to be thought of; I cannot afford it."

"Then go into the country—go somewhere. If you positively cannot leave home, move out of this room into one in some other part of the house; make some sort of a change."



"Go Somewhere."

The world is learning the virtue that lies in a dose of moonlight in Venice, in a draught of Alpine scenery, in a taste of Scottish heather, in the breath of the pine woods, in the breezes that blow off Lake Superior. The semi-invalid, the tired business man, the over-worked clerks and the sewing girls, the tired mothers of families find any of these better than bromides, or bitter waters, or the complete drug store. And some portion of these pleasures is in the reach of most; and even a seeming extravagance turns out in the end to be the truest economy. A day in the shadow of green trees brings its return in renewed hope and health and courage.

So now the city resident, man, woman and child, is looking forward to a respite from hot bricks and hot air, from hand organs, car whistle, smoke and dust. The country houses are putting themselves in order for the summer boarder, for the summer boarder is an institution whose advent brings care into the camp of the country home, and he is sometimes exacting and dreams of impossible things. So he, or more often she, having read the milk-and-honey side of country life, and expecting too much, often wakes from a dream of paradise to discoveries unexpected and disappointed.

For there are rainy days and scorching days, and windy days, and the rain wets, and the heat burns as in the city, and the wind is no respecter of bangs or complexions. Ice is not indigenous to the average farm, and butter follows the great law of its being without fear of the city guests. Vegetables and small fruits seem not as plentiful as expected. The cream will turn and the hens are unmindful of their duty in regard to eggs.

The postman does not make three trips a day to the door, and the neighbor who would do a kind-

ness by bringing the mail has a fatal facility for carrying it in his pocket a day or two before delivery, a failing that is shared by his brother of the city.

There is also an occasional fried beefsteak and an over-supply of the "one gravy."

There are social mosquitoes and insects that have an affinity for bare arms and bald heads. There may be uncomfortable rooms and an absence of some of the adjuncts of the toilet that are considered indispensable, as the breath of life, in one's own home. There is the look of dismay and when these things are mentioned, there is the tyranny of the laws of the house whereby one is made to understand that boarders are taken as an accommodation, not as a necessity.

For the boarding houses in the country are not universal where one may sit on glorified verandas and look upon the blue of the sky, the spray of the surge or the crimson of clover meadows with nothing to regret and everything to enjoy.

But these discomforts strike a balance with the pleasures. What a joy it is to breathe air in which there is no taint of factory smoke or sewer gas, but which has blown instead straight over fields of clover blossoms and growing grain, gathering sweetness all the way; to see the blue sky unobscured by anything less fine than the waving branches of great trees; to be awakened in the morning by the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," to lie wondering that the world has suddenly grown so still and calm and sweet; to know of your own actual experience that the sun rises in the east; to see with your own eyes the miracle of morn break over the world; to realize how wide are the heavens and the earth.

What a restful joy it is to lie in the hammock and listen to what the winds have to say. What rest and strength is there in a walk through the woods, studying nature in her mysterious, shy, half-revealment; to listen to the birds as they "shake their carols out unceasingly." What satisfaction is there to all the instincts of beauty in the soft distances, in the swiftly shifting shadows, in the rich tints of russet, red and emerald spread out before the eye. What pleasure to ride over the country roads at sunset, inhaling the odors, sweet, spicy, resinous, that come from new-mown fields, from wild grapevine and tamarack; to sit under the wing of silence in the dim, odorous twilight, restful and content. If you have cast your lot in the midst of mountain scenery, then what life and light can come to you from their majesty and beauty, how you can look to the heights with spiritual vision as well as with eyes of the flesh.

If you "go down to the great sea-mother, mother and lover of men, the sea," what uplifting, what enlargement of the soul can come to you through this visible revelation of creative power, what repose can you win as you sit by the rocky, sandy barriers of the sea and let him weave his spells about you.

There for a time you can sink your cares, your sorrows. You can rise from the touch of the great deeps washed and refreshed and made strong for new combats.

But do not go imagining that all the blessings will fall into your lap without a lookout of your own.

It will be well to remember in packing your vacation trunk that a certain thoughtfulness will conduce to your comfort and your landlady's peace of mind. She will probably have plenty to do without meeting any unnecessary demands. You can have a hammer and some nails or hooks in your trunk, and a curtain, so that in the usual dearth of closet room you can improvise a closet without calling her from her domain to hear your complaints. Take an alcohol lamp, for the hot-water faucet is not known in the average farmhouse. I heard a landlady say once that her guests had asked for everything from pins to porous plasters. Take table or dresser covers and cushions for your comfort's sake. Take games for children, if the children go, and pictures and scrap-books to make rainy days endurable to them. Take something to read for them as well as for yourself, and do not be obliged to roam around the house looking for literature that is not there. And just because you are on a resting tour, don't think you will be justified in reading trash.

Take your oldest clothes, your easiest slippers, your stoutest shoes. Take, also, a calm and thankful spirit, a determination to please and be pleased—the best spiritual habiliments are none too good.

And because you go to be recruited from the wearing effects of luncheons and lectures, rested from drudgery in the schoolroom, the office, the store, don't turn your back on possible friendships. For over all the blessings of sea and mountain and meadow, of nature's perpetual changing pictures and gracious giving, there is the dearer human nature. And if we come back to our work built up in health and strength of body, so also can we be the richer and larger in the life of heart and soul because of kindly smiles, cordial hand-clasps, new friendships found and old ones strengthened.

We can give the cheering All Hail to ships that pass by night or by day.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

H. M. HARVEY.

Part Two.—The Principle Governing.

THE first article concerned itself with ideas which seem to be common about the selection of an occupation. This one is devoted to the principle which should be common in a selection.

There is a principle that should be a guiding star to the choosing of every occupation. The professions of our day may be divided into two classes, producer and consumer. This is the principle and all come under it. Every man by the way that he makes his living is to be a producer from some source or he is to be a consumer and live off what some one else has gathered. It will not be difficult to see that a profession will come under one of the two. It must either make or break. Something must be worked upon because there is action.

The professions upon which men spend their time and energy are like the plants of the forest. The cherry tree that grows strong is a producer while the climbing vine that twines about it in so fond a manner is a deception. It has an existence but not from the ground, only from the strength of its neighbor. It is a very close friend to the cherry so far as location counts but so far as actions count it is an enemy. It thrives but steals. It is a destroyer of what the tree has borrowed from nobody except God who gave all the earth for the benefit of the trees, the animals and ourselves. The roots of the tree produce from the elements of the soil the material that the tree needs to make it strong, while the climbing vine wraps around it like a serpent and steals the vital fluid. The one careful of the source of its life, the other a parasite. The one productive the other destructive. Some ways of making a living are no less thievish. Not many are careful to get their support from the earth which is the source of all wealth and supplies. They prefer, and especially if it is a bit easier, to get it from other hands who have digged it out.

The Chambered Nautilus that builds its stately mansion, builds it upon the vitals of its faithful pack horse. It builds of material not its own, quarrying but from that which has been dug up already. It reaps where it has not strown like the ungrateful tramp. Like the lion it considers the whole world a great corral the inmates of which are for its own sustenance; or like the chemist in the laboratory who is not the source of chemicals but the mixer and the finisher of them. The trichina that imbeds itself in the muscle and subsists there may be likened to the destructive profession. Likewise also the four and twenty other kinds of vermin that infest our being and the lice and bugs and fleas that make a livelihood upon the bodies of animals. They are reminders of the people that live upon the acquisitions of others.

The farmer who is the friend of all the world is a good example of the producer. He does not take an unfinished article from some one else and reconstruct it into some other thing. He gets to the source. His crops are from old mother earth whose rich bosom feeds all the race and makes the tiller the first handler. The things that grow by his tilling are of permanent use to the world. It is so much wealth taken from the ground and added to the world's stock in trade, not so much taken from the hands of another. The more the hands handling the commodity the greater the dependence upon others. There is another man who is in a good business but is farther from the soil; that is the one who takes the products of the farm and manufactures them into useful articles. He is a producer, a sort of second-hand producer. Many, many of the things fashioned from the output of the soil are useful and an absolute necessity, therefore the manufacturer is a producer. His products materially benefit the race by adding to their comfort. From such we get our clothes and much of our food ready to use. Without him we could not live so well. He benefits not himself alone but others also. For these reasons his work is in demand and there is a feeling of certainty about it as well as a feeling of honesty.

The man who digs out the ores and minerals is bestowing upon his fellows a bequest of permanent good. He labors not in vain. He takes from no other that he is dependent upon. He takes things at first hand, not from man's scantiness, but from God's plenty. The smith and other members of the manufacturing circle are those who make things useful from the ores and in that way help to support the race.

The merchant comes in as a second-hand man, but as an agent necessary for transmission purposes. Not all are able to go to the factory where a thing is produced and especially to go for every different article that is needed to eat and wear, hence the importance of an exchange medium. In this way the merchant helps to bear the great human burden.

How about the lawyer? How about the doctor? Do they produce something and add to the sum of the world's wealth? Neither of them produces wealth, they merely handle what others have made, or they merely exchange wealth. The former is somewhat important in getting wealth, the latter of some value in keeping it and maintaining health and happiness. Neither benefits by furnishing things at first hand; are all warmed overs. They are a sort of necessary evil thrust upon us by the complex way in which we live.

Then there is a whole raft of professions that beyond a doubt are destructive. The gambler produces nothing but attempts to live off others' earnings, and most of them are the poor laboring people. In gambling some one must lose if one is to gain. Then it is an unfair gain; there has been no exchange of values. A dollar represents so much toil and demands one hundred cents in exchange. The ball player and the stage performer are about one and the same, one indoors the other outside. Neither adds a thing to the wealth of our people. The fees that are paid to the support of these people are paid largely by those who labor in the making of some product to the bettering of all. Many

of them can least afford to lose it. What they give for that purpose is needed to keep in hand the necessities of life. Nothing by these two professions is added to the world's wealth and comfort except the momentary and passing exhilaration of the hour. The man in the exchange pit who is called one of our financiers, how about him? Where does he get his wealth? He may be able in the course of a lifetime to amass a million or more upon the wheat and all the while has not produced enough for a single serving for his breakfast on a Sunday morning. Neither has he produced any other thing of moneyed value. He has merely trained his guns upon the targets that others have set up. He has gambled with a high hand at the expense of the bread-winners of the country. He speculates upon second-hand articles, the gathering of another man. A parasite.

How about the dive-keeper and the saloon-keeper who do not make wealth and happiness but extract it from others? They are mistletoes, not rooted to the source of wealth; simply sapping others,—sapsuckers. To this might be added legions of tricks and trades of a like nature and tendency, all such as make a livelihood upon the reapings of others and give no substantial benefit in return.

The examples given above are the ones that are most clear and are given so the difference between the real producer and consumer may be seen. In some callings the principle is not so easy to be seen, nevertheless it is there. The one seeking an honest profession will find the water purest near the source. That will also be the place of safety, because there are fewer towns above to consume the water supply in case of dearth. A profession chosen honestly according to these principles will do much to make life a peaceful sojourn. The possessor of such may be at peace with his Maker, his neighbor and himself. He can have a good conscience without which he can neither be the healthiest nor the happiest. Be a "Lifter," not a "Leaner."

The Late Sovereign of England

Dallas B. Kirk

Part II. As King of England.

"All that kings covet was his, and he flung it aside for us,
Simply as any that died in his service, he died for us."
—From "The Dead King," by Kipling.

Edward, Prince of Wales, became King Edward VII in his sixtieth year, after the death of his mother, Queen Victoria, early in 1901. More than half a million people went to London to partake in the celebration, when he was crowned, Aug. 9, 1902.

Still having the spirit of travel at heart, the king made a tour around the British empire during the first years of his reign. He was the first English monarch to set foot on Russian territory (1908), which cemented the Anglo-Russian agreement of that year. In the last few years he had visited almost every state in Europe. Probably on account of his much traveling he was better known than any other man living in the twentieth century.

Edward VII successfully brought to a conclusion the Boer war in South Africa. He promised to follow in his mother's footsteps, and continued the work of his mother in granting many constitutional liberties, because he had the spirit of constitutional rule at heart.

He showed keen interest in the army and navy, holding the ranks of Field Marshal and Admiral; also being Colonel-in-Chief of many crack regiments.

Concerning the royal farm, the late King often said: "I am something of a farmer myself in a small way." As superintendent of this farm he managed well, raising such prize stock as Shorthorn and Hereford cattle, Southdown sheep, and Clydesdale as well as thoroughbred race horses. H. Rider Haggard, the English novelist, said: "It is a wonderful farm, for nowhere is so high bred stock to be seen on the same area."

His attitude toward Ireland was humanitarian and liberal. MacVeagh, a member of the Irish Parliamentary party, said: "He enjoyed a measure of popularity in Ireland which was denied to all his predecessors."

Edward VII loved peace and swayed a mighty sceptre over a free, loyal and loving people; while peace in Europe was preserved throughout his reign largely through his influence. He and the German Emperor worked much together for European peace.

He showed much forethought and great care that the heir-apparent should be trained concerning serious matters of state, so he could leave a successor in whom his subjects could trust.

His social grace and good humor were prominent features in his character, which helped to add a new splendor to state ceremonials.

A remarkable feature of his reign was the bestowing of more titles and honors during his nine years on the throne than were bestowed by any one of his predecessors. About 627 knights received their accolade from King Edward. He did not create a new duke-

dom, but bestowed one marquisate, and three earldoms and made twelve viscounts.

He continued to transact business almost to the close of his busy life.

Edward VII died at Buckingham Palace, Friday night, May 6, 1910, of bronchitis. Thus closed the life of the son of the greatest Queen of England. Royalty could not save him. His dying words were: "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty." Just as the last hours of Queen Victoria were clouded by the dark shadows of the South African war, so the closing days of King Edward were greatly disturbed by the fierce constitutional conflict between the Peers and Commons, which he now bequeaths to his only son, now King George V. All of the King's family were at his death bed except his daughter, the Queen of Norway, and his brother, the Duke of Connaught.

Although not a mighty general, nor a great reformer, yet he was a man of sound principle, and there is great need of more kings like King Edward with lots of tact. While he had at times a difficult path to tread, yet it could not honestly be said that he ever entirely failed.

His estate, Sandringham, goes to his wife, Queen Alexandra.

Prince George wore the uniform of an admiral when he was proclaimed King George V, taking the oath of office to uphold the constitution which was approved by the Privy Council. King George then delivered a short but earnest address and said: "I will follow in my father's footsteps, making that the object of my life, and at the same time uphold the constitutional government."

King Edward's body lay in state in the House of Parliament part of three days; this was the place where for two days and two nights the citizens filed past the coffin of the great statesman, Gladstone, in 1898. Upon King Edward's tomb was placed a wreath made from ivy leaves from Washington's tomb, oak leaves from the trees which the late King had planted at Mount Vernon and magnolia leaves from a tree planted by Washington himself at his historic home.

The funeral procession was in length and numbers three times as great as that of Queen Victoria.

The reigning kings at his funeral were his son George V, Emperor William of Germany, Haakon of Norway, George of Greece, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Frederick of Denmark, Manuel of Portugal, Alfonso of Spain and Albert of Belgium. All of the above-named crowned heads were related to King Edward.

There were special representatives from such nations as Russia, Japan, Turkey, Netherlands, Egypt, Sweden and France, while Theodore Roosevelt represented the United States, and representing the colonies were Lord Strathcona, the "Grand Old Man of Canada," from Canada, Sir George Reid of Australia and Hon. Hall-Jones of New Zealand.

The United States Senate adjourned as a mark of respect, after passing resolutions of regret upon the death of King Edward.

The late King's life was insured for several million pounds sterling. No insurance company in the United States can carry life insurance on any foreign monarch, because royalty does not submit to a physical examination, and United States companies don't insure without.

Edward VII was buried at Windsor. Of the thirty-six reigning sovereigns of England, since the Norman Conquest, only fifteen have been buried in Westminster Abbey, while nine have been buried at Windsor, including Queen Victoria. William the Conqueror was buried at Caen, France, and Alfred the Great at Winchester. The "Two Roses" of York and Lancaster rest together at Windsor, where after five centuries "Edward the Peacemaker" lies buried. His ancestry can be traced back to these two kings.

It has been announced that full court mourning will continue until Nov. 7, 1910, and then half mourning until May 7, 1911.

The papers in all parts of the world eulogize the dead king. The New York *Sun* said, "A strong power for good; a mainstay of peace in Europe; a preventer of mischief in England, and a steady friend of the American people."

Here are also a few tributes from world renowned men:

"He loved his people. He earned the title 'Peacemaker of the world,' which will always be remembered. He has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget."—*Asquith, the English Premier.*

Sir Ernest Shackleton, British polar explorer, said: "The death of King Edward was a great blow to Antarctic explorations."

"He liked the wheels of life to run smoothly. His own effort was to oil them that they might never jar."—*Hall Caine, the novelist.*

Sir Conan Doyle said, about the funeral: "The strongest impression of all was that of the exquisite Queen Mother; her sweet womanliness and gentle grace form a picture never to be forgotten."

"The greatest calamity that could befall all England and her possessions."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

Theodore Roosevelt said: "He was a ruler of great abilities, and worked for international peace."

"I would compare his death with the tragic death of McKinley."—*Senator Chauncey M. Depew.*

Schurman, president of Cornell University, born a British subject, and educated in London, said: "He filled the place with fidelity, with honor, and with distinction."

We close with a verse which was signed L. E. F. B.:

"Among a world of men he stood alone,
Greater than all who sit upon a throne,
Umpire of nations and a prince of peace,
Whose timely word bid strife and envy cease.

"Oh, may his gentle, dauntless spirit find
Where ends the road his feet untiring trod,
The mead of duty done, the peace of God!"

Rockton, Pa.

SOME INDUSTRIES IN THE SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

WHAT do the people do in the South? is a question we have often been asked through correspondence and by those who come here from the North.

We will not attempt to answer the question in detail, it is too large. It is a well-known fact (or supposed to be) that cotton is king. While that may be true, it is not the greatest source of revenue, if we are correctly informed.

The lumber business outdoes or outrivals all other industries. There are mills that cut from fifty to two hundred thousand feet of lumber per day.

They have the machinery to take rough logs in at one end of the mill and when they come out at the other end they are transformed into dimension lumber, flooring, ceiling, siding, mouldings, brackets, shingles, door and window frames, doors, sash, etc., and fine and finished building material of all kinds. Sometimes furniture is made at the saw-mill and shipped off in car-load lots.

The long-leafed pine and cypress are the most valuable and grow to giant size.

We are told that a single tree sometimes cuts from five to seven thousand feet of lumber. Be this true or not we give it for what it is worth.

All the large mills buy all the land they can get, and after they take all the timber off if the land is swampy they stop paying the taxes and the land goes back to the government worth nothing.

When they cannot buy the land they buy the timber right. Then all trees too small for saw-logs and large enough for railroad ties are used for that purpose.

The mills own their own railroads and rolling stock and when they get through at one place they take up the track and move it elsewhere. Then the few small trees that are left are boxed or tapped and the pitch or gum is collected and distilled into turpentine, and later the forest fires come in and destroy what is left, and so the wholesale destruction of the once beautiful forests goes on until there is nothing left but a barren, desolate looking waste.

Next in importance comes the cotton industry,—one of the great staple crops of the South. Of late years the crop has been much damaged by the boll wevil, an insect that bores holes in the boll and destroys the crop, though that is being overcome to some extent.

The sugar cane industry also is of great magnitude in the South, more particularly so in Mississippi and Louisiana though some other States grow considerable of this crop.

Next in importance comes the rice industry of which we wrote in the NOOK some time ago.

Some statistics claim the value of rice to be more than that of cane, while others give the credit side to the cane.

All the above products are exported all over the United States and to foreign countries.

The acreage of corn has been largely increased in the last few years in the South.

The cold wave (or Halley's comet) hit us hard but that is past and came in late, but things are moving along all the same and no one seriously hurt.

On the morning of April 25 we had a frost and some ice which was something out of the ordinary for southwestern Louisiana and the coldest we have ever seen it at so late a date in our twenty-five years' sojourn in the South.

We are now having plenty of warm weather, and an abundant crop of the industrious mosquitoes. Crops are looking well, all things considered.

Would be glad to give the NOOK family further information if there is anything they want to know that I am able to answer.

Roanoke, La., June 6.

CHILDHOOD PASTIME.

JAMES R. REED.

IN the memory of each man and woman there is a fond recollection of something, some time, some place, which leads us back to the innocent pastime and endearing ties of youthfulness.

A few miles north of a thriving Iowa town is a group of farm buildings, which form the site of my boyhood home.

On the west side of the barn was a pile of old iron, accumulated from broken harvesters, mowers, and in fact nearly every description of wheels, boxes, gearing, rods, etc., which could find their way there, performed their important parts in this remarkable iron pile.

It was here that might be seen, during the long summer days of vacation, a young Plato, or Socrates or indeed Newton, arranging in every conceivable manner the wheels and bars, and then towering aloft in inventive victory, exclaiming, "How she works, I wonder if any one else ever thought of such a thing?"

It was my delight to arrange a series of wheels, which of course just happened to fit, though perhaps no one else under the sun would have found it out, and attach a stick to the first and call it a horse

power. There I would tramp for hours, the rusty wheels howling in dismay and seeming to say, "Give us a rest."

Another pursuit to which I gave a good deal of attention was the constructing of a locomotive, which I did by setting an old wash boiler in an express wagon and nailing a cracker box to the rear end for a cab. The smoke stack was furnished by erecting a round stick at the front, the boiler was filled with wheels, which were, of course, essential to its proper construction. How this engine would run and puff, I mean I would.

We are inclined to look upon these amusements as foolishness and become impatient with children as they put so much life in their play, but we must remember that it is the cropping out of the real nature, the unselfish motives of the child.

Not all boys delight in making engines and horsepowers, neither do all girls aspire to the position of their mothers and big sisters. But there is, usually, some trait exhibited in early life, which, if cultivated, will develop into that which will be useful to God and humanity.

CHARACTER: MAN'S PERMANENT CAPITAL.

E. E. ESHELMAN.

It is not what a man says that makes him great, but what he does; not what he seems to be, but what he is; not what he has in material, but what he has in spirit. An individual's permanent capital is his character. It is the greatest thing in the world; greater than all wealth, than any career. It must stand back of everything,—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. Each is worthless without it. If you wish to have wealth, seek that perpetual wealth, character, which by the side of him who possesses it, the millionaire who has it not seems a pauper. It is a precious thing,—above rubies, gold, crowns, kingdoms, and the work of making it is the greatest work in the world.

Character is power, is influence,—the force that rules the world. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at the best. Men of genuine excellence in every station of life, men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of honesty, of purpose command the homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it, the world would not be a fit dwelling place.

Great men, commonly speaking, are exceptional. The range of life of many is so limited that few have the opportunity to become great in the public eye. But each can act his part honestly and honorably. He can use his gifts and not abuse them. He can strive to make the best of life. He can be true, just, honest and faithful. In a word, he can do his duty in that sphere in which Providence has placed him.

This doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life and character. This abiding sense of duty sustains man in the transactions of daily life. Man's life is "centered in the sphere of common duties." The most influential of all virtues are those which are the most in request for daily use. They wear the best, and last the longest. When Dr. Abbott, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, drew the character of his deceased friend, Thomas Sackville, he did not dwell upon his merits as a statesman or his genius as a poet, but upon his virtues as a man in relation to the ordinary duties of life. "How many rare things were in him?" he said. "Who more loving unto his wife? Who more kind unto his children? Who more fast unto his friends? Who more moderate unto his enemies? Who more true to his word?" We can always better understand and appreciate a man's real character by his conduct toward those who are the most nearly related to him and by his doing of the commonplace duties of life, rather than by his appearance as an orator or statesman.

Intellectual culture has no necessary relation to purity or excellence of character. "A handful of good life," said George Herbert, "is worth more than a bushel of learning. A man may be accomplished in art, literature and science and yet in honesty, virtue, truthfulness and the spirit of duty be entitled to take rank after many a poor and illiterate peasant.

Still less has wealth any necessary connection with elevation of character. On the contray it is often the cause of corruption and degradation. Wealth in the hands of men of weak purpose or deficient self-control or of ill-regulated passions is only a temptation and a snare,—the source, it may be, of infinite mischief to themselves and often to others. The advice which Burns' father gave him is the best,

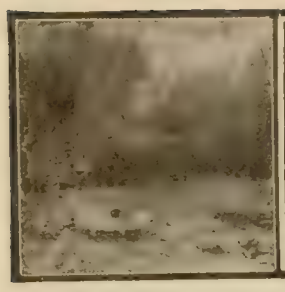
> "He bade me act a manly part though I had ne'er a farthing,
> For without an honest, manly heart no man was worth regarding."

Luther was so poor at one time of his life that he was obliged to earn his living by turning, gardening, and clock-making. When he died he left behind as he said in his will, "No ready money, no treasure of coin of any description." And yet he was more honored and followed than all the princes of Germany.

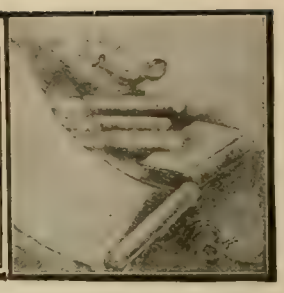
The man of character is a man of conscience. He puts conscience into his work, his words, and into every action.

Character exhibits itself in conduct guided and inspired by principle, integrity, and practical wisdom. In its highest form it is the individual will acting energetically under the influence of religion, morality, and

(Continued on Page 661.)



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD IN CREATION.

FRANK B. MYERS.

Great God! Enthroned beyond the skies,
To thee, in awe, my thoughts arise;
Eternal One, thou King of kings,
My heart to thee in rapture sings.

Ere time began, Jehovah spoke;
His voice divine the silence broke—
That awful spell of depth unknown.
Around the everlasting throne

Were formed the heavens and the earth,—
To God all nature owes its birth;
From utter darkness shone the light
Which separates the day from night.

Shone forth the sun,—great orb of day,—
The queenly moon, with gentle ray;
The glittering stars their light do owe
To him who "spake, and it was so."

Majestic sea! thy chorus grand,
At Heaven's high, supreme command,
Breaks forth in tones of wildest roar
Which echo on some unknown shore.

The rose that scents the summer air,
Refreshed with dew, so bright and fair,
Proclaims in silent strains of love
The glory of the God above.

Thou queen of flowers! thou pride of June!
Thy lovely robes are shed so soon;
But thy brief reign gives to my heart
Sweet thoughts of God's creative art.

Dear robin, perched on yonder tree,
Thy little heart, so glad and free,
Bursts forth in songs of highest praise
To him who guides us all our days.

All mountains, rivers, rocks and trees,
The flow'rets swinging in the breeze,
The birds, the beasts, all nature vies
To praise the Lord of earth and skies.

When all things else their Maker praise,
Why should not man his whole heart raise
In joy to him who reigns above?
Thou masterpiece of Holy Love!

Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

PAUL MOHLER.

It has seemed to me a very strange thing that God should ask for praise; yet I know that praise is sweet to him. His inspired Word, which tells of him, is full of calls to praise. One holy prophet even says that we are created for his glory. Can it be that Almighty God has a thirst for adulation? That cannot be! Our praise must serve some purpose; what can that purpose be?

We know that there is a marvelous harmony throughout the universe. Each heavenly sphere keeps its appointed course, and all are so adjusted that everywhere, throughout the boundless firmament, is perfect equilibrium. Somewhere there must be a center of power to which each star is firmly bound. If but one, a wayward star, should free itself from that controlling hand and crash across the universe, what chaos it would bring! God cannot give to stars unlimited license.

Is this not just as true in the spirit world? We know that God the Father is our great spiritual Head. To him, we all are bound if we are in his kingdom. Every spirit that looks to any other head, is out of tune with God; his course will jar the delicate harmony of the spiritual universe. That spirit, if given power and freedom uncontrolled, would bring disorder into God's arrangements. In harmony there is peace and joy for all; every soul that brings disorder, brings with it that which mars the joy of others. God may endure that for a time, but not forever.

In the material universe, all things respond to God. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The morning stars sing together the universal theme. Angels, too, sing praise to God. What other being is worthy of universal praise? on what other theme can all unite? If there is to be universal harmony, there MUST BE this universal song!

Now what does this mean to me? It means that when I hear this song my heart is turned to God. When I have caught it up, my life is bound to him. It catches fire with love for him, and loving him, my life is tuned to hear his word and go forth in his name. My praise of God will spread to other men, till like the potent leaven, the praise of God shall change us all into his glorious likeness. We pray, "Thy will be done," but this can never be till men have learned to know that God is love, and that his will means universal peace.

What wonder is it, then, that those whose lives are out of tune, are shorn of power? It is not strange that

God has left us weak; the wonder is that he has left us any strength at all. Perhaps our God has given less than we sometimes believe. Behold, how often the evil devices of wicked men are turned against them!

But God does not intend that righteous men shall be such weaklings. By his blessed Son he has opened the door to power for those whose lives are tuned to him. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. And WHATSOEVER ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14: 12, 13). What a startling proposition! What unlimited resources do those short words reveal! To work the works of Christ, and greater works than his, what marvelous opportunities! The apostles, indeed, gathered vast multitudes into his kingdom, far more than Christ himself secured. Why may not we, also do the same?

But what does this promise mean to me? Nothing if I am out of tune. Could Jesus make that offer to rebellious men? Could God grant power to men who seek their own or others' glory, despising him, regarding not his purpose? No matter how good my work may seem to be, I cannot ask of God the power to do that work unless it be in accordance with his greater plans and in harmony with the universal theme. I must do all things indeed to the glory of God, if I expect to call on him for help. But if I give my life to him in daily service, if I earnestly strive in everything I do to glorify his Name. Then for every momentary need I have the right to ask. And nothing is too large for him to do. The greater my task, the more strength he will give me, yes, the more he will do for me himself. The faithful servant of God sees many things turn out to his advantage which God's intervening providence alone explains. But I am convinced, my brethren, that in these days we are not touching the resources at our command. We do not pray enough, and we do not live so God can answer our prayers even as he would. There is so much of self in even our best endeavors; we think and plan so much for our own ease, or influence or glory, and so little for the Lord's. Our prayers, too, are so much for self, that WE may be happy. "Bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife; us four and no more" is typical of too many prayers, and too much work. God cannot answer such prayers to any great extent.

Don't worry over church affairs; pray earnestly, persistently, unselfishly, in faith; then work as you have prayed. That leaves no room for worry. If things don't go right for you, turn on the Power of God, and see what he can do. Such praying and such working and such trusting bring glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men in whom he is well pleased.

CURE FOR A SICK CHURCH.

REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D. D., of Newark, New Jersey, one of the most successful and widely-known ministers in the United States, gives the following cure for a sick church, answering the question, "What is the best thing a minister can do for his people—the very best?"

"Let him get them absorbed with Christian missions. Let him charge them with the missionary dynamic. There is nothing like it. It is the panacea for all ecclesiastical ills. It will work a transformation in any congregation.

"The church may not like the change. It may prefer to remain undisturbed; but what of that? Did you ever know a man who was sound asleep who liked to be wakened? It may regard you as fanatical, but that is not necessarily fatal. Better be a fanatic than a corpse.

"Let us give our sermons the missionary outlook. Then we shall not be on edge, because next Sunday we must say something, for we shall always have something to say. We can make our pastoral work a part of our missionary propaganda. This would transform it into a thing of power.

"The pastor can help forward the missionary movement by seeing to it that missionary collections are placed on a business basis. Let the mission funds get as decent treatment as the funds for congregational uses. It is possible that the pastor might find, by intelligent effort, individuals in his congregation who would personally undertake the support of one or more missionaries.

"The enterprise of missions is God's plan for the church. Try it, and you will see the sleepy wake up, and the stingy loosen up, and the sour sweeten up. The cure for a sick church is to get it on a missionary diet."—*Religious Telescope.*

* * *

ACCEPT YOUR TRIALS.

ACCEPT his will entirely and never suppose that you could serve him better in any other way. You can never serve him well, save in the way he chooses. Supposing that you were never to be set free from such trials, what would you do? You would say to God, "I am thine—if my trials are acceptable to thee, give me more and more." I have full confidence that this is what you would say, and then you would not think more of it—at any rate, you would not be anxious. Well, do the same now. Make friends with your trials, as though you were always to live together; and you will see that when you cease to take thought for your own deliverance, God will take thought for you; and when you cease to help yourself eagerly, he will help you.—*Francis de Sales.*

THE INGLENOOK

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Next week we will publish several of the contest articles, including those that have won the prizes. We wish to express again in this general way our appreciation of the interest taken in the contest. It tells us our readers are interested in the Inglenook, in their own work and in the work and the success of others. This combination means something. As long as we have such housekeepers we need not fear that the home will succumb to the attacks made upon it by some of our modern institutions.

For some time we have been experiencing some of the joys of harvesting the fruit of our labors, and for several weeks we shall continue to have this experience. It is one of the blessings of a wise Providence that we do not always have to wait long for the reward of our toil. The crops that mature early help to keep up our courage and interest so that those of slower growth are not neglected. Did you ever stop to think about the many good things that may be grown from the soil and how well they all fit into the life of man? And did you ever think how responsive they are to the care and intelligence of man? Let us thank the Father every day for the products of the garden and field and for the possibilities that are shared by man and these growing things.

We cannot refrain from urging our housekeepers not to forget about sending us some recipes for the revised Inglenook Cook Book and not to delay in sending them. We know this is a very busy time to ask for this favor, but it is a time, too, when the housekeeper's mind is very much taken up with the preparation of fruits, vegetables, etc., for the table, and it will not be difficult to think of some valuable recipes that we do not have in the present cook book. The fireless cooker is coming into pretty general use and we would be glad to have directions for the preparation of dishes that may be cooked in this way. Write out the recipes plainly; also your name and address. If the present cook book fails to give recipes which you would like to have, tell us what they are and we will see if we cannot secure them for the new book.

RESCUE MISSIONS.

Some time ago we published an article on the above subject written by one who has had some experience in the work of these missions. The writer did not attempt to give a detailed account of rescue missions and their work, but what he did say aroused the interest of many in this means of reaching those who are looked upon and who consider themselves as "down and out." These readers will be pleased to learn that we are to have a series of articles on this subject written by one who has been engaged to some extent in rescue mission work and who therefore writes out of first-hand information.

The series will begin in next week's issue of the Inglenook. The writer is B. F. Heckman of Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

PROMPT REPLIES TO QUERIES.

We were much gratified to receive the prompt answers to the queries published some time ago. This shows that our readers are most willing to help others if they know the nature of the help needed. All that seems to be necessary is an appeal from some one.

This fact ought to be acted upon by all of our housekeepers. Even the best housekeepers sometimes need information in some line of their work. They are the best housekeepers, in fact, because they are always open to suggestions and new ideas concerning their work. Let every housekeeper who desires information on some point in housekeeping, garden-making, etc., send us her queries and we will publish them in the home department. Then when the replies are sent us they will be published also. In this way our readers will not only receive help, but they will become better acquainted with each other and our home department will take on more of the features of the real home world—the Inglenook home world.

IMPRESSIONS. No. 3.

Among the Conference impressions that last and that have a positive influence for good are those that come from the association with others of the same faith. Given a holy zeal for the cause of Christ and a faithful devotion to the principles of a particular religious denomination through which that cause may be magnified, and we have sufficient common grounds for the richest fellowship and the greatest enjoyment that it is possible to have in this world. With these

conditions, the word "stranger" may be eliminated; "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." For the sake of these blessed associations and the more efficient service which results therefrom we need to guard with jealous care the principles that make us stand out alone and at the same time make caste and divisions so nearly impossible among us.

It is this idea of fellowship that draws so many—an increasingly large number—to our Annual Meetings. True, there are some who go because they are on the program or are delegates, some who go because the meeting is near and may afford an unusual sort of entertainment and others who go especially to meet particular friends. But we repeat that many go because it is a part of their spiritual meat and drink, and they feel that they dare not starve themselves and weaken their service. These can hardly be said to belong to the crowd that surges back and forth; they are recognized by their regular attendance at the services and by their quiet conversation, during intermission, with other faithful members. Just what the force of our conferences would be if all in attendance belonged to this class it would be difficult to calculate. But it will do us good to think about it.

Then there are the impressions that come from the services; the exchange of ideas and experiences that give inspiration to the worker who sometimes becomes discouraged in the work when viewing it from the narrow confines of his own field; the personal contact with men of thought and action who by their very presence inspire one to attempt great things; and the better understanding of old truths as they are presented in new forms.

These are the things we can talk *about* but which we cannot discuss in detail. But we need not endeavor to do this. It is enough that in the case of many they have gone home and their answer will be found in greater consecration and deeper religious experiences.

CHARACTER: MAN'S PERMANENT CAPITAL.

(Continued from Page 657.)

reason. It chooses its way considerately and pursues it steadfastly, esteeming duty above reputation, and the approval of conscience more than the world's praise. While respecting the personality of others, it preserves its own individuality and independence and has the courage to be morally honest, though it may be unpopular, trusting tranquilly to time and experience for recognition.

And with the light of great examples to guide us—representatives of humanity in its best form—every one is not only justified but bound in duty to aim at reaching the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us.
Will we carve Angel or Demon?
Choose and do not err!
Fortune follows as you shape the mould
And finish in marble stern and cold,
That statue of the soul, the character,
By wordless blessing or by silent curse.
By act and motive,—so do you define
The image which time copies line by line
For the great gallery of the universe.

WHERE THE COUNTRY BOY GETS SELF-RELIANCE.

Before an audience of fourteen hundred men, in the English opera house in Indianapolis recently, Rev. George McNutt, former farmer boy, college boy, college professor, and preacher, who has spent several years working in shops and factories all over the country investigating labor conditions, said that the city had yet been able to successfully raise but a small per cent of their boys. The thing that the city boy does not get, he said, was self-reliance and the ability to think for himself. By way of illustrating how the country boy obtained these faculties, he said the boy with a team of horses out in the field, plowing by himself and running upon a nest of yellow-jackets did not have time to go to the house and ask his father how he would get out of the difficulty, but would have to act and act quick, while the boy in the city working in an office or factory, constantly has his boss over him and to whom he can run and seek his advice about all his work.

As a striking example of how the country boys are in the lead in holding positions of responsibility, he stated that while in New York recently his companion asked him to make an estimate of the per cent of the officers of the bank they were passing, who were country boys. To his astonishment he was informed that thirty-three of the thirty-five officers were raised upon the farm.

He hooted at the idea that Abraham Lincoln was raised in as much poverty as people would imagine. Any boy who has the fields and the woods about him, the mother earth beneath him, and the old swimming hole near by, is infinitely better off than the poor boy in the city, he said.—*Religious Telescope.*

QUERY.

I would like to know through the columns of the Nook how to tan woodchuck hides,—a home method of tanning them. These hides are to be tanned for leather. I would like to know about it as soon as possible.—*W. H. M.*



THE HOME WORLD



"Hearts That Hunger"

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THERE is a great longing in the hearts of many wives for expressions of love and sympathy like those which came so freely in the early days of marriage, and which cast over that period a halo that grows rosier as time removes it farther into the past. Some of the poor souls try to hide their dissatisfaction away from every eye, letting it gnaw into their souls, making them sharp of tongue and martyr-like of mien, old before their time; and some are bitterly outspoken in their resentment.

It is not pleasant to hear these complaints, knowing, too, that they are not always unfounded; but hunger of any sort is only nature bespeaking a lack of something necessary to keep the human machine, physical or spiritual, running harmoniously; and it implies, also, the existence of something to satisfy it.

It is true that there is a deplorable lack of expressed sympathy between many husbands and wives; and since woman cannot get over on man's side to readjust conditions, how much more sensible, instead of writing poetry at him about hearts broken by neglect, to take up cheerfully the materials of her own, and work out the problem as best she can! It is very possible, after all, that if the "hungry heart" will withdraw its gaze from some far-off impractical ideal, it will find within its own cupboard doors, if not the nectar and ambrosia of its dreams, at least the plain and wholesome bread of life. So, first of all, let the ideal husband go. Ideals are good only for one's own aspiring to; and we have no more business forming one for our neighbor than we have spending the contents of his pocketbook.

Then, too, this discontented woman has at the bottom of her heart an unconfessed consciousness that she has fallen far short of his ideal, as well. Therefore let her set about putting in its place the very best she has,—a cheerful, thoughtful, and sympathetic reality. Let her remember that he has paid her the lifelong compliment of choosing her among all women for his closest friend; that when he asks for a second piece of her custard pie, it is just as sincere a commendation of her cookery as that of the guest who tells her with a beaming smile that it is "fit for the king."

When business takes him a day or two from home, and for his goodnight mispah he wonders anxiously if she will remember to bolt the cellar windows, hopes she will not be nervous if it storms, and goes to sleep with the comforting reflection that he took time to oil the door-hinge whose squeaking annoyed her, there is breathed through these prosaic thoughts as true and loving a spirit as the poet voiced when he wrote:

"God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray—
Goodnight! God keep you in his care alway."

The average husband in the ordinary walks of life generally forgets the poetic sentimentality of the lover. If he follows that finest calling of all, the farmer's, he falls unconsciously into the silent ways of the hills and fields that are his associates; yet from them he learns a deeper sincerity. If his work is at the desk, counter, or in the shop, six days in the week, every week in the year, year in and out, —what then? Did the monotony of it never make you nervous as you tried to realize it,—you, who have a dozen varieties in every day's home-keeping, and no week like its predecessor? Did you ever try to imagine what it would be like to mend the same stockings, bake the same cake, or dust the same articles continuously every hour of the working day even for one month? It might well make any one prosaic. Besides, few men ever dream what unrestful longings possess many a woman's heart; that he fails often to understand, is no proof that he loves the less. The German is no less true and honest a man, because he neither speaks nor understands the Swedish.

Do not be morbid; do not be sentimental. Take life and environment just as they are, in hearty and wholesome ways. It is often said that "men are only boys grown tall," and truly if women were also only "girls grown tall," instead of allowing themselves to become old in heart, they might be more

agreeable life-companions;—not in trying to appear girlish, but by keeping in sympathy with bright, fresh thinking and things. Try it, and see what six months of it will do for you, you dear little dissatisfied woman!

The wife who would retain her husband as she won her lover, has been told a hundred times that she must make herself as beautiful as possible, and be as neat about her person as about her house. True: but there is a neatness of mind as well as of body. The vender of uncharitable stories that are half her own inferences or imaginings, the woman who trails items of vulgar gossip about her wherever she goes, and who hands them over to her husband with his evening cup of tea, will live a loveless, unsatisfied, and unsatisfying woman, to the end.

Bring out the clean, bright little bits of the day, the laughable happenings which hurt no one; and what matter if the supper with which you took so much pains, the neat dress you know is becoming, and your own wholesome cheerfulness are so hopelessly blended in his mind that he could not tell where one ended and the other began? Is it not "appreciation" enough that he goes out afterward whistling cheerily, with half the tired lines smoothed out of his forehead?

There is another thing, too, that often helps engender the sympathy of companionship which makes for a happy home and contented home-keeper. Apart from profession or trade or calling, the husband has often some special taste or talent which his busy, humdrum life affords little means of gratifying. It may be a love for music, carving, gardening, designing, painting, or even mechanics, a something higher or entirely different from that by which he earns his and your own daily bread. Circumstances have combined too strongly against his finding his proper niche,—environment, necessity, or lack of education. Many a man who drives nails all day has gone to bed at night dizzy with beautiful visions his tired fingers ached to put on canvas; the soul of a musician has animated the sturdy form of many a day-laborer; and the inner longings are none the less real because they are unspoken. Imagine the drudgery, too, of measuring off calico and dress-linings for fussy customers day after day for years, when your very soul thrills at the rhythmic whir of wheels every time you pass a machine-shop, and even the perfect-working mechanism of a steam locomotive gives you a sense of pleasure!

If you have been his wife long enough that the first bloom has worn off your wedded life, and have not yet learned what this particular taste is, it is more than time for you to find out, and directly set about, by every means in your power, to gratify it.—Not as one goes to buy a toy for a child, but tactfully; and tact, you will remember, is only common sense and good-will in joint action. Very likely when he recovers from his surprise at your first effort he will laugh at you; but a laugh will not hurt you. Get him to talk about it. If it be pictures, save the money you would have paid for that new piece of furniture, and invite him to take you to see some fine paintings; or, if the purse is too slim, send him, and make him tell you about them when he comes home. Then it is only a step or two for him to choose a new picture for your home, and from there to the materials for him to try some simple studies for himself. Probably he will ridicule you for trying to make an artist out of a dry-goods clerk, or a tinsmith; but keep on, and see if he does not enjoy it, after all. Help him to realize there is something for him besides the grind of his everyday toil for dollars and cents.

If it be music, or designing, or machinery, and your heart is in the matter, your own commonsense and unselfish love will suggest to you a thousand ways of carrying out the plan. But it must be unselfish, putting yourself sincerely into it, and letting your own personal tastes take second place. You will be surprised, too, at its efficiency in smoothing over the numberless little chafes and worries which attend human companionship.

Then, some day, when you have persevered to the end of making this man happy in the expression of his higher self, you will open your eyes to see that the thing you most desired, yet left off seeking, has come to you of its own accord.

* * *

A LITTLE COUNTRY CHILD.

EFFIE REED POLK.

A little country child so fair,
With laughing eyes, and sunny hair;
Oh, nothing is so fair to see
As a dear child, from sin so free.

And he is like the blushing rose,
That sheds its perfume, as it blows
Upon the breeze at morn, so kind,
To gladden hearts of all mankind.

A country child through pastures fair,
Roams in glee, and breathes pure air;
He hunts wild flowers, as they grow;
He hears the brooklet's murmur low;

He knows the song-birds by their name,
And some, he finds, for him grow tame;
He hears them sing their songs of glee,
Flitting at morn, from tree to tree.

O country child, so sweet, so free
From sin and sorrow, may you be
In after years as pure as now,
When care rests lightly on your brow.

All little country children, fair,
With laughing eyes and sunny hair;
Oh, they are very dear to me,
For I'm the mother of one you see.

Mansfield, Ill.

A GREEN CARPET AND OTHER THINGS.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"I AM just clean discouraged! I had to take up that green carpet! It was so full of dust it just rose in clouds whenever we swept, and now it is full of holes and there is not enough of it to put down again. What shall I do?" Mrs. Stone who had been telling this to her husband in staccato tones wiped away a few tears. She was so tired. Although she had talked only of the carpet, there were many other things which worried her.

Her husband was most kind. "I wish you did not need to work so hard," he said. "If it is a new carpet we shall try to get it."

But both knew that the payment on the little home was due and they must meet that no matter if there was no money for new carpets.

Just then Dolly came in from school. And the two turned to her for counsel. "A new carpet?" asked Dolly. "We do not have the money for it, so why worry about it? Let's put in the chairs and other furniture and forget that we ever had a carpet in that room until we can afford it better."

"Oh, Dolly, you can never know what a comfort you are," said her mother.

"I wish I could stay home from school and help with this cleaning," said Dolly, "you're just worn out." And then Dolly with an old dress on proceeded to help. She told her mother about school happenings and her musical laughter filled the old rooms and cheered her mother's heart. There was something so deliciously infectious about it that her mother laughed too and the old carpet was forgotten.

That evening Dolly and her mother went to work on the remains of the green carpet and by piecing the best parts together they had a small rug which they laid down in the center of the room. Some of the poorer pieces were made into smaller rugs and so the bare floor was covered and the entire family felt relieved.

In after years when they had become prosperous and lived in a larger house, they sometimes referred to the old green rug as an illustration of how little is really needed in house furnishing. As they were always contented when their income was small, so they were not extravagant when fortune smiled.

At house cleaning time women are peculiarly susceptible to the call of the furniture dealer. After they have gone over the entire house and noted its defects and barrenness, they want to make things look better. And then sometimes without much care, they go to look at some furniture and buy something without really knowing what it is they should buy. And so our houses have many things in them which are neither ornamental nor useful. After years of such management women begin to see that they are not improving the house very much.

Every woman when she sees the uselessness of her accumulation begins to wonder at her lack of wisdom. When she sees that her furnishings are not the results of her needs but the evidence of her neighbor's control over her and the desire for vulgar display, she is even more astonished at her own lack of taste and judgment. To think that she worried and fretted to get such things! There should be no waste of thought, energy or money in house furnishings. It is the useless overcrowding and overentertaining which bring wrinkles and nervous prostration. Burdens that eat into the very soul of life are assumed for no other reason than to conceal the limitations of one's income. Hard times force upon many a life a stern test, and women break down under the experience. They become cross and ill, impatient and hard to please. It was one of these who said,

"Expensive clothes I never yet
Was guilty of possessing;
I always had to do the work
While others did the dressing.
But common clothes are good enough—
For that I ain't regretting—
It's only this I'm asking for,
Deliver me from fretting."

Economics are the soul of the home. It is often the very poor who reveal the perception of the relative value of things which lies at the bottom of home-making. Every home that stands for truth and integrity is a fount of blessing, it is an influence for good seven days in a week. Let the house be swept and garnished, let the home stand for things that minister to life, the things that stand for the best elements in the world's development. People get tired of pride and envy, of passion and vanity, and are glad to find in your home, simplicity. truthfulness and naturalness.

In one family where hard times came, the mother talked the situation over with her children, and made them decide their share of the problems. The children had been free to bring in their friends whenever they would. Now the mother explained that they must economize at the table as well as at other places. She told them that they could still invite their friends if they would be content with more simple meals. Or they would not invite any friends and then they could have meals as formerly.

The children decided unanimously for their friends and more simple meals. Such a family will master the fine art of living under any conditions.

W. C. T. U. FLOWER MISSION.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me. Matt. 25:40. This is a beautiful world of ours. The most beautiful thing in it is "Sweet Charity" and very beautiful to him are the feet of those who go about doing its errands. "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me," was said by him who spake as never man spake, and very precious to the hearts of his saints are his promises, made to those who do the little acts of charity he has mentioned.

The object of this mission is to lead souls to Christ and to teach them to cast their cares on him who careth for them, and to cheer and comfort all who need a friend. The flowers are used merely as a wedge. They are God's messengers of love. Why is the world so full of flowers, why do daisies peep from the hedges, dandelions spring from the roadside, buttercups bloom in the meadows, and lilies float on the lakelet, with their faces upturned to the passing world of men? Have they not some message to tell from the Father who created and loves us all? Did you ever stop to think that our heavenly Father might have made the earth bring forth enough for all our needs and yet have had no flowers? They are joyous children come with messages from the Father of all.

They speak of kindness to one another, love, tenderness and also teach us faith. The message of the flowers is for you, dear hearts; it is a message of love, joy and forgiveness from our Father in heaven. Accept the message and freely as ye have received freely give.

The very gift of them implies a compliment which is quickly recognized, and tends to create self-respect and that something God implanted in all our hearts, which responds to their silent influence, making both giver and receiver the better for the gift. I have come to believe that it is for this very use the flowers were made, and we have been all this time finding out "God's thoughts." Like all things of permanent value, the Flower Mission of the W. C. T. U. is an evolution. Primarily it reaches back to one life, and that life unconscious of its far-reaching influence. It was in the fall of 1877 that a young girl from Boston was teaching school in Roxbury. Passing to and fro she noticed the great waste of flowers and fruit. This young teacher fell into the habit when she went home to Boston of carrying from Roxbury a basket of flowers and giving them to the children whom she met. The children soon came to watch for her coming, to crowd around her with eager clamorings,—till her daily journey became a triumphal passage, leaving light, perfume and gladness in its wake. A friend, knowing of this year's work, and feeling that its influence should not be confined to one locality, wrote its simple record for one of the large religious papers.

The beautiful story found its way into the sick room of Miss Jennie Casseday of Louisville, Kentucky, who through a dreadful accident some years before was made a lifelong invalid and sufferer. She loved flowers so much that day and night in thought she followed the flower teacher and each day the mission seemed more beautiful, more useful, more feasible. An intense longing in her soul to see such a work established in her own city ripened into a definite plan with ready helpers. True, she could neither gather nor distribute the flowers but others could and she could direct their work.

Miss Frances E. Willard attended the National Convention of W. C. T. U. in 1882 in Louisville. While there she visited Jennie Casseday. Of this visit Miss Willard said: "With an earnest prayer for guidance I sought her sacred presence. Never shall I forget the kindling smile, the soft and tender handclasp, the Bible on the snowy counterpane, and the fresh flowers on the pretty shelf, between the bed and window. We talked of the beautiful mission with which she was already connected. I asked if she would accept the superintendency if such a department should be established by the National W. C. T. U. To this she consented, and from that day until the day of her death Feb 8, 1893, she was our faithful and beloved leader in the most lovely line of work of all the forty-six different branches of work."

Thus Jennie Casseday who for more than thirty years did not walk a step or sit erect, with her pathetic little letters dated, "Sick-bed," and signed, "Your little sick Sister," set tens of thousands of women at work ministering to shut-ins throughout the world, not only carrying flowers, but like angels of mercy carrying food and raiment to the poor, ministering to both the soul and body.

The anniversary of her birth, June 9, is observed as a special day for distributing flowers and other work. Since her death the graves of deceased members have been decorated also. To each bouquet or basket of fruit is attached a card on which is printed or written an appropriate text of scripture.

Flowers have always had a mission but it was left for the W. T. C. U. to give this mission organized form. Many other societies have fallen into line, especially those composed of young people, and many beautiful incidents are recorded telling of the helpfulness of the Flower Mission in Christian work. Our Loyal Temperance Legion is especially delighted with this work, a favorite saying with the members being

"All the flowers that bloom belong to temperance and the Flower Mission."

The plan of work is as follows: Visit the sick and lonely, leaving a fresh paper or book, as well as fruit, and flowers, or read to them from the Bible or some good book, or sing a hymn. Be watchful for the sick during the entire year, and where the angel of death has entered be there with your tribute, and comfort. If there should be no minister, hold a prayer service. Observe Flower Mission day, June 9, or as near that date as possible. In some localities flowers are more abundant earlier or later in the season, while circumstances and conditions may make another near date preferable. Assist in the observance of Memorial Day with flowers. Also help by song, prayer, or speech on the program. Cultivate flowers in the home gardens and request your friends to grow some for you. Bring the children into the work; they make the best of workers; it will help them to think and plan for the comfort of others. Furnish seeds of all kinds to them, which can be saved and gathered in large quantities after the first year's buying. Also furnish plants for window boxes to the poor. Distribute both flower and vegetable seeds. Encourage the cultivation of vacant lots, the planting of trees, also gardens and flowers around factories and mills,—anything to beautify the barren, or ugly spots, of the earth. Also help celebrate Arbor Day with the children by planting a tree, or vine, and on programs. Also in Nature Study, as given out by State Agricultural Colleges all over the world.

The linen loan is also a valuable feature of the work. The plan is to have a supply of bed linen and in cases of poverty where there is a lack of clean linen we shall loan what is needed. When the need is over it is to be returned, laundered, and is ready to be sent on another mission. Bandages and simple remedies are also kept on hand for the employes of factories, where accidents often occur. In some places a woman physician is employed to care for the poor.

They offer sympathy and help to the wayward and to those who find themselves behind prison bars, distributing flowers, Testaments, scripture text cards, and holding religious services in jails and prisons. A prisoner said to a Flower Mission worker as he was leaving for home: "I quit these prison walls a changed man. I thank God for the Flower Mission and the Bible. The texts you brought me with the flowers have led me from darkness into light, and have taught me that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Comfort Powders are prepared for sick and shut-in when visiting such. These powders are placed in fancy colored papers cut 6x8 inches; fold as for enclosing powders and place inside each a slip of paper containing the most comforting, helpful texts a sympathetic heart can find.

Each one might give an hour a day to carrying flowers, fruit, or sunshine to some one. We always can give the smile and kind word. Or write to some one who you think needs your sympathy; it will cost only a two-cent stamp or less if you send one of the lovely post cards. It may be you can think of an old neighbor, moved far away with no one left to write the home news.

Picture scrapbooks are fine for the children's hospitals and can be made in the spare moments. With all use tact and common sense. May not each incident of daily life have a meaning and be used to bring comfort and cheer into some other life? Let us observe more closely and remember more faithfully, 'tis no slight thing to have the guidance of a soul. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead; speak approving, cheering words while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you meant to do when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you meant to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave you.

Send your flowers to the living,
Do not keep them for the grave.
They may comfort some poor mourner,
They may strengthen, help and save.
Don't forget the kindly counsel,
Don't forget the loving tone;
They will make the cross seem lighter
To some sorrow laden one.
Keep your sunshine ever ready,
Use it freely, there is room.
All along life's rugged pathway
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,
Bringing all your love and kindness,
Making every heart rejoice.

FLOWERS.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

(Written for Mrs. Armelia L. Colwell for W. C. T. U. Flower Mission Work.)

When God first made this earth so fair,
And everything was dark in sight,
He saw the need of some bright orb,
And said: "Let there be light."

And yet there lacked a cheery ray
To brighten all this world of ours.
Again he spoke when lo, there came
A flood of joy—the beauteous flowers.

We love the lessons that they teach,
So filled with pure and holy thought,
And fain would know the gift divine
Of fragrance sweet, with which they're fraught.

God gave us flowers for noble use
To bless, to gladden, and to cheer.
The sick room brightens at their touch,
And prisoners' cell, so lone and drear.

The sweetest gifts one can bestow,
When prompted by affection's voice,

Are these bright messengers of love
That always make the heart rejoice.

The mounds we strew, where loved ones rest,
With these sweet tokens of our love;
And fain would we believe that they
Look down and smile from realms above.

Ah! who can tell! when one surveys
This earth—this wondrous earth of ours—
Of all the good that has been wrought
From God's own gift—the lovely flowers!

BE CAREFUL OF THE EXPRESSION.

WHAT kind of an expression do you wear habitually? Is it sour, morose, repellent? Is it a mean, stingy, contemptible, uncharitable, intolerant expression? Do you wear the expression of a bulldog, a grasping, greedy, hungry expression, which indicates an avaricious nature? Do you go about among your employees with a thunder-cloud expression, with a melancholy, despondent, hopeless look on your face; or do you wear the sunshine expression which radiates good cheer and hope, which indicates a feeling of good will and of helpfulness? Do people smile and look happier when you approach them, or do they shrink from you, and feel a chilly, goose-flesh sensation come over them as they see you approach? It makes all the difference in the world to you and to those whom you influence, what kind of an expression you wear.—*Success Magazine.*

HELPFUL HINTS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

To thoroughly clean a bottle which water and soap will not clean, fill half full of coarse sand or fine gravel (never use shot—as it is poisonous); then add water. Shake thoroughly and rinse.

To wash the fowl thoroughly and quickly before cutting up, use a coarse, rough cloth and cold water.

To quickly wash potatoes having deep eyes, use a brush and cold water, then rinse.

For the wire strainer or sieve, use a brush to cleanse them.

ALLOW CHILDREN TO HELP.

A MOTHER does an injustice to both herself and her children when she does not teach them how to do and require of them that they do the numberless little things and some big things that they can do just as well as she, and take for herself the time she thus gains for reading and rest. Some mothers would rather do things themselves than to take the trouble of teaching their daughters, and the daughters grow up helpless in the very things in which they need most of all to be efficient. Girls have the home-making instinct, as is instanced in their love for dolly, for play houses and mud-pie baking, and this instinct should be fostered and developed in a girl, no matter what the financial and social standing of the family happens to be. She should be the very best home-maker that it is possible for her to be. She may add to that supreme accomplishment any profession she likes.—*Woman's National Daily.*

A SMOOTH FLATIRON.

"To keep a flatiron smooth, rub it with a piece of pumice stone and wipe off with a cloth moistened with kerosene before ironing. Five cents' worth of pumice stone will last a long time."

TO DRIVE AWAY ROACHES.

"MANY housewives are troubled with roaches in their kitchens. Powdered borax sprinkled on the shelves, sink and tables will speedily drive them away."

The Children's Corner

THE LITTLE PINK PIGS.

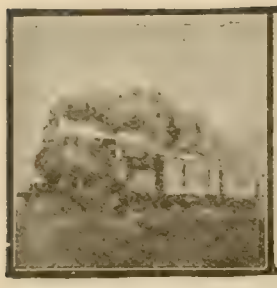
The little pink pigs have been rooting round,
Rooting around all night,
Though I warned them well they must slumber sound,
Till the blink of the morning light;
I warned them well, as the owner I gowned
And snuggled them warm and tight.
But though I told them they mustn't peep out,
The little pink pigs have been rooting about;
I warned them one and I warned them ten,
So now they must go in the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe; it's nearly eight o'clock!
Lock the little pigs in the sock,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Pen the little pigs in the pen,
The pen of the shoe and sock.

The little pink pigs, with a wriggle and dive,
All under the gown they run,
While the owner watches me coax and drive,
And giggles a gale at the fun,
And squeals as I swoop on a drove of five
And capture the five in one.
Oh, the little pink pigs have been rooting about,
Though I warned them well they mustn't peep out,
So I capture five and I capture ten
And drive them into the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe, and then the shoe and sock;
Lock the little pigs in the sock,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Pen the little pigs in the pen,
It's almost eight o'clock!

—Edward Vance Cook.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The London Daily Mail has offered a purse of $50,000 for a circular aeroplane flight of 1,000 miles over England and Scotland the second week in July, 1911.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has reduced the freight rates on lemons from the producing territory in southern California to eastern destinations, from $1.15 to $1 a hundred pounds.

Commissioner General Keefe has estimated that 1,190,966 immigrant aliens were admitted to the United States in the last fiscal year. This is an increase of 244,421 over the previous year.

The New Orleans board of trade has called a mass meeting of citizens in an effort to procure the remaining funds necessary to complete the $7,500,000 additional demanded by Congress for the proposed Panama exposition in 1915.

Premier Asquith has introduced a bill in the house of commons altering the oath of British sovereigns. In the proposed text, the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church is not singled out for repudiation, but it is simply affirmed that the sovereign is a faithful Protestant.

The Senate has appropriated $50,000 for the purpose of establishing a biological station to study the contagious diseases of fish. Cancer is one of these diseases. A careful study of these diseases in fish may result in assisting the medical profession in alleviating one of the most dreadful of human afflictions.

Circuit Judge Burdett has, at Charleston, W. Va., dissolved the injunction recently granted the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad against the operation of the 2-cent fare law and has ordered all moneys collected in excess of the 2-cent fare refunded to holders of coupons. A stay of sixty days was granted and the road will appeal.

Stockyards brokers of East St. Louis have "turned down the wine glass" for the National Association of Live Stock Exchanges, which will hold its annual convention in East St. Louis September 23. No intoxicating liquors are to be served or permitted at the banquet or any of the entertainments arranged for the delegates.

But one-half of 1 per cent of the immigrants of Gen. Booth's Salvation Army brought to Canada from Europe turned out failures. There were 60,000 of them transported last year. The utmost care was exercised in the choice of settlers. They were tested physically and mentally and their morals were looked into. The man who paid his bills in the old country and gave evidence of thrift was invariably the one chosen.

Crude oil burners are being installed in the boilers of several pumping stations at Ancon, Canal Zone. Several moguls on the Panama railroad also are equipped to use oil exclusively. Oil also is used by the sanitary department for spreading over stagnant pools to prevent the breeding of mosquitoes. The use of oil has been discontinued in the cold storage plant at Cristobal because it has been found cheaper to use coal.

Prince Henry of Prussia and Count Ferdinand Zeppelin, builder of the ill-fated Zeppelin airship, have left Kiel, Germany, for Spitzbergen to make preliminary preparations for the attempt to reach the north pole in an airship next year. Both the prince and the count are sure that the airship will be found feasible for Arctic cruising and that the pole can be easily reached from Spitzbergen, which it is proposed to make the base of operations.

Madryn Castle, one of the most ancient and historically interesting in Great Britain, was offered at public sale by a firm of London auctioneers. The castle which was erected about the year 1490, in the reign of Henry, VII, is of special interest to Americans, since for many years it has been, by inheritance through the female side, in possession of members of the Yale family, direct descendants of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College.

The closing of one-third the saloons in Great Britain before the end of the year as the result of the increased license fees under the new budget, is predicted following the first day's collection of fees. The fees are governed by the rental value of the property occupied by the saloons, and they average $1,200 under the new budget, as against about $300 under the old. This quadrupling of the tax has put hundreds of saloons out of business.

The cholera situation in the south of Russia is so serious that physicians are predicting the worst scourge of many years before frost checks the spread. Officially there were reported only 1,796 cases for the week preceding June 27, but not more than one-third of the known cases find their way into the official report and there were really about 5,000 new cases. The cholera is of a particular malignant type and nearly 40 per cent of the cases are proving fatal.

The new liners which are being built for trans-Atlantic service are all of extreme dimensions. Following the lead of the White Star Line, with its "Olympic" and "Titanic," of 60,000 tons each, the Hamburg-American Line has placed an order for a vessel 850 feet in length, which, with 48,000-horsepower, is to develop a 21-knot speed. It is rumored also that the Cunard Line will shortly lay down a steamship of 50,000 tons for service in conjunction with the "Mauretania" and "Lusitania."

The supreme court of Illinois has barred the Bible from the public schools of the State. A decision handed down in the case of Catholic residents of Winchester, Scott county, rules that religious exercises, consisting of reading the Bible, singing and praying, cannot be held in the schools while pupils are in attendance. Scott county residents had protested against the religious exercises. "The wrong arises out of compulsion to join in any kind of religious worship," says the court. "The free enjoyment of religious worship includes freedom not to worship."

Physicians of both sexes and others besides, who are at all concerned in the progressive welfare of women, are noting with much interest that in some of the largest hospitals a new line of scientific work for women has been introduced—the preparation of physicians' food prescriptions for the sick. The work requires the same skill, knowledge and exactness that is demanded of a chemist. The dietitian must understand and be able to apply the theories concerning the values of food from a caloric, nutritive and digestive standpoint; assume the care and management of the diet kitchen, and also deliver to student nurses regular courses of lectures upon the subject which is her special department.

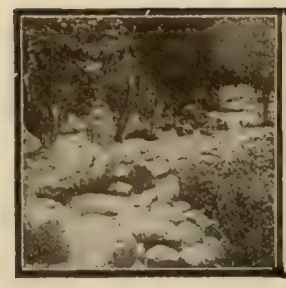
Porfirio Diaz, the 80-year-old statesman who has been president of Mexico continuously for twenty-six years, was recently re-elected to that office, notwithstanding the bitter opposition that was waged in some sections. Whatever fight there was against the administration seems to have been concentrated on the candidate for the vice-presidency, Ramon Corral, who is being groomed by the party in power as the successor of Porfirio Diaz. Corral believes in the encouragement of American investments in Mexico, and in the protection of all foreign interests in the Republic, on the theory that they are necessary to progress. His active attitude in this respect has engendered wide-spread opposition to him, but by the same token his candidacy has been favored by the capitalistic class, domestic and foreign.

Reductions averaging 25 per cent in transcontinental freight rates have been ordered by the interstate commerce commission in a series of decisions, among the most important ever handed down by that tribunal. They are based upon complaints from shippers in Spokane, Wash., and Portland, Ore.; the railroad commission of Nevada and Commercial club of Salt Lake City. The largest reductions are made in the rates from the Pacific coast to Missouri river points. A reduction of 20 per cent is ordered in the class rates from Seattle, Tacoma and Portland to interior points in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. From Sacramento, Cal., the rates to Reno, Nev., are reduced from $1.29 for the first-class to 85 cents per 100 pounds, and to points east of Reno in Nevada corresponding reductions are made. In the Arizona case against the Santa Fe rates from eastern points are cut nearly one-third. The present rates of $1.15 per 100 pounds on oranges, lemons and other fruits from points in California to points in Utah is reduced to $1.00. Passenger rates are also reduced to the following: Between Salt Lake or Provo, Utah, and Los Angeles, to $25; between Detwine, Ore., and Los Angeles, $26.10; between Ogden and San Francisco, $23.58; between Salt Lake City and San Francisco, $24.69; between Provo and San Francisco, $26.04.

As the result of a retrenchment move in the postal service, the practice of putting substitute mail carriers in the places of men on vacations is to be discontinued, except in congested districts. In the suburbs of the larger cities, many people are absent during the summer. This lightens the carrier's work, and it is proposed he shall also cover the route of the man on leave, in addition to his own.

A course in forestry and tree surgery is to be established by the University of Missouri in co-operation with the United States department of agriculture. The government has given $30,000 for research and experimental work. The university board at a meeting in St. Louis, named Dr. Isadore Loeb to the newly created position of dean. E. A. Allen of the English department and John R. Scott have resigned under the age provisions. H. P. Allison, an instructor at the University of Illinois, has been appointed professor of animal husbandry.

Melville Weston Fuller was born in Augusta, Me., Feb. 11, 1833. He came of distinguished ancestry, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather having been prominent in the history of Maine. That he inherited a tendency to the law and aptitude for it seems clear, for his father was a lawyer of distinction and a graduate of the Harvard Law School; his grandfather, Nathan Weston, was chief justice of the State for a number of years, and his paternal grandfather, Henry Weld Fuller, was at the time of his death a judge in Kennebec County. With such forbears it was natural that the future chief justice should take to the law. In 1853 he was graduated from Bowdoin College, with the degree of master of arts. He read law in the office of his uncle, George Melville Weston, in Bangor, Me., and attended a course of lectures at the Harvard Law School. In 1855 he began practice in Augusta as a partner of another uncle, Benjamin G. Fuller. In 1856 he was president of the common council of Augusta and performed the duties of city collector. Before the end of the year 1856 he removed to Chicago. In 1862 he became a member of the convention to revise the state constitution of Illinois. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions of 1864, 1872, 1876 and 1880, and in 1876 made an eloquent speech in placing in nomination Thomas A. Hendricks. In 1880 he retired from active participation in politics and gave his entire attention to his profession. Mr. Fuller's selection by President Cleveland, in 1888, for the office of chief justice is said to have been due to the President's conviction, after a careful study of the names proposed to him for the office, that Mr. Fuller would clear up the congestion that existed in the Supreme Court calendar. His legal fitness was beyond dispute, although he never had been on the bench, and politically he was, of course, acceptable to a Democratic President. Mr. Fuller's conduct in his high office won universal respect from the public and personally he was probably the most popular man that ever held the office. His courtesy to his associates, and to lawyers has been often commented upon and his geniality made him liked by everybody in Washington. Chief Justice Fuller was a small man, not more than five feet six inches tall and weighing about 140 pounds. His eyes were blue and his abundant hair, light brown in early life, was white in his later years. In manner he was quick and vivacious and his keen appreciation of humor sometimes lightened the dryness of judicial proceedings, while it frequently was displayed in social life. In religion he was an Episcopalian of the old school.



NATURE STUDIES



A TRANSGRESSION.

J. O. BARNHART.

I found a little flower
  Beside the dusty way,
That hid her smiling features
  Beneath a leafy spray,

And slyly curled her tendrils
  Around a tall reed's stem,
To shield from robbet sunbeams,
  Her dewdop's diadem.

I thrust with wanton boldness,
  The leafy spray aside,
And spite of modest blushes
  And of her gentle pride,

I gazed upon her beauty,
  Admired her fair pink cup,
Then tore with ruthless fingers
  Both reed and blossom up.

I bore them to my attic,
  And strove to write some lines
About a morning-glory,
  That round a weed entwined.

I wove with subtlest fancy,
  A high and lofty strain,—
My lyre would yield no music,
  The chords all snapped in twain.

And I no more shall string it,
  Nor seek again to play,
Until my soul's pollution
  And sin is washed away.

Kemp, Ill.

Cereals

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE grass family is perhaps the most widely distributed of the vegetable kingdom. It shows members of all sizes from tiny plants but a few inches high to the giant bamboo towering above its neighbors.

Of this important group the cereals are of the most use to man. Some of these are the following:

WHEAT. The wheat grain is a small oval seed which can be easily removed from the stalk on which it grows. It has five outer coats known as the bran. The three outer layers form what is known as the bran; the next, the testa, containing the greater part of the coloring matter of the bran, and within this is another thin membrane. These constitute about five per cent by weight of the grain.

The next layer is called the cereal or aleurone layer and constitutes about eight per cent. Within this lie the starchy cells which, with the aleurone layer, constitute the part of the grain known as the endosperm.

At the lower end of the endosperm is the germ or embryo. This is the part which under favorable conditions will develop into a new plant. The starch and other substances are placed in the grain to serve as food for the young plant till it can form a root system to secure nourishment from the earth.

While this description is of the wheat berry, with slight modifications it will suit for any of the cereals.

The cereal layer furnishes gluten, starch is deposited in the endosperm, the germ supplies fat, and the bran yields minerals. Thus we see that bread is truly called the staff of life because it contains the chief substances needed by the body. The proportion in which they are found in the grain varies and the value of the grain varies accordingly.

The gluten causes the bread to rise by confining the gas formed in the dough, thus making the bread light.

Wheat yields the most highly valued flour, and for this reason is often adulterated by mixing with other and cheaper cereals.

RYE is of a darker color and longer grained than wheat; otherwise it is of quite similar appearance. Its gluten is not so light, hence it does not yield as light a loaf. Though the loaf is somewhat darker, rye is second in importance as a breadstuff. It is more hardy than wheat, especially in cold countries, and as a consequence costs less. The latter fact causes it to be the chief cereal of Europe.

BARLEY is not used to any great extent in the making of bread, though in general appearance it differs but little from wheat or rye. It is used to some extent in soups, puddings and similar dishes. Much of the grain (twenty-three per cent) is bran and it contains no true gluten—this being found only in wheat and rye. It is rich in protein, but does not make as white a loaf.

OATS yields a vast amount of waste (forty-four per cent) and is not extensively used as food for human beings. That it is suitable for that purpose is evidenced by the fact that it is used almost exclusively by many of the Scotch, and they perhaps show the greatest mixture of brain and brawn to be found in any people on the earth.

CORN. "King Corn," perhaps deserves to be treated in a separate article. Maize, as it should be called if we wish to use the aboriginal name, has more fat than wheat, about equal carbohydrates, and less protein. The absence of gluten renders it unsuitable for the production of a yeast-raised loaf, but no other cereal can be made into so many palatable varieties of unleavened bread. It is the favorite food of the people of a large portion of the United States and America to the south, while its use is spreading to foreign lands.

RICE. Rice is by far the most important cereal of China, Japan and neighboring countries. Millet is much used in these also, as well as in Russia. Sesame is used by the native tribes of India as buckwheat is also used in parts of Russia and Germanic Europe. Where the people of the United States are of Russian or German extraction it is quite common, especially during the winter months. Used to make batter cakes it is one of the most "fillsome" foods that can be set before a hungry boy, but on the other hand the preparation of them is one of the most difficult tasks for the novice to conquer. Kaffir corn is used in some parts of the United States for the same purpose, but only to a limited extent; however, in Abyssinia and southward to its native home it is much used.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A LOVE FOR NATURE.

PITY the person who has not, woven deeply in his being, a love for Nature. Such a person is missing one of the best joys of living. He who spends all his life amidst brick and mortar, who has never planted a seed nor watched it grow and so knows nothing of the joy of being a co-worker with the Creator in awakening and nourishing life—who has never stood alone with nature, away from everything human, amidst birds, flowers, trees, and all about him God's pure air and sunshine and above him God's blue sky, feeling that free, rapturous, uplifting surprise at the vastness of God's world,—such a one will forever have undeveloped much that is best in his nature. There will be a lack in his being which only thus could have been supplied.

True is it, also, that a person may spend all his life closely surrounded by the things of Nature, but yet see none of its beauties. He knows no more about them than the ordinary person does about the air he breathes—he does not *live* in nature. Some one has said, "Half the wealth of the world is lost to us from lack of power to perceive—from the dull, meaningless way in which we have used our senses." And thus indeed may remain forever closed, an avenue through which should come much that is best to our natures and by which what is helpful may be carried from us, to the outer world.

Does it not seem strange that so many spend their time studying languages of nations dead and gone and histories of lands and people across the sea when this more wonderful and interesting book of nature is wide open everywhere about them, and they know nothing of it! The greatest beauties, the most profound mysteries are just under our feet, over our heads, and all about us.

There are, however, many men and women, boys and girls, who have spent all their lives in the country, but have never had their eyes wide enough open to notice the difference between an oak and a maple-leaf; they do not know which of the many birds that flit about them go south when the cold days are near; they have not had their ears opened to hear any music in the murmuring brook or to distinguish the songs of the common birds.

A true, real love of nature must ever have a refining influence. It always adds gentleness, earnestness, frankness and reverence to our natures. It ever makes a *gentle* man. It gives, too, the artist-soul, though the individual may never have seen an artist's brush. It makes a reasonable and logical thinker, because nowhere in nature do we behold things done in a haphazard way, but always according to regular sequence and order—a working according to law.

It has been said that, "From everything in nature there is a way to God," and there certainly is a sure, quick way. No one who has been in close touch with nature can ever be really bad, for he has felt too strongly in his communings with her, his nearness to God; he has felt and seen too much of God's greatness and his own incompleteness.

In view of all this I am sure no mother will wish to deny her child such an important part of his education: all the wealth that comes to him through a love and knowledge of nature. By this I do not mean simply a knowledge of botany or the other natural sciences. I mean something that can be given first of all by you, yourself, in the home, to the child in its first years.

The first six years of life is the proper time for us to determine what shall be the interests of the child's later life. It is a very simple thing to interest a little child in the beauties of nature, and if it is done then it will remain as a life interest and give him that freshness, gentleness, free, whole-souled,

reverential character, that is only found in those who live near to, and in nature.

I know a "grown-up" who had her eyes opened to the things and beauties of nature—which before had been as a closed book—by reading the books written by John Ruskin. But in childhood is the proper time to teach people to see—to use their senses. It is a very easy matter to call the baby's attention to the "buttercup's pretty yellow dress," the "number of pieces (petals of the flower) in its dress," etc.; to add "God made the pretty flower." By so doing you will be awakening the child's interest in the things of nature, and you will be teaching him to use his eyes. A great many parents think that if their children are always in the open air running about, they must form a love and knowledge of nature, but it may mean nothing more to them than a good chance to run and play—they really see nothing.

Let the mother begin this training with the baby in her arms. The child's relation to the world of plants and animals will only become real and vivid to him as he has to do with them himself, if from his cradle he has grown up amongst flowers and has not lacked animal play-fellows. Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow in her book on Child-Nature has said: "Even young babies should be brought into contact with all the elementary forces of nature, and for this purpose they should spend the greater part of the day, when the weather and season will permit, in the open air."

As you take your child to the country to spend the summer months, do not be satisfied by thus increasing his physical vigor only; open his eyes and his heart now to the wonders and beauties of nature. It is not necessary that you have studied books to do this. With the little child it is only necessary to have a little playful conversation:

"How the dandelions look like yellow gold in the green grass!"

"What a lot of pieces they have in their dress!"

"They look like suns with the leaves for the rays of light!"

"How hollow their stems are!"

"Why! Here is one with its white night-dress on already; it has its seeds ready to go to sleep."

"Look at all these little white seeds! Let us blow them through the air."

"Do you know what makes them keep up in the air and fly? It is this little part that is just like a sail."

"What a funny kind of leaf this dandelion has. The edges are like teeth," etc.

Then to the older children you can tell that the edges of the leaf look like lion's teeth, and that this is one reason the plant receives its name of dandelion.

I have often, even with a three-year-old child, by making just such remarks as, "How many different kinds (they understand your meaning better by saying 'kinds' than shades) of green there are over there"—pointing to the trees. "A dark green, a light green, and a whole lot of greens,"—had the child show much wonder and admiration, and manifest that a new revelation had really come to him.

Even if the childhood of an individual is all spent in the city, the child should have a knowledge of the processes and things of nature given to him. I remember seeing the look of wonder and delight in the faces of a tiny little boy and girl as their first real knowledge and joy of farm life was given them through the medium of their play-blocks. They had seen pictures, and heard stories of farm life, but their first real observation of it and participation in it, came when their grown-up friend said:

"See, I have made a fence with the blocks, this will be a field in here. The farmer has to make a fence around his field to keep things out of it, for something might spoil what is growing there. You make one, too. Now let us play we are farmers and plant seed in the fields, for this is the time of the year to plant seed. What will you have in yours—potatoes, turnips, oats, wheat, or what?"

The look of surprise and delight that came into the faces of those children was a revelation, as they were given their first ideas of how these grains and vegetables came to be, and of the fact that there had been a great deal of helping and working, in order to get them for us. It was a lasting lesson, because they received this knowledge by a real experience of their own—an actual doing.

At this season of the year tell your children many pretty nature stories. Read to them and have them memorize some pretty poems about the birds, trees, flowers, etc.

Let us remember,—

"Each thing around us speaks
A language all its own,
And though we may have grown
Hardened and dull of ear,
The little children hear.

"But ah, they cannot know,
How blest such hearing is,
Until, alas, it flies!
Then let us help them keep
The gift whose loss we weep."

—*American Motherhood.*

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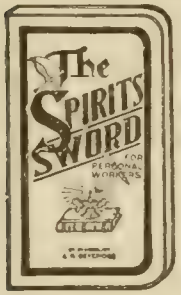
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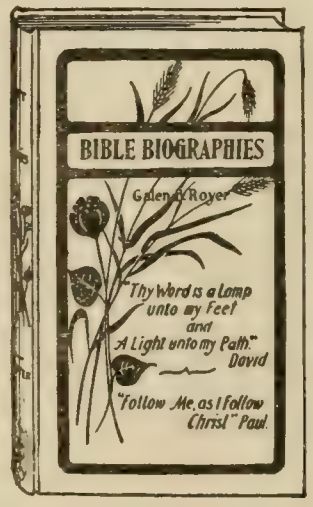
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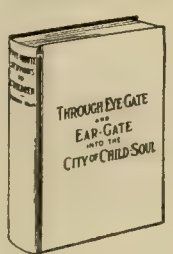
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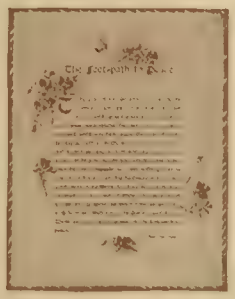
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In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. July 19, 1910. No. 29.

The Rescue Mission

B. F. Heckman

Number 1. Why It Is Needed.

WHEN our Master looked about him he saw the multitudes as sheep scattered, having no shepherd. They were practically lost in the desert, for they had no true guide. He had compassion on them and, calling the attention of his disciples to their condition, asked them to pray the Lord of the harvest to put forth laborers into his harvest. Not only so, but he also sent them forth to do work among the benighted people. Thus it will be well for us to look at the status of Christianity and compare it, or rather contrast it with the prevalence of evil in a great city like Chicago in order to show the need of a rescue mission. Should the total population of this great metropolis be divided into congregations equalling the number of Protestant churches, each preacher would have an audience of nearly three thousand people. This seems almost unthinkable, but there are only about one thousand churches, excluding all but Protestant denominations. These one thousand churches must wage war with over seven thousand saloons and their kindred evils.

In order to see more clearly prevalent conditions, let us take an area of one square mile on the north side of the city. In this area—which in the country makes one, or two, or three or more fine farms, on which perhaps from ten to twenty people live and thrive—62,000 people live, or rather exist, in crowded tenements, cheap lodging houses, in damp basements —places called home but which are not. In this same area six Protestant churches strive hard for an existence, while in the selfsame area 321 saloons, besides their kindred cheap theaters and gambling dens, thrive unhindered and protected by the law. In one room of this closely-settled district one family may live—a family may consist of from one to eight, or more children, besides the parents. It is their only place for cooking and eating and sleeping and working, perhaps the mother at the washtub, or the mother and older sisters doing sweatshop work. The children know no home. It is merely a place to sleep and that likely on a bag of rags or a pile of filthy straw. It is hardly worth while for the family to have a table for the scanty and stale supply of food, including old bread and beer, or real strong coffee. The children's playground is the street where all kinds of games are indulged in. The children follow the example of their elders and gamble as earnestly as they. With such conditions prevailing, morality is at a very low ebb indeed. The streets swarm with children from homes of drunkenness and vice and ignorance and crime.

From such homes children are sent at an early age to help earn a support for the family, for the father is drunk most of the time and the mother has more than she can do to provide for the large family. This is where the pity is deserved, yes, help is needed for the relief of such a mother, for she must do any kind of menial service to keep from starvation, and oftentimes furnish the father's drink. The small eight-year-old boy is sent to the street to sell papers to earn his share of the family's support. If this mere child fails in earning the amount specified as his share of earnings, instead of cheer and comfort he receives cursing and abuse. The lad soon tires of such a life and takes to the street to earn his own way. He sells papers during the day and sleeps in the alley, or in some out-of-the-way place unnoticed by the police, during the night. If he cannot make enough money to buy sufficient food he steals it or gambles for it. Oftentimes these boys are found late in the night in the most immoral places in the city, selling papers. Thus these boys grow up in the midst of crime and squalor and want. There are hundreds of such boys in the city today, growing into a life—not of usefulness, but of crime and degradation. Calls to evil come to the boy from every side. In the picture shows he sees the pictures of adventure, moral and immoral, and he longs for such a life. You ask, What is their inevitable fate? A life that is begun in misery and sin, continued in misery and sin, will without failure end in misery and sin, unless we appeal to them

and show something better. They become a burden to themselves and to society. Society in turn shifts the responsibility and sends them to the police stations and to prisons and to reform schools, instead of trying to win them for Christ. These boys need a chance to live in a decent way. Who is responsible for giving it to them?

Let us take a still smaller area so that our minds may grasp the conditions better. This area is 235 feet wide and 700 feet long. It is about a block wide and two and a half blocks long. Some of our good people in the country have larger front dooryards than this. But what here? From two to three thousand—the greater majority men—live in this district. One of the largest, if not the largest saloon in the city is within its bounds. These men live in cheap, filthy lodging houses and in this saloon, reeking with filth and sin, conducted by one of the aldermen of Chicago. It is a resort for thieves and thugs of all sorts. This saloon is typical of its kind, of which Chicago has no small number. Cheap beer and whiskey, manufactured, drugged, not brewed and distilled, are sold to the men. The last measure is taken to secure a drink by such men. They will sell every bit of clothing from their bodies that is possible just so one more drink will come. They dress in dirty, filthy rags rather than miss the opportunity for another glass. Some of them do not taste food for days and are only kept up by stimulants. Their bodies become saturated with it. Drink has gained the complete mastery and they are lost unless the Great Physician gets a chance shortly.

This is only a small sample of the great slums of this city and a very meager picture of the depth of sin to which humans may go. Here is what a recent reliable writer has to say on the slums of Chicago: "In one of these there are 35,000 people, in the other there are 30,000. It is a region of adults. . . . Half the men are beggars, criminals, or floating laborers; a quarter are engaged in the sale of dissipation. . . . One might write above the entrance to such a district Dante's inscription, 'Leave all hope behind, all those who enter here.'"

The number of men who have lost their all through drink cannot be ascertained with any degree of certainty or accuracy, because of the floating character of this class of people. But thousands of just such persons are on the streets of Chicago day after day. Just at the present time the streets are said to be crowded with such miserable wretches. When one looks into the faces of a crowd like this it recalls Jeremiah's and Isaiah's picture of God's people at one time. Jer. 5: 26-28: "For among my people are found wicked men: they watch as fowlers lie in wait; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great and waxed rich. They are waxed fat, they shine: yea, they overpass in deeds of wickedness; they plead not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, that they may prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge." Here is a picture of the pitfalls for men and also a vivid picture of the men who set them. The men who devise the traps care not for the men they catch, they are desirous of the money men are so foolish as to spend. Homes are wrecked, souls are sent to perdition, and yet these men only gloat over their ill-gotten gain. But note what Isaiah had to say of people caught in the traps. "But this is a people robbed and plundered; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith restore." Listen again to the words of the wise man:

"Who hath woe?
Who hath sorrow?
What hath brawlings?
Who hath complaining?
Who hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?" Proverbs 23: 29.

Thus there is a motley crowd caught in the clutches of sin and held there as it were by iron bands. They are piteous to look upon and not pleasant to think about. But what has been their past? Where have they come from? Is it possible that they were always in such condition? Were they not at the very beginning some mothers' sons, innocent and pure? Many of them have come from the best homes of our land. Nearly all of them have come from good stations in life. They were men of wealth, of education, of honor, of good position, of family. The story of most of them may be told in very few words—fallen through drink. College graduates and professors are found among them. Former preachers of the Gospel are found lying in the gutter. Bankers have lost their wealth and prestige. Men of happy family have been reduced to poverty. The husband has left the mother and her children to do the best they could while he lives the life of a tramp and vagabond on the earth.

Just recently in one of the missions of this city this story was told by a rescued man who now works in the Union Stock Yards. Many young men from the country who have made their mark in college come to the stock yards to make their mark in the business world. Because of their energy and thrift they have a brilliant career, but because of their success they were allowed to enter society and were not able to withstand the temptations that came along with such companionship. Through the social glass and its companion evils they lost their position and honor and virtue to become wrecks. They plunge to the depths and are found in the slums, or are sent home dying, or dead.

Only a few years ago a prosperous banker came to the city. At the first he spent money with a lavish hand, and in less than a week he was in the depths of poverty and distress because he had misplaced confidence and had been tricked. The vice-president of one of the great railway systems of our country began to frequent the cup that sent him to the gutter a wrecked man. A high official of Queen Victoria was found by a mission worker in the Cook County Hospital with delirium tremens. He had come from his high position to the very dregs of misery. (The last two named are in Chicago today, personally known to the writer. There is more to say about them in a later article.) A son of a great manufacturer in Wisconsin was lured to the city by sin. He ran away from home and was lost in the whirlpool of sin and vice. Just a few days ago he was bartender in one of the low saloons of Chicago. His father urges him to come home, but he is too ashamed because he is full of rum and disease. Last winter as a brother and sister (of the Brethren church) of Ohio were visiting the Life Boat Mission they found a young man whom they knew, in fact, a neighbor. They knew his relatives and were so grieved to see the traces of sin in his countenance.

Sunday excursions are conducted to the city. Thousands of pure-minded and virtuous young men from all parts of the country come to take in the city. They visit the most immoral places out of curiosity. Impressions are made that are never erased. The gilded life of the city draws, and instead of being content to remain on the farm, come to the city to earn money faster(?). They are caught in the traps of the city and are lost to a world of decency and self-respect.

"They wandered in the wilderness way;
They found no city of habitation,
Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them."

Just a few days ago one of the prominent mission workers among fallen men told me that he had stood on a street corner in the slum district and counted the men going past at the rate of 3,500 an hour. The larger majority of these are young men just beginning to dabble in sin, without thinking of the shoals ahead upon which their lives are to be wrecked. They scoff at those already in the gutter, not realizing that will be their fate unless they turn. The men that go to make up this class come from the city and from the country, from the pure home and from the vile home. But one end awaits them all. They are driftwood, left to the mercy of the waves. Still, with all their sin and waywardness they are some mothers' sons, some sisters' brothers, some wives' husbands, some children's fathers. They have souls to save, there is still hope for them.

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave.
Weep o'er the erring one
Lift up the fallen
Tell them of Jesus
The Mighty to save."

Bethany Bible School.

TO THE PANSIES.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Ha! Pansies, you are funny folks.
You're always making faces
At those who chance to pass your way—
Fie, Pansies! Such grimaces!

You flaunt your various colors gay,
You play all through the hours,
You twist and turn and nod; you seem
Like clowns among the flowers.

You are not like your neighbors meek,
The violet nor the Johnny,
The little blue for-get-me-not,
Nor dainty harebell bonny.

You, all, are jolly jesters droll,
Your looks are mirth-provoking,
You're apt at calling forth the smiles
Without attempts at joking.

Now, here is one that winks its eye,
There, one with eye expanded.
And here is one with laughter bent;
That one, there, seems quite candid.

Yet, each and all you Pansy folks
Out in the garden spaces,
Go on and play your comic parts
And fill your humble places.

For all that know you love you much,
Glad voices bear the rumor;
What would this weary world be like
Without a sense of humor?

Tipton, Iowa.



WAR IN THE WILD ANIMAL CAMP.

FRANK MUSSELMAN.

Just at dusk one evening as I was sitting in my room, my attention was called to a rider, coming into town at topmost speed, riding one pinto and leading another. He came up to the hotel and called for me, to which I made quick response and was invited to

accompany him into the country to the Bad Lands where he did hunting, trapping and herding. He requested me to make all possible haste, as he had something of great interest to show me and time might take the interest off it. Soon I was equipped in riding boots and "chaps," and was following him over the Bad Lands at top speed.

After a ride of about thirty minutes we came to a deep canyon with steep walls of stone. Down we went through a steep pass, dismounted, tied our horses to some brush and sneaked around a high boulder where I heard a very loud and furious snapping and growling. There firmly held in a steel trap was a large grey wolf, surrounded by three snapping, growling bob cats. To many it might seem impossible for one animal, pinned closely to the ground by a steel trap, to fight three other animals as ferocious as the bob cat, but already the fourth cat lay off to one side, dead, and one of the three was ready to drop at any time.

One cat would leap at the wolf from one side and attract its attention in that way, while the other cat would leap at it from the opposite side. This was kept up for some time, each time one or the other of the cats receiving a cut or gash from the sharp teeth of the furious but calm animal in the trap. At last the two most able cats walked off to one side and seemed to be in private consultation. In a moment or two both were back, slowly walking around the watchful wolf, which was now lying down in perfect content. Then to the great surprise of all, the two grabbed their weak and dying comrade and threw him into the very paws of the wolf. At the same time both leaped into the midst of flying fur and dust. When the dust had cleared away the wolf lay gaping for breath, with thigh and bosom torn open. The weakest cat was dead, and another slowly gaping for breath. Then my western comrade slowly drew from its leathern case his revolver, took steady aim, fired, and the only remaining live one of the fight was dead.

Slowly I rode back to town, thinking how much like these wild animals a great multitude of human beings are.

The New King of England

Dallas B. Kirk

Prince George, son of Edward VII and grandson of Queen Victoria, was born June 3, 1865. He was educated and trained in the profession of a seaman, and his travels began at an early age. He enlisted as a cadet in the navy, June 5, 1877, when he was twelve years old, along with his brother, "The Duke of Clarence." He was with the training ship Britannia for two years.

In company with his brother he circumnavigated the globe in the *Bacchante*. On this tour the two princes touched at the West Indies, Madeira, Simon's Bay, Australia, Fiji, Yokohama, Hong Kong and Singapore.

Prince George was made a midshipman on the *Canada* in 1883, and gained the lieutenancy with high honors in 1885. A good piece of seamanship was executed by him in 1889 when he rescued a torpedo boat; this heroic deed would have done credit to a much older man. He was in command of the gunboat *Thrush* in 1890. He also this same year opened the Jamaica Exhibition. He was made a commander in 1891. While he was in Dublin this same year, he contracted a serious fever which threatened his life.

In 1898 he was in command of the *Crescent*, which was attached to the Channel Squadron. On January 1, 1901 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, also Colonel-in-chief of the Royal Marine Forces.

When his elder brother died in 1892, he had to give up the sea, and learn new duties; those pertaining to the affairs of state. He faithfully served the British navy for thirty-three years and he thus became widely known as, "The Sailor Prince." It was while he was a sailor that he became closely acquainted with his Russian, Greek and German cousins.

Prince George now became heir-apparent to the throne. He received much training for public life. Under the tutor M. Hua, he made a careful study of the French language. Next he took a seat in the House of Lords as Duke of York. He was a constant attendant at Parliament, and followed closely the debates on the House of Lords question.

Prince George married Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, July 6, 1893. Among the illustrious wedding guests were: the Czarowitz, and the King and Queen of Norway. There were born to this Engish Royal couple five sons and one daughter. Young Edward, now Prince of Wales, was born June 23, 1894. Now, at the age of sixteen, he is a cadet in the royal navy. As Duke of Cornwall he has a clear income of $80,000 a year, while by the time he becomes of age, from this source alone, he will have an independent fortune of half a million sterling.

Prince George was made an LL. D. by Cambridge University in 1894. He had missed the influence, sage-like advice and wisdom of those noble English statesmen of the Victorian era, which his father knew so

well. However, the late Charles Kingsley and Rev. Rogers greatly influenced him.

When his grandmother, Queen Victoria, died January 22, 1901, he succeeded his late father as Duke of Cornwall.

March 16, 1901, Prince George and his wife sailed from Portsmouth on the *Ophir,* on a memorable tour of the Colonies, going to Gibraltar, Suez and Singapore. In Australia he opened the first parliament of the new commonwealth. They were given a reception in Montreal, Canada, September 20, 1901. They returned to England November 1, 1901, having traveled 45,000 miles. He also visited at New Zealand, Newfoundland and South Africa. After this trip he was made Prince of Whales.



King George's Children.

He made a prolonged and arduous tour of the Indian Empire, which was marked with success, reaching Bombay Nov. 9, 1905. At Calcutta he laid the foundation stone of the Victoria Memorial Hall, a stately building devised by Lord Curzon. At Rawalpindi he reviewed 55,000 troops, which were the flower of the Indian army, being commanded by Lord Kitchener.

Hunting and fishing are indulged in once in a while, as time permits. Prince George is known as one of the best marksmen in the realm. He first shot a tiger in India in 1905, measuring nearly nine feet. Sometimes he goes to Deeside, Scotland, for salmon fishing, grouse shooting and deer stalking.

He attended the Tercentenary of Quebec in 1908. He has held the office of president for many of the agricultural societies and is a successful breeder of Red Polled cattle and Berkshire pigs.

While George was yet Prince of Wales, he recently opened a new naval harbor at Dover, England. At low tide it covers 610 acres and cost $20,000. It easily accommodates a fleet of twenty-five first class battleships with small craft. It is the largest artificial harbor in the world and it took eleven years to construct it.

Prince George was forty-five when his father died, thus becoming heir to the throne much earlier in life than did his father. He was formally proclaimed king throughout the King's domain shortly after daybreak May 7, 1910, bearing the typical Hanoverian name of George V. He said: "I will follow in my father's footsteps." At the time of his father's death he used wisdom in not ordering a general mourning, because he was well acquainted with the hard times the poorer classes had when Queen Victoria died, as many families did not have money to buy mourning clothes.

Although pressed by state affairs and the funeral arrangements of his father, when King George heard of the imprisoning of 137 men in Lord Lonsdale's coal mines, he quickly sent a sympathetic message to Whitehaven, the scene of the disaster. The colliery extends nearly five miles out under the sea, and the miners were entombed three miles from the shaft mouth.

King George carefully and wisely attended to the funeral arrangements for King Edward's state funeral from first to last. His father received $2,715,000 a year. The proviso made for Queen Alexandra upon her husband's death was $350,000 a year; while with the exception of some of King Edward's possessions going to Queen Alexandra, King George became heir to the balance although ample provisions were made for Princess Victoria who is forty-two and still unmarried.

The King's first official act was to appoint Earl Carrington as Lord Great Chamberlain.

The English rule is that when a new king ascends the throne, pardon is to be granted to those serving sentences in various prisons in Great Britain. This act of clemency grants remission of sentences even in the army and navy.

King George is five feet six inches tall, and wears a beard. His resemblance to the Czar of Russia, his first cousin, is remarkable. His manner is kind and unassuming. His character and ambitions are almost unknown. He is not so well known as was his father, while his nature is shy and retiring. The king has a wife he may well be proud of, for her training was careful and thorough. While a girl she did much needlework. She has wide sympathies and is a pattern in domestic virtues, with home as her first consideration. Although a witty woman, she is at times very serious. She is a great reader and a good thinker. In the matter of diversions she shows a distinct dislike to dancing.

She is a firm believer in out-door life for her children, and they have been well and finely trained in the habits of industry and self-denial; they have to study the same as other children. The Queen's chief happiness is in her home with her children, although her social engagements occupy a large share of her time. However she claims that her first duty is her children, and there never was a more devoted and loving mother. The late king Edward often alluded to Queen Mary while she was Princess of Wales as, "our musical and dramatic critic." May 26, was the Queen's birthday.

King George is a stamp collector, having a collection of 500,000 specimens. In due time the head of George V will appear on the postage stamps and coinage. Upon the coins he will look to the left like Queen Victoria instead of to the right like King Edward, the position alternating in succeeding reigns.

On May 31, 1910, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Orange River Colony and Natal were united under the name of United South Africa, having a strong federal-government. This is the latest dominion added to the British Empire. Just eight years ago the Boer leaders met at Pretoria and signed the British terms of peace which closed the war in South Africa. Viscount Gladstone is Governor—general of the Union, while General Botha is the Premier. King George V created his first peer, making a baron of Sir John Henry de Villiers, who is now Chief Justice of the South African supreme court. Membership is denied to all who are not of European descent by the new constitution to the Union Parliament. Lord Selbourne said of King Edward VII, "Without his influence and personality the Union of South Africa could not have been accomplished."

The first Parliament under the reign of George V opened June 8, 1910. The Liberals have agreed, so it has been announced, to postpone their campaign against the House of Lords until the new king becomes more acquainted with his duties. However time alone will reveal the true condition of this political unrest. Should King George decide to have a family reunion, all the European Sovereigns with the exception of Servia and Turkey would attend the celebration, as relatives of the family. The intertwining of the relationships of this extraordinary family links nearly all the reigning monarchs of Europe together. His ancestry can even be traced back to Charlemagne.

The Coronation of King George V will likely be held either on the twenty-first or twenty-eighth of June, 1911.

Rockton, Pa.

To One Beloved

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

—Lowell.

BROWSING at random among one's books, as the mood sometimes impels, one finds between the covers something that ordinarily escapes attention—something unimportant, maybe, but conveying the little intimate touch that gives the volume its value to the possessor. For books have their little secrets, too, that are not for the general reader, who could not understand; that are reserved for those whose sympathetic ear is attuned to hear the wee whisper, and who can cherish the little confidences as those of a friend. It may be that a mere signature will tell a long, long story, as does the thumb mark in that volume of Keats which was found in Shelley's coat pocket when his body was washed upon the beach. It may be a scrawl on the margin or where the printed footnote belongs, or where the old master printers were wont to put the colophon. And it may be a mere affectation of phrase, in the printed text, or a reference to scene or circumstance that to him who knows means much, but to any other gives no hint of personal allusion. For the one the book is the draught that quenches thirst; for the other it is the nectar whose exquisite flavor lingers in the taste.

For most readers the introduction is the part to remain unread, and the dedication to be unnoted. And yet the dedicatory page may be more interesting than all the pages that follow. It is here that the author permits the reader a glimpse of himself—of his friendships, of his intimate thoughts. This of course was not always so; in one period of bookmaking, what should have been the "spontaneous expression of an author's love" became perverted into the fulsome praise of a wealthy patron "that thrift might follow yawning." Into the dedication of the modern book, nothing of the sordid commercialism enters; it is the one particular, personal touch which the author allows himself.

The subject of book dedications has interested many writers. Isaac D'Israeli has included a chapter thereon in his Curiosities of Literature; in a privately-issued volume edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt a large number of

dedications are reproduced; Mr. H. B. Wheatley, bibliographer and bookman, has written a volume wholly devoted to dedications, including early dedications, Shakespearian dedications, political and satirical dedications, eighteenth century dedications, and even an entire chapter on Dr. Johnson's dedications. None of these compilations have noted that the most interesting dedications, as they are frequently the most graceful in form and genuine in tone, are those addressed to mother, wife or sweetheart. A random journey along the bookshelves will disclose this fact. They are not all of them in modern books. Perhaps the example of an earlier century that comes most readily to mind is Sir Philip Sidney's famous Arcadia, whose quaint and loving dedication has caused it to be known as the "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." In a volume published in 1772, Richard Steele's dedication to his wife reads:

"I owe to you that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty, and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow."

Poor Dick Steele! He well earned the definition applied to him as a man "who multiplied troubles as few men will, and bore them better than most men can."

Of modern dedications, William Ernest Henley's to his wife in that last thin sheaf of verse published before his death may well come first. Henley's was a tempestous spirit, but his mood was rarely tender when he wrote this:

To My Wife.

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old and new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you.

And singing as when always young,
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung—
The best of all.

Mention of Henley inevitably recalls Robert Louis Stevenson. With characteristic fervor and fire, the wizard of words wrote:

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The Great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The Mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The August Father
Gave to me.

When Stevenson wrote "Weir of Hermiston," it was his wife to whom he dedicated what was destined to remain a fragment:

I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn
On Lammer muir. Hearkening I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place, I wrote.
Take thou the writing: thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher, chary of praise
And prodical of counsel—who but thou?
So now in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine.

Alfred Tennyson dedicated two of his books to his wife—issued more than a quarter of a century apart. This dedication to Mrs. Tennyson was first printed in the "Enoch Arden" volume of 1864:

A Dedication.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer.

His last volume bears the second dedication. It was written shortly prior to his death in 1892:

I thought to myself I would offer this book to you
This and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as Summer new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

Mary Alcott is the author of the folowing felicitous dedication:

I hide within my book till eyes
Which draw my own shall look and read;
Others may look, yet give no heed:
The printed word has no surprise
For alien eyes.

Whoever reads, save only one,
May read. But one alone shall find
The impress of the hidden mind,
Uttering speech where speech is not
For but the one.

The estrangement of Elizabeth Barrett and her father when she married Robert Browning is one of the sad chapters of literary history. The pathos of this dedicatory preface appears the greater when it is recalled that her father refused to be reconciled to his daughter for marrying in opposition to his wishes. This is the dedication:

"To my Father: When your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you, who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world; nor would it be possible for

us to speak of it to one another with voices that did not falter. Enough, that what is in my heart when I write thus, will be fully known to yours. . . . Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to the visible dependence on you as if indeed I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile,—and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection."

"To my dear wife: My prose for her poetry—in memory of two happy years: October 22, 1891, December 6, 1893."

In the above words Richard LeGallienne dedicates his Prose Fancies. If it be not ungracious to draw comparisons in a case like this, perhaps one may be permitted to express preference for this delicate dedication in prose rather than the one in verse which appears in his Book-Bills of Narcissus:

To Mildred.

Always thy book: too late acknowledged thine,
Now when thine eyes no earthly page may read;
Blinded with death, or blinded with the shine
Of love's own lore celestial. Small need,
Forsooth, for thee to read my earthly line,
That no mortal flowers of fancy feed;
What should my angel do to stoop to mine,
Flowers of decay of no immortal seed.

Yet, love, if in thy lofty dwelling place,
Higher than notes of any soaring bird,
Beyond the beam of any solar light,
A song of earth may scale the awful height,
And at thy heavenly window find thy face—
I know my voice shall never fall unheard.
Dec. 6, 1894.

No name is given by Pierre Lotion on the dedicatory page of From Lands of Exile:

"I dedicate this to the memory of a noble and exquisite woman, whose never-to-be-forgotten image rises before me strangely vivid whenever I have time to think. These notes from the far-away Yellow Land were originally written for her alone. I used to send them to her out of the distance as a sort of chat to amuse her during the long, weary months while she was slowly fading out of life, slowly and with a serene smile."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich dedicates his volume of collected poems to "L. A.":

Flower and Thorn.

To L. A.

I.

At Shiraz, in a sultan's garden, stood
A tree whereon a curious apple grew.
One side like honey, and one side like rue.
Thus sweet and bitter is the life of man,
The sultan said, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefor none may know.
Herewith together you have flower and thorn,
Both rose and brier, for thus together grow
Bitter and sweet, but wherefor none may know.

II.

Take them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather—
Snowdrops and pansies,
Springs of wayside heather
And the five-leaved wild rose
Dead within an hour.
Take them and keep them:
Who can tell, some day, dear,
(Though they be withered,
Flower and thorn and blossom,)
Held for an instant
Up against thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!

There is a fine reserve in Walter Pater's dedication to his wife, which appears in his Angel in the House:

"This Poem
is inscribed
to
the memory of Her
By whom and for whom I became a poet."

"From the worst of poets to the best of wives" was the dedicatory phrase used by Sir Wilfred Lawson for his "Cartoons in Rhyme in Line." Some dedications to wives have been even briefer:

Richard Burton, "Literary Likings":
To My Wife.
Eric Mackey, "Love Letters of a Violinist":
Marie.
"To the Wife of my Youth
Who
still abides with me"

is the dedication Lew Wallace supplied for his most successful work, "Ben-Hur."

In his "Second Crop Songs" the late Henry Cuyler Bunner wrote:

To A. L. B.

I put your rose within our baby's hand,
To bear back with him into Baby-land;
Your rose, you grew it—O my ever dear,
What roses you have grown me, year by year!
Your lover finds no path too hard to go
While your love's roses round about him blow.

When Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice was Miss Hegan she supplied a dedication for "Lovey Mary" which proved the shadow of a coming event:

"To Caleb Young Rice, who taught me the secrets of plucking roses from a cabbage patch."

Having no wife, James Whitcomb Riley has distributed his dedicatory favors in the parental family circle. Having exhausted the number of immediate relatives, Mr. Riley has begun to include nephews as objects of dedication.

There are at least three well-known American writ-

ers who have expressed their affection for favorite daughters in prefatory inscriptions. They are well worth reproducing.

F. Hopkinson Smith, "A White Umbrella in Mexico":

"I dedicate this book to the most charming of all the senoritas I know. The one whose face lingers longest in my memory when I am weary, and whose arms open widest when I return. The most patient of my listeners, the most generous of my critics, my little daughter Marion."

Eugene Field, "A Little Book of Profitable Tales":

"To my severest critic, my most loyal admirer, and my only daughter, Mary French Field, this little book of profitable tales is affectionately dedicated."

When Charles M. Skinner in his "Myths and Legends" series reached the "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions," he brought the phrase home in whimsical fashion to his youngest born in his dedication:

"To Cornelia Otis Skinner
Our New Possession."

And Jesse Lynch Williams thus celebrated the advent of his oldest son just as "The Story of a Freshman" went to press:

"To Henry Meade Williams
A Sub-Freshman."

An earlier volume, "The Stolen Story," was addressed to his wife—

"To A. L. W."

while his volume of "Princeton Stories" had been as briefly inscribed to an earlier love:

"To '92."

Leon H. Vincent evidently made his The French Academy a holiday gift to his wife:

"To Jessie Thomas Vincent
December 25, 1900."

Henry Van Dyke's piscatorial epistle to his wife included in his Fisherman's Luck, may well form the pendant to this string of dedications:

DEDICATION
To My Lady
Graygown
Here
is the basket;
I bring it home to you.
There are no great fish in it.

But perhaps there may be a little one, here or there, to your taste. And there are a few shining pebbles from the bed of the brook, and a few ferns from the cool, green woods, and a few wild flowers from the places that you remember. I would fain console you, if I could, for the hardships of having married an angler; a man who relapses into his mania with the return of every spring, and never sees a little river without wishing to fish in it. But after all, we have had good times together as we have followed the stream of life towards the sea. And we have passed through the dark days without losing heart, because we were comrades. So let this book tell you one thing that is certain: In all the life of your fisherman the best piece of luck is just you.

JUDGE MORSE'S REASONS.

SELECTED BY LUCY F. LOHMAN.

"No, thank you; I never indulge," said the judge, as his companions passed the sparkling decanter and glasses toward him. The members of the city council and the jurymen on a noted case that had just closed, were giving the judge a banquet at one of the leading hotels. His refusal to join them in a social glass greatly astonished them and was the cause of many rude jokes which the judge did not seem to mind.

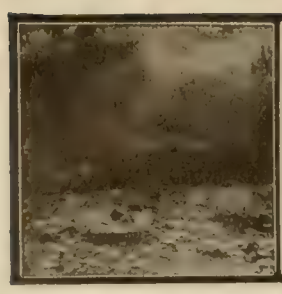
"Well," said Judge Morse after a pause, "I will tell you the reason, but the story does me no credit, although the circumstances made a better man of me—made me a teetotaler, and almost a Christian.

"Five years ago—it was five years ago this very day—strange!" musing on the flight of time. "You remember the Rushworth case being tried in Sawyer County? It was the longest trial in the State, and everybody was getting tired of the complications. I was on the bench, and on the day in question had taken something to encourage me, and had also given the jurymen enough to put them in the best of humor, and when court opened, we were ready for the cross-questioning of all the lawyers in Christendom.

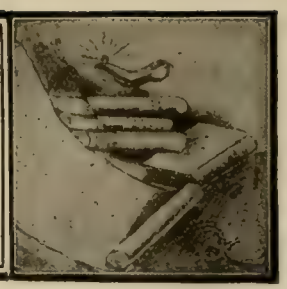
"The accused took the stand, and was probed and probed; the prosecution growing noisy, and the defense sarcastic, and I had to use the gavel. The louder I wielded the gavel, the louder those two lawyers talked. The jurymen seemed to enjoy the situation and were nodding in their seats (the effect of Scotch whisky) in spite of the tempest of words all around them. After a little time order returned, several witnesses gave their testimonies, and the accused waited for the verdict.

"The jury had aroused themselves sufficiently to cross the hall to an anteroom, and after half an hour came back with the verdict 'guilty,' and I sentenced the young man. After passing the sentence I asked the young criminal if he had anything to say. He was only twenty years of age, and I was sorry for him; but duty is duty, and I felt at the time that I had done mine honorably and justly. The courthouse was packed, and as the boy arose a hush prevailed. His mother, father and two sisters sat in the gallery near the door. His fine eyes lit up as he caught his mother's look of love, and then he said in a voice I have never been able to forget: 'I am guilty of the crime, I deserve the punishment. I do not wish to place the responsibility of my crime on any shoulders but my

(Continued on Page 695.)



THE QUIET HOUR



NOT NOW.

Not now, my child! A little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of my Father's home.

Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance;
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary,
Wilt thou not cheer them with my words of grace?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,
To carry my sweet messages of peace.

Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those saddened hearts of me.
Not now; for orphans' tears are thickly falling,
They need my Word, and this I give to thee.

Not now; for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free:
Thy Father hears the faintest cry of anguish
And gives his messages of love to thee.

Not now; for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze,
Wrecked lives, needing thy Savior's grace and mercy;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Let not thy feeble heart grow chill and weary;
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?

One little hour! and then thy Savior's presence,
Eternal praises and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

—Tract.

JUST AS WE AGREE.

IRA E. LONG.

THERE are people in the world who make great capital of the fact that they always do just as they agree. They are very careful to fulfill the contract into which they have entered to the very letter. They give just what they promise. No more, no less. In this class belongs the grocer whose pound of tea always contains a pound but not a leaf more. His pint of milk is always full but never overflows.

The individual of this class is very conscientious as an employé. He is always at his place of work exactly on time. He does his best in an effort to do the work just according to contract. He is likewise unwilling to do the work better than required. He is ready to quit at once when the clock reveals the time for closing work. If asked why he does not finish the task at which he is working and which would require but a few moments of time he is surprised and informs you that he has worked just as long as he agreed.

The saleslady who is behind the counter the required number of hours each day may be doing just as she agreed and still be omitting the one thing particularly essential to success.

The person who would make a success in business who would be indispensable to his employer, is he who brings to his work an enthusiasm, an interest in his employer's success, a cheerfulness of disposition which makes it a pleasure to remain at his place of business a few minutes overtime,—in short one who is not afraid to do somewhat more than is defined in the contract. He who is willing to do this is not only aiding his employer, but is benefiting himself far more.

These are the ones who are retained in employment while those of equal intellectual power and business ability, but lacking this essential, are seeking it. Success or failure may depend largely upon our willingness to do something more than we agree. The same rule applies with equal force in our spiritual life. Christ says, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." The thought is, do more than the contract really requires. Make sacrifice to promote the welfare of others. How many difficulties would vanish, how much trouble be averted, how many weak and erring restored to Christian fellowship, if Christians everywhere were willing to follow this rule in their lives and do more than a strict interpretation of the law would require in order that souls might be won for Jesus.

FAITH.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Hebrews 11: 1.

As the rain washes and cleanses the air, so faith purifies the heart, for faith in its virgin purity can

leave no blemish. Without this faith a man's endeavors to be Christlike are fruitless.

The firmness and steadfastness of his character are established by faith, which also expands the intellect, and proves an incentive to good works, the fruit of a living faith.

Good works, the key-note, are the result of the exercising of one's faith.

One should give his faith sufficient exercise, or it will die, and when faith dies, then honor dies, for the two, faith and honor, go hand in hand.

J. Stephens has said that faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of God's treasures. Surely we all want to receive the benefit of the treasures God is keeping for us.

If we have faith we will not stumble on in a path of darkness, but will travel on toward home and heaven in a path lit by the star of faith; a star that sheds such a wondrous radiance around, that the imperfections and bowlders are visible, and we may pass by without stumbling and falling.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day breaking!"

—Whittier.

What better guide can we find, a guide that will smooth our pathway, and make our Christian journey a pleasure, a guide that will lead to the door of heaven, than the faith that extracts the poison from grief and pain, the faith that gives force to life, the faith that reveals knowledge, that living faith in a great and good Redeemer?

"Faith is a grasping of Almighty power;
The hand of man laid on the arm of God;—
The grand and blessed hour in which the things impossible to me
Become the possible, O Lord, through thee."

—A. E. Hamilton.

BLESSED PEACE.

When we think of peace we strike a deeper note than when we think of joy. The latter may be described as the sparkle on the wave or the flower on the stem. The former is rather of the spirit and the inner life than of the outward expression. We have been told that far down beneath the ocean, no matter how great the agitation of the billows in wind and storm, there is a strange quietness. This tranquillity may exist in the heart underneath surface agitation and distressing experience. One may be in great sorrow and even in agony of soul, and yet have the peace that passeth all understanding, serene and unabated; the sorrow not disturbing the peace, and the peace not lessened by the sorrow. Which of us who has ever undergone a period of suspense, anxiety, and dread because the death angel was hovering over a home, or because there seemed hanging over us a tragedy of which perhaps we could not speak, has not felt the calming touch of the Savior's peace? "My peace I give unto you," he said, "not as the world giveth give I unto you." There are those who walk among us wearing in their countenances the look of the victor. They have gone through storm and have known tribulation, but peace has come to them and its serenity is in their faces.

In certain moods we lose sight of the fact that peace is not of our own making or our own earning; it is Christ's free gift, yet if we want it it is worth asking for. "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find." I read the other day of a Scottish divine who was never contented to stop praying until he was sure he had an audience with God. He did not simply pray and go away, leaving the prayer at the altar, but he continued in prayer until he knew that God was giving him an answer then and there. A friend not long ago told me that, no matter how restless and weary she might be when she knelt at her nightly prayer, she never stopped praying until a blessed calm had possessed her soul. "When he giveth quietness who then can make trouble?" Whosoever cares to receive the blessing of peace must go for it daily to him who is the Prince of Peace.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

WILLING SERVICE.

No one is more miserable than the person who always wants to be thanked. It is well to be doing things constantly for others, but such service is tainted and well-nigh ruined by selfishness when it is accompanied by an alert and unhindered quest for gratitude. Nothing destroys the graciousness of our love and our life more surely than our making it evident that we look for thanks. And nothing adds more to the beauty of a service than the entire absence of any desire for thanks. This is not easily accomplished. The desire for thanks is strong in most of us. Perhaps the devil keeps it there in order to nullify, as much as he can, the effectiveness of our service for others. But we can outdo him, if we will, by resolutely setting ourselves against this destroyer of our highest usefulness. When we have rendered a genuine service of unselfishness, let us not concern ourselves as to even knowing whether the one for whom we did it is thinking about us at all. We must not try to be thanked; we must not want to be thanked. We must turn squarely away from the whole idea of gratitude getting—and the best way to do this is to busy ourselves over some new service for some one else. If thanks ever come our way, let us look on this as an undeserved evidence of God's love, not as payment for value given.—*Great Thoughts.*

THE INGLENOOK

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ALWAYS SOMETHING COMING.

It seems to be the nature of human beings never to be satisfied with the things of the present. No matter how much we enjoy our work or our surroundings that enjoyment is increased many fold by the thought of what is to follow. We are constantly reaching into the future and strengthening ourselves for the achievements of today by the thought of what our achievements shall be in that future time.

And the order of nature appears to lend encouragement to this characteristic in mankind. There is very little work in the world that does not have its seasons,—periodic changes that revive one's inspiration and enthusiasm. All will agree that this is particularly true of the farmer, but it is no less true of many other vocations. Not all these "seasons" are the same for all workers, but all of them have the one common characteristic of giving the promise of "something coming."

Now this is one of the best possible ways to bring about the world's advancement. All we need to do as individuals is to see that our plans for the future shall bring us to a higher plan,—shall add so much to the world's progress toward higher and better things. Then we will not only prepare ourselves for greater enjoyment and greater blessings here, but our vision of the "things to come" and "the glories that shall be revealed in us" in the home beyond shall be clearer and the toil and care of present-day duties will be lost in it. We will then realize as never before the blessing of this power to look beyond the present.

Some of our housekeepers have written us that they are expecting to send us some recipes for the revised cook book. Please do not delay in this matter, housekeepers. We should know soon just what we are to have to work upon.

A NEW SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

In a half humorous, half sarcastic manner a writer in the current *Everybody's* endeavors to solve the problem of the millionaire. After showing the futility of all the suggested remedies as to controlling the power of the millionaire or cutting it off altogether, and after calling attention to the statement recently made that millionaires seldom laugh, which condition he looks upon not as a result but a cause, in their case, the writer offers his solution,—that millionaires be made to laugh. "The millionaire must conceive the millionaire as a figure of farce. He must revolt against being a millionaire."

As helps leading to this desirable change in the character of the millionaire, the writer would "make certain revisions in our system of elementary education." He thinks we have had too much Poor Richard in our copy books,—"A penny saved is a penny earned," and "Many a mickle makes a muckle,"—and too many lessons based on the industry of the busy bee. We cannot agree with the writer on this point, for frugality is no vice but a virtue and is considered as such in the Scriptures. And the sayings of Poor Richard on the subject of economy along the lessons in industry drawn from the life of the bee are not dangerous teaching if with them we teach the lesson of service also. The children should be led to realize that a penny saved—saved from self-indulgence—is a penny earned,—earned for wise and useful purposes. The fault does not lie in the principles taught but in our failure to amplify them and give them the right interpretation.

But while we cannot accept all the writer says on the subject, we find many very sensible and reasonable things in the article and we pass some of these on to our readers for their consideration.

Continuing on the subject of copy-book matter, the writer says: "If we must have copy-book maxims, let our children copy over and over this very trite one: 'Love one another.' It contains all the wisdom of humanity.

"If Washington had demanded the full worth of his services at Harriman rates, the nation would have been bankrupt from the start. If Lincoln had exacted the full value of his services at Rockefeller rates, we should still be struggling to pay enormous taxes yearly to survivors of his blood. But if the nation had offered Lincoln a paltry hundred million or so, let us say, for saving the Union, he would have burst into uncontrollable laughter. 'I thought my work was worth something in love and human kindness,' he would say; 'but you reward me by giving me a huge burden that all of us must carry to the end. And that reminds me of a story.' Then he would tell his story, and the nation would laugh with him and be ashamed.

"After the revolution the millionaire will have the idea of service instead of surplus. He will give his great talents unselfishly to solve a condition of economic chaos, just as Lincoln gave his great talents unselfishly to solve a condition of political chaos.

"'But,' some stupid person will suggest, 'this is confusing business with philanthropy.' The ridiculous thing is that business has ever been confused with anything else than philanthropy, the love of mankind. The grimy miner sweating for eight hours a day amid the discomforts and dangers of the quarry, the skinny clerk perched awkwardly for ten hours a day on a stilt-legged stool, the stout, elderly gentleman scheming and planning throughout the day over the management of bank or counting-house or railroad, these are all merely clowns in the economic ring unless they are working in the service of mankind, which is the natural expression of the love of mankind.

"It is the extremity of mental bathos to imagine that one can be an acquisitive and predatory absurdity part of the time and a philanthropist part of the time. A wolf who had stored up several million pounds of mutton and devoted his old age to founding a home for indigent sheep would still be a wolf. A retired murderer who established a maternity hospital would still be simply a murderer and would very properly be sent to the electric chair. Similarly, a millionaire who distributes libraries or maintains universities or establishes institutes for scientific research, remains simply an acquisitive and predatory person—a millionaire. He is no more a philanthropist than the wolf is (except in a purely gastronomical sense) a lover of sheep, or the murderer a lover of conserving human life.

"We have come to worship business for its own sake, just as the age of chivalry worshiped slaughter and bloodshed for its own sake. Knighthood lost its own point. It fluttered after non-essentials. The knight rode forth in search of adventure, when his real adventure awaited him at home in the peaceful management of his household and the protection and development of his lands. He wandered abroad to succor stray damsels in distress, when the real damsels in distress were the daughters of his peasants reduced to slavery to pay for his extravagant masquerade.

"The millionaire, the archpriest of our worship of business, labors under a misconception of the nature of business as absurd and profound as the knight's misconception of the business of knighthood. He sits solemnly upon the apex of a huge frivolity. He conceives a field of wheat as a thing created to pile up his surplus, when it really is created to pile up loaves of bread. He conceives a railroad as a thing created to enable him to sell stocks and bonds, when it is really created to enable people to get easily from one place to another. He conceives himself created to take as much as he can from the world, when he is really created to give what he can to the world. At the best he is like a boy playing with the utmost skill and concentration a game in which he has not the slightest conception of the goal."

The writer concludes by saying that when the millionaire get the right vision of things he will no longer slink into his office furtively, "in fear of bomb-throwers and reporters, but will go with a song on his lips. The popular mind will invest him with something of the sanctity of Santa Claus. And the only surplus being stored up will be a surplus of human happiness."

* * *

THE BOY WHO FORGETS.

I love him, the boy who forgets!
Does it seem such a queer thing to say?
Can't help it; he's one of my pets;
Delightful at work or at play.
I'd trust him with all that I own,
And know neither worries nor frets;
But the secret of this lies alone
In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back
The boy who has done him an ill;
Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,
And smiles at him pleasantly still.
He always forgets 'tis his turn
To choose what the others shall play;
Forgets about others to learn
The gossipy things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross
When things are not going his way;
Forgets some one's gain is his loss;
Forgets, in his worktime, his play.
So this is why I take his part;
Why I say he is one of my pets;
I repeat it with all my heart:
I love him for what he forgets!

—Pauline Frances Camp, St. Nicholas.

* * *

"Oh, what is so fair as a field of corn
That rustles the live-long day!
The blades of green in the early morn
Seem to thrust and fence in play,
Then curled half asleep in the noon-day sun
They rest from the mimic fray;
They tassel and grow till the goal is won,
And their gold is hidden away."

* * *

But if the oldest friends are best indeed,
I'd have the proverb otherwise expressed—
Friends are not best because they're merely old,
But only old because they proved the best.

—S. Weir Mitchell.



THE HOME WORLD



Housekeepers' Contest

Following are the prize-winning articles in the order in which prizes were awarded

MY PLAN FOR DOING THE HOUSEWORK.

AMANDA WITMORE.

In keeping house there are so many conditions to consider that it is rather a hard problem to know just how to proceed to meet the most demands. I find a general systematic way the best. Have stated times for the general week's work, regularity, the principal rule. Monday wash day: do not try to iron the same day; take care of your nerves. Do not iron rough clothing, especially those that are worn next to the body; sheets and even pillow cases, which are sweeter and healthier without, as the sweetness and health-producing qualities that the sun and sweet air place in the clothing are taken out by the hot iron; besides, much of your valuable strength is wasted at the ironing board. When folding the clothing put to aside all that need buttons or mending and have a stated time to mend, but don't put it off till Saturday.

Tuesday iron. If a range is used, put a kettle of beans on or other cereals or dried fruits (having soaked them the previous eve), or a roast, and when your ironing is done your dinner will be well on the way. Plan your days for your different kinds of work so that you may have time for sewing. It is well to have a corner, a nook, or better, a room for your machine and sewing, with a table, that all might be left undisturbed to take the work up another day.

By all means arrange to have hours for reading, keep posted on the news of the day, select the best literature and in your choosing do not forget the great book, the Bible. If you are skilled in the art of painting or needlework, devote some time to that.

Wednesday, besides the general cooking and putting the house in order, use as sewing day. Thursday for calling and receiving callers. It is quite convenient for a neighborhood to understand what day, that the work with other things may be arranged, but don't make it a stiff, formal visit. Take your stocking mending or any other little hand work, then do not go to gossip or talk ill of your neighbors but try to help some one to a higher, nobler life and likewise it will be helpful to yourself.

Friday, general sweep day. Take up loose rugs and dust; straighten up the library, and in the afternoon you may have a time set apart to study your Sunday-school lesson.

Saturday bake and finish cleaning, but do not waste your strength; only finish the week's work by making some preparations for Sunday dinner. Do not make Sunday a feast day, but a rest day.

Whatever sized house you have, have it systematically arranged and a place for everything and everything in its place, so that in case of emergency you can put your hand on any article in the house even in the dark.

Let me say a word about dishwashing which is often done in the most abusive manner. Have a good-sized dishpan with plenty soft water, hot enough to bear the hand, a little soap. With a clean sweet dishcloth, wash, scald, then drain and with a clean dishtowel finish drying them, do not allow bits or scraps on plates, such as potatoes, cabbage, crumbs of any kind or grease to enter into the dishwater, which makes it impossible to cleanse the dishes, especially without rinsing them. Let me emphasize that dishwashing is an art if it is done well as any part of the housework. Two dishcloths ought to be used, one for table dishes and one for cooking vessels and stove. Do not let your cooking vessels get covered over outside with soot and grease. Have a preparation, such as Dutch Cleanser, scouring brick or sand and with a little soap added they can easily be cleaned off, but if left to burn on from time to time they will be hard to clean off besides will be very unsightly.

Cookstoves and ranges may be kept clean by washing them and be kept fairly blackened, by using a little grease applied with an old cloth. The best draining pan I have seen in traveling about is a wire pan fitted in a dripping pan so as not to reach the bottom of the pan. Dishes are placed in the wire pan and hot water poured over them and thus drained.

Do your work to best save your strength. Take one quiet period of the day to take a rest and sleep.

If little children are in the home (and no home should be without), they should have a period of the day for sleep and rest. Lie down with them, preferably right after dinner and rest with them. An old Swede lady I know always takes a short sleep right after dinner and asks her company to rest with her; then she says she is good for the rest of the day.

Upon the whole let your housekeeping be systematic, economical, healthy, cleanly and sanitary.

McPherson, Kans.

MY PROGRAM FOR DOING MY HOUSEWORK.

EFFIE WAGNER.

I NEVER use Monday as a regular wash day. Why? There are various reasons.

First, the exercise is violent, and after the restful repose of Sunday is inadvisable from a physical point of view.

Secondly, the house is more or less in disorder after Sunday; books and papers are around and articles of clothing which have been taken off on Saturday or Sunday, require only a stitch or a button which, if attended to before wash day, will prevent a great deal of unnecessary mending. Take Monday, then, for lighter tasks and odd jobs and you will be able to attack Tuesday's wash with greater vigor. I have known women to arise at half-past three and wash several hours before breakfast. This is unnecessary, to say nothing of the physical injury it does one's body.

Many housekeepers, after accomplishing a large week's wash, consider it economy of time to iron in the afternoon. This is all wrong. Keep the afternoon for lighter tasks.

Next comes ironing day. I commence ironing as early as possible to avoid the heat of the day. Such things as knit underwear, stockings and coarse towels should never be ironed. I keep the irons in a clean, dry place when not in use, where they are protected from rust or dirt. Much time is saved, especially in winter if they are placed on the back of the stove. The irons are thus partially heated, not at all to their detriment, and much to the satisfaction of the housekeeper for whom their heating at short notice, is much facilitated.

Next comes baking day, and among the more laborious parts of housework none is perhaps as interesting as this day. There is such an infinite variety of things to be constructed out of the same material, that one grows interested in spite of one's self.

There is nothing more conducive to good digestion, and, consequently, good temper than good bread. Let the bread be scalded or unscalded, with or without shortening it should be the very best of its kind. When possible, I bake my bread on ironing day. This can be done with comparatively little extra trouble, and the heat in the oven is used, which otherwise would be wasted. For those who are fond of hot pie, it is very convenient to have a supply of dough on hand. This can be kept nicely in a tight tin box. It is only in a condition to need wetting, and a pie can be made at very short notice.

Next in regular order comes sweeping day. Every article which is small enough is dusted and taken out of the room, the remaining articles are covered. In this way much useless scratching of the furniture is saved. If there is the slightest breeze in the room I always sweep with the wind. The corners should then be wiped out with a damp cloth, as it is almost impossible to get them clean with an ordinary broom. All dusting should be done with a damp cloth. It is amusing to see a housekeeper who is an old hand at the business dust with a dry cloth or feather duster. She only scatters the dust which soon settles in some new place.

Lastly comes Saturday, or marketing day. In the forenoon I generally bake and scrub. The afternoon is a very good time to market, but many people prefer Friday, for various reasons. Butter should always be churned early in the morning the day before it is taken to market. This gives it plenty of time to get solid and it will also be fresh.

Hope I have not impressed you with the idea that it is well to work with a fixed plan. Not by any means. But don't get the idea that you can do your work just as well without any plan whatever. By all means have a plan, but let it be adjustable.

Argenta, Ill.

MY PROGRAM FOR DOING MY HOUSEWORK.

MRS. MARTIN MOYER.

I HAVE had some experience, was raised on a large farm, the oldest of a large family of children and all the work fell on me when mother was sick. Since married I have lived in town fifteen years and five years on a small farm. The main things to do in housework are cooking, baking, sweeping, washing and ironing, and they must be done. But must they be done just on certain days and hours? No! That is what I always hated about housework, and I have changed it too to suit myself. Now I love it: have time to read, for music and visiting.

I say wash when you feel best and when weather is suitable. In spring when it is cool and damp in morning, I wash in the afternoon. Then it is nice and warm and one doesn't take cold so easily. Then, too, there is nothing else to do, as in the forenoon

there is milking to be done, chickens to feed, children to get ready for school and house to straighten up. After one does all that she should take a rest; read morning papers till time to get dinner.

Have the clothes soaking, heat water while cooking dinner, then wash right after dinner. In summer wash early in the morning while it is cool. In winter I lay oil cloth on carpet and wash in kitchen on bake day, after the baking is done; can easily do it if everything is gotten ready the day before.

We bake on Wednesdays or Tuesdays and Fridays. Always bake cookies or fruit cake, two or more pies and bread. Bake pies and cakes before bread. While baking cook beans, big piece of meat and bake potatoes. While the bread bakes one can wash or iron in the winter.

For summer every woman should have some kind of a gasoline stove to use for washing and ironing. They can be bought for $2.00 good enough for the purpose. If you turn an iron skillet over flatirons they will heat much quicker and stay hot longer. We never iron more than two hours at a time,—two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening. We should rest when tired, then we can work faster when we get at it.

The upstairs should be swept Wednesday or Thursday, the downstairs Friday or Saturday. Housework is the most pleasant work there is, if we arrange it right. Too many women make slaves of themselves just because they don't stop to think how nice they could have it. It is just as we make it. There is no one so independent as the housekeeper. She can do her work as she wants to and when. Seems some women make all the work they can for themselves, and besides make it unpleasant for everyone in the home, when it should be a haven of comfort and rest.

Goshen, Ind.

"MY WIFE."

CALL her that, won't you, whenever you speak of her? "My wife!" That has a good, strong, true ring that does the soul good. So many men speak of her as "she"; "*she*" did thus and so; "she" thinks this or that.

The woman who never gets higher in the mind of her husband than "she," never holds a very close relation to the great world about her. She stays in the home; she does all that comes to her to do faithfully and well; she lives and loves and wears soul and body out, and never is known outside this little round, save by him who sees and knows us all to the very heart's core.

But "my wife!" There she goes, now! Queen of the home she loves so well and graces so beautifully. Her place is warm in the heart of the man who honors her with this, the only title she ever should have applied to her.

"My wife!" She is part and parcel of every farm operation. She is the woman of her husband's counsel and his guide, his stay in times of trouble and his helper always and everywhere. She holds his hand when storms come and cheers him in all the dark ways of sorrow. She is trusted because she trusts. She finds her real joy of living in the sunshine of her husband's presence.

"My wife" is honored by her little ones. "She"—oh, the pity of the word! If it could only be blotted out and in its place be written that better and dearer and sweeter name, "wife!"

You love your wife, don't you? Of course you do. She is the one for whom you would do most and strive most and live most. Then give her that most beautiful of names,—"wife."—*E. L. Vincent, in Farm Journal.*

DIETETIC SUGGESTIONS.

EAT your bread with gladness.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Talk courage and you will soon feel courageous.

Food must be well relished in order to be well digested.

Make the simple foods your first choice.

One well-prepared dish eaten with bread and some fruit or vegetable is ordinarily sufficient.

Give preference to the dry, toasted foods. The less fluid taken at meal time the better.

A low-proteid diet is the least likely to cause autointoxication.

Fletcherize. Chew your food as long as it will remain in your mouth. "If you taste your food before you swallow it, you will not have to taste it afterwards."

Use salt sparingly. Condiments should be wholly discarded, because they irritate the stomach, tending to produce gastric and intestinal catarrh.

Use cane sugar in moderation. Sweet fruits and honey are natural sweets.

When possible endeavor to eat some raw foods daily in the form of fruits, nuts or salads.

Do not eat a morsel between meals.

It is better to eat only two meals a day. If supper is taken, let it consist chiefly of fruit or rice or some of the cereal flakes.

Deep breathing improves the digestion. Practice it frequently during the day. More die of air starvation than food starvation.

Drink a glass of water on rising and retiring, an hour before each meal, and one to three hours after eating.

Worry kills. Hope inspires. God who made us is willing to take care of us. Cheer up.—*Liftboat.*

How She Made the Farm Pay

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

We all sympathized with the Allans when we heard of their failure. Mr. Allan was old and could not possibly begin life over again. Mrs. Allan was a fragile little woman. If any of the family had to make a living that duty plainly devolved upon Cynthia, blue-eyed, fun-loving Cynthia. The Allans had always come to the country to spend the summers on their farm, so everybody in the neighborhood knew and sympathized with them. We heard that the old farm was the only thing saved out of the wreck of their fortunes. And when in March Cynthia came out one morning and went to the farmhouse to get ready for her parents we understood that they were coming to stay all the year round.

Cynthia made fires in the old-fashioned sitting-room and in the downstairs bedroom. When Sam, the caretaker of the old place, brought Mr. and Mrs. Allan to the house, it was well warmed and Cynthia had supper almost ready. And I declare if she did not keep on doing things in that way. Whatever was to be done, the hard part came to Cynthia, and she went on and made everything comfortable for her father and mother.

They had always been fond of the old farm, and they loved it now, and had come to it as a refuge for their declining years. "And there is a two thousand dollar mortgage on this," Cynthia whispered to me as I left them. She had always confided her troubles to me in those happy summers when she had rode on the hay wagon to the barn and later when she brought girls and boys with her to the farm and called it a house party. I knew when she was gay and when she was worried. But this troubled me very much; how in the world could they live and pay interest on a two-thousand-dollar mortgage?

That very evening Cynthia came to my house and in her sweet low voice she told me that she expected to farm and help her parents in that way. "You, Cynthia?" I questioned. "Girls can't farm; I am afraid you will lose money instead of making it. Oh, my dear it seems cruel that this burden should fall upon you!" She looked so fair and sweet, so unfitted to be the wage-earner of a family.

"Think of all the fancy farming implements on hand that Sam has hardly used," replied Cynthia. "Everything is at hand to make a success of this farm. Father cannot do it, Sam is too old, and instead of going into an office to do typewriting, I am going to try farming."

"I'll help you all I can," I answered, "and I believe you'll succeed." For as Cynthia talked, I became convinced that in some way she would make the old farm pay. And why was it any harder for a girl to farm, than to wear out her nerves teaching school, or working in an office?

Cynthia set about her work with a will. In a plain, dark dress, stout shoes and big sunbonnet, she went out into the fields with old Sam. She rode the sulky-plow, while Sam harrowed the ground ready for seed sowing. Her father protested, but he was too weak to do it himself and Cynthia kept at her self-appointed task.

The spring was an early one. In the first week of April, she had the peas, beets, turnips, radishes, lettuce and onions in the ground. But still she did not rest. She had father and mother and myself all busy cutting potato seed. Sam thought it was too early. But we all worked faithfully until a four-acre lot had been planted in potatoes. The oats were then put out. Cynthia planted the corn last and I hoped that she might have some leisure time after this. But I had yet to learn that this summer was to be one of hard work, and but little playtime.

In June the radishes, lettuce and beets were ready for market. Her father who walked out to the field one day exclaimed, "Dearie, what can we do with all these vegetables? Do you want to make vegetarians out of us?"

Cynthia smiled and replied, "Wait and see!"

Several days later she started out one morning with a wagon filled with vegetables. We all came to see them, and wondered whether it would be possible to dispose of them. I had never seen a more attractive lot of vegetables. Cynthia had arranged them as if they were flowers with an eye to artistic effects. She drove to the finest houses in town and asked good prices of the aristocratic people who were able to pay for what pleased them.

"I'll have to go to town three days out of each week," said Cynthia. She had almost ten acres laid out in vegetables and though no small task to care for it, it yielded receipts in accordance with the labor bestowed upon it.

Long before the summer was over, her parents lost that look of pathetic helplessness and worry. They understood that in some way Cynthia's farming was paying and that she could keep them all comfortably. She was making money out of her marketing; she bought two cows, and the chickens and two pigs were energetically turned to account.

The potatoes were stored in the cellar. In the spring she sold a thousand bushels at a dollar a bushel, and turned every dollar of it in on the mortgage, leaving only a thousand dollars more to be paid.

"How did you ever do it?" asked her father one day. He could hardly realize that Cynthia had done all this. "Perhaps the farm journals should have some of the credit," said Cynthia. "At least I shall keep on farming a year or two longer." Which she did and she made enough to pay for her labor, and was not obliged to do the plowing herself after the first year.

Every one who is observant has noted the fact that there is a constantly increasing number of women who must earn their own living. The bad habits of many men who drink and smoke cigarettes until they have no ambition to do their share of the world's work is one cause for this state of affairs. For a long time it was thought that a girl must become a teacher, dressmaker or milliner, or a domestic servant. No other line of work was open to women. Narrow-minded people were constantly saying that she must not step out of her sphere, meaning that she must not go outside of her home for any work. In these days we realize that there are more women than homes and that even married women have to help support many families. We believe that there is no reason why women should not choose from the callings for which their strength is equal those they have a taste for. And among the callings that many have an aptness for is that of farming, and many girls like Cynthia have made a success of the farm, some after they have failed in other callings.

HOPS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

In the spring plant some hops, unless you have some. In autumn before frost, gather a large quantity and stuff some sofa cushions with them; also put some away in bulk, for poultices, etc. The hop-pillow is very good for insomnia, also for nervous headache. It has a soothing, restful effect. The weary worker who needs a few minutes of absolute rest during the day, yet who can scarcely go to sleep, will find the hop pillow quite helpful and will awaken as soon as rested, feeling refreshed and not having wasted much time in vainly trying to go to sleep.

TO FIND A GAS LEAK.

MAUD HAWKINS.

The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damages. A small jet of gas when lighted will be blue in color and nearly invisible. If the small leak happens to be in a lead joint instead of an iron connection, it will probably cause trouble, for the smallest possible jet of lighted gas issuing through lead will in time heat and melt the lead and make the leak larger until a large flame is issuing. This may make a fire hours later. The proper way to look for small leaks is to paint the place with soap lather. The tiniest leak will blow a blubber in the lather, and there you are.

Chinook, Montana.

THE CHILD IN THE BACKGROUND.

Sometimes as we read of the old-fashioned child, or hear some grandmother tell of her own childhood we think that it is quite possible the children of that day were more agreeable to have about than the self-assertive modern youngster. The well-taught child of a hundred years ago was kept in the background. He reverenced age and authority, he was silent in the presence of his elders, he early learned something of self control, and wholesome humility, he did not consider himself the one important person in the universe. While the modern child—well the contrast is sometimes quite complete. Why is it that the neighbors utter exclamations of thankfulness when told that the new family moving in have no children? Why is it that we see impending misfortune when told that the Blanks are coming with six children? It is not that we do not like children. We do like them in the abstract, but so often the concrete example has proved too much for us. He tramples down our flower beds and replies pertly if we speak to him about it. He wipes muddy shoes over our skirts in the car, and crowds ahead with never a thought of by your leave or I beg your pardon. He makes a mock of age and authority. He places himself and his opinions before us, not hesitating to break in on our conversation, or to eclipse it entirely. May we not be pardoned for thinking at times that we would like a nice old-fashioned boy or girl to step down out of a picture, and courtesy to us, waiting modestly until invited to speak?

All this is said without prejudice against the modern child. Most of us have several specimens of him in our own homes, and we only wish we knew how to make him as charming to other people as we feel he should be. Now we do meet children that are charming. They are not the much indulged and admired darlings of unwise mamas, but are invariably the ones kept somewhat in the background after the fashion of an older generation. Just a little perseverance in reminders would keep our children from interrupting conversations, from showing disrespect where reverence is due, from obtruding themselves in the offensive ways peculiar to the untrained child. Perhaps sometimes an

example of deference, and respect is needed from the older members of the family. Foreigners so often remind us that as a nation we are lacking in these things.

A lady said emphatically the other day, "No I am not going to dinner at Mrs. Smith's. I always have the dullest times there. We are allowed to do nothing but sit back and listen to the children."

This was quite true, and not only of Mrs. Smith's home, but of others I could name. And the opinions of children are seldom of absorbing interest to a company of grown-up people. How much better is the plan of another of our friends who when she has guests at dinner or in the evening gives the wee children a separate royal feast in the play room. A young high school aunt comes to stay with them. They choose the things they like best for the supper, and have a fine time. The guests do not know there are children in the house unless they hear a gurgle of laughter from behind the closed door. When the children are old enough to be admitted to the society of visitors they are old enough to have it impressed upon them that old-fashioned courtesy is a part of the condition of their being there. If the children have learned to be polite and obliging in the home there need be no fear of pert and forward behavior.—*American Motherhood.*

PANSIES FOR NEXT YEAR.

After repeated failures to raise pansies, one woman tried the following method, with the result that the next year she had one of the finest pansy beds in the neighborhood. She planted the seeds in August, after making a suitable flower bed of very rich soil, in which a great quantity of soot was worked into the earth. This made the soil light and airy. The young plants came up and grew slowly in their shaded nook until frost appeared, then they were covered with straw and earth to protect them during the winter. The next spring the straw and dirt were raked off and the pansies began growing. The plants were sturdy and strong. This woman had a quantity of plant food, such as she had been using all winter on her houseplants, and after raking the ground around the flowers, she sprinkled the powder into the earth and worked it well into the soil. At night or rather in the late evening, she plucked the blossoms and watered the plants. To her happy surprise, these flowers were not only unusually large, but the stems were exceedingly long, making it possible to gather the flowers into a small bouquet, or arrange them with other flowers.—*Selected.*

We must not spend all our time in whetting our scythe.—*Davidson.*

The Children's Corner

GETTING INTO THE RIGHT WAY.

Richard stood on the front steps crying. Richard was eight years old, too, and at eight a boy is supposed to have given up crying. But he had good reason, for he could see the red back and hear the faint *honk! honk!* of the automobile in which he had expected to be riding that very moment. And in the automobile instead of himself was his cousin Floyd.

Uncle George had promised that the boy who missed the fewest words in spelling that day should ride in his new red automobile. Now Richard had missed the fewest words, but Floyd had stolen the ride. It was really just as much stealing as if he had taken Richard's money.

"It's lying, besides," muttered Richard. "Getting into the automobile was the same as saying to Uncle George, 'I missed the fewest words.'"

All the afternoon and evening Richard spent thinking of some way in which he could pay Floyd back. It was not hard to think of ways, but it was hard to think of ways bad enough. And in his house next door Floyd was wishing he had not stolen Richard's pleasure.

Really, I do not know which makes a person more uncomfortable, to be sorry for doing a mean thing, or to be planning to do one.

Richard was usually such a sweet-tempered boy that, try as he would, he could not think of anything very terrible to do to Floyd. He was still thinking hard over the matter, on his way to school the next morning. He was thinking so hard that he did not hear how the birds were singing. There might as well have been no birds at all, as far as he was concerned.

And then he stopped short, for there in front of him on the sidewalk was his chance to pay Floyd back. Yes, for there lay his spelling-book, and the teacher had made a rule that no books could be borrowed, and Richard was sure that Floyd had not studied his lesson. At first Richard thought he would hide the book. Then he walked past it with his head in the air, as if he did not see it.

Now the way to school led past an apple orchard, and the trees were in full bloom, but somehow Richard did not smell their sweetness. It led past a garden of red and yellow tulips, but Richard never noticed them. He was saying over and over to himself, "I might not have seen it. Nobody knows that I did."

He was at the school door when suddenly he turned straight about and ran back as fast as he could, and picked up the book. And now he smelled the apple-blossoms, and he saw the tulips, and he said to himself, "I guess all the birds in the world are singing this morning."—*The Mayflower.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Good roads advocates of South Dakota have effected a permanent organization and the first State convention will be held in Bismarck next winter.

Through the efforts of Jacob Schiff, and other wealthy New York men, to divert immigration from New York, the first ship-load of Russian Jews has been landed at Galveston. The majority will go to northern points.

In view of the agitation against prizefighting that has resulted from the recent fistic encounter in Nevada, it is worthy of note that prizefighting is a penitentiary offense in the Canal Zone and that even to put on a pair of boxing gloves is a felony.

The select committee of parliament which has been considering King George's civil list, has recommended that he be allowed $3,170,000 a year for the maintenance of the royal family. This is an increase of $65,000 over the allowance made to King Edward.

For the purpose of making the telephone booth really sound-proof, a German inventor lines it with tin. It seems that the lining is in every way most efficient. The result is that a German publication now advises all architects to either use tin or aluminum in the walls of houses generally to deaden sound.

The signing on May 21 by Secretary Knox and Ambassador Bryce of the treaty delimiting the Passamaquoddy Bay boundary has settled the last dispute of the kind between the United States and Canada. The greater portion of the boundary was delimited in 1783, when the treaty of peace was concluded, but not until now could an agreement be reached as to this particular portion of it.

The United States has suggested to Mexico that the boundary question involved in the celebrated Chamizal zone case be submitted to some well-known jurist of a mutually friendly power for arbitration. The question involved is whether the southern section of the city of El Paso, Texas, valued at several millions of dollars belongs by right, under the boundary treaty of the United States with Mexico, to Mexico or to the State of Texas.

The dismantling of the government cement mill at Roosevelt, Arizona, which was built because of the high cost of transporting cement to the site of the Roosevelt dam, marks the end of one of the most successful undertakings of its kind. During its five years of operation, the mill has turned out 330,000 barrels of cement, the bulk of which went into the dam, and the remainder into the flumes, canal and power house. It is estimated that the mill has effected a net saving of $650,000.

More than $10,000,000 reduction in the postal deficit was made in the first nine months of the fiscal year just ended, according to final returns received by Postmaster General Hitchcock from the auditor for the Postoffice Department. Such a reduction is unprecedented in the history of the department. The deficit for the nine months was $2,709,000, as against $12,832,000 in the same period of the preceding fiscal year.

Boyd P. Doty, head of the Anti-Saloon league in Washington, and William J. Herwig, superintendent of the league in Idaho, declare both commonwealths will be "dry" before the close of 1911. The former said, also, that the province of British Columbia will be saloonless within a few years. Mr. Doty says the league needs nine senators to win this year. Hr. Herwig claims that only 100 saloons are left in Idaho, where 16 of the 23 counties are dry.

To accelerate the work on the Gatun dam this portion of the Panama canal has been illuminated so that the work of discharging the barges of rock and sand may be continued night and day. The illumination consists of sets of flaming arc lamps, strung between the towers of the three cableways used to handle the material. In addition to this, searchlights are used which throw a beam of light along the cables and over the dock. The illumination is so efficient, that the workmen prefer the night shift to the day shift under the tropical sun.

Experienced growers predict the Frazer apple tree, growing in the Walla Walla valley, near Walla Walla, Wash.; southwest of Spokane, will yield between 150 and 200 bushels of fruit this season, thus breaking its record of 126½ boxes in 1907, the highest production from a single tree known anywhere in the world. The tree bore 70 boxes in 1906, 42 boxes in 1908 and 45 boxes in 1909. More than 500 barrels of fruit have been picked from its limbs since it came into bearing the spring of 1871. The tree was grown without irrigation from a seedling planted by Cantrel R. Frazer in 1866, two years after he settled in the valley. It is 42 feet high and its branches spread 57 feet from tip to tip.

Manufacturers of Canada have united in a vigorous protest against the provision of the immigration law now being enforced. The particular amendment to which they take exception provides "Hereafter the consent of the immigration commissioners, or their accredited representatives, to enable immigrants to land in Canada, can only be given to persons suited for, willing to accept, and for whom positions at farm work have been guaranteed from Canada, no matter whether they have the landing money or are going to friends or relatives." Evidently the amendment is destined to prevent charitable organizations in Great Britain providing "assisted passages" for artisans and others who have no idea of going out into the land.

According to the latest treasury statement the per capita circulation of money in the United States has decreased 49 cents in the past year. It now amounts to $34.52. The amount of money in circulation is greater than the amount that was in circulation at this time last year, but the population has increased.

Recognized experts from many parts of the world will participate in the Dry Farming Congress at Spokane October 3 to 6. Congressman F. W. Mondell of Wyoming is president. Governors and other officials of western States will speak and $3,500 in prizes will be given for dry farming products. There also will be an exhibition of farm machinery.

The interstate commerce commission has begun a hearing in the matter of the recent advances in commutation rates on railroads running out of New York City. The defendants are the New York Central, the Erie, the Central of New Jersey, the Lehigh Valley, the Lackawanna, the Reading and the Pennsylvania railroads. The important question to be determined is the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission over commutation rates.

The Mexican and United States governments are said to be negotiating an airship treaty. The original draft is now being considered by the Mexican government and it is expected that it will be submitted to the state department shortly. It is made necessary by a proposal to transport freight by airship from Nevada to Mexico. The treaty will be the first of its sort and will provide for the registration of airships and for the collection of duties.

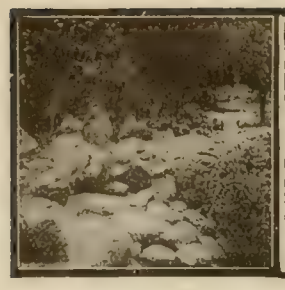
The Senate committee to investigate high prices report the following as the principal factors responsible for increased living cost: Increased cost of production of farm products by reason of higher land values and higher wages. Increased demand for farm products and food. Shifting of population from food-producing to food-consuming occupations and localities. Reduced supply convenient to transportation facilities of such commodities as lumber. Cold storage plants which result in extreme fluctuation of prices of certain commodities with seasons, but, by enabling the wholesalers to buy and sell at the best possible advantage, tend to advance prices. Increased banking facilities in rural localities, which enable farmers to hold their crops and market them to the best possible advantage. Increased cost of distribution. Industrial combination. Organization of producers or retailers. Advertising. Increased money supply. Overcapitalization. Higher standard of living.

Eleven million men and women in the United States are working might and main to prevent exhibitions of the Jeffries-Johnson fight moving pictures. Every member of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, numbering 4,000,000 persons, and each of the three million enrolled in the Epworth League, is taking part in the campaign. As a result it was announced that the films had been barred from more than 100 cities and towns and from several States. Plans for a national campaign against pugilism are also being carried forward rapidly. Assurances of cooperation have been received, it is announced, from these governors: A. O. Eberhardt, Minnesota; Frank B. Weeks, Connecticut; C. M. Haskell, Oklahoma; B. B. Comer, Alabama; R. H. Vessey, South Dakota, and B. M. Fernald, Maine.

The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture estimates, from the reports of the correspondents and agents of the bureau as follows: The preliminary estimate of the area of corn planted is 114,083,000 acres, an increase of 5,312,000 acres (4.9 per cent) as compared with the final estimate of last year's acreage. The average condition of the corn crop on July 1 was 85.4, as compared with 89.3 on July 1, 1909, 82.8 on July 1, 1908, and 85.1 the ten-year average on July 1.

The second international road congress which will hold its sessions at Brussels July 31-Aug. 7, promises to be largely attended by delegates from the United States. The American Road Builders' Association is the official representative in the United States of the permanent international association, under the auspices of which the congress is to be held. The first international road congress was held in Paris in October, 1908, and 2,300 delegates from twenty-seven different countries attended its sessions. The purpose of the first congress was to discuss methods of road construction that would withstand combined horse and automobile traffic and overcome or prevent the dust nuisance. Since that time much experimentation has been carried on by road engineers in the various countries, and the results of these experiments will be presented at the second congress at Brussels.

Senator Elmer J. Burkett of Nebraska has arranged with the bureau of animal industry to have Dr. W. B. Niles of the government experiment station farm at Ames, Ia., sent into Nebraska to demonstrate the recently discovered preventive of hog cholera. Senator Burkett says that last year the loss in his State due to this deadly contagion was 250,000 hogs, worth $5,000,000. He desires to have the attention of his people called to the value and practicability of the control of hog cholera by serum immunization. The proposed experiment probably will be conducted at the South Omaha stock yards in July. Hog cholera is prevented by detailing pigs. After years of experimentation, Dr. Marion Dorset, biochemic chief in the bureau of animal industry, discovered that the injection of the blood of a hog sick of cholera into a hog that had survived an attack would produce in the blood of the immune hog a serum, the injection of which into well hogs would result in their being made immune from cholera. The vitals and arteries of pigs lie deep, and cannot be tapped without fatal results. This difficulty which might have rendered the production of the serum economically impracticable, was surmounted by Dr. W. B. Niles, who found that the serum could be obtained with least inconvenience to the immune hog by cutting off its tail. Before the hog is weakened through loss of blood, the tail is ligatured and left to heal. After its strength has been regained more of the hog's tail may be removed, so that from one animal enough serum may be obtained to successfully inocluate 200 hogs, and this, when done judiciously, without serious injury to the immune hog. "The province of the serum," Dr. Dorset says, "is to prevent the spread of disease. It is not a cure. It is almost absurd to expect the national government, or a State government, to undertake to check an epidemic of hog cholera in the height of its run, in August or September, and meet with any success. The work should be undertaken in the spring and continued until danger is past." The serum that Dr. Dorset discovered is patented, but in the name of the American people, Dorset's name being used only to give him credit for the discovery in future years.



NATURE STUDIES



LISTEN

O, sweet the sound of lisping leaves
And song of running water;
And sweet the echoes in the glen
That break in silvery laughter.

O, solemn sweet the whispering pines
That crown the grassy hill;
The winds arise in dirges there,
Then fall—and all is still.

O, tender sweet the plaintive call
Of nesting birds that cry;
And sweet the notes from tiny throats
Of birds that cleave the sky.

And myriad insects, hidden close,
Make pipings faint and shrill,
O, sweet and clear above the grass
They float—then all is still!

—Helen Coale Crew.

SOME JULY FLOWERS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

In the month of July nature has reached the limit of expansion, and soon the reaction will set in—a slowing down of the pulse preparatory to the long seasonal rest nature must take each year. So we welcome the heat that hastens the ripening of the grain, and sends out tassel and shoot, adding vivid coloring to the landscape.

This is the farmer's harvest time, and if there is less of promise for the future than during the early spring months, there is more of fulfillment.

Along with the other changes that have come with the seasons is the marked difference in the coloring of the wild flowers. The colors are richer in hue and more varied in color. Where could we find richer coloring than in our native lilies? First comes the meadow lily, with its clusters of nodding yellow and orange bells, blotched with purple inside, and each petal marked with a honey-groove within, from middle to base. The tall, straight stems are surrounded with whorls of narrow lance-like leaves, from the topmost one of which curves a circle of these richly colored flowers. The splendid Turk's Cap lily is a close second both in grace of form and richness of coloring, and is found growing in open woods. The pretty Carolina lily resembles its relatives in color and manner of growth, but is found in swamps. Thus we have the three kinds, each resembling the others but growing under very different conditions. Two others species which are native in the South, and are often found in cultivation in northern gardens, are the orange-red lily and the southern red lily. These two species hold their clusters of brilliant red flowers erect, and the sepals are narrowed at the base.

It is said that a species nearly allied to the Turk's Cap lily once grew abundantly in Palestine, so even through our native flora we are closely associated with the Holy Land.

A beautiful flower of the crowfoot family is the wild columbine. It, also, is a nodding flower, with five tubular spurred petals, beautifully colored with orange and crimson. The name columbine is derived from columba—a dove, but its significance is disputed. The meaning of the generic name—aquligia—is also doubtful. Professor Gray claims that it is derived from aquila—an eagle, seeing a resemblance to the talons of an eagle in the curved honey-tubes.

The columbine was once known as *herba leonis,* from a superstitious belief that it was the favorite plant of the lion, and that if they were half-starved, they were suddenly restored by eating the roots of this plant.

A showy plant that abounds in wet meadows and whose peculiar-shaped flowers sometimes puzzles the young botanist, is the iris or blue flag. The casual observer will fail to see the wonderful plan or arrangement of this plant. It is a good example of a flower, which was guarded against self-fertilization, and which is beautifully calculated to obtain this important process from outside sources. The stamens are borne on the inner surface of the petal-like, over-arching style, so that the pollen is almost covered up; and it would be by the merest chance that seed should be set by pollen from the self-same flower. But ample provision has been made for this important function of all plants. In the first place the flower is large and showy, making it almost certain that passing bees will be attracted by it. Second, the color is not only conspicuous, but it is also the one which has been found to be attractive to bees; blue and purple flowers being particularly pleasing to these insects. When the bee visits the

flower, the most convenient landing place is one of the recurved sepals. He knows the significance of the honey-guides, and follows these deep, purple lines which lead to the nectar, and in thrusting his head below the anther, he covers himself with pollen which he carries to another flower. Many brilliantly-colored cultivated species of this curiously-formed flower make gay the flower gardens throughout the summer.

In the pond lily we have another flower whose floral arrangements are out of the ordinary. In this plant the petals appear to gradually become stamens, it being difficult to determine where the petals end and the stamens begin. Gray says: "Petals numerous, in many rows, the innermost gradually passing into stamens"; while Grant Allen writes: "Petals are in all probability enlarged and flattened stamens, which have been set apart for the work of attracting insects."

The elastic flower stem, for a brief day or two, holds up above the water's surface the beautiful white or pink-tinged flowers, then draws back again into the cool depths from whence it came.

Loosely floating or fixed in the mud at the bottom of a pond or sluggish stream are found the much-divided leaves and yellow flowers of the bladderworts. The fern-like leaves of these cosmopolitan plants are furnished with little utricles or bladders in which minute animals are entrapped for the nourishment of the plant. The bladders are green and semi-transparent. Each one is furnished with a small opening whose edge is fringed with stiff tapering bristles leading into the cavity. From the upper edge of this orifice hangs a thin transparent valve, the loose edge of which closes the entire opening. The valve readily yields to outside pressure. A tiny animal by pressing against the outside is able to force an entrance, but as soon as the animal is inside and ceases to press upon the valve, it returns into place again and no amount of pressure from within can force the valve in an outward direction. The animal that enters must die and the products of its decomposition are taken up by absorptive cells within the bladder, whence they are distributed to different parts of the plant.

It is not certainly known what induces these small animals to seek an entrance into the bladders, but it is supposed that they expect to find food, or that they hope to find shelter from their enemies.

Spiceland, Ind.

A QUEER BIRD.

THE crested hoactzin of British Guiana is the only survivor of a certain race of birds, most of which are now known only as fossils. The hoactzin inhabits the most secluded forests of South America and its survival beyond its congeners is doubtless owing to its retiring habits and to the fact that it feeds on wild arum leaves which gives its flesh a most offensive flavor, rendering it unfit for food. The chief peculiarity of the hoactzin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well-developed legs. The young birds leave the nest and climb about like monkeys over the adjoining limbs, and look more like tree toads than birds.

The modification of the fore limbs begins at once after hatching, the claws of the digits fall off, the whole clawlike hand begins to flatten and becomes wing-shaped. Feathers soon appear, and before full growth is reached not a vestige remains of the original character. The adult birds not only have no claws upon their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds. One curious feature noticed with a nestling which had been upset in the river was in its power of rapid swimming and diving when pursued. Owing to this power the little creature managed to evade all efforts to secure it. The prolonged immersion which a nestling will undergo, instinctively and voluntarily, or which an adult bird will endure in an attempt to drown it, seems remarkable.—*Harper's Weekly.*

NATURE STUDY EXCHANGE.

SOME time ago a writer in this department suggested a plan by which those making collections of any kind for nature study work, might help others and be helped themselves by exchanging specimens of which they have an ample supply for others that are difficult to obtain in their locality. All that is necessary, to put one in the way of this exchange, is to send his name and address to the INGLENOOK, stating that he desires to join the nature study exchange. Below are the names and addresses of those who thus far have expressed their willingness to help others and their desire to receive help in the collecting of specimens:

No. 1. John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
No. 2. Benj. R. Curry, R. D. 3, Box 33, Greenville, Ill.
No. 3. Arvel Landes, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
No. 4. Wm. H. Horner, R. D. 1, Canton, Ohio.

JUDGE MORSE'S REASONS.

(Continued from Page 681.)

own. I am everything the judge says I am—a gambler, a forger and a heavy drinker, and as the last witness has said, not fit to be in the presence of honest men and women. I am glad the judge has granted me the privilege of speaking. I see some of my old chums here, and what I say may do them some good—may keep them from stumbling over the rocks that ruined

me.' He looked around until his eyes rested on the seats at the right of the entrance. 'Dr. Pickets, I took my first lesson in gambling from you! You said there was no harm if I did not go in too heavy.' The doctor flushed crimson and loosened his cravat. 'I took my first lesson in forging from you, Mr. Wyatt.' The juror on my right hand jumped from his chair as if shot from a cannon, but said nothing. His adeptness with a pen was well known. The young criminal was deeply agitated. He drew his hands across his eyes which were scanning the sea of faces. After a careful survey of the seats reserved for ladies, and while keeping his eyes fixed on a pale, beautiful face, he said with choking emotion: 'I took my first drink of brandy from a lady—a lady who has young sons—a lady who serves drinks that sting.' A woman had risen, 'Forgive, oh, forgive me, Albert,' she cried, bowing her head on her shaking hands. The interruption was hardly noticed, though every one in the house had noticed Mrs. Grieving. You remember Mrs. Grieving who entertained us so royally?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mayor Hurne, "but go on with the boy."

"Well," said the judge, "he had talked all around the room, and now he addressed himself to me. 'I'm all that you say I am,—a gambler, a forger and a drinker—and now you have given me another name—a convict!' His eyes burned into my soul. 'Twenty years—is that the sentence? Twenty years now—forty when I am released; then I will be an ex-convict. Father' he said, turning his eyes toward the gallery, 'you had a great future planned for your only son. I'm sorry I've disappointed your hopes and darkened your home. Forgive me.' Then he addressed me again, and though there were hundreds of people present, you could have heard a pin drop, it was so still. The boy's voice had grown a little husky, and after taking a sip of water, he said, 'I deserve the punishment; I acknowledge the power of the civil law, but, Judge, my only wonder is that you have not one hundred boys here today instead of one. I've said all I wish to say; I'm ready to go.' The sheriff advanced with the handcuffs and Albert held out his wrists. He went to prison very quietly;" said the judge opening a paper he had taken from his notebook.

"About four months later I received a letter from No. 187." The gay party around the table in the big dining-room listened with rapt attention. Each face wore an earnest expression, and many eyes were dim; several who were fathers of boys swallowed down strange lumps that had not risen in their throats for years, and Alderman Buff's glass remained untouched. The decanter had ceased its march around the table, and all were anxiously waiting for the judge to adjust his spectacles and read the soiled letter which he unfolded so carefully.

"I always carry it," he said. "This, friends, is what made a teetotaler of me. I've heard the greatest sermons of the greatest preachers, but nothing ever came so near making a Christian of me as did this letter from that boy in prison. I hope it may yet. That boy had a martyr's spirit, and I feel sure that if I am ever permitted to pass through the straight and narrow gate, Albert Rushworth will have more to do with my entering than any other human being I ever knew."

Judge Morse held the paper nearer the light, and read the last words from the boy he had sentenced to "twenty years' hard labor."

"'Judge Morse, I've tried to escape and am writing this from the hospital ward. I was not quite brave enough to bear the thought that I must pass twenty years in this tomb. I much prefer the one I am about to enter—the grave. I feel sure had you been sober the last day of my trial, my sentence would not have been twenty long years. I tried to escape and the guard shot me; and the doctor says I cannot recover, so you see my term will soon end. Be careful of Clarence; it is pretty hard for young men to resist the temptations that are sanctioned by law, and patronized by those of civil power. Be careful of Clarence; boys follow where men lead, and to be or do like some men is the highest ambition boys have. I followed the wrong kind of examples, but cannot die without sending you this parting message, Be careful of Clarence.

'Albert Rushworth, No. 187, cell 18.'

"Clarence is my second son's name," said the judge, folding the letter away in his notebook; "and he and Albert had been the closest of friends for a long time. I felt every word of that letter as a message to lead me to a better life, and was moved beyond expression when the boy's body came to his parents a few days later.

"In looking at the situation from Albert's standpoint, I should most certainly want a sober judge and jury to deal with my son, wouldn't you? Well, that is my reason. Now I think it's time to go home, the town clock is striking twelve," and the judge buttoned his overcoat and started at a quick pace for home. He always felt nearer God and humanity after reading Albert's letter. Of course he might lose his office, but it mattered little to him now. He had stepped from the cold, barren peaks of selfishness and political ambition, down into a valley filled with the glory of God, and the sweet blossoms of love to his fellow-men. The letter from prison had done its work well.

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19 And unto E'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3]Pĕ'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name



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3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

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28 ¶ [e]And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lĕ'vites, the porters, the singers, the Nĕth'i-nims, [f]and all they that had separated themselves

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grain which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. 3 And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us,

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IS, 5, 6. *of the patric*

3875.
.e 14,
5. 6.
ɔsh.
.. 18. 24.

sixty and two years, and he [a]Ē'nŏch:
19 And Jā'rĕd lived after he Ē'nŏch eight hundred years
begat sons and daughters:
20 And all the days of Jā'rĕd

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THEN Job answered and said,
2 Even to day *is* my complaint bitter:
[1]my stroke is heavier than my groaning.
3 Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat!

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abomination: how much more, *when* he bringeth it [1]with a wicked mind?
28 [2]A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth speaketh constantly.

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[1] Heb. *in wickedness*
[2] Heb. *A*

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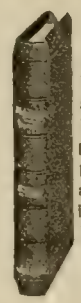
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37 And he will say, [z]Where are gods,
The rock in which they refuge;
38 Which did [a]eat the fat of

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2, 23. *their contrary vices.*

19 That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, [3]even to thee.

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d instead of Ā'bĕl, whom Cāin
w.
5 And to Sĕth, [b]to him also there
s born a son; and he called his

B.
[a] Ju
13
[b] ch

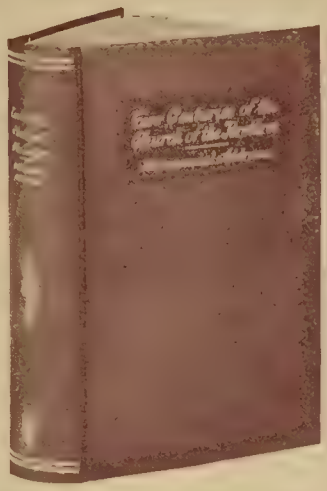
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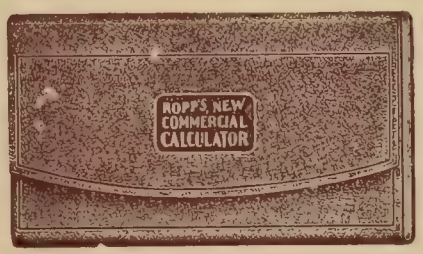
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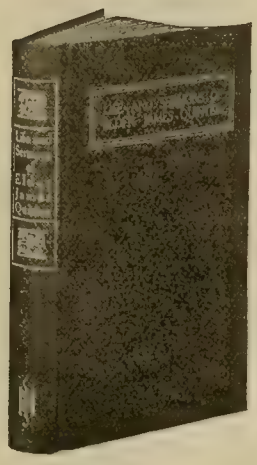
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A SPECIAL FEATURE

Editor Trout is always on the alert for interesting and helpful matter with which to improve our Sunday-school periodicals.

In the January **Teachers' Monthly** he announces the completion of arrangements which will bring the finest maps and descriptions of Bible lands within reach of every teacher or schools using the **Monthly.** We refer to the

"Underwood Travel System"

Helps to the Sunday-school Lessons for 1910.

Under the caption **"The Lesson in Palestine"** will be found a careful description of the places mentioned in the lesson and directions for use of the maps and the stereographs.

During this year each issue of the **Monthly** will give a reproduction of one or more of the famous Underwood maps.

This one feature should induce every student of the International Uniform Sunday-School Lessons to use the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** during 1910.

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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. July 26, 1910. No. 30.

Van Dyke's "Other Wise Man"

Cora V. Wise

MANY of the stories that are most helpful to us have their origin in some life experience of the author. Such is the case in the story of "The Other Wise Man" and it possesses a human interest that touches a hidden chord in many lives.

The circumstances of the writing clearly indicate the author's purpose. Van Dyke had been ill; the pain and sorrow of the year and gloom of impending death had bruised his spirit; his soul was harassed by a task not accomplished. He speaks of those dreary nights as burdened with a feeling of life almost ended but not finished; by perplexing problems not solved; perhaps his journey must end now—nowhere in the dark. But flowers emit their sweetest fragrance when bruised. The rude blasts that pierce the aching heart so unpleasantly are ofttimes transformed into the "sweetest songs of the night" whose cadence fill many hearts with joy and peace. It was the ministration of sorrow that gave birth on one of those dreary nights to the story of "The Other Wise Man," whose message cheers and refreshes many a struggling, weary heart.

The story bears a superficial resemblance to the Holy Grail legends but the resemblance lies only in the structure. The theme and purpose are vitally different. In the Holy Grail stories it is man's own unconquered sins and impurity that lead him from the path and cause him to wander through varied bitter experiences; in the story of "The Other Wise Man," the wandering is consequent to the love and compassion of a noble soul that gives itself in humble service and the wandering itself insures and enriches the prize. The predominant thought of the former is purity; of the latter, service.

Artaban, "The Other or Fourth Wise Man," in the story, sees the star of Bethlehem as well as the three wise men, but through service to a dying man misses his appointment to journey with them to the Holy Land and searches a lifetime for the Christ.

He is a man of inflexible will and sensitive feeling, optimistic in his view of life. The masses about him have no living hope of emancipation from the darkness and ignorance that engulf them, but he is strong in his conviction that a new sun will rise that will dispel the gloom of ignorance and end the conflict of light and darkness. He speaks truly when he says, "Religion without a great hope would be like an altar without a living fire." The superiority of his religion over that of his fellow-idolators is this hope. This hope which a few other wise men also cherish leads to the discovery in Hebrew prophecy of a promised Messiah. Versed in astrology, he expects his coming to be proclaimed by a star and he eagerly prepares to watch for its appearance.

The annunciation of his purpose to watch for the coming of the King, places a gulf between himself and his friends, due to the peculiar impressions of carnality in reference to spiritual determination. Doubt, mistrust, wonder, and pity creep over the carnal man for spiritual realities seem enwrapped in fog. There is a strange fear of the unknown and men have always considered it dangerous to pierce too far into the unknown or meditate too much on lofty themes. The taunt of Artaban's friends, "It comes from too much looking upon the stars and cherishing of lofty thoughts," is the scornful reception that meets many of the noblest and truest inspirations as though they were a thing to be despised.

Another feature of human nature manifested in this conversation with his friends, is man's proneness not to meet a disagreeable issue squarely. The trouble with these friends, when invited to accompany Artaban in his quest, was a faintness of heart and unbelief but they deluded themselves by excuses of circumstances.

Forsaken by his friends, alone, but confident, Artaban takes his stand on the terrace of the roof. As he watches Jupiter and Saturn roll together, he beholds an azure spark born out of the darkness beneath, rounding itself with purple splendor into a crimson sphere. With bowed head he whispers, "The King is coming and I will go to meet him."

Early the following morning with three jewels, a

sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl, he is on his way to meet the other Magi who wait for him at the Temple of Seven Spheres. His journey was not marked by any special occurrence until he had almost reached his comrades. With a steady, earnest, continued effort he pushes through sunshine and shade until his progress is stopped by a dying man in the way. He must meet the Magi by the appointed time or they will leave without him. Shall he risk the reward of his divine faith for the sake of a single deed of human love? Is a holy and noble purpose, a great project, sufficient excuse to pass by unheeding suffering humanity though it seems to bring to nought all our projects? He must choose between an act of mercy and a probable defeat of his cherished plan or pass on with closed eyes to attain his purpose. With a fluttering heart, he commits his purpose to God and lends his hand to the present distress and need. Though his humanity cries out in despair, the faith and self-sacrificing spirit that gave itself in service is able to bear the bitter disappointment that follows when he discovers that his companions have gone.

His only hope now to see the King is to return to Babylon, sell the sapphire he had intended for him and buy a train of camels and provision for a journey across the desert. In the desert he passes through the cruel net of death; thorns and briars bruise his feet, doubts and fears surge about him, but he moves steadily on until Bethlehem receives him weary but full of hope.

He is received in an humble cottage and told of the visit of his companions by the young mother of the home, but the Nazarene had fled with the Christ child and his mother. A spell seemed to hang over the village. The mother lays down her babe and rises to minister to the wants of the wise man when a shriek is heard to pass through the streets as the soldiers pass from house to house slaying the children in their innocent glee. Artaban may make mistakes, for he is human, but if so it is not for selfish ends nor prompted by any spirit save of love and urged by a crisis to choose a greater or lesser evil. When the soldiers approach the house, for the sake of an innocent child he turns them away by an untruth and with the "Ruby" as a bribe.

But he must continue the search and he seeks everywhere for the family of Bethlehem. He finds traces but they vanish before him continually. The path leads him by the sick, the captive, the oppressed. His quest seems almost forgotten in his life of service to the lowly, sorrowful and oppressed.

His only remaining tribute for the King still lay in his bosom but a mellower lustre, a soft light of azure and rose trembled upon its surface. It became more luminous and precious during the years of wandering as Artaban himself is being transformed into a radiant light. In a mysterious way all his sorrows and wanderings were transfused into the very essence of his soul, giving his life a mellow brilliancy as the glory of the sunset when the sun transforms gloomy clouds into delightful pictures.

* * * *

Thirty-three years have passed and Artaban wanders through the streets of Jerusalem still looking for the Christ. Throngs of people fill the streets and the sky is veiled with a portentous gloom, excitement seems to have seized the multitude and Artaban inquires the cause. With a doubtful, troubled apprehension he hears the name that has led him through all his experiences, but now the king has been rejected and cast out to die. He thinks of his pearl and a vain hope of ransoming his King thrills his breast. But as he follows the multitude with painful step he sees soldiers dragging a young girl to the slave market. She tore from her oppressors and threw herself at his feet for help. How often had his compassion and love for humanity turned aside his search! How often had his heart groaned in the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love! He had but one jewel left and his Master was to die. This was his only opportunity to see him and perhaps he might rescue him. In the turmoil of his heart he was sure of but one thing—to rescue this maiden would be a true deed of love. He drew out the pearl and as he gave it, the earth was enshrouded in darkness and shuddered so that the houses rocked to and fro. Artaban and the girl crouched helpless by the wall. He cared not for life. He had given his *last* jewel. His quest was over and it had failed. The yearning of his soul was not satisfied but he had done his best and in that there was comfort. A last quiver of the earthquake shook a tile from the roof and the old man was stricken senseless. The girl heard a still, small voice and saw the old man's lips move, again she heard the voice, the voice of the King saying, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." She saw a calm radiance of wonder and joy light up the pale face of the dying man. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

"Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are."

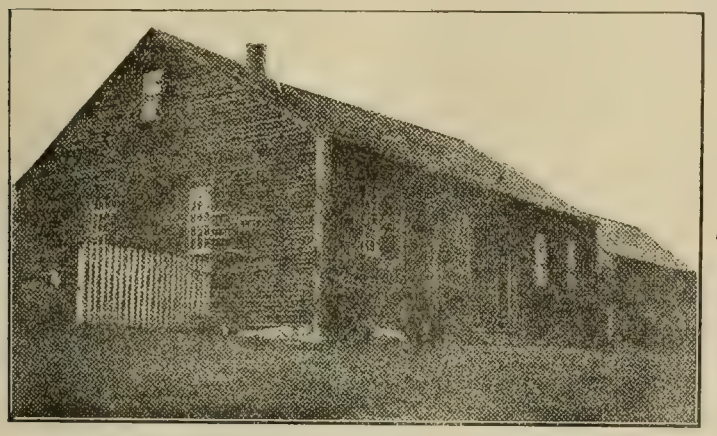
AN OLD TIME PLACE OF WORSHIP.

T. H. FERNALD.

In the early part of the last century there resided in Unity Township, New Hampshire, a little colony of Quakers. Their place of worship, which is one of the oldest in the State, was a one-story frame building

with a low attic, and was as simple and severe in its architecture as a "Quaker meeting" is in form of worship. There were a few Friends there a few years ago who worshipped twice a week in the old edifice, taking their pews each time "according to their goodness," waiting in solemn silence after the manner of orthodox Quakers, "for the Spirit to move" to prayer or exhortation.

This meetinghouse was built in 1820. The storms of winter have left their marks upon the exterior of the building, but on the inside the basswood pews are



Old Quaker Meetinghouse at Unity, N. H.

as white and clean as they were over eighty years ago, and the walls and ceiling as spotless as when they looked down upon the first silent gathering of Friends. The interior is divided into two sections, between which are shutterlike doors which can be shut to form a partition between the men's section and the women's. In severe cold weather the meetings were held on one side where a huge wood stove had been placed, but generally the men and women were separated.

There were twelve pews on each side and three rows of raised seats for the "old and wise in faith." Those who had the best record for piety and goodness occupied the front rows of the twelve on either side, backsliders going to the rear, and having to work their way to the front by daily watchfulness and prayer. The preachers were few and often came long distances, but for the most part the meetings were silent ones—often of sixty minutes of stiff-backed monotony.

The members are now all gone and are buried in the yard about the meetinghouse. The burial ground is as severe and as quaint as the house. There are but few marks to the graves as they were forbidden by the earliest Quakers, and they are placed at the north of the graves after the custom of these people. The people of Unity have taken upon themselves the preservation of the building as a matter of public good and in remembrance of this little colony of Quakers, and it has been kept in repair by the townspeople.

Thaddeus P. Cressey well describes this people and their meetinghouse in the following poem:

"Eastward from my window on the hillside,
A Quaker church, with architecture plain,
Stands clad in unpretentious drab outside,
With windows small and glass without a stain.

"No steeple pointing from its roof above,
To show the worshipers the way to heaven,
Believing, if they live in peace and love,
That here below a rich reward is given.

"No pulpit to adorn its sacred walls,
No organ notes, or tuneful voices raise,
But, listening to the inward voice that calls,
Their very silence is a song of praise.

"They find, when sorrow steels upon their way,
A sweet release within that sacred place;
Their burdened spirits there can watch and pray,
And build within their souls a throne of grace.

"There, without words, their worship pure has flown,
And error's monstrous shape from earth is driven;
While trusting safely in the great unknown,
A living truth will make this world a heaven.

"The progress their expanded souls have made
In their maturer years and bolder sight,
Each gleam of brightness coming to their aid
Will guide their foosteps in the path of right.

"These sainted witnesses to brighter skies—
When parting with this world of endless strife—
Bear to the sunny dawn of paradise
The fruitful blossoms of an eternal life."

Belfast, Maine.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.

H. M. HARVEY.

In Three Parts. Part Three. A Suggestion.

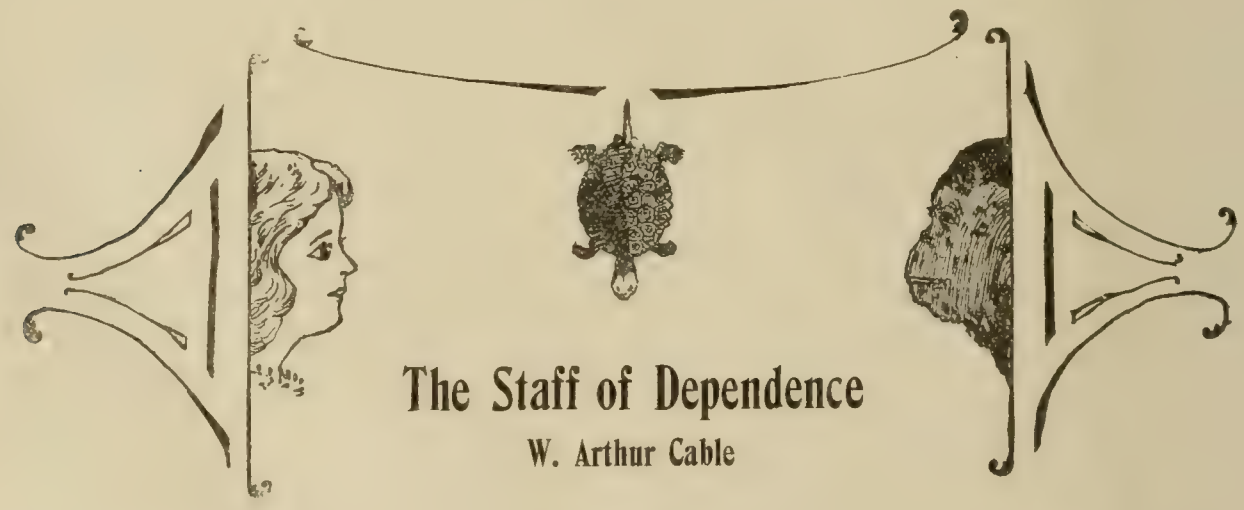
THIS article is by way of suggestion. The first of this series gave ideas which are common about planning a future, the second the principal idea that should govern a selection. In this one will be none of the things given before except as they concern the giving of a suggestion of one thought in advance.

There has been so much said and written about the ladder of success, with all the rounds marked and especially the upper and lower one. The former is the place of dizzy height, from which commanding position all the landscape of fellow strugglers can be viewed o'er. This is the envied place. It is something to be seen there. The other place is the lower round, the place so much despised and the one of humiliation. The emphasis is laid on taking an ordinary profession and by dint of nervous strain, constancy, and tenacity, so to steer as to reach the port before others, in the thick of the fight where the walking is crowded. This was once probably a key to wealth and fame, but not now. The doctrine is too common and has been followed enough already. There are enough nervous wrecks along the way, left because of the strain. That way that once was a royal highway is no longer royal because too much crowded. It is the middle of the current, too popular.

Avoid the crowd and the rush. I find that during the rush of shopping hours on State Street better time can be made by walking over and going up Wabash Avenue which is broader and not so much crowded. Why not avoid the rush when choosing an occupation? There are numerous streets running parallel to those so much traversed. There is more game back in the woods than what may be found along the public road. There are plenty to follow the well-beaten paths and do the thing that is liked by all, but how about the number who are seeking the thing nobody else will do? The Proverb writer said, "Despise not the day of small things." Do the thing that no one else will do. Leave the middle current and browse along the shore. There is no want of things left undone by others.

We live in a great forest through which only a few paths have been blazed. The most part of it is unseen by those who follow the beaten path, and look up the old marks here and there. The time was when the legislators of our country thought the part of the country west of the Alleghany Mountains was of little value. They had never seen it and for that reason thought that it could be of little good. If Daniel Webster could travel over our Middle West now he would declare it a big wheat basket. Even so will the one be surprised who ventures out into the unoccupied districts of human experience. It is many times a surprise if we take note of the very simple subjects for the writing of books. A theme too simple for most of us to use, when once fully developed we read with more than ordinary care. The same is true of the theses written by the graduates of the university. Some of these are no more than the tracing out of a single word in Greek, Latin, English or some other language, giving all the ways in which it is used and has been used by the writers of the past. Others write a volume upon the life of a single individual making interesting and helpful a life that otherwise would have been known to only a very few. If this is true of things along literary lines it ought to be equally true of other fields of labor.

The life that in the truest sense is useful, to say nothing of the religious life, is not the one that plunges into a current and splashes enough to make it flow faster but the one that causes the water near the bank to move on. The water in the center needs little help. The banks do the retarding. There the helper spends his efforts. Take the things others trample under foot in their rush and make them useful. A valuable invention is often one that takes a waste product and makes it into a useful article. Make lampblack out of escaping gas. Weeds are weeds only until man discovers their value.



The Staff of Dependence

W. Arthur Cable

A GREAT deal is being said nowadays about independence. "Stand alone." "Paddle your own canoe." "Fight your own battles and wear your own crown." All very well, but remember, there are *two sides* to every question. To be one-sided is to miss half of life—and sometimes the best half.

Man is a dependent creature. "No man liveth to himself," but for some one or something else. What joy is there in accomplishment, what spur is there in defeat, what sacredness is there in love, *what comfort is there in life,* if to ourselves alone? Listen to Emerson. Judge if he be right. "We do not live to ourselves alone—we are needed by some one—*nothing* is good or fair *alone.*"

In dependence there is preparation. In preparation there is growth. The cut shows a combination striking in contrast. The turtle may live a thousand years, and at the end of that time know no more than when it first began existence. The systematic sticking out and drawing in of its head and feet are gifts of nature, and have been exercised since it first came from the shell. It depends on no one, and there is no development.

The ape, at birth, is of intelligent appearance. Its

brain has all the marks of the human brain, and for the first few months it is dependent on others. But soon it learns to get its own food and to care for itself, and from that time on it deteriorates in intellect. If the ape teaches no other lesson, it should be the pitiableness and utter uselessness of a self-centered life.

The child looks the genius at birth. Its environment and surroundings, in a large measure, form its future. For a long time it is entirely dependent upon others. If left to itself before about the seventh year it would die. We see that of the threefold life the physical is the first to become self-provident, and is consequently the lowest.

Intellectually, the child must have a long and thorough training. Brain development—constructive ability, retention faculties,—all must undergo a course of preparation. The power of handing down from generation to generation that which enriches the lives of thousands; the power to impart knowledge indispensable to the good of mankind; all make man a dependent creature.

Morality is the highest quality, the highest attribute. The germ of conscience, that "little spark of celestial fire," oh, how delicate it is! So sensitive to environment, so easily modified! The right culture, the right training, the right mental qualities, the wrong removed at the right time, and we have a texture the loveliness of which is unsurpassed, and the fragrance of which permeates to parts unknown. But alas! a wrong environment, a misstep at the critical time, and how blemished a texture we have. The development of morality in the true individual never ends so long as the breath of life is in him.

The soul that battles is the soul that wins. You love life for the love there is in it, for the help you may receive and the help you may be. An innate dependence surges your independent being. You crave the loving touch, the sympathetic word of the brother man. The yearning seems not to be requited. Take heed not to expect too much. Remember that the finer and more delicate the sensibilities, the more one feels that innate dependence upon the true heart, and craves the sympathy of his fellow-beings.

Scottville, Mich.

A FALSE CODE OF HONOR.

PAUL MOHLER.

It may not have occurred to everyone, but it is true nevertheless that the principal value of our public school system lies not in the knowledge that it imparts to the children, but in what it teaches them of life. In the school, the boy comes in contact with other boys under such conditions that he is compelled to learn many of the lessons of life which he must learn sometime if he is ever to become a useful member of society.

One thing that every child must learn is obedience to authority. If the schools do nothing else but teach the children that one thing, they pay for all they cost. Too many homes fail to teach that lesson; the school must teach it, or the State will have expensive work to do. Schools are certainly cheaper than penitentiaries and much more satisfactory from every standpoint.

It is not enough simply to teach a boy that the way of the transgressor is hard and that every transgression must receive its just recompense of reward. He should by all means know WHY law and obedience to the law is necessary. He should be carefully taught the advantage to himself, to the other pupils, and to the school as an institution that obedience to wise laws or rules must be. When he has seen this fact, he should be encouraged to do all in his power to maintain the integrity of those rules not only on his own part but on the part of the other pupils. And right here there is a great weakness in our school life. At present there is a very pernicious principle held by the pupils and even by the teachers of the most of the schools.

It is of course admitted that one of the most contemptible things a boy can be is a malicious talebearer. The boy or girl that delights in "telling on" his playmates just to get them into trouble deserves the hatred of the school. But unfortunately our boys have learned to hate not only the malicious talebearer, but the one who sees and reports an evil situation from entirely worthy motives. For example, a certain boy is making a practice of bullying the little boys in the school. I had such a pupil once, and he was hard to catch. I knew he was doing just that kind of meanness because I was with the pupils on the grounds and knew that little boys that played near him were often "accidentally" hurt. Knowing it, I watched my boy and caught him finally and you may guess the rest. I had no more such trouble with him. Now if it had been practicable for me to receive the testimony of reliable pupils in the school concerning this habit of this boy, I could have reached and stopped the trouble sooner. As it was, if I had not seen the deed myself, I never could have dealt with the matter effectively at all.

It is so easy for the bad boys in the school to do such awful damage to the minds and morals of the other children behind the teacher's back. If no one reports them to the teachers, the evil that they do may destroy the greatest value of the school. It may easily corrupt and ruin the characters of many innocent children. As it is in most schools at present, they do their evil work securely, knowing that the feeling against "telling the teacher" is so strongly grounded into other pupils that there is little danger of their reporting it. This should not be so. While malicious talebearing should be condemned, those pupils that feel the honor of the school and the rights of the decent pupils, to be endangered by the habits of certain other pupils, should be allowed the privilege of telling the teacher

what they know, and be commended for it. Such action on their part, is highly honorable.

Suppose that boys in school have formed the habit of shielding their guilty fellows; remember that habits formed in youth are hard to break in manhood. Then suppose that all the citizens of the State should take the same attitude toward the man who breaks the law. How dangerous that would be to the State. And is it not true that we are suffering today from this very same thing? How often do you hear of men that know of crimes committed, coming forward with the evidence? Not till the average man is called to testify in court and put upon the witness stand, sometimes not even then will he do his duty by himself and by his neighbors and give his testimony. And so, our laws are broken, and no one takes it up to see that guilty men are punished unless perhaps the deed of villainy has touched them in some tender spot. Then vengeance lends them courage.

I like the public spirit of the man that feels it to be his duty to see that guilty men are brought to justice. I think our only safety lies in the patriotic service of just such men. Our public schools are surely making citizens. Are they making good ones? That all depends upon the code of honor of the pupils. I hope the time is near at hand when teachers universally shall recognize the danger to the State of this false code of honor, and wisely grapple with it.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

COLD WATER.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

(Tune, "America.")

Cold water! 'tis of thee,
Pure beverage, and free,
Of thee we sing;
Brewed by our Father's hand,
Always at our command,
God's blessing to the land,
Its praises ring.

No poison lurks within,
No serpent's deadly sting,
To curse the soul.
It is kind nature's dower;
In its refreshing power
We revel every hour
While ages roll.

It maddens not the brain,
Brings no distress or pain
To friends most dear.
'Tis nectar to the lip;
'Tis health to all that sip;
All nature welcomes it
With naught to fear.

Sparkling in crystal light,
We'll toast cold water bright
The while we live.
Our grateful songs and lays
From thankful hearts we'll raise,
And everlasting praise
To God we'll give.

The Rescue Mission

B. F. Heckman

Number 2. Its Aim.

THOUGH there are several rescue missions in this city, each having its own ideals, its own methods of work, its own ideas of what should be accomplished, still there is but one primary fundamental aim. That aim is to reach the men who are outcasts of society and save them for Christ through the power of the Gospel. In other words, it is to snatch them out of the fire, to pull them out of the mire and place them once more upon the solid rock, Christ Jesus. To try in any other way to reform a man from such a life is not worth the time and effort it takes for the trial. More than one of these men has tried every cure for dissipation and dunkenness outside of the "Blood Cure" through Jesus Christ. Failure has been the inevitable result, for there is no permanent cure and no power to keep from the very next temptation. The rescue mission must consider every man outside of Christ eternally lost. The battle cry is, "There is power in the blood to save from sin and to keep saved." True conversion is necessary so that the power of the Holy Spirit may come into the man's life.

There are also true problems connected with rescuing a man from such conditions as stated in the previous article. Take, for example, a true representative of this class of men. He has been so far in sin that he is in absolute bondage to it. He goes into the mission one night. He is truly convicted of sin, of righteousness, of judgment to come. He has heard that there is hope for such a man as he, and that he must accept Christ in order to be freed of the sin he is in. He really wants to be rid of the bondage of such a life and still has enough will power left to give God a chance. These men can really be reached for,

> "Down in the human heart,
> Crushed by the tempter,
> Feelings lie buried
> That grace can restore."

He goes to the altar and offers a sincere prayer, asking the Lord to forgive him and have mercy upon his soul. He is now ready to learn step by step a sav-

ing knowledge of Christ Jesus. He wants to know what to do to be saved. It is good thus far. But the service closes for the evening. The crowd disperses, the mission room is closed. This poor man who has heard of a hope and has decided to accept it, must go to the street with his old associates and temptations. It is quite evident that the mission needs something more. Men whose wills are so weak need helpful associations and encouragement in order to get a start in the new life. It is pretty hard for a man so far in sin, who is to be a new creature in Christ Jesus, to turn his back to all forms of sin and still be in the midst of it. "Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new" is for the man who comes to Jesus and does HIS will and Word. So the rescue mission must help these old things to pass away and really show a new life where all things are new to a man like this. While it is possible, it is also difficult for a man to realize new things while in the midst of the old ones. What these men need is a new environment and a chance to live right. So then while the ultimate aim is to save the man for Christ, a great deal of patient work is necessary in order to attain the aim in each man's life.

The rescue mission works upon the same basis as the foreign missionary. In order to have the heathen converted to Christ—to turn from darkness to light—men and women take the Gospel to them which teaches about Christ. If we want the people to know Christ we take the Gospel where the people are and live it. If men and women who are in sin are to know the power of the Gospel in their lives it is necessary for them to get a chance at it. They cannot come after it for they are bound in sin. The churches of Chicago realize the fact that they are not getting hold on these men; still the responsibility of saving the fallen rests upon the church. The location of the city churches has something to do with this failure. For the most part they are in the residence districts. Formerly there were a number of churches down town, but as business interests grew the church disappeared into the more pleasant parts of the city.

There are obvious reasons why these down-and-out men do not go to the churches in the residence districts. In the first place, they recognize their outcast condition and realize how society people regard them. Thus they are ashamed to attend services where respectable people do. But there is another side to this. Such men, with bleared eyes, emaciated countenances, and sour-smelling breath are not welcome to too many of these churches and the men know it. Good reader, suppose some of these staggering men, clothed in rags and filth should come in to your pew next Sunday morning, what would be your attitude toward them? Would you give them plenty of room by removing to some other part of the room? It must be recognized that there is a great gulf between these men and good, decent, God-loving people. Sin has made the gulf and the gulf widens as sin gets deeper hold on the individual's life. Still the church is in the world to do the Master's work—to save men. So whether the deep-dyed sinner is welcome in the church, it is still the church's duty to save such.

The mission cannot take the place of the church, but it is really the church's method of reaching this class of men for the Lord. In other words, the rescue mission is the stepping-stone for these men in the depth of sin into the church through Jesus Christ our Lord. The mission can hardly be the end, or rather take the place of the church in the salvation of these men. This will be apparent when we look at the location of the mission. If it is really to rescue men it will be located in the midst, or close to the location of the men to be reached. It may be surrounded by saloons, theaters opium dens, gambling houses, houses of ill fame. At any rate the mission must be where the men are, for its business is to put the light in the dark places, to be a lighthouse by which some men are to be saved from the rocks and others are to be warned of the shoals ahead.

Let us note the location of the missions of Chicago. The "Happy Hour" is on State Street a few blocks south of Van Buren. The shame and sin of this district is too bad to describe. But the street swarms with men who have been lost through drink. The "Pacific Garden" is on Van Buren Street just east of Clark. With its proximity to Dearborn, State and Clark Streets the men are drawn from these districts. These missions with several others are down town. Then west of the river on Madison Street, the most noted thoroughfare of vice on the West Side, several more missions are located. Perhaps the oldest of all of these is the "Olive Branch," conducted by the Free Methodist brethren. It is just south of Madison Street one-half block, on Des Plaines Street. A half block away is perhaps the largest saloon on the West Side. All of these missions then are in the worst places of the city so as to reach this class of men. When the men are once truly converted it is best for them to have a church home where they may have the help of the Christian people, instead of being in the slums striving to overcome the very temptations that overcame them formerly.

The rescue mission has been instrumental in saving the man for Christ and the church and has really filled the gulf between the outcast and the church. It has done what the residence district church could not have done. The convert's environment may be changed so that the things he once loved may be truly hated, and the things he once hated may be truly loved. Another reason why the rescue mission should be a stepping-stone to the church is that when a man is really saved,

he by virtue of that salvation becomes a member of the church of Christ. Thus the mission really becomes an out station, a saving station, a branch of the church.

When one contemplates the conditions as they exist and the difficulties the mission has to overcome, the aim seems very high indeed. And yet any other aim would fall far short of its duty.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipt
A duke, and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects would not at all tally.
Some said: "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff,"
Some: "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
For it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slip over that dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and valley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right, if you're careful," they said,
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below when they're stopping."
So, day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers sally
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
With the ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
When they'd much better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he:
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;
If the cliff we should fence we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"O, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined;
"Dispense with the ambulance! Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;
But no! We'll support them forever!
Aren't we picking folks up just as fast as they fall,
And shall this man prescribe for us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While the ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few, who are practical too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer,
They believe that prevention is better than cure,
And their party will soon be the stronger,
Encourage them then, with your purse, voice and pen,
And while other philanthropists dally,
They will scorn all pretense, and put up a fence
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

—Illinois Issue.

WHERE BAD BOYS ARE MADE OVER.

I WENT to Europe by authority of the School Board of our city (Milwaukee), to visit the principal schools and institutions for defective children; to study their methods and to bring back a report of my experiences and investigations. My information was gained not only by visiting schools for the deaf, but by inspecting all kinds of schools and institutions, both public and private, that dealt with the solving of social and economic questions.

Among these are two in particular that attracted my attention and interest, namely, the Rauhe Haus ("Rough House") in Hamburg and the Barnardo Homes in London, the two largest institutions in the world of their kind, and the most successful in results for the rescue and education of unfortunate children.

It was natural, therefore, that my first visit after my arrival in Hamburg should be to the Rauhe Haus. It is known all over the world as one of the best and richest in results of all charitable institutions. Here I saw much of unusual interest and much which is of incalculable value. It is a school for bad and unmanageable children—a grand institution which has saved thousands of unhappy children from ruin and made them happy, intelligent men and women who are a blessing to the community.

The institution was founded in 1833 by Johann Henrich Wichern. After studying theology at Goettingen and Berlin, he returned to his mother at Hamburg. Here Pastor Rautenberg had opened a Sunday school for poor children. These children—there being no school laws—were compelled to work, and were thus prevented from getting an education. In Pastor Rautenberg's school they received instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and religion. Rautenberg requested Wichern to become his assistant and Wichern assented willingly, soon afterwards being appointed superintendent of the school in St. George.

Then Rautenberg, hearing of a so-called visiting society in New York, whose members visited the poor and made a study of their conditions, founded a similar association and Wichern became one of its most enthusiastic members. What he saw during his visits to the poor was often painful and heartbreaking. Here were children who knew nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, nor of God and the Savior. What would become of them? Wichern often asked himself the question.

As a result of these experiences, the members, at a meeting on October 8, 1832, decided that there must be a "Rettungshaus" (rescue home) for such neglected children. Such a project, however, took money, but Wichern and his associates had faith and determination. Unexpectedly, they received a legacy from a wealthy man. A committee was appointed, a public meeting was called, and before the citizens of Ham-

burg Wichern disclosed his plans. He wanted a home to which homeless waifs should find admission. Not more than twelve children should be admitted to one house, as under this plan the children could be kept in control and each individual character studied. Each class of twelve should have one "workman."

On November 1, 1833, Wichern moved his mother and sister into a small building in Horn, a suburb of Hamburg. They called it Rauhe Haus (Rough House). Why, I don't know; but probably because it was such a rough-looking building. Wichern had to pay a small rent. Within two months he had twelve boys, enough to fill the house. They came from the slums—the deepest misery. The oldest was hardly able to speak. A dirty paper in his pocket told of his descent. One, at the age of twelve years, had ninety-two thefts on his record. The youngest was five, the eldest eighteen. And the neighbors, looking on in wonder, shook their heads.

The twelve boys kept Wichern busy from morning till night. He taught them the three fundamental studies, and joined them in the work which he set for them to do. When spring came, the boys were set at work to make a garden. The days were filled with work, but in the evening, after supper, when tired out, they sat in the shade of a large chestnut tree. Wichern taught them to sing and told them stories of German history and of God and the Savior. Thus he tactfully drove all thought of obstinacy and opposition from their hearts. Often tears came into their eyes when reminded of some wrong which they had committed.

Admission for more boys was soon demanded from Hamburg, and there was no room. But money came to provide for the need. Then they dug a deep cellar and built a two-story house in Swiss style, because the man who was to have charge of it was a young Swiss. In his honor it was called the Swiss House, and the first cottage was now called the Old House.

Wichern was fond of music. Sometimes, when the fathers or mothers of the boys or other guests came, there would be no boys to be seen. Then, suddenly, at a sign from Wichern, the boys, hiding in the branches of a large chestnut tree, would surprise the visitors with a merry song. These boys, who came from the slums, learned to love the beautiful garden in which each one of them had a flower bed to himself; they sang and laughed at their work; and proud and happy they were when they could give to the visitor a bouquet of their own gardening. By such methods as gardening, music and story-telling Wichern developed in them a longing for something good, refined and beautiful.

With the growth of the institution, more young brothers were needed to care for the classes. They came from all parts of Germany, inspired by the reports that came from the colony, and filled with sympathy and love for the poor, helpless and degenerate children. They offered their services to Wichern, who, in return, instructed them in his methods. The volunteer worker gradually became a "housefather" and, later on, was sent out into the large cities to work among the poor and helpless. The demand for admission into the colony continued to increase from year to year. Another house was added. It was called the "Mutterhaus" (Mother House), because it had a large assembly-room and a tower, and because in it was room for all the housefathers to live. Then Wichern took Amanda Boehme as his wife and assistant. She had been a teacher in the Sunday school; now she would live with him and work with him for the children.

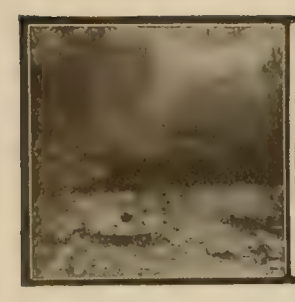
I cannot write in detail of how the colony grew from year to year—how house after house had to be built—here the "Work House," in which all the tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, matmakers, bookbinders, printers, and carpenters worked and lived; there the "Beehive," because the brother and the boys had built it all alone, as the bees build their own houses. There the "Fish Hut," named from its location near the little pond; the "Schoenburg," named in honor of Count von Schoenburg; the "Sparrow's Nest," in and out of which the many little sparrows, happy girls, fly. The "Chestnut," because it is near a chestnut tree. The "Johannesburg," in honor of the housefather, Johannes, who superintended its erection, and many others. Every year the colony receives thousands of letters from former inmates who now occupy responsible positions. And each letter is signed not only with the name of the writer, but with the name of the house in which they found their happiness, such as George V. O. (Beehive). Theodore S. (Fish Hut). Frederick A. (Old House), or George K. (Chestnut).

Wichern was asked to lecture on his work before the Protestant Assembly at Wittenberg, in 1848. He electrified the meeting by his enthusiastic description of his work. He went into the large cities and spoke before crowded houses, so inspiring the people to active work that within six years over one hundred homes for neglected and incorrigible children were opened. In addition many homes for young men, "Martha Societies" for poor girls, public libraries, and other institutions were founded.

Then the Wittenberg Assembly placed Wichern at the head of the committee for the propagation of his ideas. The Prussian government appointed him superintendent of its penal and correctional institutions. Today his name is honored all over Germany as that of a noble man and a great philanthropist.

The Rauhe Haus is now a small city, with gardens, parks, gymnasium, natatorium, library, chapel, and

(Continued on Page 720.)



THE QUIET HOUR



BE CONTENT, NOT SATISFIED.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Contented live. Whatever be thy lot,
Let gloomy care be banished.
Each day brings trouble thick and hot—
Mourn not for what has vanished.
Each day brings good as well as ill;
No day is void of pleasure.
Then keep on striving and you will,
Verily, gain a treasure.

We cannot see the hidden snare
In which we might have trodden.
Let not your heart yield to despair—
Let not your heart be sodden.
In merry mood disaster meet
And though your joys are fleeting,
Meet Fate half-way in Daring Street—
Shout defiance to his greeting.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

JONAH.

D. D. THOMAS.

A FISH is a strange animal with which to save a man about to drown. It might be conceded, however, that one can do more in their element than out of it, and the fish was right at home there in the water. But one must not think that the fish meant to save Jonah. It surely meant to eat him. God prepared a fish. *How* is not known. He may have created an entire fish. He may simply have deprived him of his teeth, or enlarged his throat, or changed his nature. However much or little, it is certain in some way or other the fish was "prepared."

Jonah was a runaway prophet. The Lord did not send an officer after him, nor a fellow-prophet to warn him, but a fish, a servant of God manifested in a fish. God could have sent a stone after him and it could have taken him right off his feet and carried him back to where his work was, and set him down so hard as to shake up his dull conscience to activity. But he did not do that. He chose a fish.

Why any man should discredit the story because it has so much to do with a fish, is one of the things that is hard to see. The Nazarite could see it as all being true, and could point to it as a sign of the marvelousness of his own career and could invite the Jew to observe, even going so far as to state how long he was in the fish. As the fish could not digest Jonah, and, if fishes sleep, did not do so sweetly with pleasant dreams, while the wayfaring prophet was on his stomach, so the cursed earth, troubled and groaning, was not able to assimilate the Holy Son of God. As the fish cast Jonah upon the land to carry out his God-planned duty, so the earth cast forth the holy burden to save the Babylon from sin. That Sunday morning demonstration of power made an awful pained earth. But when it was deprived of its charge, its hills and valleys rang forth in peals of joy at what they saw. The day's journey preaching made a very sad Nineveh, but the sackcloth and ashes God saw, and let them live.

"Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed," is all the sacred record gives. It may have been so important in the prophet's mind, and so wonderful in the eyes of those people that nothing more was said. May be Jonah did not like to refer to the affair down on the Mediterranean. To him it was an unpleasant subject of which to talk. David would have composed a song of deliverance. He would have stood in the midst of his people and proclaimed it aloud, but Jonah did not say anything. No doubt he thought of it but likely it was painful even to think of it.

But the experience drove him to duty and that was good. The experience nearly lasted him all his life. The God who gave him oxygen miraculously, gave him strength miracuously, to keep him awake to go straight to his duty. One is made to wonder just how Jonah landed that time. There must not have been much ceremony about it. Was he half dead, or did he jump right up and go about his duty as though nothing was wrong? In other words how much miracle was there about it all? But one does not need to know the things that are not recorded. Enough is said evidently for all good purposes.

Jonah's weakness strengthens the veracity of the narrative. It was just like God to do the miracles, and just like a man to do as Jonah did. When Jonah was pleased he rejoiced, when displeased he became angry. He did not have "the patience of Job." The shade of a gourd vine pleased him, but God prepared a worm to destroy it, and he became faint. A trait of cruelty possessed him when God did better than he said, and he asked to die because God's mercy disturbed him. How natural the man the narrative pictures. Jonah was a good man but he was rather weak. He could run better than he could stand, but he could not run fast

enough to get away from God. He seemed to like a pleasant boat ride rather than to preach a good sermon. The nobility of Jonah may not be so apparent, but with him God saved a city. The lesson taught, it seems to me, is that God can use any one to his glory. He made a timid prophet famous. All generations talk about Jonah. Even the Christ confirmed the story, and rests the truthfulness of his claim upon an often disputed fact. "As Jonah was three days and three nights . . . so shall the Son of man be."

Then weakness is no cause for discouragement, for God can make the weak strong. But Jonah had some strong points. He made a temple of the fish's stomach which naturally one would have thought to be a grave. From the jaws of death he arose to a life of usefulness through the power and efficacy of prayer. Then his penitence was sincere. The second "Word of the Lord" sent him on his way to Nineveh without demur. He did not forget when he became free that the Lord had answered his prayer, and honestly he went forth to pay his vows.

He was willing to lose his life to save the crew of men from death. However much he may have desired to live he told them to throw him out. And that was the turning point of Jonah's career. He confessed his fault, met the penalty, like a man, but God took him up and saved him. But that is just like God. When a man feels sincerely that he is nothing then God can use him, can take him up and make something of him.

Well, so much about Jonah. We do not know when or where he was born or when he died. The record does not tell about his family, save to mention his father's name. We do not know whether he had a wife and children. His history is very brief. We only get a glimpse of him and note that his life is unique. And surely, we can conclude that these things are written that we might believe.

CHURCH WORK.

THERE is a great deal of work which is termed "church work," which is not done by the command of God, or for his glory, nor for the benefit of mankind. Doubtless some people suppose they are working for the Lord, when they are in fact doing many things which the Lord does not wish to have done. In like manner they give money for "the cause of God," which are used for purposes which the Lord has not appointed, and does not approve.

The woman who makes herself sick running fairs, and contriving ornament and adornment, which ministers to pride, and gratifies the lust of the eye, may be doing "church work," but she may not be doing "the work of the Lord." And it will be a foolish excuse for broken health and a shortened life, to declare it is the result of doing "church work," when the work was such as might well have been left undone.

The life is more than the meat, and the body more than raiment; a live woman is worth more than a dead meetinghouse; a faithful man of God is more valuable than a stone heap called a church. Living stones and living temples are most needed in these days, and we ought to be very careful that we do not do violence to the temples of the Holy Ghost, while we are seeking to adorn and beautify those material structures which are by no means essential to the sincere worship of Almightly God.

The church work of the primitive Christian was not expended on brick and mortar, on architecture and ornament; it was the work of those who, emanating from some quiet home or some upper chamber, went forth in all directions to visit the fatherless and the widows, comfort the sad, relieve the distressed, assist the prisoners, care for the sick, and seek and save the lost. This is the legitimate "church work." Let us have more of this, and less of the work which is for empty show and vanity.—*The Christian.*

LED TO CHRIST BY A CHILD.

ONE evening at a service in New York City I saw a very distinguished looking man rise and say, "I will accept Christ." I went back to the hotel, and told my wife that I believed I had been used by Christ to lead a great man to God. I thought I had, but the next day, which was a day of prayer, I saw this man come into the service carrying in his arms a little lame boy. He brought him forward and, placing him on the platform, he came over to me, and, placing his hand up to his mouth so that the child could not hear him, he said, "I want to introduce to you my little Joe; he is going to die." He did not need to tell me that. The little fellow's face was so white and his hands were so thin. When I came over he said, with all the pride of a father, "This is Joe; he led me to Christ." I confess I was a bit disappointed. Then he told me the story. He said: "When the mission started, Joe said to me, 'Father, I cannot go, but mother will take you; and all the time you are gone I will pray.' I never came into the house at night that I did not hear the thud of his little crutch on the floor as he came to welcome me the moment the door was opened. He would spring into my arms and say, 'Did you come?' But last night he did not ask me. I heard him coming to the door, and as it opened he sprang into my arms and buried his face on my shoulder, and I heard him say, with a sob, 'You have come, you have come; I know you have.'"—*Christian Herald.*

IN the morning fix thy purpose; and at night examine thyself, what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE INGLENOOK

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BOYS FOLLOW WHERE MEN LEAD.

In reading over the excellent selection, "Judge Morse's Reasons," sent in by one of our readers, and which appeared in last week's Inglenook, we were especially impressed with the above statement. It was made by the young convict who was about to pay with his life for the demonstration of its truthfulness in his own bitter experience. Most of us possess proof of its truthfulness based also upon experience but experience of a different nature; the grown people that we have followed have led us, for the most part, in safe paths. It is not so much to our credit that we have followed them, since we were bound to follow somewhere, as it is to their credit that they have led us in these paths.

"Boys follow where men lead!" Oh, that we might give these words some penetrative element that would cause them to find their way into the heart of every one of our readers. For they have a message for all of us. Men need to feel their truth so that they may be, oh, so very careful *where* they lead. Boys need to feel their truth because some of them have already begun to be leaders and after awhile they will be greater leaders still. If they are not safe as leaders now they will be more dangerous still when the forces of manhood have clothed them with the magnetic power of real leaders.

We might change the word "boys" to girls and the word "men" to women and seek to impress the truth further, but it is not necessary to make these changes. Let it stand as it is, and the woman's part and the girl's part in the responsibility is still plainly apparent. We are so closely related,—the interests and influence of the boys and men, women and girls,—that one cannot lead in the wrong direction without dragging the others along in the path of shame and disgrace. It is an awful thing to think about if one is contemplating the cherishing of some weakness or sin. It is a glorious thing to think about if one has set himself resolutely toward the highest and best that this earth affords.

A GOOD START.

A good start is an excellent agent in creating enthusiasm and zeal for the further prosecution of a task, but we dare not rest on it. Sometimes actual defeat or disappointment may be traced to this very mistaken idea. A task that requires hard, painstaking labor at every step of the way starts out with every promise of success and the worker, relying on the liberal truthfulness of the saying. "Well begun is half done," eases himself of the load for a moment while he congratulates himself on his good starts and dreams of the success almost in sight. The result is that he never makes a nearer approach to success. There is no safe time for congratulating ourselves or lifting the load till we have stepped across the goal and grasped the prize for which we have labored.

We want to keep this lesson in mind in our work of revising the Inglenook Cook Book. There are evidences that the work is fairly well begun. We might rest in this and conclude that it would move on to a successful finish without a great deal of additional effort. But we do not want to run the risk of a disappointment, both for ourselves and for thousands of others who are interested, and to avoid this risk we must keep steadily on in the work to which we have been appointed. The first part of our work consists in securing from our housekeepers the recipes and helps that are to add to the value of our present cook book. Then these must be put in proper shape for the printer. We have been allowed only a short time for this work and if we are to get it out on time and to the satisfaction of all we must have the prompt and hearty cooperation of our housekeepers. Please act at once, all you who desire to have a part in the revising of our cook book.

GOOD ROADS.

The meeting of the Third National Good Roads Congress at Niagara Falls the latter part of this month calls our attention to the widespread interest that is lately being taken in this line of the country's improvement. While it is evident that this interest is for the most part due to the use of the automobile and is based on selfish motives, the improvement of our roads is so generally beneficial that we should welcome any legitimate plans to this end and lend our efforts to their success.

This campaign for good roads will not meet with an equally hearty response in all sections of the country, but it is not necessary that it should. In many parts of the country the people have long realized the part that

good roads play in the prosperity of the country and as counties they have undertaken the big task of road-making, building a few rods here and there each year, till now they have the full enjoyment of their labor and the problem of good roads no longer troubles them. The lack of response from other sections will be due not to the presence of well-built roads, but to downright indifference, or to open opposition because of the cost of building and maintaining good roads. But the argument of cost can hardly be as strong or as well-founded now as when the smaller divisions of the country undertook the task. Most of the present plans for road-making figure on the nation or the State as the backer of the project and this will likely mean that the burden will not fall so directly upon the local inhabitants.

Last month when our present postal bank law was being discussed in the House of Representatives Hon. Wm. Sulzer of New York took occasion to announce the Third National Good Roads Congress to be held at Niagara Falls July 28-30 and to present some argument for the improvement of our roads. We quote a part of his speech:

"For years, Mr. Speaker, I have been an earnest advocate of postal savings, parcels posts, and good road building. They are sure to come, and I shall briefly discuss some of their advantages. Good roads mean progress and prosperity, a benefit to the people who live in the cities, an advantage to the people who live in the country.

"The plain people of the land are familiar with the truths of history. They know the past. They realize that often the difference between good roads and bad roads is the difference between profit and loss. Good roads have a money value far beyond our ordinary conception. Bad roads constitute our greatest drawback to internal development and material progress. Good roads mean prosperous farmers; bad roads mean abandoned farms, sparsely settled country districts, and congested populated cities, where the poor are destined to become poorer. Good roads mean more cultivated farms and cheaper food products for the toilers in the towns; bad roads mean poor transportation, lack of communication, high prices for the necessaries of life, the loss of untold millions of wealth, and idle workmen seeking employment. Good roads will help those who cultivate the soil and feed the multitude, and whatever aids the producers and the farmers of our country will increase our wealth and our greatness and benefit all the people. We cannot destroy our farms without final decay. They are today the heart of our national life and the chief source of our material greatness. Tear down every edifice in our cities and labor will rebuild them, but abandon the farms and our cities will disappear forever.

"One of the crying needs in this country, especially in the South and West, is good roads. The establishment of good roads would in a great measure solve the question of the high price of food and the increasing cost of living. By reducing the cost of transportation it would enable the farmer to market his produce at a lower price and at a larger profit at the same time. It would bring communities closer together and in touch with the centers of population, thereby facilitating the commerce of ideas as well as of material products. The truth of the declaration of Charles Sumner fifty years ago, that 'the two greatest forces for the advancement of civilization are the schoolmaster and good roads,' is emphasized by the experience of the intervening years and points to the wisdom of a union of the educational, commercial, transportation, and industrial interests of our country in aggressive action for permanent good roads."

The First National Good Roads Congress met in Chicago and Denver, June 15 and July 6, 1908. As a result of the work done at this meeting the Republican, Democratic and Independence parties each made declarations for good roads in their platforms. The Second National Good Roads Congress which met at Baltimore and Washington last year "received the most cordial greetings of President Taft, was opened by Cardinal Gibbons and addressed by Vice-President Sherman, Speaker Cannon and many of the most distinguished men in public life."

As evidence of the great awakening to the importance of good roads, New York has recently appropriated $50,000,000 for construction work, Maryland $5,000,000, and other States other millions. It is to be hoped that the present congress will not only continue to mold sentiment favorable to the construction of better highways but that it may set on foot definite plans for undertaking this work where the need is greatest.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

[Note: The following is in answer to inquiry of W. H. M., appearing on this page two weeks ago.—THE EDITOR.]

PROCESS FOR TANNING WOODCHUCK HIDES FOR LEATHER.—Place the hide in a small wooden tub filled with strong, and quite wet, wood ashes till the hair can be easily removed. After the hair is all removed, place the hide in enough soft soap to cover it well. Let it remain in the soap for a week or ten days, then scrape the soap off. Wash the hide clean in either hard or soft water. Stretch it out well and tack it up in some shady place where it will not dry too fast. As the hide dries, rub it until it becomes soft and pliable. Any flesh adhering to it, should be removed as fast as it will loosen. If this process is followed according to directions, the result should be entirely satisfactory.—*J. T., Tipton, Iowa.*



THE HOME WORLD



ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE.

What means this rumbling like unto an earthquake?
As though all hearts had blended in one thump?
"Free as the mountain air shall yet be woman!"
One hath expounded. Lo, she of the stump.

I lend my heart to dreamlike speculation;
I see the world—but ah, the vision fades,
Mayhap 'twas history's glaring pages, only,
That bade me conjure swords and barricades.

What, then, shall be man's circumscribed position?
What revolution this, that he shall face,
In that glad, golden age of broad advancement
When woman has assumed her "rightful" place?

Ah, woman, lovely, sweet, enchanting woman,
Upon whose charms the poet's pen now vents,
Shall draw the wallet forth and smile serenely,
The while she deigns to give her spouse ten cents.

Her problems will be schools and tax and protests,
Trusts, equity, and vast financial schemes;
The prison code, the hangman's somber duty—
His problems will be colic and baked beans.

'Twill be good-bye to spoons and paregoric;
And when within the ballot's motley mix
She'll expatiate on how the blessed darlings
Just dote upon their papa's little tricks.

'Twill be: "I hasten to the City Council."
'Twill be: "Run with this message and come soon."
'Twill be—a spirit doomed to vain repentance,
A remnant stripped of faith and pantaloon!

Oh, golden era of the world's advancement!
Oh, culmination of that "age" so fit!
What mortal heart could bide its certain chaos?
What cool-brained man would help to fashion it?

—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger, in Johnstown, Pa., Tribune.

WOMEN IN THE WHITE PLAGUE WAR.

MAUD HAWKINS.

ONE million women, representing cities, towns, villages, and isolated rural settlements in every section of the country, are today enlisted in a campaign against tuberculosis according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In legislature, in Congress at Washington, in society gatherings, in churches and clubs, through speaking and writing—in every possible way, —the women of the country are persistently fighting consumption.

With an organization established in every State of the country, under the direction of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and with associated clubs in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, and the Canal Zone, the women of the country have entered a systematic crusade to carry the message of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis into every American home.

The organization of the Woman's Anti-tuberculosis campaign was definitely begun in St. Paul in 1906, at the time of the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, when that body sanctioned a resolution "to make the prevention and cure of tuberculosis a subject of study, and made Mrs. Rufus P. Williams of Cambridge, Mass., chairman of the new department called the "Health Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs."

The executive board of the Mothers' Congress has also recently entered into the crusade, and has prepared circulars and literature on the prevention of consumption which have been circulated broadcast throughout the country. In every city where the congress is represented, an advisory board of local physicians is being formed to help educate mothers about tuberculosis.

One of the most notable campaigns being carried on by women is that in the southern States in connection with the traveling exhibit of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In Tennessee, Florida and Alabama, whole States have been stirred by the activities of women's organizations. In North and South Carolina, plans for similar campaigns are in progress.

A large number of women occupying prominent positions in society are taking active interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given a million dollars for sanitary homes for consumptives, Mrs. Keith Spalding of Chicago has erected a sanitarium for the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute at a cost of about $50,000. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mrs. Borden Harriman have given largely to the consumption fight. In Porto Rico, Mrs. Albert Norton Wood, wife of a prominent army officer, stationed at San Juan, has stirred the entire island through the anti-tuberculosis crusade she inaugurated. Mme. Emma Calve is a most enthusiastic worker, and has given largely of her talent and money for the re-

lief of tuberculosis sufferers, and Miss Olga Nethersole has even lectured on tuberculosis. The Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the viceroy of Ireland, was here last year to enlist American aid in the fight against the disease in Ireland. With a wet climate, a low dietary and scanty fuel, the poorer people of Ireland have sought warmth by shutting off ventilation and the results have been lamentable. There are 12,000 victims each year and the disease has a grip on 120,000 of the population.

The Countess of Aberdeen delivered addresses in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, and the Catholic club New York. She also visited Boston and attended the international tuberculosis council of women at Toronto.

And the fight is not only being carried on by women organized in clubs and by the wealthy women, but by the working women in general labor movements and by women who are battling hand to hand with the disease in connection with the religious and philanthropic organizations of the country.

The special tuberculosis nurse, too, is a recent addition to the fighting force enlisted against it, and almost all of these are women. No city campaign is complete today without such a nurse, and on this account hundreds of them are devoting their lives in the unselfish service for the relief of human suffering.

During the past twenty years the mortality in Connecticut alone from tuberculosis has decreased about twenty-five per cent, according to the report of the State board of health. The decrease is attributed to the better modes of living and to a more general knowledge of the infectious character of the disease.

Chinook, Montana.

"KIND WORDS."

JOSEPH D. REISH.

KIND words are as seeds which, when dropped by chance, spring up flowers.

Kind words and a pleasant voice are gifts easy to give, be liberal with them. They are worth more than gold. They are as food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and as "the shelter of a rock in a weary land" to earth's toilers.

What a powerful influence for good kind words wield in the home! Would you have your home a cheerful, hallowed spot within which may ever be found happiness and peace? Then let no harsh words be uttered within its walls. Speak gently to the wearied husband who, with an anxious brow, returns from the perplexities of his daily tasks. Let him, in his turn, speak gently to the careworn wife who, amid her never-ending round of little duties finds rest and encouragement in a few pleasant words.

Speak gently to the wayward child. A pleasant smile and words of kindness carry with them a great influence, and will often lead the wayward one to the path of right.

Speak gently to your hired helpers who lighten your daily toil. Kind words insure respect and affection, while the angry rebuke provokes dislike.

There is nothing in the world like kindness. It makes sunshine wherever it goes. Little drops of rain brighten the meadow, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Never lose an opportunity of saying kind words. Give no pain by your words. Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not the expression to the countenance that will offend another or send a thrill of pain to his bosom.

On the other hand we must seize all opportunities for saying and doing kindness with joy. Our duties we must perform with pleasure; our sacrifices we must make cheerfully, knowing that he who sacrifices most is noblest.

It is impossible to resist continued kindness. Do you have one whom you count as an enemy or one who counts you as his enemy? Heap coals of fire on his head by speaking only kindly to and of him and the enmity will cease.

Always be kind to those about you, and you are sure to win their friendship and respect.

Who can measure the influence of words? A thoughtful writer thus speaks of their power: "The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the seashore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt till time shall be no more. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak. Speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by kind words, holy words, dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your body lies in the grave, but will be felt wider and still wider as years pass away."

Let us then be careful that we speak only kind words to all at all times.

"Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

Denbigh, N. Dak.

ONE HOUSEKEEPER'S PROGRAM.

MRS. J. B. BOSSERMAN.

I WONDER how many of the NOOK readers live in a little two-room shack (and I know some of them do); if they can do their work wholly by systematic planning I should like very much to hear from them.

On Monday morning, after the morning's work is done I look over the clothes that were worn the

day before and put away what does not go in the wash. I prepare my dinner early so as not to be rushed. When the dinner dishes are out of the way I have time to read, sew, or write.

Tuesday morning I churn and attend the butter and work outside. In the afternoon I have nothing especial to do.

Wednesday is my favorite wash day. I have a little boy eighteen months old and when I wash on Monday his little clothes are all dirty before Sunday. Wednesday evening I sprinkle all the starch clothes and have them ready to iron. All other clothes that do not need patching I fold when taken off of the line and put away.

Thursday is usually my baking day, so I do my ironing while the bread is baking. In the afternoon I patch all that need it before I put the clothes away.

Friday it is churning time again and one feels doubly repaid for the work to see the golden butter come from the churn in one large ball.

Saturday morning I sweep, dust and scrub, and bake for Sunday. I always do as much on Saturday as I can to save doing so much on Sunday.

While all of this looks and sounds easy, I find it far from being so. Although we are not blessed with good church privileges we have a union Sunday school which meets every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, where a few of us go to study God's Word.

Burkey, N. Dak.

MY "HOUSEWORK" PROGRAM.

H. D. MICHAEL.

For a "bach" to write of "my housework program," may bring a ripple of laughter; but here it is:

Monday is one of my "busy days." In it all extra work, caused by leaving unnecessary things from Sunday, must be done.

To begin in the morning at my rising hour (usually 4 A. M. through the summer), it would read something like this: As soon as dressed, build a fire. While the stove heats up I spread the bed; then begin to prepare breakfast and what can be done toward an easily and quickly prepared dinner. Breakfast over with, I wash up the dishes, sweep and "tidy up" the house and am ready for my work outside. The first is to care for the chickens. See that they are fed, watered and any other care of them that is required. After a half day's work in the fields or for some employer, I hastily prepare a meal, having made all the preparations in the morning that I could. After dinner the dishes are washed at once. It has never seemed a paying way to leave them to wash later. On my arrival home after the afternoon's work, the first thing on the program is to start the fire. Next I care for the chickens and gather the eggs. After supper I gather up the dirty clothes for the week and put them to soak. The remaining leisure (?) time I use for reading and study.

Tuesday morning when the alarm rings the program is so changed as to permit of the washing being done before breakfast. The regular work must all be done too before going out to work. No dirty dishes or dirty floor must be left unless it is an "emergency" case. Other than the work as given for Monday, I usually make time for study on my sermon for the following Sunday (if I have an appointment for that Sunday). This I must not leave later than Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning the needed baking of cookies, cake or pies for dinners or lunches must be done. The other than "regular" work for that evening is more study on my sermon.

Thursday all extra work is dropped to give time for writing, reading and study.

Friday—"that unlucky day"—for I consider it an "unlucky day," that any man must needs do his own sewing and mending,—is given to all such work that needs attention. All the spare time in the evening is used to prepare for disposing of Saturday's work on short notice. Besides the baking and preparations for easily-prepared meals, a general rearranging must be given the house to not have the same sameness from one week's end to another.

On Sunday, I usually give myself one hour's more sleep because of having all the work done on Saturday evening that I can do toward Sunday's housekeeping. After breakfast the house must be tidied up but no "extra touches" are left for Sunday morning that I can do Saturday evening.

The aforegiven program may give a faint idea of "my plan" but I wish to say I cannot always follow it out to the letter. Outside work sometimes is such that I must needs be away from my house from 5:30 A. M. until 9:30 to 10 o'clock at night. Then the allotted work must sometimes be changed to another day. Usually though I make it a point to do each day's work on that day even though it requires sliding the alarm back an hour or working later at night. Then I can rest easy, knowing all is done. Another thing I always do is to plan my meals while I work at other work or in walking or riding to or from work. Then no time is lost when actual operations begin. Each article used in cooking, housework, etc., is kept in its own place that my hands may do a great share of the work without mental supervision. It is in that way that I often read or plan while I do other work. Then, too, I usually read while I eat my meals even though the

doctors would censure me for it if they knew I did.

But one part of my "housekeeping" I deem of such importance that it must not be forgotten or dispensed with, no matter how other work crowds, —that is my thanksgiving and prayer for divine guidance and help.

Myrtle Point, Oregon.

OVER-EXPOSURE IN THE SUN.

SOME years ago when journeying in Egypt and Palestine, the writer heard the Arabs and dragomen frequently allude to the reckless way in which the American tourists exposed themselves to the midday rays of the burning sun. Some of these tourists found by experience that it was a dangerous thing to do.

People have waked up to a realization that sunlight kills the germs of tuberculosis and is an invaluable agent in the maintenance and promotion of good health. But some people do not realize that there are dangers from our summer sunshine.

The natives of hot countries have long ago found this out and governed their habits accordingly, remaining quietly in the shade during the hours of burning heat. Many people seem prone to think that the heavier the coat of tan they wear on their return from their vacation the thicker are the layers of good health that they have accumulated. They forget that the darkening of the skin caused by sunlight is a definite effort on the part of nature to protect underlying important organs from the destructive chemical action of the sun's rays.

Before nature supplies this pigment, which deposited in the skin protects the individual from solar actinism, the effects are strikingly destructive. The cuticle loses its vitality and is shed. If the exposure to sunlight has been continued for some time all the effects of burn are produced. In sensitive people as the result of the paralyzing effect of the sun's rays, the small nerves that supply the capillaries go out of commission, the circulation is seriously disturbed, leakage of serum from the blood takes place, and there is a large amount of edema. Most people have had experiences that have brought home these effects to them so poignantly that they are not likely to be forgotten nor to be misunderstood.

In spite of these warnings, however, many people think that it is the right thing to go without any covering for the head and with large proportions of the body exposed. Children are encouraged to wander without hats, and the youth of the country, of both sexes, is supposed to be laying up for itself stores of vitality while exposing itself freely to the sun.

It must not be forgotten, however, that in the very hot countries—and none of them are much hotter than our own when we have our genuine torrid weather—people maintain their health by hiding from the sun entirely during three or four hours at least in the hottest part of the day, and whenever they go out into the sun they carefully cover their heads with many folds of woolen cloth. Turbans, after all, are the result of the experience of the people in eastern tropical climates that they are much better for having their heads covered.

Major Woodruff, United States army, whose experiences in the Philippines set him to studying the effects of light, has especially warned against the exposure of the head to sunlight. The skull and the scalp present but very slight obstacles to the passage of dangerously destructive rays of sunlight.

The lighter the color of the hair the truer is this, and very thin hair or shingled hair makes an exposure of the head particularly dangerous. There is a tradition that cutting the hair very short improves its growth and prevents baldness (a tradition the foolishness of which can be seen from the fact that it is women who almost never have their hair cut who are also never bald), that is responsible for many men having their hair trimmed very close for the summer vacation. This is extremely dangerous.—*Healthy Home.*

HOW TO KEEP BABY HEALTHY AND SMILING IN THE HOT SUMMERTIME.

HERE are the suggestions of the national capital's health department on "How to Keep the Baby Well in the Summer Time." Mother's milk as an infant's food has no equal. Do not give the baby any other food before it is ten months old. Do not begin to wean the baby in hot weather. Feed him at regular hours; do not feed him every time he cries. Until four or five weeks old, he should be fed every two hours during the day, and once or twice in the night. If bottle feeding is necessary, it should be under the direction of a physician. Milk should be pasteurized. Cow's milk should be modified. Canned and bottled foods for infants, as a rule, are objectionable. All food should be lukewarm. Always boil the bottle immediately before refilling it. Children need water as much as adults. Give baby all the fresh water he wants—but never ice water.

"Do not give a child under two years old ham, bacon, pork, cabbage, pickles, tea, or coffee, bananas, berries, or other fruit, except orange or prune juice, and stewed or baked apples. Do not give any cake or candy or ice cream. Baby needs plenty of pure air at all times. Keep him out of doors when possible—if not in a well ventilated room. Always protect baby's eyes from the bright light. Put him to sleep at regular hours each day. He should always sleep in a bed by himself. Never give him soothing sirup. In hot weather have the clothing light and cool. Give the

baby a tub bath every day in tepid water. Wash the mouth at least twice a day with a soft cloth wet with a mixture of baking soda and water."

THE ANT PEST.

ANTS can usually be easily killed by pouring kerosene or boiling water into their nests when found. But often the nests are in lawns or under sidewalks, and therefore a different kind of a remedy is needed for these special needs. "You can get rid of these pests with certainty, and very easily, by making holes in the ant hills to a depth of a foot or a foot and one-half, and pouring in a liquid known as bisulphide of carbon. Use about one-half teacupful of this to each hill, making the holes two or three feet apart, in accordance with the size of the ant hill and the porosity of the ground. For a heavy clay soil, they must be nearer, but for a light, sandy soil, they can be nearly three feet apart. These holes can be made with a sharpened stick. A broom handle, pointed at the end, will answer the purpose. After the liquid has been poured in, close the holes with earth, and also keep the mound covered with a wet blanket for an hour or two. The treatment will not injure vegetation, but it will kill the ants." Remember, however, that bisulphide of carbon generates a vapor which is explosive and also dangerous to breathe. Be careful.

Other remedies for ants: 1. Moisten sponges with sweetened water and drop these into boiling water whenever the ants cover them. 2. Many substances are recommended to place on shelves to drive away ants. Among these are red pepper, powered borax, walnut leaves, cedar oil, pennyroyal, oil of cloves, etc., but nothing is so good as destroying the nest (if it can be found). 3. What is said to be an effective cure for red ants is the following: Five cents' worth of tartar emetic, mixed with an equal quantity of white sugar, moistened with cold water, and set about in small dishes on the shelves where ants are troublesome. They will disappear very quickly, and the mixture can be put away to be moistened and used again whenever needed.—*Farm Journal.*

TEMPER AND WILL.

A "HIGH temper" and a strong will are not such deplorable characteristics as some mothers seem to think, for many times the most remarkable characters are a result of the combination of these two traits. A temper which "goes all to pieces at nothing" may be so wisely trained as to be a source of helpful energy, and a stubborn will, "which won't listen to reason," may become a well-poised controlling power, which will be the balance wheel of life. So, instead of letting the headstrong, peppery little individual take the reins into its own hands, while mother looks on and says, "I can't do a thing with him, he's so headstrong," let mother wisely and prayerfully study herself and the child that the two natures may be adjusted so as to be helpful, and it is a question which will develop the more, the child who is guided into the right course, or the mother whose tender nature unfolds so graciously in her task.—*Selected.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH.

DECAY of the teeth is not a disease which has its origin in modern methods of living, for toothache, with its pangs, dates back as far as history can be traced, and never has the human race suffered so universally from any other malady as it has from dental disorders.

Until recently the real cause of tooth decay was not known. Many theories were advanced, but none permanently accepted until Dr. Miller of Berlin, after many thorough and exhaustive researches, made the announcement that he had discovered that decay of the teeth is directly traceable to the formation of lactic acid between and about the teeth, as a result of fermentation or decomposition of food left on their surfaces.

Now, to come to the practical point and tell our readers how to preserve their teeth, add greatly to their personal appearance, and improve their general health. Have your teeth cleaned and their surfaces thoroughly polished, taking care that all deposits of tartar are removed from the necks of the teeth and from under the free margin of the gums.

Every cavity should be filled, and any roots or teeth that are too far gone to be saved should be removed at once; otherwise, they will contaminate the breath, act as breeding-places for bacteria, and cause other teeth to decay.

The dentist having done his share of the work, it is necessary that you do yours in order that his work may be a success. If you have no toothbrush, lose no time in obtaining a good one, with moderately soft bristles, and some reliable dentifrice. A liquid mouth wash is very good to use evenings before retiring, as it percolates between the teeth more thoroughly than does the powder or paste, and neutralizes any acid that remains. Do not depend on a liquid dentifrice to keep the surfaces of your teeth clean. It is necessary to use a paste or powder at least once a day to do this.

Above all, remember that decay is caused by fermentation and lactic-acid production, the result of food left on the teeth.

Teeth decay very little during the day, as there is a large amount of saliva always present, which dilutes any acid almost as soon as formed. At night when we are asleep, the salivary glands are at rest, and there is very little saliva present in the mouth. If the surfaces of the teeth are covered with food, it will

ferment during the night, and the resulting acid not being diluted by the saliva, will cause decay. Hence, it is important to remove the food from your teeth before retiring, by brushing them, using tooth-paste, powder or liquid. These dentifrices are alkaline in reaction, and will neutralize any acid that may be present in the mouth.

Try this method of preserving your teeth, and you will find it lessens your expenses, preserves your beauty, and improves your health.—*J. S. Frost, D. D. S., in Life and Health.*

* * *

"OLD VIRGINIA SALAD DRESSING.—(Good and very easy to make.) One egg well beaten, scant teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt, pinch of black pepper; beat all well together; add a small cup of vinegar, stirring all the time, then a spoonful of butter; set on the stove and cook until about as thick as cream; stir while cooking to keep it nice and smooth. Fine for potatoes, lettuce or any other salads."

The Children's Corner

A SURPRISE FOR MOTHER.

ONE day Dorothy and Bob felt lonely. This was because the mother had such a headache that she was lying down in her room, and most of the time her eyes were shut. It was rather dark in there; but the door was open, and, when Bob peeped in through the crack, he could see his mother.

At last he whispered, very low indeed, "Do you feel better?" but his mother did not hear. He went away a minute, then back he came and tried whispering again; but she did not hear that low whisper. After another minute he spoke louder, but not a bit loud, and he said: "Mother, are you better?" and right away she said:

"Yes, Bobby. Want to come in and see me?"

So he went in as softly as anything, and she took hold of his hand, and he put his head on the pillow. So they talked a few minutes, and his mother said:

"Pretty soon, I shall be well enough to go out to the playroom couch."

"That will be good," said Bob. He went away then, so that she could get a little nap; and, when he was out of the room, he began to cut up at a great rate, hopping, whirling around, dancing on one foot and then on the other. Doffie came slowly up the stairs, being very quiet, and Bob told her: "Mother's all better! She's all better! So you needn't look that way any more, like a—like a frog, Doffie."

Doffie began to laugh a little bit then. "I don't look like a frog, Bobbie," she said. "People couldn't look like frogs."

"Yes, you do; yes you do—you did. Frogs have their mouths pulled away down at the ends: you did, too, Doffie."

"Be careful, Bobbie," said Dorothy. "You'll wake mother."

"She's coming out to the playroom couch pretty soon," said Bob.

"Oh! then I'll get it ready for her," said Doffie.

She did. She spread out things all ready—pillows and the things to cover her mother.

Bobbie watched her. He didn't know what he could do. "Let me do something, Doffie," he said. "I could do something."

"Couldn't you get a tumbler of fresh, cold water?" said Doffie, "and put it on a chair up here at the head of the couch? She might like a drink when she comes."

"She might," said Bobbie; "yes, sir, she might. She might like to have the sun shut out, too, Doffie. Her room is dark because her head aches so."

"Yes," said Doffie. "We'll shut the blinds of this window, because this would shine right in her face and eyes. Are your blocks all picked up nicely, and other things? Let's see." They both looked all around—corners, chairs, bookshelves. They put every place in that playroom in good order.

"Looks fine!" Bobbie declared.

"Yes," Doffie said. "But—one thing more, Bob, one thing more—flowers."

"Oh, I should say so," said Bob.

They went down to the garden, and they picked bachelors' buttons because they were sure that their mother liked those. Just as soon as those were in a tumbler on the table, Bob said, peering out of the door: "I hear mother! Mother's coming now."

Then he ran, and Dorothy ran, too. Their mother put one hand in Dorothy's and the other on Bob's head, and they walked into the playroom and over to the couch.

"Why, how lovely the playroom looks!" the mother said. "Well, well, what good nurses I have—everything is comfortable! so pretty, too! I should like a drink of fresh water, please, Bob." And there it was close by her.

"And my pillows just right," she said, lying back, "and the dear bachelors' buttons—so many colors, all so fresh!"

"Are you getting better?" asked Bob.

"Yes, every minute, fast. Must be all well when Daddy come home, mustn't I?"

"You can tell him you had good nurses," said Bob.

"To be sure I can," said his mother. And so she did.—*Christian Register.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Beginning with the sailing from New York on Aug. 9 of the steamship Rotterdam, the Holland-America Line, which operates between New York, Boulogne and Rotterdam, will make Plymouth a port of call. This new service applies only to the two fastest of the Holland-America fleet—the Rotterdam and the Nieuw Amsterdam.

The report from the United States that the German government has taken a stand in opposition to the United States in dealing with the internal affairs of the republic of Nicaragua is emphatically denied at the foreign office. It is officially explained that a letter from the emperor of Germany to Dr. Madriz, claimant to the Nicarauguan presidency, and which was made public by the overjoyed Nicaraguan, was merely a formal acknowledgment of a notice received from Madriz announcing his election as Zelaya's successor.

. Trade of the United States with its noncontiguous territories aggregated about $190,000,000 in value in the fiscal year just ended, against a little more than $35,000,000 in 1897. For the eleven months of the fiscal year for which the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor has accurate figures, the shipments from the United States to its noncontiguous territories (Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam, Midway, Tutuila and Alaska) amounted to $75,000,000, and the shipments therefrom to the United States $96,666,000.

The Chicago Postal Savings Bank is to be open and ready for business on Jan. 1, 1911. The board of trustees provided by the recent act of Congress is drafting rules and regulations for the operation of the new bank. It probably will be conducted much along the lines of the money order division, although many new features will be added. The postal savings banks of Europe, which for several years have been conducted successfully, will be drawn upon for ideas. Several postal officials have been in the old country investigating the methods employed in these saving institutions and will return to this country within a short time to make their recommendations.

Prospect of another battle for power in Zion City is seen with the arrival in Chicago of "King" Dowie, professed brother of the late John Alexander—"Elijah II"—and claimant to the throne of a South Sea island. It is the intention of "King" Dowie to overthrow Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva. The Dowie estate in Zion City, according to a recent ruling of Judge Landis, is to be sold to Cobe & McKinnon, real estate dealers, by Receiver Guy D. Thomas for $700,000, and under contract with Cobe & McKinnon, Voliva is to repurchase it for $900,000, payable in eight years. Though it is believed that the second Dowie has not a great deal of capital, it is reported that he talks much of his South Sea monarchy and his ability to raise money.

The American process of reducing milk to a powder has now been introduced into Norway. One of the new companies formed has contracted to deliver 300 tons of dry milk each year for three years to an English firm. The dry milk is used largely for invalids and convalescents, on ships on long voyages, because of its keeping qualities under all climatic conditions and its convenience of transportation.

The authoritative announcement that Governor Campbell of Texas will submit to the special session of the legislature that convened July 19 the subject of reducing the railroad passenger fare to 2 cents has caused a stir in political and railroad circles. The fare is now 3 cents and an unsuccessful effort was made at the last regular and special sessions of the legislature to reduce it to 2 cents in the fulfillment of the governor's recommendations. The specific purpose named in the call for the extraordinary session is to amend or repeal the fire insurance rating board law.

General Manager W. H. Myers of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the committees representing the 15,000 trainmen and conductors employed on the lines east of Pittsburg have agreed on a basis for the settlement of the wage controversy. Each side claims to have gained all it had been contending for. The company virtually agreed to the terms of the New York Central award. The proposition accepted by the men includes a minimum day of ten hours. The classification of exceptional runs and the question of overtime are to be decided between members of the committees and the division superintendents. It was further agreed the men would be guaranteed twenty-six days' work a month. An official of the company stated that by readjusting the runs they can pay the new rate without greatly increasing the expenses of the company.

A. G. Seyfert, United States consul at Owen Sound, has compiled statistics which show the wonderful growth of the Dominion of Canada. He says: "In less than fifteen years the exports of wheat from Canada to the British Empire have grown from 9,000,000 bushels to 46,000,000 and the exports to other countries in the same time from 9,000,000 to 50,000,000. The total agricultural development for the year 1909 was 30,000,000 acres of land, yielding crops valued at $532,000,000, an increase of more than $100,000,000 over the previous year. During 1909 Canada imported goods to the value of $300,000,000, two-thirds of which came from the United States. The exports reached $224,000,000, of which Great Britain took $127,000,000 and the United States $85,000,000. The silver production for 1908 was $11,000,000 and that of copper, nickel and cobalt $25,000,000. During 1909 the number of declared settlers who arrived in Canada was 152,071. Of this number 72,349 came from the United States and 47,580 from the United Kingdom."

Among cities of its size, San Antonio holds the 1909-10 record on undelivered mail matter. Letters and packages found to be non-deliverable by the postoffice during the last fiscal year reached the tremendous total of 42,495 pieces. Of these 26,525 had no return address and for this reason had to be sent to the dead letter office.

Figured on the basis of averages, the wage earners and salaried workers of Germany are annually getting into debt, their incomes not being sufficient to cover the cost of living. The Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of labor, has just received a report on the cost of living of families of moderate income in Germany during 1907 and 1908. It shows that the average annual income of 852 families which kept accurate accounts for a full year was $521.72, while the average annual expenditure was $531.70, resulting in an average deficit of $9.98.

The Columbia, Mo., University Dining Club, a student organization, is serving 21 meals of wholesome food for $2.12½, or a fraction over 10 cents each, and its members claim that it is demonstrating the truth of the assertion that the "high cost of living" is partly due to high standards of living. The club serves 450 students with prunes, oatmeal, potatoes, toast, coffee and creamery butter for breakfast, sweet potatoes, navy beans, cornbread, radishes, lettuce, fruit salad and butter for dinner, and sausage, potatoes, biscuits, tea, butter and apple sauce for supper. The meals, of course, vary, the foregoing being merely a sample menu that was served recently.

The Wisconsin legislative committee on industrial insurance has decided to redraft its tentative bills published in May and incorporate some valuable suggestions received since that time. The committee decided to have the employers bear the full cost of insurance without contributions from the employes, and to require the latter to elect, at the time of hiring or when the act goes into effect, whether to operate under it or to stand on their common law rights of recovery. The committee will not combine the general bill creating the new system of insurance with the law limiting the defenses for injuries to employes. After the bills have been drafted they will be submitted to experts in this country and abroad for further suggestions before being presented to the legislature.

A conference, the ultimate outcome of which is expected to be the establishment of an international railway commission which will have supervisory authority over the railroads operating across the Canadian boundary, is to be held shortly between Martin A. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, and Chairman J. P. Mabee of the Railway Commission of Canada. Knapp has been officially appointed by the state department to represent the United States at the conference, which will be the outcome of more than one year's diplomatic negotiations. Both the Canadian and the United States railway boards have been frequently embarrassed by problems arising from the international character of several railroads. Canadian roads are acquiring terminals in this country and American roads are doing the same thing in Canada. At present it is impossible to compel either railroads or express companies to establish joint through rates from points in one country to points in the other. Even when these rates are unreasonable, there is no court or other body in either country which has jurisdiction or which is enabled to correct the abuse. The only solution of the problem, Canada maintains, is to establish an international railway commission.

The application of the supposedly final ruling of President Taft on what constitutes whisky may be suspended for some time as the result of the restraining order issued by Louisiana courts acting on a petition of representatives of the so-called whisky trust. The whisky interests contend that the government has no right to dictate that whisky shall be made only from the grain, that the Treasury Department discriminates in its rulings, and that there is no reason why whisky made from sawdust, potato parings or any other such material should not be in the same taxable status as whisky made from grain. The petitioners want the entire government proceedings in the matter suspended pending a final determination of the test case instituted through the bill of equity in the Louisiana courts.

Additional withdrawals of coal land just made by President Taft bring the total of such withdrawals up to 71,518,588 acres, all of which, however, is still open to agricultural entry under a limited surface patent. The geological survey has classified and appraised 10,210,082 acres of this land and finds its total valuation, under the system of separating agricultural and mining rights, is $449,887,208, as compared with $170,063,765, which would be the minimum value that the government could have obtained from it under the old system. The amount of coal lands in Alaska which are affected by the President's withdrawal orders can not be definitely known until the survey of that territory is completed, but it is estimated by Secretary Ballinger of the interior department to be about 770,000 acres..

Persistent rumors that the United States, Great Britain and Germany feared the new Russo-Japanese treaty was a violation of the open-door policy in Manchuria and China has been effectually squelched by the receipt of a copy of the treaty and by a statement of Count Komura, Japanese minister of foreign affairs, to Thomas J. O'Brien, United States minister at Tokio, declaring that no agreement of a secret nature, directed against American or other interests, has been signed by Russia and Japan. The treaty, the Japanese foreign office says, in transmitting it to the state department, is merely a new pledge of stability and general peace in the East. The treaty provides:

"Article 1. With the object of facilitating communication and developing the commerce of nations, the two high contracting parties mutually engage to lend each other their friendly coöperation with a view to the amelioration of their respective railway lines in Manchuria and the improvement of the connecting service of said railways and to abstain from all competition prejudicial to the realization of this object.

"Article 2. Each of the high contracting parties engages to maintain and respect the status quo in Manchuria resulting from the treaties, conventions and other arrangements concluded up to this day between Japan and Russia, or between either of these two powers and China.

"Article 3. In case that any event arises of a nature to menace the status quo above mentioned, the two high contracting parties shall in each case enter into communication with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to the measures they may judge it necessary to take for the maintenance of the said status quo."



NATURE STUDIES



MY WOODLAND FRIENDS.

As I go singing all alone
  Down woodland paths, so green and cool,
That end through flickering sun and shade,
  By rushing brook or silent pool,

The tall trees seem to bend their tops,
  The pine-cones tumble at my feet,
The nodding ferns stand quietly,
  As though they wished my song to greet.

And in some dim and shadowy cove,
  The wild lobelia, flaming red,
Stands listening on its slender stem,
  Or waves a welcome from its bed.

The squirrel peeps from out the leaves,
  The sun comes stealing through to see
Who dares to hush the wild bird's song
  And saunter by so carelessly.

So, as I wander all alone
  Through dusky paths that bend and wind,
I move amid a company
  Of wildwood friends, most dear and kind.

—Gertrude Crownfield, in St. Nicholas.

THE BARN SWALLOW.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

Some of the voluntary occupants of the barn are the swallows. The farmer seldom plans to accommodate these little fellows, but that does not discourage them. These birds do not like cold weather and consequently migrate. They leave for warmer climate in the autumn, but return in the spring on a beautiful May day. Much surprised and yet much delighted is the farmer to discover that his cheery friends have returned. In fact, some of these swallows were his boon companions the previous summer.

Many times the barn would seem lonely and desolate were it not for the twitter and stir of the swallows.

I remember that when I played the part of a farmer, I would enjoy a rest lying on the haymow watching the cunning, artful tricks of the swallows.

Close beneath the roof they would fly many rounds of the barn. Many nests were built about the rafters and an occasional nest was adorned with attractive youngsters. These little fellows were old enough to fly, and consequently the parents would fly back and forth past the mud nest, coaxing them to try their wings. The little ones flew but a short distance at first. However, they soon had confidence in their wings and soon were skillful in the art.

I well remember of plowing when toward the close of day these little friends would fly backward and forward, sometimes with a sudden turn to the side, or dart upward and then downward, turn corners, or slip between the horses, barely escaping my head. Perhaps they were catching insects, but they were also making the day seem shorter, and the work easier.

The farmer has no better friend nor more hard-working servant than the swallow, for he is at work from four o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, catching flies and insects which are pestering cattle or destroying fruit and vegetables. The farmer should recognize them as friends and boys should not harm them.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

THE COLLECTION AND PRESERVATION OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

The most beautiful members of that very large zoological class termed insects are butterflies and moths. Because of their beauty they have always received more or less attention from collectors, young and old. Many have started to gather these insects, but because of lack of the knowledge of how to preserve them, their so-called collections have spoiled, and the specimens have become broken and moth-eaten. In the following words I shall endeavor to describe, without the use of scientific terms, a method in which to preserve their captures, and which gives such pleasing results that the finished labor will be a source of enjoyment, both to the collector and his friends.

The specimens must be caught before being preserved; therefore, it will be most convenient to begin with a description of the primary requisite for this work.

The Net.—The frame or rim of the net is easily made from a piece of iron or telegraph wire about forty-two inches long. This wire is bent in the form of a loop, leaving two straight ends, each about four inches long. Some sort of rod is then needed for a handle. A broom handle answers the purpose but a rod about an inch in diameter and five feet long can be procured at any lumber yard for a few

cents. Through this rod about half an inch from the top a hole is drilled. The straight ends of the wire are pushed through this hole, one from either side. The projecting ends are fastened against the handle with staples or wire wound around. Only the making of the bag remains. For this purpose tarletan or other fine netting of a brown or green color should be used. Mosquito netting is rather coarse and should not be used, as it scratches the wings of the insects. The bag should be about twenty inches deep and the bottom rounded. It may then be attached to the rim by means of tape.

How to Kill the Insect.—When the insect is fluttering in the net, the question arises how to kill it painlessly and quickly. This may be accomplished in several ways. Most collectors use a cyanide bottle, which is prepared in the following manner: Into a wide-mouthed glass are placed a few lumps of cyanide of potassium. Upon these is poured plaster of Paris to the depth of one inch. When the plaster is dry the bottle is tightly corked, and must not be left uncorked. The body of the insect is gently held between the thumb and index finger and a drop of chloroform is dropped upon its head from a vial carried in the pocket. The insect immediately stops its fluttering and may then be taken from the net and placed in the cyanide bottle, where it will quickly die. However, care must be taken in all these operations not to bruise the wings of the butterfly or moth. There are serious objections to this mode because the cyanide is poisonous, and even the fumes, if inhaled, will prove dangerous. Although this method may yield good results to some collectors, I have always used a simpler and more effective way. A bottle with a medicine dropper as a cork is filled with benzine or gasoline. The insect is secured in the same manner as previously explained, and a generous dose of benzine is administered, which kills instantly. The benzine will spread over the whole specimen, but soon evaporates and leaves the insect none the worse for the bath. When the insect is dead, it is placed in a paper envelope.

Some of the large moths have greasy bodies, and will, therefore, have to be degreased. This may be done by placing the envelopes containing the insects in gasoline for twenty-four hours or more.

Spreading the Insects.—If on reaching home there is time to spread the insects caught during the day, they should be taken out of the papers and treated in the following way: For use in spreading, a perfectly flat board with an absolutely smooth surface, some insect pins, some pieces of plate glass of different sizes, and a few needles stuck into match sticks are needed. The insect is taken between the thumb and the index finger, and an insect pin is pushed through the thorax. With broad-tipped tweezers, which may be purchased at any instrument maker's for a small sum, the wings are taken hold of where they join the body, and are gently bent open until they remain in a horizontal position. Then the insect is placed upon the board and the pin is pushed in. Now a pin is inserted behind the heavy vein, and the wing is gently drawn forward until its base is perpendicular to the body. The pin is pushed into the wood. This operation is repeated with the other wings, and strips of glass are placed on them to press them flat. The pin which was first thrust through the thorax is now gently extracted. While the pin is being withdrawn, the pieces of glass should be held with the thumb and the first finger of one hand. The insects are left on this board for a week or two, and may then be removed for mounting. If the insects have been left for any length of time in the triangular papers, they must first be relaxed or softened. This may be done by placing them over night between moist cloths in a box, adding a few drops of carbolic acid to prevent mildew. They should then be spread in the manner previously explained.

Mounting.—The last step in the preservation of the insects is the mounting. There are various ways in which this may be done, but the writer knows of none better than that invented by Denton Brothers of Wellesley, Mass. Cases of glass are made, varying in size with the size of the insect to be inclosed. These cases permit of a clear view of both the upper and under side of the specimen, as the top and bottom are made of glass. The insect is supported by its wings on a glass shelf. When the insect is placed in position, the top which is hinged at one edge is closed over it and is sealed with the passe-partout binding which forms the sides of the box. So simple is this method of mounting, that even a child can obtain very fine results. The mounts can be obtained at prices ranging from five cents up. There is another mount with which good results can be obtained—the Riker insect mount. These mounts consist of a neat cardboard box having a glass top cover and filled with fine cotton batting, in which the insect is readily embedded. The glass cover when closed holds the insect in place. The only objection to these mounts is that both sides of the insect are not visible, and therefore two specimens will have to be mounted to show both the upper and under sides. Riker mounts may be obtained from all instrument makers having a natural history department.

Collection of Specimens.—Now that the method of mounting and preserving the insects is known the next thing to be done is the collecting of specimens. Butterflies may be found in the open fields which are covered with wild flowers or in the sunny openings in the woods. Here the collector must stalk them. Never run after a butterfly. You probably will not catch it, and moreover may scare others resting near. As soon as the butterfly alights upon a flower, approach it carefully until within about five feet, then with a

rapid sweep of the net capture it. The moths are harder to find because they fly at night. The method most often resorted to by collectors is known as sugaring. A mixture of brown sugar, stale beer, and molasses is made, and at dusk is painted upon the trees. In a few hours, if the locality is productive, the moths will be hovering about the trees in abundance, keeping the collector busy half the night.

Naming and Classifying.—When the insects are mounted they will have to be named and classified. Butterflies and moths belong to the order called *Lepidoptera.* Few people know the difference between butterflies and moths. There are several great differences. In the first place, all butterflies have club-shaped antennæ or feelers, that is, the feelers terminate in a club. All members of the order Lepidoptera which have not club-shaped antennæ are moths. In the second place, all butterflies are diurnal, that is, they fly by day, while most of the moths are nocturnal, or fly by night. Several minor differences may be noted, the first of which is, that butterflies generally hold their wings erect when at rest, whereas most of the moths fold them down. Secondly, butterflies transform from the caterpillar stage to the winged stage in a naked chrysalis, and moths have a covering, no matter how primitive, which is called a cocoon.

Reference Work.—In all entomological work standard books are necessary in order to identify the specimens. Dr. Holland's Butterfly book and his Moth are standard American works, and in them may be found colored plates comprising pictures of most of the butterflies and moths of North America, north of Mexico, with pictures of their caterpillars, chrysalids, and cocoons.—*Scientific American.*

WHERE BAD BOYS ARE MADE OVER.

(Continued from Page 705.)

many houses, some of them two and three stories high, with towers and verandas all neat and clean and all built by the boys and the "brothers." And it is not a home for the children of the poor alone. Here we find sons of counts, barons and millionaires working in a separate building, the Weinberg (vineyard). But only the unmanageable, criminally inclined, evil-minded, such as we in America place in the industrial and reform schools, are admitted. Those who can afford it must pay for their maintenance, but there is no charge for the poor. They are permitted to stay in the institution until their twenty-first year, when they are expected to be able to make an honorable living.

The principle on which the colony works is this: Keep the boys busy with hard, physical work from morning until night so that they have no time for bad thoughts. Tire them out so that they are glad to go to sleep early in the evening. Treat them with firmness, but in all things, remember that love is the predominant spirit which rules the entire colony.—*C. T. Wettstein, in Christian Herald.*

THE COST OF COMMODITIES.

TAKE any commodity you please—a loaf of bread,—and trace it back. The baker got his flour from an agent of a flour trust. The flour trust got its wheat from a grain elevator trust, and its barrel from a cooperage trust, which got its lumber from a lumber trust and its nails from a nail trust. The machinery, by means of which the wheat was ground and the barrel was cut out and put together and the nails were stamped, came from various machinery trusts. These machinery trusts were in turn supplied by sundry iron and steel "combines," and they, again, depended upon certain mining monopolies. At every stage railways were used—and railway competition has been worse than abolished, what with the pooling and secret rebate arrangements.

Now, upon each of these many, many trusts that united to make that loaf of bread possible you will find saddled enormous fixed charges. In most cases the greater part of their fixed charges is dividends and interest upon stocks and bonds that represent not a dollar invested in the industry!—*David Graham Phillips in Success.*

BETWEEN WHILES.

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "your face is dirty again today. What would you say should I come to school with my face dirty?" "I'd be too polite," explained Jimmie, "to say anything about it."

Expert Opinion.—"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am sure our garden is going to be a success."

"So soon?"

"Yes, the chickens have tasted everything, and they are perfectly enthusiastic."—Washington Star.

The "Bo'n Oratah."—It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house."

To which the Majah replied:

"General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh—and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment—the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh,—the result is fo'.' That's a bo'n oratah."—Lyceumite.

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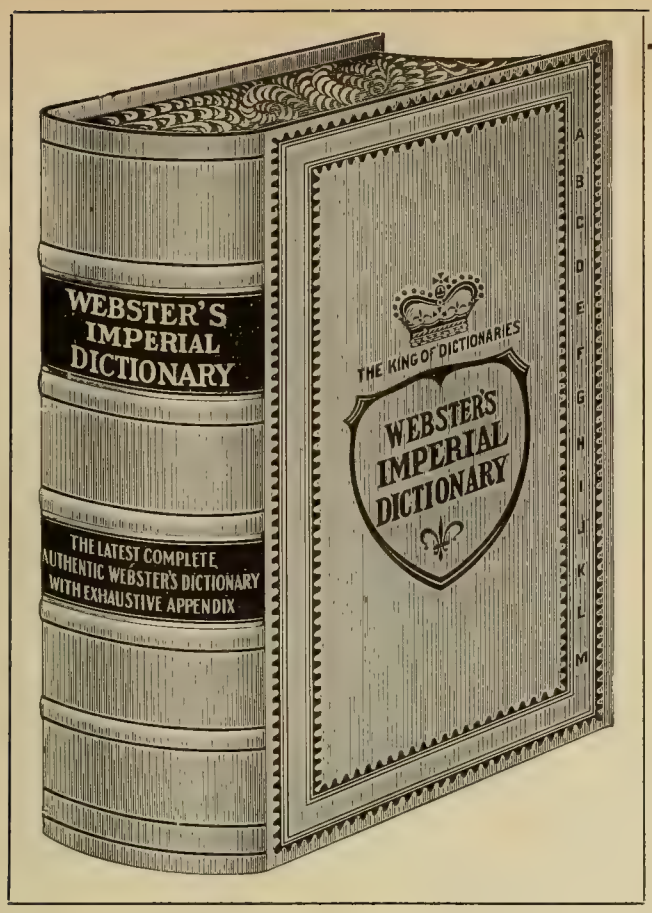
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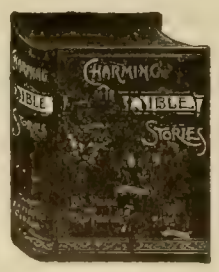
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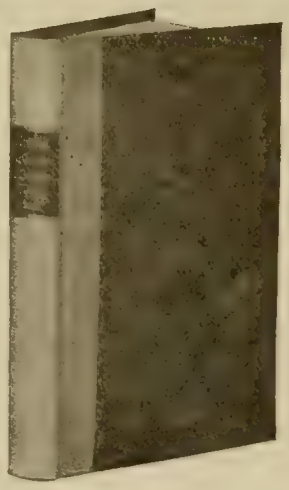
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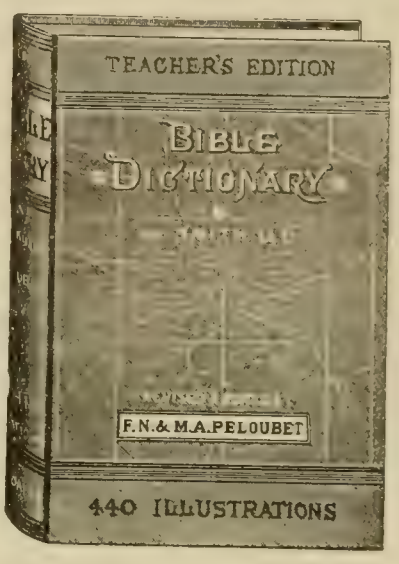
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In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R.R.
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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The Rescue Mission

B. F. Heckman

Number 3. Methods of Work.

WHILE the great aim to be sought is the salvation of the men who have fallen through drink and its kindred evils, various methods are used in accomplishing this aim. Just as various denominations have different methods in their work, just so when the different denominations establish rescue missions the genius of the denominations enters into the work. However, there is a general method followed because of the nature of rescue work. But aside from denominational lines there are various kinds of missions about which it will be interesting to learn some facts.

The first class to be noticed is that which has a mission room only. A gospel service is held every night in the year, no matter how stormy, no matter how hot or how cold. The mission worker recognizes these extremes in weather, especially cold, to be the opportune time to reach the man who has nowhere to lay his head, but must wander about the streets day and night. Perhaps he has not enough clothes with which to keep warm, or his shoes are worn through so that the snow may enter. The cheerful fire of the mission with its songs and prayers and words of hope though regularly hated and despised before, is a welcome place to remain for an hour or two, if no longer. More than one man has been led to the Savior, not because he went into the mission to hear a sermon, but because there was no other place to go. His money was all gone so he was not welcome at the saloon any longer. This class of missions is untiring in their zeal of holding out a hope to the men who are in distress and need a power by which they may be rid of sin. There are several missions in Chicago of this class. They are doing a noble work. More than one man looks back to one of these missions and calls it blessed because there he was shown a better way. But farther than the mission room little is done. Perhaps the workers out of pity buy some poor man a bed or a meal to relieve immediate necessities. But most of the workers support themselves and give so much of their time to this work that they have little more than enough to supply their own needs.

Let us note the second class of missions. The chapel room is also the most important feature, for if souls are not saved, whatever else is done is not worth the while. Gospel services are held every night in the year also. But when the service is over the men need not go to the street, or to the barrel house—the cheapest and worst sort of saloon—but they may secure lodging at the mission. However, the mission gives no bed or meal free of charge. If a man has ten cents he may pay cash for the bed or meal. If he has no money he may do some work next morning for his bed and breakfast. Take for example the man who means business when he goes to the altar. Then he is given a chance to earn his board and lodging, and to learn to walk more truly after the Master in the evening services and in the Bible classes. He also practices cleanliness, for he, as well as every other man who sleeps in the mission, must take a bath every night before retiring and his clothes are placed in the fumigator. Then, when a man has been in the mission for a few days and proves that he wants a chance to do right and live a Christian life the superintendent of the mission helps him to find respectable work. The man still lodges and boards at the mission. It serves as his headquarters as the saloon did before. He attends every service possible and when he proves good is urged to affiliate himself with some church, for he needs its associations and privileges. Of course the mission needs his testimonies, but his own salvation must be sure first.

This is called an Industrial Mission. It provides different kinds of manual labor in order that any man, no matter how drunk or sober he may be, may have a chance to "get right with God" and "make good" with decent people. But in all its methods the Industrial Mission recognizes its religious work of most importance, and makes use of every possible means to get men to regard it in the same way. The main entrance, and in fact the only entrance to the lodging department is through the chapel. If a man wants a bed, whether

he pays cash for it or not, he must attend the services in the chapel first.

There is a third class of missions in which the industrial part is carried almost to the extreme, or at any rate to almost the exclusion of any thing else. When a man comes he is asked whether he wants to make good. If he does he is asked whether or not he will do a certain piece of work. If willing he is dressed in decent clothes and is sent to work. He secures wages, but is allowed to come back to the mission for his board and lodging, until he has earned enough to make his own way. Then he may repay the mission or not, just as he likes. No public religious service is held at all. However, personal work is done in which every man is urged to go back to his own church and be restored again in the proper way. If a man is not a Christian he is shown the beauty of the Christian life and urged to accept it. This is not strictly speaking a rescue mission, at least not in the generally accepted understanding of what the rescue mission is.

There is another institution which I wish to mention here. It has no claim to religious work of any kind, though it comes into direct touch with rescue mission work. This place is known as the Municipal Lodging House, found in almost every large city. Chicago has one, and it must be said that it is rather a hindrance than a help to the gospel missions. Any man may come to this lodging house for a bed, providing he gets in by ten o'clock at night. In the office are kept pictures of criminals who are hunted by police officers and detectives. As the men come into the house they must pass the gauntlet of officers. Every man is suspected and watched closely. As a result of this method very few of the worst criminals come to this house, though they are welcomed and often converted at religious institutions. No charge is made for the beds, and meals which consist of coffee and bread. Every man must be up and out on the street by seven o'clock in the morning. This institution really makes men worse instead of better. Why? In the first place the Municipal Lodging House is officered by the henchmen or favorites of the mayor without regard to the men's fitness for such a place. Early this spring a brother and myself visited a place of this kind and found the man in charge to have a very strong smell of liquor upon his breath. He is a politician rather than a friend of the unfortunate man. More than that, for a professional drunk to have a place to sleep at night without charge only makes him the more able to continue the debauch the next day.

Any institution that does not stand for the conversion to Jesus Christ cannot be recommended by the Christian. There are institutions in Chicago which help men to reform and live moral lives. When one of these men reach this point they are harder to reach for God than before. So then the Social Settlement work, and that of its class are really hindering the evangelization of the world.

One more mission that deserves mention is one that has neither chapel room nor industrial work. It is known as the Midnight Mission. Its workers have a prayer room. In it they have special seasons of prayer for themselves, for those they have already helped, and for those they hope to help. This mission conducts its services on the streets in the most immoral places in Chicago. Real gospel songs are sung, real gospel sermons are preached and real living testimonies are given by men who have been snatched from "hell and the grave." Services are commenced rather late in the evening and continued as long as the men will listen, —very frequently until long after midnight. Thousands of young men hear the Gospel preached. Some are convicted of sin, and if truly repentant they will kneel in the dust of the street and pray for forgiveness. The midnight cry of the workers condemns the sin as shown in God's Word and shows the result of it in this world and in the world to come. Besides this service the workers do personal work among the fallen.

It will yet be well for us to note how the nightly services are conducted in the missions. During the summer months when the weather will permit the service is commenced on the street, in close proximity to the mission. In front of some saloon many men hear the gospel message who never enter a mission room. At an opportune time the men are invited to the mission room where the service is continued and an appeal is made to the men to accept Christ. At the beginning of the meeting several songs are sung. These make a special appeal to the men. It is not the grand, classic-trained singer that gets into their hearts, but the humble, consecrated singer makes an impression that will hardly be erased. The good old hymns are liked best by these men. After an earnest prayer a chance is given to every Christian to give expression to God's goodness to them. "Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so." Men who have been tramps, and vagabonds, and drunkards, and criminals, once fugitives from justice, tell how they have been saved from their past lives of sin. It is an inspiring service and men cannot but feel that there is still a hope for them. This part of the service over, some one who has the love of souls in his heart, preaches a short, life-giving sermon. It must not be sentimental, for such men have no time to listen to a sermon unless it touches their life in a practical way. They are eager to know the way to escape their bondage. They need proof that there is a hope. In our own experience we have found that the closer the preacher sticks to the Bible the more closely the men listen. After the preacher has talked for fifteen or twenty minutes, he gives an invitation for those who want to live a new life to make it known. It is not unusual for several men to go to the altar for help. The

workers give every possible assistance to these men while the service is dismissed. The way of salvation is pointed out plainly and then they are led step by step into full salvation. It is the part of another article to show the power of the Gospel in men's lives.

Though the man is converted the worker's task is not done. He must keep in daily touch with these men to render any assistance necessary. It may be to help the men overcome some temptation, or to assist them in becoming more closely acquainted with God's Word, or help the men rise in the estimation of good people, so that they may receive their encouragement and confidence. Most of all the worker must pray for the convert, and for himself that they may keep themselves in the love of God.

Bethany Bible School.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS.

As an indication of the importance of extreme accuracy in the work of the United States Naval Observatory, C. H. Claudy in the *World To-day* tells the following true story of Captain Joshua Slocum of the "Spray":

"I was right in the middle of nowhere in particular," said the captain, "and was working out an observation. I did it every clear day for three years, and got safely into ports I was working for, so it is to be supposed I knew how. Well, when I worked out this position, I was seventy miles from where I ought to have been, and that without any wind or gale or storm or anything to account for it. I knew I hadn't drifted any seventy miles out of my course in the last twenty-four hours, and I knew I wasn't crazy. So, either my work was wrong, my observation faulty, or the tables from which I worked were wrong. But I didn't believe any of them were. But I went over them all. And it *was* the table from which I worked. There was a misplaced decimal point—it was a fly-speck! Of course, I had to light on that particular table and at that particular set of figures in a book containing millions of them; you can figure on the chances of a man being on that one spot on that one day and making an observation at that particular hou- which would make the use of that particular set of figures necessary! But I was glad my work wasn't wrong."

Now, suppose that fly-speck had been a real error? Suppose the "Spray" had been a battle ship? And suppose those seventy miles had meant the difference between deep water and plenty of sea room, and a rock-bound coast in a storm? It wouldn't do to have $3,000,000 and three thousand lives hanging on decimal points that way, if those decimal points were in the habit of going wrong. Hence, it is that Congress maintains this institution, and it is for this reason that expensive instruments, the brainiest of astronomers and the most careful proofreading and computations in the world go to the making up of this volume, on which all navigation centering about the United States depends.—*Selected.*

Summum Bonum

L. U. Hulin

Dearest treasure here below,
Nothing greater from above,
Brighter than the stars that glow
Is the priceless jewel, love.

Stronger than the force that holds
Worlds in their appointed sphere,
Love in silent grandeur moulds
Man's sublimest actions here.

Silencing the voice of kings,
Conquering armies, scattering fleets,
Love her heavenly message brings,
And the peace of nations greets.

God is love and love is heaven;
Let us show its beauty more.
Christ to us through love is given,
We by loving, him adore.

North Lima, Ohio.

Oregon: The Freak State

H. D. Michael

A NUMBER of incidents have contributed their share toward giving Oregon the name "The Freak State." One of these was its slowness of development. One of the first settlements made by white men on the Pacific Coast was in Oregon near the mouth of the Columbia River. There in 1811 a trading post was established and named Astoria in honor of the Mr. Astor who backed the enterprise.

Oregon was settled to some extent as early as 1834 but it was not admitted to the Union as a State until twenty-five years later. Here it lay like the story, "The Ugly Duckling," runs, awaiting the opportune time to bloom into full Statehood and take its rank with the other States, able to show as fine plumage as they. Like the ugly duckling Oregon received many blows from her enemies but struggled on, seemingly not knowing that in due time the enemies would be friends and admirers of her beauty. The natural resources could not be hid forever and its slow development now seems to have been its greatest blessing.

The large masses of immigrants who came West early, paid more attention to other parts, leaving Oregon sparsely settled. Surrounding territory was being developed and in time Oregon offered great opportunities to the more refined, better educated classes with unbounded energy who, when they took possession, soon had a State so handled and governed as to make it in time bloom out as only a vigorous, healthy growth can do. The delay in its development brought more light to bear on the conservation of its natural resources before they were all grabbed and held by the speculators. Oregon has profited by the experience of other States that have wasted and given away their resources and now has what are acknowledged to be the best "water power" and "irrigation water rights" laws to be found in any State. Much of its other legislation has tended to help establish the name, "The Freak State."

The development of the State was for years held back by the lack of railroads but this is fast being overcome. Several lines have been built and more are now under actual construction,—not merely on paper. One of these lines will open up the great central Oregon country, while another will make an outlet for the timber and agricultural section of southwestern Oregon, known as the Coos Bay region.



An Oregon Pear Orchard.

The opening of central Oregon makes possible the turning of thousands of acres of the richest of land into wheat farms. Hitherto this land was used for grazing purposes only. The stock could be raised and driven to market but to raise and haul wheat from one hundred to two hundred miles to market did not pay. This change alone is opening the eyes of all spectators, for that vast rich territory will now produce wealth enough to cause several of the other States to

cast a glance that way. It is just beginning to give luster to her already beautiful plumage.

The opening of the timber, both in the eastern part and in the Coos Bay region will produce its effect. The largest bodies of absolutely untouched timber now in the United States are in Oregon. She has more standing timber than any other State. These are now being opened up and will add enormous sums to the State's wealth. There will be thousands of men needed in the logging and in the manufacturing of it; capital will be brought in and the worth of timber itself will not be small. But that is only one side of the question. The logged over land has proven to be the finest of land for orchards in many parts of the country, thus add- to the lasting producing power of the State.

The coal beds underlying so much of the Coos Bay region are sure to come in for their share of notice too as soon as their extent is found. Already the lumber exportations to the Orient are assuming vast proportions and the coal will soon be added to the list, Portland, Oregon's metropolis, being the leading port in this trade.

As far as producing wealth and offering the finest of opportunities for investments, Oregon's rank is not now questioned, for it, like the ugly duckling, has passed that age when it was not able to defend itself from the world's taunts.

One feature though that is usually considered when one is looking for a home, is the climate. No doubt some that read this, especially in the East, have heard Oregon called also the Web-foot State. Well, I actually knew a little boy there who had two toes of each foot webbed together but I also know one in sunny southern California with more webbed toes than that. Then we need not believe that all are web-footed. That is a misnomer, for the western parts of northern California and Washington are equally deserving of the name.

The climate is as varied as you wish. The portion west of the Cascade Range is rainy in the winter with a very even, warm temperature. In summer the excessive heat is not in evidence like in Eastern States, making it a very mild and really desirable climate.

East of the Cascades the temperature has a larger range and less rainfall is experienced. Conditions vary and portions can be selected which are semi-arid and excellent irrigated lands, while others have rainfall sufficient even for diversified farming.

The fact is, you may find the amount of rainfall that suits you if an annual precipitation of seven inches is small enough or if sixty inches would suffice; though it would not be well for many to desire the latter amount for not much even of the "Web-foot State" receives that much rainfall.

Myrtle Point, Oregon.



Oregon Fir Trees; Average Height 250 Feet.

SELECTING TIMBER.

Not very long ago, timber was selected entirely according to its external appearance. The diameter and length of the piece, the straightness of grain, sometimes the weight, sufficed to determine both its commercial value and its destination. At that time, on account of the difficulty of transportation, woods of local origin were almost exclusively employed. It is very different nowadays. With the increase in consumption and the decrease in the local production of wood, it has become necessary to transport timber of every variety and of many places of origin. Furthermore, the diversified industries of the present day require a corresponding diversity in the wood employed. For one purpose, the important quality is hardness; for another, elasticity; for a third, ease of working, or

resistance to attack by external agencies. It is evident that very different qualities are required for an umbrella handle, a barrel stave, a billiard cue, a carriage frame, etc. The hand magnifying glass, which was first employed, has ceased to suffice for the exact determination of the structure of wood. The compound microscope is now used for the minute and careful examination of longitudinal and transverse sections of a specimen of timber, the commercial value and the proper industrial employment of which it is desired to determine. Fine-grain and thick-walled cells assure the solidity and resistance which are required in carpentry, and these qualities are incompatible with an abundance of parenchymatous tissue, filled with starch. —*Scientific American.*

AMBITION VERSUS ASPIRATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Some one has pertly said: "The great fight is first for bread, next for butter on the bread, and then for sugar on the butter," and this portrays the natural tendency of the human race—to look for something better, and higher and more gratifying or *seemingly* so. It is necessary to put particular stress on the *seemingly*, for, too often that which we desire most, and which we think will bring us to the summit of human happiness turns out to be a myth, and leaves us with vague or real disappointment and sorrow, according to the amount of dependence we have placed upon it.

It is but right that each human being should have these longings for higher, more satisfying things; it is the soul in each of us seeking for an outlet into the purer light of God's love and truth, but as our natures become more or less tinged, and even tainted by the world and its round of frivolous or wicked pleasures, we seek to satisfy this longing which is almost too deep to be expressed in words, *not* by striving to reach a higher and better standard of manhood and womanhood, but by trying to satisfy our carnal nature in the realization of our worldly, selfish desires which fast shut in and around our spiritual natures until the urgings and pleadings of that which is immortal within us become fainter and fainter to our hardened senses.

The voice of the soul, calling us to be the *best* and *truest*, to use our God-given gifts to their utmost is *Aspiration.*

The voice of our carnal nature, crying out to us to satisfy the flesh by worldly pleasure and power, indulgence and even wickedness is *Ambition* and truly, as a recent writer so aptly puts it, *"Ambition is aspiration turned hellward."*

What will ambition,—the love of power, position, wealth,—not lead us to?

> "Ambition is an idol, on whose wings,
> Great minds are carried only to extreme;
> To be sublimely great, or to be nothing."

"To be sublimely great or to be nothing!" We are like the little one who throws aside the playthings that he has hitherto enjoyed, because he cannot have the sharp-edged tool that he covets.

All or nothing! All or nothing! And the words repeat themselves, until they form the one refrain for us. All or nothing, first or last, and so we sacrifice not only ourselves by the loss, often, of truth and honor (and were we, ourselves, the only victims, it would not be so pitiful), but we must needs touch, and by our contact, dwarf the lives of others through our inordinate desire to be first and foremost.

We drive along in our chariot of Ambition, drawn by our fiery steeds of Passion, Pride, Scorn, and even Hatred, running down all lesser, weaker objects in our pathway, here crushing one,—there crippling another; but still in our mad race, while we relentlessly bruise the weaker forces, we strive to avoid those which appear to be stronger and fiercer than our own.

On we rush perhaps, until the coveted goal is reached, or more often, until our steeds become too impassioned for our control and the reins of Common Sense snap or fly from our hands only to drag on the ground and hamper us, and suddenly—we find ourselves but a wreck of what we once were with all our gay trappings trampled in the dust.

Or if, perchance, we *do* reach the goal we find too often, *not* what we expected, but the shell without the kernel, the empty triumph of pomp and power and fame without the joy and peace of a satisfying conscience that can alone give rest and happiness.

And yet, how many say to themselves:

> "To give is worth ambition,
> Though in Hell:
> Better to reign in hell,
> Than to serve in heaven."

So be it! There is small consolation, however, for such in knowing, when too late, that "as ye sow, so shall ye also reap"—but it is the gospel truth, nevertheless.

But while we should condemn, and yes, fear ambition, "the eager, the inordinate desire of preferment, honor, superiority or power," while we needs must condemn ambition, we fain would give all due praise to aspiration, "the longing to ascend."

It is the power which serves to free the soul, to lift us to the plane where we influence, for good, the lives of those with whom we come in contact though unconsciously, perhaps.

Aspiration tends to bring out the noblest qualities in us; to develop, to the highest degree, the talents God bestowed upon us, whether few or many, and if by our aspiration, we do ascend beyond the ordinary plane of life, we have still greater advantages and wider fields for benefiting others.

Aim high. But make your aim a pure one and re-

member that "The *perfection* is in the *roundness* and *not* the diameter or size of the circle."

See that your lifework is well done, whether your aspirations have led you to a broader field, or wider sphere, or whether you occupy but a *small* portion of the place you fain would *wholly* have filled. The highest praise we can receive is that we have done "*all* that we could"; angels could do no more.

THROUGH SUMMER DAYS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

The poet mused through summer days
And wondered what to sing;
For gone were all the glories of
The beautiful, bright spring.
Dame Nature seemed so hot and tired
And turned to dusty brown,
That those who loved the verdant spring
Met summer with a frown.

Of course it had some beauty left;
But not like springtime, fair!
There seemed no other season that
Could, with the spring, compare;
And poet's inspirations seemed
To all have taken wing.
There little beauty, now, seemed left,
Scarce worth his while to sing.

He'd rather in a hammock sit,
And while the hours away,
In chatting with a winsome girl
Who's always bright and gay;
Or else, perhaps, to take a book,
By babbling brook to read;
For little of exertion, now,
The poet seems to need.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

We, the English-speaking portion of the world, have a cumbersome system of measurements. That it is not satisfactory, even to us, is proven by the changes made in it in recent years. Much that we had to learn in our schooldays is omitted from the arithmetics of today and the writer fully believes that the omissions have been for the better.

Quite recently he asked a bright company of children to define some terms which were considered not too difficult for those in the sixth grade work in the schools of a generation ago. These children were in the eighth grade or higher, yet not one of them could answer a single one. Can you do so without referring to your book? Here are some of them: "How long is a barleycorn?" "A nail?" "An ell?" "How heavy is a stone?" "What is a wine gallon?" "The Imperial bushel?" "What are duodecimals?" If they were once important in school why drop them? Has the system changed? No, because we have no system. Our method of measuring is but an unburied fossil of medieval inexactitude. We know that barley grains are not all of the same length, that the distance from elbow to finger tips varies with the individual, and that the distance a man can span depends upon the length of his thumb and fingers.

Scientists have long realized the need of a system that could be universal in its application. The decimal system of notation had long been looked upon as ideal, the ease with which operations may be performed causing them to look to it for the foundation of a new method. The French Revolution gave the opportunity to set aside the old ways. In those reactionary days following the downfall of the monarchy even the method of reckoning time was changed to a decimal standard. Each month was divided into decades of ten days each, the tenth one being a holiday. But the reaction to this came and out of that awful delirium came what is now known to us as the Metric System.

Briefly stated the plan is this: the standard is the meter, supposed to be one ten-millionth of the distance from equator to pole. The smaller measures were decimal sub-divisions of the meter, numbered by means of the Latin numerals, deci, centi, and milli; their relative value to the standard being the same as dimes, cents, and mills are to our dollar. In fact our money is based on the same terms. The larger measures are multiples of the standard and are named from the Greek numerals.

The measure of capacity is the cubic decimeter with the decimal variations as before. Following this order the cubic centimeter of pure water at its maximum density was selected as the measure of weight and called the gram. It, too, is subject to the same divisions as the others.

Will it ever come into general use? This is a question asked by many who are willing to admit its superiority to the traditional measures with which we deal. They fear that the average workman may not be able to turn out as much work if compelled to use the new.

In the early part of 1908 the Baldwin Locomotive Works built twenty locomotives for a company in France. They were of a kind requiring especial accuracy in construction and all the measures were in the metric system. To change them to the English equivalents would have required a force of twenty men for one month. There was nothing to do but educate 19,000 workmen for the task.

When the task was complete the men were sorry to go back to the old method. In spite of their unfamiliarity they actually made fewer mistakes than with the measures they had used all their lives. Try this for yourself. Find the length of 7 27-32 inches, then of 195 millimeters, and you will see how easily the smaller sub-divisions are found.

Those who argue that it would not be best do not

take into account "shop practice." There certain variations must be made. Thus you cannot put an inch pin into an inch hole—something must give, so the practice is to make a slight variation from the specifications. All these variations are made in the gauge room and blindly followed by the workmen.

If the system were adopted, say next week, it would make some trouble for older people, but the child starting to school would be relieved of much labor in learning the "tables" and the teacher would find the grind lightened to the same extent.

Send to the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C., for a free copy of the Metric Chart.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

JOE GATTER'S LIFE INSURANCE.

Good? He was the model boy of Bungfield. While his idle schoolmates were flying kites and playing marbles, the prudent Joseph was trading Sunday-school tickets for strawberries and eggs, which he converted into currency of the republic. As he grew up, and his old schoolmates purchased cravats and hair-oil at Squire Tackey's store, it was the industrious Joseph who stood behind the counter, wrapped up their purchases, and took their money. When the same boys stood on the street-corners and cast sheep's eyes at the girls, the business-like Joseph stood in the store door and contemplated these same boys with eyes such as a hungry cat casts upon a brood of young birds whom he expects to eat when they grow older. Joe never wasted any time at parties; he never wore fine clothing; he never drank or smoked; in short, Joe was so industrious that by the time he reached his majority he had a thousand dollars in the bank, and not a solitary virtue in his heart.

For Joe's money good Squire Tackey had an earnest longing, and soon had it to his own credit; while the sign over the store door read "Tackey & Gatter." Then the Squire wanted Joe's soul, too, and so earnest was he that Joe soon found it necessary to remonstrate with his partner.

"'Twon't do, Squire," said he; "religion's all very well in its place, but when a man loses the sale of a dozen eggs, profit seven cents, because his partner is talking religion with him so hard that a customer gets tired of waiting and goes somewhere else, then religion's out of place."

"The human soul's of more consekence than many eggs, Joseph," argued the Squire.

"That's just it," replied Joe; "money don't hit the value of the soul anyway, and there's no use trying to mix 'em. And while we're talking, don't you think we might be mixing some of the settlings of the molasses barrel with the brown sugar?—'twill make it weigh better."

The Squire sighed but he could not help admitting that Joe was as good a partner as a man could want.

In one of Joe's leisure moments it struck him that if he were to die, nobody would lose a cent by the operation. The idea was too exasperating, and soon the local agents of noted insurance companies ceased to enjoy that tranquillity which is characteristic of business men in the country. Within a fortnight two of the agents were arraigned before their respective churches for profane brawling, while Joe had squeezed certain agents into dividing commissions to the lowest unit of divisibility, and had several policies in the safe at the store.

The Squire, his partner, was agent for the Pantagonian Mutual, and endured his full share of the general agony Joe had caused. But when he had handed Joe a policy and receipt, and taken the money, and counted it twice, and seen to it carefully that all the bills were good, the good Squire took his revenge.

"Joseph," said he, "you ain't through with insurance yet—you need to insure your soul against risk in the next world, and there's only one Agent that does it."

The junior partner stretched himself on the counter and groaned. He knew the Squire was right—he had heard that same story from every minister he had ever heard. Joe was so agitated that he charged at twelve and a half cents some calico he had sold at fifteen.

Only one Agent! But the shrewd Joseph rejoiced to think that those who represented the Great Agent differed greatly in the conditions of the insurance, and that some made more favorable terms than others, and that if he could get the ministers thoroughly interested in him, he would have a good oportunity for comparing rates. The good men all wanted Joe, for he was a rising young man, and could, if the Spirit moved him, make handsome subscriptions to good purposes. So, in their zeal, they soon regarded each other with jealous eyes, and reduced their respective creeds to gossamer thinness. They agreed about grace being free, and Joe accepted that much promptly, as he did *anything* which could be had without price. But Joe was a practical man, and though he found fault with none of the doctrines talked at him, he yet hesitated to attach himself to any particular congregation. He finally ascertained that the Reverend Barzillai Driftwood's church had no debt, and that its contributions to missions and other religious purposes were very small, so Joe allowed himself to be gathered into the fine assortment of crooked sticks which the Reverend Barzillai Driftwood was reserving unto the day of burning.

Great was the rejoicing of the congregation at Joe's saving act, and sincere was the sorrow of the other churches, who knew their own creeds were less shaky. But in the saloon and on the street Joe's religious act was discussed exclusively on its merits, and the results

were such as only special spiritual labor would remove. For no special change was noticeable in Joe; on Sunday he abjured the world, but on Monday he made things uncomfortable for the Widow Macnilty, whose husband had died in the debt of Tackey & Gatter. A customer bought some gingham, on Joe's assurance that the colors were fast, but the first wash-day failed to confirm Joe's statement. The proprietor of the stage line between Bungfield and Cleopas Valley traded horses with Joe, and was afterward heard mentioning his new property in language far more scriptural than proper.

Still, Joe was a church member, and that was a patent of respectability. And as he gained years, and building lots, and horses, and commenced discounting notes, his respectability grew and waxed great in the minds of the practical people of Bungfield. Even good women, real mothers in Israel, could not help thinking, as they sorrowed over the sand in the bottoms of their coffee-cups, and grew wrathful at "runney" flour bought for "A 1 Superfine" of Tackey & Gatter, that Joe would make a valuable husband. So thought some of the ladies of Bungfield, and as young ladies who can endure the idea of such a man for perpetual partner can also signify their opinions, Joe began to comprehend that he was in active demand. He regarded the matter as he would a sudden demand for any commodity of trade, and by skillfully manipulating the market he was soon enabled to choose from a full supply.

Thenceforward Joe was as happy as a man of his nature could be. All his investments were paying well; the store was prosperous, he was successful in all his trading enterprises, he had purchased, at fearful shaves, scores of perfectly good notes, he realized on loans interest which would cause a usury law to shrivel and crack, his insurance policies brought him fair dividends, and his wife kept house with economy and thrift. But the church—the church seemed an unmitigated drag. Joe attended all the church meetings—determined to get the worth of the money he was compelled to contribute to the current expenses—he had himself appointed treasurer, so he could get the use of the church money; but the interest, even at the rates Joe generally obtained, did not balance the amount of his contribution.

Joe worried over the matter until he became very peevish, yet he came no nearer a business-like adjustment of receipts and expenditures. One day when his venerable partner presented him a certificate of dividend from the Pantagonian Mutual, Joe remarked:

"Never got any dividends on that other insurance you put me up to taking, partner—that 'gainst fire risks in the next world, you know. 'Twill be tough if there's any mistake—church does take a sight of money."

"Joseph," said the Squire, in a sorrowful tone, "I've always been afeard they didn't look enough into your evidences when they took you into that church. How can a man expect to escape on the day of wrath if he's all the time grumbling at the cost of his salvation? Mistake? If you don't know in your heart the truth of what you profess, there's mighty little hope for you, church or no church."

"Know in my heart!" cried Joe. "That's a pretty kind of security. Is that what I've been paying church dues for? Better have known it in my heart in the first place, and saved the money. What's the use believing all these knotty points, if they don't make a sure thing for a man?"

"If your belief don't make you any better or happier, Joseph," rejoined the Squire, "you'd better look again and see if you've got a good hold of it; those that's got a clear title don't find their investment as slow in making returns, while those that find fault are generally the ones that's made a mistake."

Poor Joe! He thought he had settled this whole matter; but now, if his partner was right, he was worse off than if he hadn't begun. He believed in justification by faith; now, wasn't his faith strong—first-class, he might say? To be sure of being safe, hadn't he believed everything that *all* the ministers had insisted upon as essential? And what *was* faith, if it wasn't believing? He would ask his partner; the old man had got him into this scrape—now he must see him through.

"Squire," said he, "isn't faith the same thing as believing?"

"Well," said the Squire, adjusting his glasses and taking from the desk the little Testament upon which he administered oaths, "that depends on how you believe. Here's a verse on the subject: 'Thou believest in God; thou doest well; the devils also believe, and tremble.'"

Ugh! Joe shivered. He wasn't an aristocrat, but would *any* one fancy such companionship as the Squire referred to?

"Here," said the Squire, turning the leaves, "is another passage bearin' on the subject. 'O, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, *fruits* meet for repentance.'"

Vipers! Joe uncomfortably wondered who else the Squire was going to introduce into the brotherhood of the faith.

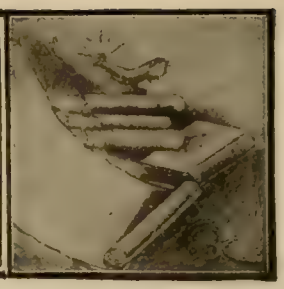
"Now, see what it says in another place," continued the Squire, "'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'"

"Yes," said Joe, grateful for hearing of no more horrible believers, "but what *is* his will but believing

(Continued on Page 748.)



THE QUIET HOUR



CHARACTER BUILDING.

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost souls disclose.

'Till in ev'ry arch and line,
All our faults and failings shine;
It may grow a castle, grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building, this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! Its name is character.

Build it well, whate'er you do,
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it high and wide and broad—
Build it for the eye of God.

—Anon.

LYING BY NOTE.

SADIE BRALLIER NOFFSINGER.

Was it Mark Twain or Josh Billings, or who was the consistent sage who bewailed the condition of that hopeless man who has the "pitiable audacity" to lie by note? "There are plenty of us who do it," he continues, "and those, too, who would not think of uttering a falsehood outside of church. But we are not afraid to sing them out in the congregation of the Lord, and that, too, when not only the Lord, but also the audience know that we are lying."

Granting that humorists are licensed to put upon record many sayings for mere wit's sake, yet momentous truths sometimes appear when the laugh has spent itself. As for our quotation, we cannot see that there is even any humor about it. Much truth and sadness, rather.

We are to sing with the spirit and the understanding and to praise the Lord with spiritual songs, for this is heart service. While we are taught that lip service is an abomination unto him.

Who of us, with a pure heart and conscience can sing as unto the Lord No. 192, "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs"? Very tender and beautiful words they are indeed:

"I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking unto God."

I have heard them sung over and over again—I have helped sing them myself—but is it strictly true? Where our treasure is, there our heart is also. We are lost in Jesus only when nothing—absolutely nothing—is able to separate us from the love of Christ: neither tribulation nor distress nor persecution nor any other creature. Neither are we sinking unto God so long as the lust of the flesh and the pride of life are written upon our foreheads and within our hearts.

Then who has not sung, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" Yet would that the hymn were as universally true as it is universally familiar. Not long ago I heard it used as a lullaby strain, when one of the children paused in her play and asked: "Well, mama, if you love him as much as you say, why don't you do something for him?" As it is written, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."

Do we indeed love Jesus? The poor, the strangers and the outcast are his representatives, and herein lies the test. Do we minister unto them, not grudgingly nor sparingly, but like Mary with her precious offering, regarding not the cost? Let us pray for a clearer realization of Matt. 25: 31-46, and when we sing of our love for Jesus in the congregation, be careful that our actions do not belie our words.

"I Want to be a Worker" is quite proper for us to sing if we mean it, but to simply say so in the sanctuary, and then grumble about the heaviness of the task is a gross inconsistency, and altogether out of tune with the meaning of him who cried: "To do thy will, O God, I come." There is a beneficent reward awaiting those who shall rest from their labors; but God is abundantly able to judge which are the workers and which the hypocrites. Finally, our suggestion is that what we most need in the churches is not less music but more spirit. Let us pray for a fuller conception of the end of the commandment which is "charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." Then we may sing with the hope of entering in:

"There's a beautiful land immortal
Where the surges cease to roll;
Just beyond the pearly portal,
In the sweet home of the soul.
In the sweet, sweet home of the soul," etc.

Johnstown, Pa.

GOD, THE HOME BUILDER.

GEO. A. MAUPIN.

PERHAPS the thought of building a home thrills man differently from anything else, especially those of us who are poor in this world's goods, partly because it takes a great deal of planning to build comfortable homes with small capital, and partly because of our eagerness to own a home. Our object though is not to study man's home building except so far as it compares with God's home building. Man's building at best is imperfect, even with God's material to build with, while God's building fills all the requirements.

First we want to look at God's work in building a home for this physical body. Before God created man he knew just what would be the needs of this flesh and blood and he goes to work and creates this world with its appurtenances as a home for man. We conclude after viewing it and considering our needs that it makes an ideal home for physical man. Even almost every day of our life we find many things to convince us of the perfectness of this home.

The God of heaven and of earth in his wise providence saw the needs of the inner man or the soul, and he created this tabernacle of clay from the dust of the earth for a dwelling place for the soul of man. This too fills all requirements. It is a perfect home for the soul while here in the world. Does it not afford a dwelling which answers perfectly for this spirit? If man becomes vile in the spirit where is the crime and debauchery which this flesh and blood will not stoop to? And too if this spirit takes a righteous course, where is the work of too high and noble an order for flesh and blood to attain to? Then we often feel to exclaim, How perfect!

Yet God's all-seeing eye could look beyond this world and see the need of a home for man which might last throughout eternity. It seems to me he clearly understood that we needed not an everlasting home here but would need one after awhile. Now it has been stated already that God does all things well. And as we have been studying these homes which have been ours, the one for the dwelling of this tabernacle of clay and the one for the soul of man, this spirit which often becomes vile, what must be the home of the soul which has been redeemed, a home in that beautiful city? Listen, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." Now some one has gone so far as to say hell is a home for the vile, yet this was never intended for man; only for the devil and his angels. Friends, take a close look at the homes you are already occupying and ask yourself the question, What shall it all mean to occupy a home in heaven at the right hand of God with Jesus and the redeemed of all the earth? How grand it must be, when we remember this shall be a perfect home for a perfect soul; one that shall be like him.

SHOULD TIRED PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

MANY of those who stay at home all day on Sabbath because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sabbath night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once; as, the time must often drag heavily on Sabbath for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental disturbance and dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thoughts to other than the customary themes might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who wanted to stay at home because they were too tired on Sabbath to go to church, have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their bodies, in the sanctuary, for a small part of every Sabbath; and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sabbaths never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they formed the habit of church-going.—*Christian Instructor.*

THE tourist who goes up the Matterhorn must not tell the guide the route or what implements it is safe to carry. If he is not willing to trust his guide he would better stay at the base of the mountain; for there will come many an emergency in which nothing but that guide's steady brain and stout arm will lie between him and certain destruction. My brother climbers, before us lies the rugged uphill of self-denial and of duty. At the summit are heaven's flashing glories. Can you grasp a stiff hold on the loving hand of your Guide and say even on the dizziest places, "I will trust"?—*Cuyler.*

WE should preach God's glory day by day, not by words only, often not by words at all, but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make *you* like. Nothing is so infectious as example.—*Charles Kingsley.*

NEITHER angel nor archangel, nor yet even the Lord himself, can, when we have sinned, release us, unless we bring repentance with us.—*St. Ambrose.*

THE INGLENOOK

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Though this is vacation time for the boys and girls, it is really the best time to give breadth and meaning to the knowledge they have been storing up during the past school year. Help them to see the practical side of this book knowledge and lead them to be close observers and students in the world of nature.

After passing though the winter, spring and summer thus far of 1910 few of us have any hesitancy in meeting the old-timer who tells of hairbreadth escapes in his experiences with the weather of years ago. And yet, strange to say, like the old-timer we have not suffered greatly because of these unusual weather experiences.

For one who in his daily work has faithfully followed some system or order there can be no real rest or reaction to be found in abandoning these wholesome rules altogether during vacation. He cannot follow the same rules, of course, but let the rest period have some order to it and the worker will not only enjoy it more thoroughly, but he will return to his work without the feeling of having gotten out of tune.

SOME THINGS ABOUT THE NEW COOK BOOK.

Along with the recipes that continue to drop into the Inglenook office with pleasing regularity we have received some suggestions and criticisms that we hope to profit by in revising our present cook book. One housekeeper in sending in some recipes suggests that we insert a number of blank pages in the new book so that additional recipes may find a fixed place in the book and run no risk of being lost. We are very glad for this suggestion, not because the idea is a new one, for we had already decided that this should be one of the "improvements," but because we are now assured that this feature will be very acceptable to some at least.

One housekeeper is of the opinion that we will not want a much larger book than the present one because of the size for handling, and suggests that a number of recipes be cut out of the present book to make room for new ones that will give us a greater variety, pointing out that three or four recipes for making lemon pie would cover all the various ways of making this pie included in the twelve recipes given. She also mentions other instances where recipes are practically duplicated. Criticism is also made of the comparatively large number of recipes for "pickles, rich pies, cakes and mixtures of all kinds" which require much work and care for their preparation, are of questionable value as healthful, nourishing foods, and which contradict our claim to the simple life.

We feel that this last criticism is needed and we suggest to those who still desire to help in this revision of the cook book that they send us recipes for the preparation of substantial and wholesome dishes, such as vegetables, meats, meat substitutes, fruits, etc. There are a number of vegetables, fairly well known in this country for the preparation of which our present book gives us few or no directions. Let us have a wide variety of ways for preparing all vegetables. The reason many people find unsatisfactory a diet largely composed of vegetables is because the cook fails to prepare and combine them properly.

Another criticism offered is that much space is taken up with instructions as to the putting together of even simple dishes—"things any housewife ought to know." Here we differ with our well-meaning critic. While these detailed instructions are not needed by the experienced housewife, it must be remembered that we have many housewives of limited experience—a condition partly due to modern times when a girl must go directly from school to the factory or office, and partly due to the modern mother whose mistaken kindness or indifference to the preparation of the daughter along this line finds her shockingly ignorant of the first elements in cookery when she enters her new home. Let the experienced cook pass over the directions accompanying a recipe if she is certain her own way is better than any other, but let us have them for the beginners and those of our number who believe there is still room for improvement in their methods of doing even the simplest things.

Another cook says: "While I think the cook book fine [referring to our present one], many of the recipes are so expensive for people who live in towns where eggs, butter and cream are so hard to get." We can appreciate the position of these cooks "who live in towns" and we quote from this letter in the hope that our cooks will bear it in mind when sending in recipes hereafter.

A word now as to the farthest date when contributions may reach us in time to be included in the new book: We are now preparing the material for the printers and have given our word that it will be in their hands by September 1. That means that anything which reaches us on or after that date will be *too late*. We are sorry the above criticisms and suggestions did not reach us sooner so that more might have profited by them in sending in their recipes, but if the few days remaining are well improved much may be accomplished in these directions. If any who have sent in recipes wish to make substitutions or additions let them do so at once. We are also open to further suggestions as to arrangement, etc. Remember, this is to be OUR cook book.

"WHO ARE THE THEORISTS?"

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, president of Columbia University, as presiding officer of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration delivered the opening address at that conference May 18 in which he forcibly expressed some thoughts that must be of interest to all advocates of peace. His address has been published as a supplement to the June issue of *International Conciliation* and it is from this that we quote one of his most striking arguments in behalf of international arbitration in which he brands the war advocate with the contemptuous terms the latter has been in the habit of applying to all those who preach peace.

President Butler began by pointing out a number of incidents of the past year which stood for the advancement of peace. Continuing on this point he said:

"To those who are impatient for the attainment of our ideal we can only say that progress toward it is steadily making and that the chief forces now at work in the world, political, economic, and ethical, are coöperating with us to bring about its attainment. To those who fear that we may make progress too fast and that some measure of national security will be sacrificed in pushing forward to establish international justice, we can only say that justice is itself the one real and continuing ground of security for both men and nations, and that heretofore in the history of mankind the devil has always been able to take care of his own cause without the necessary aid and comfort of the forces in the world that are aiming at the overthrow of the rule of any power but right.

"The chief danger that we practical persons run in our endeavor to accomplish a practical end in a practical way against the opposition of the dreams and illusions of theorists who, groping as in a fog, assume that mankind must be forever ruled by brute force and cruelty and lust for power and for gain, is that we may fail to recognize that the cause of international justice rests upon and is part of a complete philosophy of life. It cannot be advocated or conceived as something that stands apart from and in no relation to our modes of thinking and acting, whether as individuals or as nations, in respect to all interests and to all problems. To some it may appear to make our task more difficult, to others it may seem to make it more easy, when we say that this task is nothing less than part and parcel of the moral education and regeneration of mankind. To suppose that men and women into whose intellectual and moral instruction and upbuilding have gone the glories of the world's philosophy and art and poetry and religion, into whose lives have been poured for two thousand years the precepts and the inspiration of the Christian religion, over whose daily conduct have been thrown since the days of Draco and of Solon the restraints of law and of consideration for the rights and property of others—to suppose that these men and women, when gathered together in groups called nations, speaking a common language called a mother tongue and owing allegiance to a definite set of political institutions called a government, are, when matters of dispute and difficulty and doubt arise, to fly at each other's throats, to burn, to ravage, to kill, in the hope of somehow establishing thereby truth and right and justice, is to suppose the universe to be stood upon its apex, to suppose the onward sweep of human progress to be toward bestiality and bedlam, and to suppose the teachings of religion and of morals, the inspiration of poetry, of painting and of song, to be to the end that we may be ready for new acts of valorous ferocity and carnage. Who, I pray you, are the dreamers, who are the theorists—those who appeal to the rule of justice or those who appeal to the rule of brute force?"

We cannot take the space now to repeat more of the sound argument on this question that is to be found in President Butler's address, but we hope to add to what is here given in some future issue. The speaker went after other arguments put forward by war advocates in much the same convincing manner the above point was handled and it will do our readers good to read what was said on these points.

FRIENDSHIP is a much larger, much finer, much deeper thing than mere relish of good company. It is a great deal more than mere congenial companionship. Let true and deep affection once grip you; let interest and pleasure once deepen into insight and sympathy and a sense of vital kinship of mind and spirit, and the relationship takes on an energy and a poignancy you had not dreamed of in your easy search for pleasure. Spirit leaps to spirit with a new understanding, a new eagerness, a new desire; and then you may make proof whether it be true friendship or not by the quick and certain test whether you love yourself or your friend more at any moment of divided interest.—*Woodrow Wilson.*



THE HOME WORLD



Noises

Paul Mohler

I SUPPOSE I am as sensitive to noises as the average person. Perhaps a little more. I think I have a nervous ear that's always ready for trouble. If there is any single thing on which I am qualified to speak, I think it must be noises.

I used to think the farm was noisy. We had about one hundred chickens and most of them I think were loafers. Leastways, a hen could never lay an egg without the whole place sounding with the plaudits of admiring hens and roosters. A hen might not be able to find time for laying eggs, but she could always take ten minutes off to celebrate another hen's achievement. What a racket they did make. And guinea fowls! I think some people kept them for the noise they made. If there were any value in their kind of music, they surely paid for all they ate. The hungry pigs, they smote our ears with cries quite out of reason. The cow whose calf was shut behind while she went out to pasture, secured revenge upon her foes by bawling out her sorrow. Nor should I forget the geese and ducks. You couldn't help but hear them. And cats at night sang serenades while dogs barked at the moon. The boys of course were quiet (?) as well as I remember.

Well, boys like noise. It does them good. I think it takes enough of racket to drive a woman crazy to make a boy feel just right inside him. But boys outgrow their love for noise, except the sound of their own voices. "Johnny, be still!" is quite as apt to come from father's lips as mother's. And when it comes to piano scales, get me my hat, I can't stand that! It drives me almost crazy.

Did you ever notice how differently noises affect you? I go to sleep on a railroad train lulled by the steady rumble. But let a cricket tune his harp when all is quiet in the house, and if I sleep till he is through I think that I am doing mighty well. That slender shriek that he lets loose, is louder in the quiet house than fifty cannons in a thunder storm.

Now since I live in town, I think I just absorb the racket. The elevated railroad track is strung across the city, a resonant string from which the car-wheels' pressure sends far and wide on either side its loud, complaining echoes. The cobble-stones give back the sound of steel-shod hoof and wagon wheel. The sidewalk, too, shrieks with delight in roller-skating children. The peddlers' cries, the auto-horns, the street-cars' gong and rattle. And boys! With them the town is overflowing.

The trains go rattling by, switch engines cough and bang and rattle. Bells ring, whistles blow, dogs bark, boys shout and all these voices blend together in one grand medley bellow. The man that thinks he can't stand noise had better stay out of Chicago. But noise is a sign of life. Many a town would be willing to take a little of Chicago's racket if with it should go some of Chicago's business.

And so it is with the boys. Sometimes when the wife is almost out of patience with our boys, I ask her what kind of boys she thinks she'd like to have. And she just laughs; she knows what kind she likes. She likes the lively kind. Boys that don't make noise aren't generally of much account.

I'm getting used to noise, I hear so much of it. And after all I guess it isn't just the noise that bothers me; for if I hear a whisper that I can't quite understand, it gives me more annoyance than half a dozen times as much of simple racket. So pound away, my boys; just so you let me think of something else. Perhaps I was a noisy boy, noiser than I remember. Your turn comes now, so help yourself to a healthful, noisy play.

705 S. 42nd Court, Chicago.

HUMOR THE OLD FOLKS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Do father and mother have some queer notions, some old superstitions, some odd whims which we think hardly becoming to people of intelligence at the present day? Well, what if they have! They have lived so far and have succeeded in spite of those oddities, to bring up their family, provide for our needs and frequently lend a helping hand to others. When we were quite young, we had some queer ideas, but father and mother always respected our thoughts as though we were really wise and worth considering. They seemed to think we knew a lot, and it did us good to realize that they had confidence in our wisdom. Now it is our turn to respect their views about things and let them feel that we have confidence in *their*

wisdom. It will be a comfort to their souls. So let us not be contrary, and act as though we thought them childish or ignorant.

Do they want the work done in the longest way? Well, what if it does take a little longer to do it their old-fashioned way! They have done it in that way many a year, and they have done a great deal of work. If we succeed in doing as much as most of our parents have done, we'll do better than most of the present generation are doing. Better not grieve the kind, loving old hearts, by refusing to heed their counsel and persisting in having our own way.

Maybe they have some queer ideas about the kind of places to which we should go, or not go, and the character of entertainments which we are inclined to give or attend. Well, suppose they have! They have lived long enough to see some phases of life which we have not seen. Their experience and observation has been more extensive than ours, and they have reasons for the ideas which they are wont to express. Sometime we'll be older than we are now, and how shall we feel if *our* children disregard our careful instructions which we give in the earnest anxiety of our souls for their welfare? Better heed the old people's earnest advice.

Possibly they may have a desire for some thing which we think hardly suitable for people of their age or station. What if they do! They will not be with us long. Do they require some of our time which we'd like to use in some other way? We have occupied much of their time. Father toiled almost constantly many years that his children might be fed and clothed, schooled and blessed with many good things. Nothing was ever too good for his children. No sacrifice too great for him and mother to endure for their precious charges. How mother worked and stayed at home and did without things—yes, even without sleep or rest many a time for our sakes! No burden too great for them to bear, no sacrifice too great for them to make for the comfort of their children.

Did the old folks make a mistake once? How many, many mistakes have we made and they never even offered one word of reproof, but bore everything in patience and love. Ah, dear reader, we can never be too kind, loving and patient with the old people. Never too indulgent toward father and mother. Soon the time will come when we can no longer see their slow, careful motions; never again hear their gentle voices in loving admonition or happy conversation with those whom they so dearly love. Then we'll think how gentle, sympathetic and loving they always were to us. We'll remember then how kind, self-sacrificing, indulgent and helpful they always were—how patient, how tender. How we'll wish, then, that we had never spoken that harsh word, or shown by any hasty act, that we did not approve of their way. How mean will our ingratitude and impatience then appear; and so many, many years we may have to carry the aching heart that vainly longs for one more chance to be good to dear old father and mother.

The old people love much more deeply than do we of fewer years. Their love is greater, stronger, truer, more profound. Yet not less in quantity, although so much richer in quality. Just as the ripe grain is no smaller in size, yet far more sweet, and superior in every way to the immature grain. We can not understand the depth of a father's affection or a mother's love until our own heads are silvered over with years of experience. Even then we never can express the depth of such love as theirs, it is too sacred for expression, too holy to be trampled upon. Let us never hurt or grieve the heart of any feeble old man or woman. They are ripe for the reapers; soon will they be gathered, and we left to meditate. Shall our meditations be sweet or shall they be bitter?

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Never, *never* speak an unkind word to them, or to any other old person. Humor them if they are childish. It won't hurt them, and it will do us lots of good by and by. Many a time have they humored us. We should consider it a blessed privilege to have the chance to humor them, and care for them in loving patience in their declining years. Sometime we may long for such a gracious privilege, and not find it. Let us embrace it while it is ours; and make the dear old hearts glad that they were permitted to live and have us near them.

MY PLAN ON HOUSEKEEPING.

MRS. MARY STRICKLER.

TWENTY-SIX years ago husband and I started housekeeping on a farm. We worked hard together. I helped him with all the outdoor work I could and I did all the milking,—most always five or six cows. Monday morning early I did my churning, and also washed the same day, if the weather was favorable. Then Tuesday, ironing and mending, and Wednesday morning churn again. I made butter to sell at the highest price, so I had to be careful how I did it.

Then came a baby girl in our home and brought with it much joy and cheer, and some extra work but because of a mother's love it was easy to work a little harder. In a few years a baby boy came with the same blessing as before, and still a little more work, but I was not unwilling to work a little harder and as my babies grew my work grew. But I always managed to get my washing done the first part of the week so I had the rest of the week for other work, such as sewing, gardening and other things as they came along.

I always raised lots of chickens and as you all know they take lots of time and work. Then when the children were old enough I had in some way to see that

they got off to school neat and clean, and to get them started in good time, as they had one and one-half miles to go. To accomplish this, I taught them to help me all they could. If children are trained right they can help a whole lot, and they do it without trouble. If a mother has love for her children, they will show their love in return.

Now I am over that; my boy and girl are both grown up and husband and myself are all alone. Still my work is laid out from Monday morning till Saturday evening. I always manage to do all my walking work in the forenoon, then I sit down in the afternoon and quilt, as I do lots of that work for other people. Between all this I must get ready for Sunday school and church, as I have been the teacher of the infant class for the last eleven years. I never miss a Sunday if health allows me to go. When our little ones were small I had to help them get their lessons, but all such things are pleasant work if we love out little ones. We must count our little ones as great blessings given to us.

I will give one more thought on how to gain time, and make good use of it. I never go to one neighbor, and then to the other *just to pass away the time*, but if my neighbors have sickness I go and give my helping hand. Remember to help to carry one another's burdens, is our Savior's command.

I belong to the INGLENOOK family and could not go without our paper. Good-bye, my sisters, if my advice is good use it, if not let it alone.

Octavia, Nebr.

OUR PLAN FOR DOING OUR HOUSEWORK.

ELLEN FORESTER.

WHY should we not have some system about doing housework as in any other line of work? Take for instance the farmer, the business man or the man of any other profession; are any of them really successful who have no system for doing their work? Without hesitation we would answer no. Then why should we not have a system for doing the housework? A lady not long ago said to me that since she has been systematizing her work she now has time each week for calling on her neighbors, while otherwise she had not.

My mother being in poor health for some time, my sister and myself took up the household duties. I will give our plan of the work, although we couldn't always have a set rule as to what we do each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., as we often help father and brother with their work in the busiest season. Still we have some system, as we always plan our work ahead so if we wished a day the next week for going to town or visiting, we would still have our work done.

We each have our work of the usual routine assigned us for all the time. For example, mother tends to the little chickens and flowers (as she is a lover of both flowers and chickens), one of us cooks, sweeps and washes the separator, another sets the table, helps milk, washes the dishes, while the smaller ones carry in wood, dry the dishes, gather the eggs and do many other little things which one thinks of little account and seldom realizes how many steps they save till they go home with some little school girl or are not home on time.

We also have a regular time for rising in the morning and never wait to be called a second time for that is just a habit. We also have regular hours for meals and if all are not there, the ones absent just simply eat whatever happens to be left over, and need not complain, for all know the hour set.

A woman having been in our home but a short time, noticed my little sister look at the clock and seeing that it was time to gather the eggs started off without being told, spoke of it "being so nice to have some system and that she thought that in many cases it was the mother's fault if she had no help." Many if they haven't their work assigned, will wait to be told or for mother to go ahead; therefore if she has the work assigned them for all the time, she need not keep everything in mind till it is done, and thus gets more enjoyment out of life. It is no task for the children to keep a few things in mind.

Another thing we find helpful is to have little slips of paper at a certain place in the desk for writing down any article that is needed to be gotten at the stores, so that when father asks before going to town if anything is needed, we go and get the slip of paper and give it to him. Thus things are not forgotten that otherwise are liable to be on a busy day.

WHEN VISITING THE SICK.

As soon as some people hear that an acquaintance or friend is ill, they seem to feel called upon to visit them at once; sometimes it is affectionate concern which takes them, and sometimes it is only curiosity. The writer has been an invalid for many years, and would like to make a few suggestions to those who are visiting the sick, as well as to those who are taking care of them.

First of all, when you enter the sickroom, do it quietly and quickly. Open the door promptly, do not rattle the latch, and do not stand outside and whisper. Never creep into a room, and always speak distinctly. Do not say "how well" or "how ill you look," it is unnecessary.

Have a cheerful countenance, wear your nice clothes, and try to look your best, that your friend may remember it after you leave her.

Don't ask the patient if she has tried this or that remedy, because it has done you so much good; it is to

be supposed that sick people have a doctor, who can do the prescribing.

Don't take a sick person tuberoses, hyacinths, or any strongly scented flower, it makes the air in the room too heavy and they quickly fade often causing one to feel sad. Take instead, some small growing plant, such as a tiny fern, or a pot of shaded grass.

For conversation choose subjects of interest, not idle gossip, so your friend will have something to think about after your departure.

If she is allowed to read, a good magazine is always acceptable, one with pictures and short descriptions is to be preferred.

Don't take sick people ice cream or hot house fruit out of season, nine times out of ten they cannot have it, and if fond of such things it will make them feel irritable to see it taken away.

Don't repeat the last horror you may have read or heard about; such thoughtless pieces of well-meant information have caused much nervousness, and often a sleepless night. Well people little dream how tiresome trifles become to an invalid, in a weak condition.

Don't make a long visit under any circumstances, even if you have plenty of time to spare yourself, and above all, don't stay when it is the patient's meal time, or when the doctor comes, as it is embarrassing. When your visit is over and you are ready to go, rise quietly —and do not knock your chair against some other piece of furniture. When you have said "Good-bye," go at once. Do not jar the bed, "stand not upon the order of your going, but go," and do not stop at the front door to talk to the mother or nurse in an undertone.

These items may seem small, but one who has passed through a great deal of illness can assure her readers that they mean an untold amount. If you follow these suggestions your friend will be delighted to see you often. To those of the family who are called upon to care for their sick I would say that system and regularity are most valuable. Try to be on time with everything, baths, medicines and food. When a bath is to be given in bed, have two old blankets, one for underneath and the other for a cover; have the room nice and warm, and don't use hard water. Make it soft by adding a good pinch of powdered borax, and if the patient is feverish, an alcohol rub is refreshing. Don't ask the sick one if she will take nourishment, or medicine. If it is time, go and get it and give it as a matter of course.

Don't exclude fresh air and sunshine from the room for they are necessary, but at the same time never allow a draught.

Don't allow many visitors, especially at night, and never more than two people at a time. Insist upon your patient resting after the friends have left before taking food.

Protect the eyes from glaring light, either natural or artificial. If your dear one is sufficiently convalescent to do a little fancy-work or read, encourage her to try; it will help to pass away the tedious hours.

And now a word to the invalid herself. Though you may be a sufferer, do not allow yourself to give unnecessary trouble. Remember while you suffer, those who love you suffer too, and do not allow yourself to become selfish or exacting. A word of encouragement or appreciation or a smile will speak volumes to your care-taker. Whether mother, sister, child of your own, or the professional nurse, they are all human beings like yourself, and money is not the only compensation in this world.—*Selected.*

TWO QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR APPETITE.

THE first question is, do you have an appetite? If one does not at recurring intervals have a definite desire for food, it is plain that something is wrong.

Once in a great while you will hear persons say, "I am never hungry." This means either that they are entirely out of condition and nearly sick if not quite so, or else it means that they have fed their bodies in advance of its needs.

Undoubtedly some people are able to do this. Having powerful digestions, they can take food in advance of the appetite for it and care for it, while others who attempt to do the same thing are made dyspeptic or bilious or ailing in some other way.

It is better to live and to eat in such a way that one may know and recognize the call of appetite.

There is another question about appetite worth considering; namely, is your appetite a natural one? When you sit down to a table, can you take a piece of good bread and masticate it and find and enjoy its excellent flavor? Some people can; a great many can not.

Horace Fletcher has a little granddaughter who is being brought up, so far as the parents can control the matter, in the natural way.

Some time ago this little girl had been out to a party, and they passed around cakes and candies, but she did not take any. Pretty soon the ladies noticed that the little girl sat quietly by herself and that she had declined to eat cake and candy, and they said to her, "Won't you have some cake?" Said she, "Please may I have a piece of bread?" Said Mr. Fletcher, "What do you think of that for a child that has been allowed to choose her own food entirely ever since she was weaned?"

Now, while this child may not have enjoyed the cake because she was unaccustomed to it, for we all like and enjoy the things with which we are familiar, yet it is quite true that having been brought up in the simple way with simple food, the piece of bread to the hungry child had a richness and flavor entirely unknown to the ordinary eater.

This is really the important idea which lies at the bottom of the chewing fad called Fletcherism. If one would only eat in such a way as to develop and enjoy the simple flavors of simple foods, the appetite for improper foods, for highly-spiced and complicated "made" dishes, for quantities of mustard, pepper, and vinegar would never come.

Dr. Kellogg tells about a man who came to the sanitarium, and after a week he told the doctor that the food was so insipid that he could not taste a thing. This man had come from Texas and he had adopted the Mexican habit of using a great deal of pepper.

He owned up that he did not like to get through a meal without at least two good-sized red peppers. The use of so much pepper had resulted in what was really a large liver very similar to the gin liver of the drunkard. His senses of taste had been so accustomed to the taste of things that would burn and sting and blister that none of the delicate flavors of foods which were put there to tell us how much gastric juice was needed for each one and what kind of gastric juice, could be tasted.

No wonder he found the simple food of the sanitarium tasteless, but after a fortnight he began to taste things and finally began to enjoy his food very much.

Another result of cultivating this appetite is that if one happens to eat wrong food or a wrong combination of food, his stomach will notify him.

One man put it this way: "I can not understand why it is, but since I have been eating simple food I have strange sensations in my stomach. I even have pain in my stomach if I don't eat just right. I used to be able to eat anything, and I didn't know the difference."

The fact was that he was now finding out when he did wrong. Before, with the sensations of his stomach numbed by spices and various rich dishes, he did not receive warning of evil effect. When wrong eating is followed by discomfort, a man is far more likely to eat right.—*The Healthy Home.*

A SIMPLE RELIEF.

One of our mothers writes: "We hear often that baby should have frequent drinks of water, and so it should. But often the baby cries from other things than thirst. A hot, tired baby is very much like the hot, tired adult. I learned long ago that one of the most soothing things for a nervous, crying baby was a cloth wrung out of water of a temperament to suit, wrapped about the little head—not just laid on the little forehead, but a light towel or linen napkin, that would cover the whole head. Sometimes cold water is best, but at others, warm (not hot) water gives the greatest relief. A quite cool wet cloth, wrung so dry as not to drip, pinned around the head, coming well down on the back of the neck and around the forehead is one of the best remedies I have ever tried for sleeplessness and nervous irritability. The ears should be covered, and in some cases the eyes, if the baby will allow it. This simple remedy will not harm, if it does no good."—*The Commoner.*

THE MOTHER WHO "YANKS."

There is a "yanking" mother who has a good deal to answer for. Watch her on the street with a toddling youngster when she comes to a high step. It never occurs to this woman to stoop and put her hands under his arms and lift the little youngster up or down. She merely tightens her hold on his little hand and swings him down or "yanks" him up. The delicacy of a young child's tendons and muscles is little known or considered by the "yanking" mother and when the child gets to be one-sided, with one shoulder higher than the other, or with a crooked back, or with a displaced spinal column, often incurable, it is always this mother who grievingly wonders why. If such a woman were occasionally "yanked" up or down a high step she might soon be brought to realize "why."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SELECTED RECIPES AND HELPS.

Cleaning the Floor.—Grease on a kitchen floor can be softened by pouring kerosene over it and letting it remain fifteen or twenty minutes. Later scrub with hot soda water or borax and water.

Excellent Sauce for Boiled Beets.—Boil two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; four tablespoonfuls of water; one scant tablespoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt; one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Pour over beets while it is hot.

When you buy castor oil, always pour it all into a sauce pan and boil for a few minutes, then return to the bottle. This will do away with the usual stomach pains which follow its use.

A Cooking Hint.—In making a stew, the meat should be cut into small pieces, and put into cold, not hot, water in order that considerable of the juices and flavoring materials may be dissolved. The temperature should then be slowly raised until it reaches about 180 degrees Fahrenheit, where it should be kept for some hours. Treated in this way the broth will be rich, and the meat will still be tender and juicy.

Orange and Rhubarb Marmalade.—Take six oranges, two lemons and two pounds of rhubarb. Wash and wipe oranges and lemons, cut each in lengthwise

quarters, and the quarters in exceedingly thin slices, discarding the seeds. Weigh the prepared fruit and to each pound add three pints of cold water. Set aside for twenty-four hours. Let simmer until the rind is very tender, it will take five or six hours, then set aside until the next day. If the rhubarb be young and tender the skin may be retained, otherwise remove it. Cut the stalks in half-inch pieces, add to the prepared orange and lemon and get the weight of the whole. Let the whole heat to the boiling point, simmer five minutes, then add a pound of sugar for each pound of mixture. Let cook until it thickens slightly on a cold dish, then store in glasses as jelly is stored. The marmalade will stiffen on cooking, and care must be taken that it be not overcooked.

POINTERS.

TABLE salt on a damp cloth will remove egg stains on silver.

A small box of sulphur kept on the shelves is said to be good to keep away red ants.

Chocolate stains can be readily washed from linen if first washed in cold water without soap.

Never keep fresh meat in paper. It absorbs the juices, and worse yet, the cheap paper as a wrapper is filthy.

A few drops of vanilla added to syrup made from brown or granulated sugar will taste much like maple syrup.

To remove blood stains, soak over the night in cold water, then wash in warm water with a little soap and kerosene.

When laundering thin waists, if a little borax is added to the water, it will make them whiter and the proper stiffness.

Use soda instead of soap in washing hair-brushes. Soap softens the bristles, while soda does not, but cleans quickly.

When washing eggs to send to market, it will be found that strong vinegar will clean the worst stained and discolored ones.

If a finger has been crushed, plunge it into water as hot as can be borne. This will relieve the pain quicker than anything else.

Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water.

Colors will be kept brighter for a long time if a small piece of alum the size of a hickory nut is dissolved in every pint of starch, and muslin, ginghams and calicoes are dipped.

Alum is most useful in every household. It checks bleeding effectually. Alum boiled in small quantities is good for toothache; it must be held in the mouth, but not swallowed.

Moths cannot thrive where there is an odor of turpentine. When cleaning a closet where woolen blankets and furs are to be kept during the summer, it will be wise to put turpentine around the cracks in the floor.—*Selected.*

" Vegetarian Roast.—Two cups bread crumbs, one cup peanut butter, one small minced onion, a cup of mashed potatoes, a suggestion of sage, two eggs well beaten, salt to taste; mix together thoroughly and bake. Serve hot or cold with tomato sauce. The unused portion may be served later as cold meat would be served."

The Children's Corner

CAN'T GOD COUNT?

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. When their eyes saw the tempting cakes, their mouths fairly watered. After counting them over several times they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know.

Just as they were ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face, and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, " Can't God count? "

This settled the matter immediately, and all the little cakes were carried to their grandmother.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE COMPLAINT OF THE BUMBLE BEE.

" OH, dear," buzzed the Bumble Bee crossly, " it is raining again. I do not see why the sun cannot shine all of the time."

" That would not be good for us," answered the little leaves as they danced under the sparkling drops.

" It would for me," declared the selfish Bee with angry buzz. " In the sunshine I am always happy, but now my wings are all wet and draggled, and the flower cups are filled with raindrops. I tried to sip a bit of nectar from a flower a moment ago, and fell in and was almost drowned." The leaves felt sorry for the Bee, and yet they felt like laughing at his plight, but they answered his complaint very soberly.

" We have not been able to breathe well for days and days, because of the dust which covered us. You know the mother tree breathes through us. The flowers, too, are fresher, and the honey will still be there when the sun shines and dries the raindrops. The grass, you will notice, is fair and green and the rain helps everything to grow."

" If you do not object," the humble Bumble Bee said, " I shall creep under this leaf until the shower is over. I had not thought of all of this. I am truly glad that it rains."—*Alice Cook Fuller.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



American consuls report that the Irish creameries have overcome the difficulty involved in disposing of their waste milk by converting it into a valuable fertilizer. They pour it into phosphate of lime and add yeast, with the result that it becomes rich in phosphates.

According to newspaper dispatches, the Radium Institute of London finds it hard to obtain the 5½ grammes of radium needed to equip the Institute properly for its therapeutic work. The firm which undertook to supply that amount is unable to live up to the contract. The Institute is to be opened in October.

A report from Johannesburg, South Africa, tells of the finding of another large diamond at the Premier mine, The gem is said to weigh more than 191 carats and is described as a pure white stone, flawless and measuring two inches long by about three-fourths of an inch thick. It is estimated to be worth $150,000 uncut. When cut it will be worth at least $200,000.

As a result of the seizure of ice cream cones in various parts of the country, followed by their analysis at Washington, it is announced that the government is planning to begin prosecution against the manufacturers. It is said that nearly all of the cones contain borax, which the manufacturers declare to be a necessary ingredient, inasmuch as the cones which do not contain it do not hold their shape.

The highest kite flight on record was made at the Mount Weather Observatory of the United States Weather Bureau May 5, 1910, when altitude of 7,262 meters (23,826 feet) above sea level was attained. The highest previous flight was made at the same observatory October 3, 1907, when an altitude of 7,044 meters was reached. The altitude of the observatory is 526 meters (1,722 feet).

Cotton, copper, illuminating oil, wheat—these articles in the order named—formed the most important articles exported from the United States during the fiscal year just closed. The value of the cotton exported was $450,000,000, of the copper $83,500,000, of the illuminating oil $62,500,000 and of the wheat $47,000,000. Other articles of export ranked in value as follows: Flour, lard, tobacco, lumber, upper leather, corn, bituminous coal and lubricating oil. In nearly all of the articles of natural production there was a marked decline in the exports of 1910 as compared with previous years, while in certain manufactures the figures for the year are larger than for any previous year, and the total for all manufactures probably will exceed that of any earlier year. The bureau of statistics, which has given out these figures, has not yet completed the total value of the manufactures exported.

A wager of £1,000 cabled by Liverpool interests that the next cotton crop will be 12,250,000 bales has, it is reported, been accepted on this side of the water by parties whose idea of the current year's crop conditions are far from favorable.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Missouri has adopted resolutions providing for the appointment of committees to wait upon city and State officials and request action or legislation to prevent the exhibition of pictures depicting prizefights, elopements, murders, robberies and other forms of wrongdoing.

The Engineer publishes what it calls accurate details of the new Brazilian battle-ship Rio de Janeiro. It says it will be of 32,000 tons, 655 feet long, 92 feet broad, 26 feet draught and have twelve 14-inch guns, fourteen 6-inch, fourteen 4-inch and six machine guns and three torpedo tubes. It will have four screws and is designed to attain a speed of twenty-two and one-half knots. It is to be finished in two years from date, and the cost will be $14,500,000.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is expected to file a protest with the government against the new plan of army authorities to brand army horses with a tattoo mark inside the upper lip. Army horses are now branded on the hoofs, but these marks wear off and have to be renewed every four months. The new plan is expected to obviate this rebranding. It is claimed at Washington that the lip tattoo causes the horse no suffering.

A correspondent to the Scientific American, in California, reports that the wonderful oil well, the Lakeview gusher, had produced in eighty-six day of continuous flowing about 4,000,000 barrels of oil. The massive crib, which was drawn over the well in an effort to control the flow, has been torn asunder. An attempt was being made to build a wall of sand-filled sacks around the well and form an artificial lake, thereby damping the rush of oil. At that time the pool of oil was 75 feet across and 30 feet above the top of the well. The money value of the yield to date is over $2,500,000.

The United States government is substituting wireless for land telegraph lines in Alaska, and expects to save a fortune yearly in maintenance thereby. Under an appropriation which became available July 1 the signal corps is raising the power of the wireless stations at Fairbanks and Fort Egbert from three to five kilowats each. This will enable the service to dispense with 280 miles of trans-Alaskan land telegraph lines connecting Gulkana and Egbert. The present lines are carried over high mountain ranges where heavy snowfalls do great damage and prevent continuous operation.

Fully ten million depositors will take advantage of postal savings banks as soon as they are well established, according to an estimate made by postoffice officials who are at work upon rules and regulations for the banks. It is expected that each postoffice will have to keep an average of two ledgers, which will mean the keeping of 80,000 to 100,000 ledgers by the government and the employment of several thousand bookkeepers.

Uncle Sam, according to the Interstate Commerce commission, is trying to replace women stenographers with men on the ground that men are more amenable to discipline than women, are more easily transferred and can more readily be drafted into other sorts of work. On this account the examination for stenographers recently held was for men only. There are not nearly enough men on the civil service list of stenographers to supply the demand.

Patents have been issued to Crawford Elliott, inventor of the book typewriter, on a cotton picker or harvester which he has perfected as the result of nearly seven years' effort. The basic patent granted covers 40 different claims. The machine has been tested for two years in the cotton fields, and with it one man and a team of mules will do the work of 40 hand pickers. Only the ripe cotton is picked, and this is done without injury to the green cotton or the flowers.

Prosperity in the United States is on the increase if the purchases abroad by Americans during the past year of works of art, diamonds, fine furs and champagne can be taken as a criterion. Whereas there were brought into this country during the fiscal year 1909 only $3,800,000 worth of art works, millionaires and other citizens brought in during the fiscal year just closed art works to the value of $21,100,000. In diamonds the increase was from $24,100,000 to $39,800,000, in undressed fur skins from $11,700,000 to $15,200,000 and in dressed furs and manufactures thereof from $9,400,000 to $11,000,000. While no more automobiles were imported last year than during the previous twelve months, their value in each case having been $2,900,000, this is accounted for by the fact that most Americans are buying machines of home make; and whereas only $5,400,000 worth of automobiles were exported in 1909, this country sent abroad this past year $9,500,000 worth.

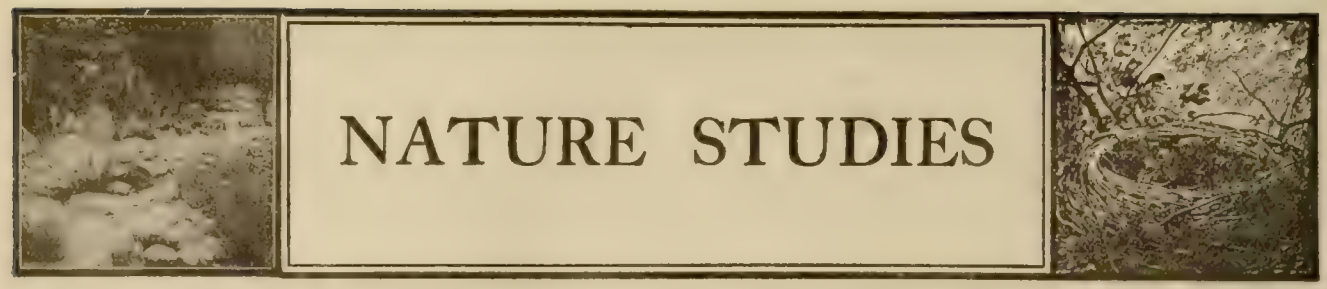
A project designed to keep in the United States the $14,000,000 now going abroad annually for the Astrakhan, Persian broadtail and krimmer furs so fashionable among wealthy Americans has been launched by Dr. C. C. Young, a former Chicago physician, now commissioner of agriculture for the State of Coahuila, Mexico. This is the breeding of Karakule sheep, the basis of all the fine furs that come from Persia and other portions of Central Asia. He has succeeded in bringing to America, after great expense and much trouble, on account of the rigid laws forbidding the importation of Asiatic sheep because of the danger of importing with them Asiatic diseases, a flock of full-blood Karakules and has begun the crossing of them with American sheep at his ranch at Menor, Coahuila. Dr. Young has some of the pelts taken from the lambs resulting from the crosses between the American sheep and the imported Karakules. The crosses between the Lincolnshire and Shropshire and the Karakule have given a fur that is of a far finer texture and much more beautiful luster than the imported furs.

A. de Navarro, vice president of the Atlas Portland Cement Company, characterizes as absolutely without foundation a report that the government has rejected the $4,500,000 contract made with the company to supply cement for the construction of the Panama Canal. He said the government had made exhaustive tests of the cement and that in not one instance was there a rejection. The company already has shipped over 1,000,000 barrels to the Canal Zone and expects to complete the contract as fast as the cement is needed, he added.

Secretary Wilson's meat inspectors will continue to inspect lard substitute and not a pound of that article can go into interstate or foreign commerce unless it bears the mark: "U. S. Inspected and Passed." This is the gist of an opinion rendered by Judge Fowler, acting attorney general during Mr. Wickersham's absence. Judge Fowler holds that lard substitute, a cooking compound made up of one-fifth animal fat and four-fifths cotton seed oil, is fairly within the definition of a meat food product and must be inspected under the meat inspection law. The large packers of Chicago were very much interested in the matter and took a prominent part in bringing the question before the Department of Justice for an opinion.

Tests of the "Ames Aero Cycle" as the airship invented by Congressman Butler Ames of Massachusetts will probably be called, are in progress at the naval academy at Annapolis. Before a naval board the workings of the machine were demonstrated by its inventor. Mr. Ames' invention is an entirely new thing in aerial navigation, both in appearance and theory of propulsion. Two large spool-like disks suspended on either side of a power platform, revolve with a motion that is forward and upward, while the forward drive is got by a regular aerial propeller in the rear. In stating his theory of flying Mr. Ames described it as similar to an "upshoot" pitched baseball, the revolution of the spools being similar to the twist given by the pitcher's fingers, while the propeller takes the place of the throw of the pitcher's arm.

Representatives of western railroads recently had a conference with Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce commission and voluntarily proposed to suspend all increases of rates until Nov. 1 in order that the commission might in the meantime give consideration to the question of the reasonableness of the proposed increases. The position taken by the western railroads is gratifying to the commission because it relieves the body of considerable clerical work. Under the law it was necessary for the commission to serve notice by registered mail upon all the railroad parties to increases in rates which the commission desired to suspend pending investigation. In some instances 100 railroads were parties to one increase, and it would have been necessary to have mailed suspension orders to each before Aug. 1, the date the new rates were to take effect. The western railroads propose to do no more than the eastern railroads did several days ago. By agreement the new rates, carrying increases, will take effect Nov. 1 instead of Aug. 1. The increases are not withdrawn. It is the purpose of the railroads, both West and East, to charge the higher rates, provided the commission will permit.



THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the treetops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If he care for this will he not for thee—
Thee, wherever thou art today?
Child of an Infinite Father, see;
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A FEW INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT CORN.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

Is it any wonder that a boy is curious to know many things? When he is husking corn and finds an ear on which there are both sweet corn and field corn, he is anxious to know how it happened. It frequently happens that the farmer can not clearly explain this phase of nature. His story is likely to be that the two were planted too close together. In fact, this is true but it does not fully explain the reason.

If you will bear with me for a few minutes, I shall endeavor to state clearly:

In the corn we have a peculiarly imperfect flower. That is, the pistils and stamens are not at the same place, and the fruit is not produced where the stamens are. At the ends of the stamens, which are the make-up of the tassels, are anthers which produce the pollen grains. These pollen grains fertilize the pistil which produces the grain. The pistil is the corn silk; and the pollen drops and hits the corn silk and grows down the pollen tube until it reaches the ovary cell of the pistil. And thus a grain is produced according to the kind of pollen. Sometimes there is a vacant place where there should be a grain. This means that no pollen fell on that silk, or that the silk was destroyed prior to pollination.

Can you tell now how it happens that a sweet corn grain is produced on a field corn ear or a field corn grain on a sweet corn ear? The gentle breeze wafts a pollen grain across to the silk of another kind and thus the mixture occurs on the ear.

Again, if a grain of corn is planted away off by itself and permitted to grow until the tassel is just pushing forth, and then sever the tassel from the stalk, there would be no corn produced for there would be no pollen to fertilize the pistils unless it would be carried from some other tassel. A more certain method to test this would be to perfectly conceal the silk by tying a small vessel over the silk and ear.

Perhaps you noticed grains at which rats were eating. It is unusual that rats eat the entire grain. Indeed, the only part they eat is the central part at the point. Did you ever wonder why this is true? The dormant life of the plant is there. Just open a grain and examine it. It is this part of the grain that is pleasing to the rat and his act destroys the life of the grain. If you plant this grain, there will be no growth. In other words, the rats eat the embryo, and without the embryo there can be no life. This dormant life is often called the embryonic stage.

When the grain is put into favorable conditions for growth, the embryo awakens and the grain swells. This stage is called germination. Soon a little pointed sprout peeps out at the small end of the grain. This stage is called sprouting. The little sprout is nourished by the starch in the grain until finally little roots develop. The starch lasts until the roots are sufficiently developed to gather enough of moisture and food to supply the plant.

Many more things might be said of the corn and I shall be glad to tell you more later.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE purple martin should be protected and encouraged to build on the farm, and provided with convenient places to nest, for it renders valuable serv-

ice to the farmer, fruit-grower and gardener in devouring insects, worms, larvæ and eggs.

It arrives in the northern States about April or May and commences its destruction of the common pests. It is just as beneficent in the South where it wages war on the cotton boll weevil and many other injurious insects. It is a very inoffensive bird and a study of its habits leads to the conclusion that the farmer should be its firm friend.

If it were not for birds, farming would be a failure, for there is no other way so effective in keeping the myriads of insects in check. Their rapid increase from year to year would soon be the means of making it impossible to raise a crop.

The farmer should leave places on the farm for the birds to nest in security, and it would not be out of place to have some fruit trees devoted to the benefit of birds. If a place is left for them they will not hesitate long in taking possession. If there is no shrub or thicket or place that can be given to them houses should be built for them. Have the birds on the farm by all means.

Many farms are almost destitute of birds simply because there are no convenient nesting places. It will pay in dollars and cents for all the care given to them, besides the pleasure of becoming acquainted with this very interesting class of friends, and having the privilege of listening to their sweet songs. There are many good lessons to be learned from the birds. And there is no other class of people to whom the subject appeals so strongly as to the farmer from an economic view. The most valuable helpers that he has are those who work without pay and permit his labors to be rewarded. Birds protect the farmer; they work for him more faithfully and continuously than any other workman he can get, and farmers are beginning to appreciate their endeavors more and more as they come to realize the good work they render them, and well can they afford to give serious thought to their protection.

SHE FOUND THE THIEF.

Last year, a lady who was very fond of flowers had planted some seeds in a certain part of her garden, and had put little sticks into the ground above them, with tiny slips of paper fastened to them, telling the names of the flowers that were to come up there.

To her surprise, these little slips of paper began to disappear—two one day, three the next, and so on.

"Well," she thought, "I never imagined anyone would take the trouble to steal those; and, if they did, I should have thought they would have taken them *all* —not one or two here and there!"

For a long time she could not find out who was the thief, and then one day, as she stood by a window overlooking the garden, she saw a blackbird coming hopping along. He seized one of the little tickets, and pulled and tugged at it, but it wouldn't come!

So he passed on to the next, and at last pulled it off and flew away with it. Presently he came back and did the same thing again; and later on the lady found out why he had helped himself to her carefully prepared little slips! What do you think he was doing with them? Why, carrying them to a tree near by, and using them to help in building his nest there!—*Selected.*

CAT ADOPTS FAMILY OF MICE.

Naturalists as a rule have classed the cat and the mouse as instinctive enemies, but there are occasions where the calculations of naturalists, as well as those of ordinary mortals, are turned topsy-turvey. In the Virginia bonded warehouse at Richmond there has arisen a case that is said to be without a parallel. Jenny Crow, a huge and heretofore ferocious mouser, has adopted as her own a family of five young mice and she fondles and guards them with great care. Jenny adopted the mice about a month ago, after a litter of kittens had been taken from her.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

JOE GATTER'S LIFE INSURANCE.

(Continued from Page 729.)

on him? Don't the Bible say that they that believe shall be saved?"

"Joseph," said the Squire, "when you believed in my store, you put in your time and money there. When you believed in hoss-tradin' you devoted yourself to practicing it. When you believed life insurance was a good thing, you took out policies and paid for them, though you *have* complained of the Pantagonian dividends. Now, if you do believe in God, what have you done to prove it?"

"I've paid over a hundred dollars a year church dues," said Joe, wrathfully, "not counting subscriptions to a bell and a new organ."

"That wasn't for God, Joseph," said the Squire; "'twas all for you. God never'll thank you for running an asylum for paupers fit to work. You'll find in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew a description of those that's going into the kingdom of heaven—they're the people that give food and clothing to the needy, and that visit the sick and prisoners, while those that don't do these things *don't* go in, to put it mildly. He don't say a word about belief there, Joseph; for he knows that giving away property don't happen till a man's belief is pretty strong."

Joe felt troubled. Could it really be that his eternal insurance was going to cost more money? Joe thought enviously of Colonel Bung, President of the Bungfield Railroad Co.—the Colonel didn't believe in anything;

so he saved all his money, and Joe wished he had some of the Colonel's courage.

Joe's meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Sam Ottrey, a poor fellow who owed Joe some money. Joe had lent Sam a hundred dollars, discounted ten per cent for ninety days, and secured by a chattel mortgage on Sam's horse and wagon. But Sam had been sick during most of the ninety days, and when he went to Joe to beg a few days of grace, that exemplary business man insisted upon immediate payment. It was easy to see by Sam's hopeless eye and strained features that he had not come to pay—he was staring ruin in the face, and felt as uncomfortable as if the amount were millions instead of a horse and wagon, his only means of support. As for Joe, he had got that hundred dollars and horse and wagon mixed up in the oddest way with what he and his partner had been talking about. It was utterly unbusiness-like—he knew it—he tried to make business business, and religion religion, but, try as he might, he could not succeed. Joe thought briskly; he determined to try an experiment.

"Sam," he said, "got the money?"

"No," Sam replied; "luck's agin me—I've got to stand it I suppose."

"Sam," said Joe, "I'll give you all the time you need, at legal interest."

Sam was not such a young man as sentimental people would select to try good deeds upon. But he was human, and loved his wife and children, and the sudden relief he felt caused him to look at Joe in a manner which made Joe find a couple of entire strangers in his own eyes. He hurried into the little office, and when his partner looked up inquiringly, Joe replied:

"I've got a dividend, Squire—one of those we were talking about."

"How's that?" asked the old man, while Joe commenced to write very rapidly.

"I'll show you," said Joe, handing the Squire the paper on which he had just put in writing his promise to Sam.

"Joseph," said the Squire, after reading the paper several times, to assure himself that his eyes did not deceive him, "it beats the widow's mites; she gave the Lord all she had, but you've given him more than you ever had in all your life until today."

Joe handed Sam the paper, and it was to the teamster the strongest evidence of Christianity he had ever seen in Bungfield. He had known of some hard cases turning from the saloon and joining the church, but none of these things were so wonderful as this action of Joe Gatter's. Sam told the story, in strict confidence, to each of his friends, and the good seed was thus sown in soil that it had never reached before.

It would be pleasant to relate that Joe forthwith ceased shaving notes and selling antiquated grease for butter, and that he devoted the rest of his days and money to good deeds, but it wouldn't be true. Those of our readers who have always consistently acted, according to their own light and knowledge are, of course, entitled to throw stones at Joe Gatter; but most of us know to our sorrow why he didn't always act according to the good promptings he received. Our only remaining duty is to say that when, thereafter, Joe's dividends came seldom, he knew whom to blame.—*Selected.*

BELLS CENTURIES OLD FOUND IN HONDURAS.

Andrew H. Blackiston, a New York scientist, who has just returned from Central America, reports the discovery in the mountains of Honduras of a sacred cave, in which he found a large number of copper bells which were made, he believes, not less than 1,000 years ago. The cave is about fifty miles from Pimiento.

Mr. Blackiston is taking the bells to Washington, where he will give them to the National Museum. He found in all about 200 bells. They range in size from a watch charm to a set of chimes. Some of them are decorated with wire work, some are cast in fantastic shapes and others beaten into faces and figures. He also found a number of spear heads, to one of which a petrified handle is still attached. Among the bells was a large ceremonial copper mask inlaid with turquoise.

Near the cave he found the mine from which the copper of which the bells were made had been taken. The mine appeared to be very rich, but when he told of the discovery later it excited little interest. He was told that copper had little value in Honduras.—*New York Herald.*

Between Whiles

Knew that Much.—His ignorance of history recently shocked one of the woman friends of a young Buffalo society man. It was after a dinner party at his house and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me Mr. ————, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."—Advance.

Intensive Steering.—A raw Irishman shipped as one of the crew on a revenue cruiser. His turn at the wheel came around, and after a somewhat eccentric session in the pilot-house he found himself the butt of no little humor below.

"Begorrah," he growled at last, "and ye needn't talk. I bet I done more steerin' in tin minutes 'n ye done in yer howl watch."—Success.

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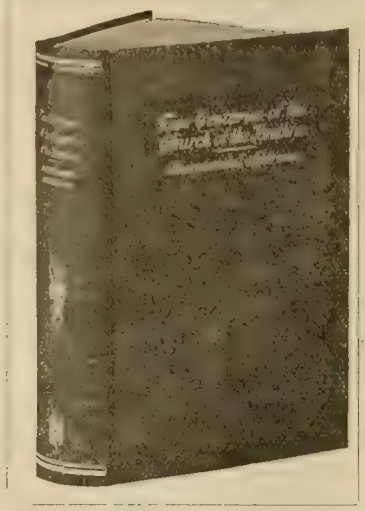


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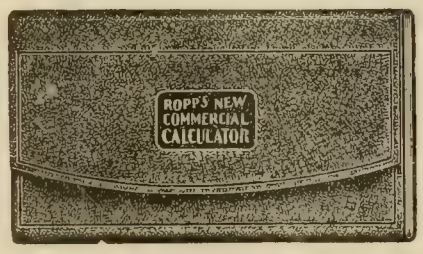
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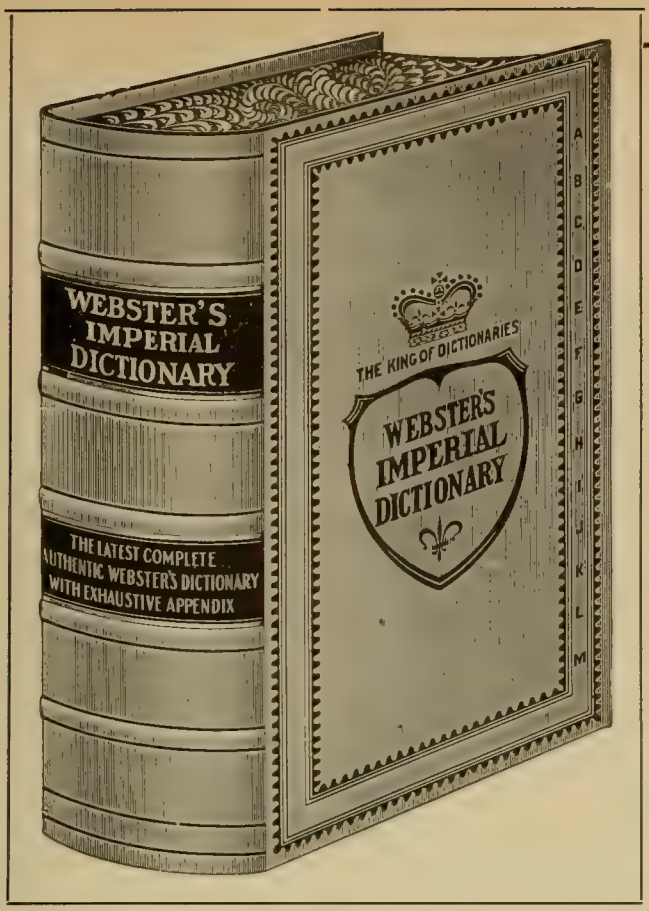
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ALFALFA is the most important of all the forage crops grown in the Yellowstone Valley. It thrives, and with three cuttings yields from four to seven tons an acre each season, and brings from $5 to $7 per ton in stack, according to location and season. Many of the farmers of Sweet Grass County prefer to cut their alfalfa but twice during each season in order to give their ewes and lambs an opportunity for early spring pasture on the green alfalfa, and again in the late summer and early fall.

"Alfalfa, which is difficult to cure in the humid regions, goes into the stack as bright and green as sunshine and dry air can make it. When it is known that one rain on cut alfalfa, reduces its feeding value one-fourth, the advantage of an almost rainless climate at harvest time in the production of forage crops can be appreciated.

" The advantages of growing alfalfa are many; it enriches the soil instead of impoverishing it; returns to it those chemical properties so essential to continued productiveness, and for this reason makes an ideal crop to rotate with sugar beets. It is a splendid feed for stock, especially for hogs, and when so used brings much greater returns; it does not require replanting, but when once established will yield good returns year after year."

" In money value alfalfa is considered worth 45 per cent more than clover and 60 per cent more than timothy."

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the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

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Upon his sturdy back he wore
The glittering suit of woven mail.
The pennoned lance, the blade he bore,
Should make the haughty Paynim pale!
Strong in the faith his cause was right,
He smote his way through fray and fight.

In vain those doughty champions sought
Through far, war-desolated lands,
That chalice of bright emerald wrought,
Which sparkled in the Savior's hands
At the Last Supper, when he taught
His chosen few his few commands:
Of meekness overcoming strife,
Of love and truth redeeming life.

The world shall see the Holy Grail
When armies shall be hosts of peace;
When arguments of force shall fail,
And war and war's wild spirit cease.
Then shall the reign of God prevail,
And joy and happiness increase.
The Holy Grail shall glow and shine,
Filled with love's sacramental wine!

—The Advocate of Peace.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 9, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 32*

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VIA

Union Pacific

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¶ MIAMI VALLEY is famous as a cultured center. Five ministers of the Church of the Brethren, and 22 teachers and Professors are living in MIAMI VALLEY.

¶ A local telephone system is being installed by the citizens.

¶ MIAMI VALLEY is a LIVABLE place. YOU SHOULD LIVE HERE. Only $40.00 to $75.00 per acre for land with perpetual water right.

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THE SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

In Idaho

A VAST EMPIRE SUBJECT TO IRRIGATION

Commencing at Marysville, Fremont County, following the River to American Falls, there are over 700,000 acres of irrigable land, most of which is now under cultivation. Next is the Minnidoka government tract and the Twin Falls Carey Act Tracts where irrigation systems are already completed and others under construction which when completed will cover over 2,000,000 acres of land. Continuing on we come to the Mountain Home country, the Owyhee, the Boise and Payette Valleys, all tributaries of the Snake River. In these Valleys there are now about 1,000,000 acres under cultivation, and subject to irrigation systems now under construction. After the above mentioned systems are completed there will still remain about 7,000,000 acres susceptible to irrigation in Idaho, most of which will be watered from the Snake River and its tributaries. "The Snake River which winds its way through the State a distance of more than 1,000 miles carries an immense body of water, sufficient in fact according to the State Engineer's official report to cover all the available lands in the great Snake River basin to a depth of 76 inches during the irrigation season."

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES. The soil in these Valleys is very fertile and all kinds of crops that are grown in this latitude produce abundantly. Wheat has produced as high as 80 bushels to the acre; oats, 120 bushels to the acre; potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. The growing of sugar beets is also a profitable industry. There are now four Beet Sugar Factories in the State.

Alfalfa, the great forage plant, is a great success, often yielding from six to ten tons of hay per acre in a season.

Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

FRUITS. Idaho without doubt will be the leading state for the growing of fine apples. Idaho apples have gained a reputation and are eagerly sought after at fancy prices in the markets of the eastern states and in Europe. Thousands of acres of apple orchards have been planted in the last two years and this year, 1910, a larger acreage will be planted than in any previous year. One thousand dollars per acre net has been realized in the Payette Valley for one year's crop of apples.

Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

RAILROADS. The Oregon Short Line R. R. has now about 1,000 miles of main line and branches completed in Idaho, and several hundred miles more under construction Most of these lines pass through the irrigated lands in the Snake River Valleys, thus giving ample transportation to market for the products raised by the settlers.

Idaho has an ideal, healthy climate, plenty of sunshine, winters short and mild. We invite the settler to come to Idaho for health and prosperity.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

S. BOCK
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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. August 9, 1910. No. 32.

The Rescue Mission

B. F. Heckman

Number 4. The Result in the Lives of Men.

THERE is a picture in God's Word that shows the condition of these unfortunate men. In the West Side Rescue Mission one night last winter a man quoted this verse to show his condition while in sin. It was his experience: "For that which I do I know not; for not what I would that do I practice; but what I hate that I do." This pictures to one's mind a state of bondage, a slave to Satan. A man then is not his own master, but he is beside himself. We as Christians need not put such an experience entirely away from our former lives, especially when we were dead in trespasses and in sins. We may not have been slaves to drink,—but we were in real bondage to sin—perhaps a slave to fashion, or a slave to swearing, or a slave to tobacco, or to covetousness, or malice, or envy, or backbiting, or what not.

In thinking over those past experiences we remember what is meant to not follow the things we knew to be right, yet we were powerless to do right things on account of our servitude to Satan. So with the drunkard; he knows he ought not to drink the stuff that will eventually ruin his body and soul. He knew and still knows what decency expects of him, but in spite of his better knowledge he keeps going still deeper and deeper into sin because he is not at himself, but Satan is his master. Though he hates the cup that has dragged him down still he begs another nickel in order to get the next drink of bad beer or whiskey. Yes, these men truly hate their condition when one can get the real braggadocio brushed aside. Still from their viewpoint in the mire they can see no way of escape. "For to will that which is good is present with me, but to do that which is good is not."

Their lives are as the desert upon which no fruit can grow. All is drouth. There is no water. A mirage appears here and there while in a drunken stupor. The great Sahara is a splendid picture of a life in sin. Upon the desert a few dwarfed shrubs may grow, or a few cacti, but for the most part it is a barren waste. A mirage appears. The weary traveler thinks water can not be far away now, so he moves at a faster pace toward the place, only to be deluded, and finally lost unless help is near. Hear the cry of the soul that is lost in sin: "Wretched man that I am. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" There is one answer and one only. It also comes from Paul: "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."

When a man who has been living a life of shame gives his life to God a power comes into his life to take him out of sin. If God through the Holy Spirit raised Christ Jesus from the dead can he not also raise men out of sin and give life to their souls? The Gospel is the "dynamite" of God to salvation. No, a man cannot get sin out of his life by his own efforts; it is only through God's power. Instead of Satan reigning, the Holy Spirit will reign. In other words, a man changes masters and instead of being driven into this saloon and into that, men are led of the Spirit in the Great Highway of Holiness. Instead of the barren, fruitless life, there comes the life full of good fruits. The desert has been watered by the Water of Life. Irrigating ditches have been made and Living Water has permeated every portion of the being.

"The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad.
And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.
It shall rejoice even with joy and singing."

.....

"Then shall the lame man leap as a hart,
And the tongue of the dumb shall sing;
For in the wilderness shall waters break forth,
And streams in the desert.
And the mirage shall become a pool,
And the thirsty ground springs of water."

And instead of the sinful life,—

"A highway shall be there, and a way,
And it shall be called the Way of Holiness."

.....

"They shall obtain joy and gladness,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Until one is acquainted with men who have really turned from darkness to light, from the mire to the Solid Rock, from sin to righteousness, from Satan to God, this description seems too good to believe, except that it comes from the Word of God. But "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in

Christ Jesus." Dear Christian, God has promised deliverance not only for your sons and daughters who have not gone far into sin; not only for your brothers and sisters; not only for your fathers and mothers; but God has also promised salvation to the most wayward prodigal, whether he is your son or some one else's. He is even willing to spend time and energy to have them come back.

"They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;
They found no city of habitation.
Hungry and thirsty
Their soul fainted in them.
Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
He led them also by a straight way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.
Oh, that men would praise Jehovah for his loving-kindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men."

No small number of men have been delivered from the very lowest depths of sin in what seems a marvelous way. For some time I have been acquainted with men who have come from this class. I have heard their testimonies and have questioned them as to their religious experiences. Their record has been told by those who know of their conversion. Some of these men are among the foremost religious leaders and workers of this country.

It will highly be worth our while to let these men tell of their former conditions and experiences. The stories are true though the names are withheld. No. 1.—A native of Ireland. A man of wealth. At one time a religious professor, though more in name than in practice. He was a Master Mason and a member of various other secret societies. For twelve years he sat on the Bench as Judge under Queen Victoria, and ever since is known to his friends as "the Judge." He lived in New York City and owned some of its best real estate. The World's Fair brought him to Chicago. The City Hall gave him a place among its officers. His position brought him into contact with some of the worst parts of the city. Though in high society he began to drink. Gambling houses and houses of vice and immorality afforded him pleasure. He became a regular customer of the worst forms of corruption and his downfall was fast and sure. He raised three families, but at the age of sixty-five his children were ashamed of him and they cast him out. His money was soon gone, and his friends soon left. After he had squandered more than $300,000 he had no place to lay his head, except the curbing of the street until some police officer should drive him away or lock him up. From the high class saloon to the barrel house his descent was rapid. He slept in the alley, in the gutter, under some cellar way. He begged a nickel for a bed or for food. He spent it for beer, ate free lunches at saloons, and slept wherever he could. He cursed religious meetings and did his utmost to break them up. For a drink he would sing a foolish song, or dance. From such a life he became diseased, "full of dropsy," "full of lice," "full of vermin," "full of sin," clothed in mere rags. In this condition he entered the Olive Branch Mission on the West Side about five years ago. One of the workers came to him where he sat in stupor and said to him, "Old man, you need help, come and ask God for it." Upon his knees he prayed earnestly for forgiveness and promised to surrender his life to God. Today he spends his entire time in helping those who are as unfortunate as he once was. In the five years of the Judge's Christian life he has never been slow to lift up his voice in praise and testimony for what the Lord has done for him, whether in the mission or on the street, whether at midday or midnight.

No. 2.—This young man lived in Rochester, New York. He was married to a Christian woman and had a Christian mother of the Methodist faith. Through drink he became dissatisfied with all those favorable conditions. So one year ago last June he decided to leave Rochester and try the world for himself. He shipped on one of the boats of the Great Lakes thus earning his passageway. He was in practically every city of the Great Lakes and was drunk in them all. Last November he came to Chicago. He was robust in physique. His clothes had not yet shown to any great extent the kind of life he was living. His money was almost gone and that would mean no little thing in a city like Chicago without friends. He tried for work, but was not able to furnish the necessary recommendation. One Saturday night in his despondency he saw some sisters going down State Street whom he knew from their apparel to be religious workers. They were workers from Bethany Bible School on their way to the Life Boat Mission to conduct services. He followed them at a distance. When they entered the Mission he remained on the sidewalk debating in his own mind whether or not to end it all by shooting himself with the pistol in his pocket. He was persuaded by one of the workers to attend the services. When the invitation was given for men to turn from sin to righteousness, he went forward and prayed earnestly. He determined to live the right life through Christ Jesus. When the service was dismissed he gave to me his pistol and cigarettes saying that he had no further use for them. We had hoped to keep him with us for some time in order to teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly but he got very homesick and wished to return to the wife and parents from whom he had run away. An opportunity came for him to ship back to Rochester and he took it. While on his voyage home a letter came from his mother thanking us for turning their prodigal homeward. During the Students' Volunteer convention at Rochester at

New Year's time our delegates visited this man and his family and all were happy over his restoration.

No. 3 has the record of being one of the greatest thieves and robbers in the criminal annals of Chicago. He was not only a drunkard but a daring crook. He was too lazy to work and so made his living by picking pockets, robbing banks and committing almost any crime by which to get money. He tells now that if any one accused him of picking their pockets he would argue, if that would not avail he would say, "Just wait a bit and I will go and get Mr. ——— (naming some highly respected citizen) and prove to you that I am not a pickpocket. Of course," he added, "I would not go back." The State penitentiaries opened their doors for him six different times for longer or shorter terms. One time he had committed an especially large theft. Orders had gone out from police headquarters to bring "Old Dick." He knew what that meant and he began to plan a means of escape. He went to the Pacific Garden Mission, knowing that the police seldom looked in a place like that for a crook like himself. When the leader of the service asked all the men to raise their hands who wished to be prayed for this man's hand was about the first one to go up, knowing that he had nothing to lose by the venture and wanting any relief that might be offered. After the deed was done he began to think what a fool he had been for trying such a thing especially since he had always hated Christian people before this time. But he was induced to pray. Then and there he was convicted and determined to live the Christian life. Word reached police headquarters that "Old Dick" had been converted. They counted it a huge joke and thought he was merely taking a vacation until he could get a good chance to rob some one. But today after living down the old life he goes about telling fallen men that there is still a chance for them.

No. 4 was a black sheep in a family of several boys. His parents and brothers were Christians, but he was a wayward, roving, drinking young man. Evil associates took him on until he had reached the lowest depths. No human help could avail. But in a mission one night he implored God to give him power to overcome his condition. He received it. Last winter, the first time since his conversion, he went to his father's house for a visit. He met his father on the sidewalk, bent with age and nearly blind. He said, "Father do you know me?" The father did not. He said, "I am Charley." The father's first question was, "Charley, do you still drink whiskey?" Charley said, "No, father I am saved through the blood of Jesus Christ." That was a happy reunion.

So one might go on telling more stories of a similar nature. Not one of these men claims that he is anything, but that Jesus Christ is all. Thus there is great transforming power in the Gospel of our Savior, for it is truly the power of God unto salvation.

Bethany Bible School.

DAYLIGHT AGITATION.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE daylight movement or what may be called the society for the extension of daylight is pushing ahead with its campaign and gaining impetus. Evolved in England, ridiculed and execrated and finally tentatively experimented with there, it looks as though it may be accepted in this country.

The daylighters have a novel argument and their object is quite reasonable. They want the hands of the clock turned ahead during the summer months so that when it is five in the morning the clock will say seven. It is proposed that the clock be advanced two hours on May 1, and set back again on October 1. But considerable confusion would be caused by adoption of the schedule.

The main inconvenience would come in the readjustments twice a year, in the mail deliveries and collections, the opening and closing of banks and the running of trains. The work involved in the change would be vast. It might take a day or two to get things running smoothly again. But the argument in favor of the daylight movement is clear. The benefits to the individual cannot be denied since it would encourage living and taking exercise out of doors in the early morning. By this simple device they would throw the working day forward into the cool of the morning and have quitting time come two hours earlier. This they contend would give a big boost to the health of the toiler, and give him a nice slice of extra time at the end of the day for recreation and enjoyment.

The movement of the clock, as it were, is much more advanced in the public estimation in England than it is on this side of the water. It is too bad that anybody should object to a scheme so simple which promises such rich results as is argued. If this old world can be chippered up and happified by moving the hands on the clock, by all means let us do it. It is the most attractive reform idea in view. Most reformers want to change the laws, knock down and build up governments, modify or reconstruct human nature; when we begin to do these things there is trouble for us. The trouble with most reformers now soliciting public approval is that they ask too much of us. They point to summits which invite and thrill but the roads that lead to them are so deadfully steep and tedious for many. How it solves the whole question, how easy it makes it look, to know that we can accomplish a part of the good we desire at least by stepping upon a chair, reaching for the faithful old time piece above

the fireplace and yanking the hour hand two staves in a westerly direction.

Alas it is too easy! Not much good is to be accomplished we fear by fooling with the clock. The daylight boom is of the same piece with a lot of other reforms that just now seek the attention of the public. Nearly every good man is taking a hand at trying to improve something or somebody by moving the hands on its clock dial. There is a national movement to beautify the cities, to ease the burdens of the poor, to make marriage more sacred, to give the children a better show, to stop the cheapening of life by drink and drug habits, and about all the popular methods for accomplishing the good ends are like moving the hands on the clock to give to the work-day world more sunshine and an easier task.

Meantime there is a tolerably radical old idea which was rather admirably put by the writers of the Declaration of Independence which is almost lost sight of. Those old fellows had a notion that if you would fully establish human beings in their common rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," they would be able each for himself to get pretty near all the good things that were coming his way out of this life.

The Pioneer of Kentucky

Dallas B. Kirk

DANIEL BOONE, son of a Quaker family, was born in what is now Bucks Co., Pa., Aug. 22, 1734. His grandfather, George Boone, and family came to Philadelphia, October 10, 1717, from Exeter, England. The young lad, although of a gentle disposition, did not fear danger. Before he was ten years old he became noted as a good, youthful hunter, returning from each trip, silent as the forest he had left behind him, and not once was he known to boast of his adventures.

His education was very limited, and consisted of learning how to read from an Irishman who had suddenly come into the community. But his practical education was great. His mind was very strong, and his observation keen, while the calmness with which he met reverses is worth patterning after. As a marksman his aim was unerring.

He did not feel lonely an hour, although the night was very dark, and he in some remote wilderness. Even when a storm beat upon the earth with all its fury, and he yet of tender years, he felt as contented as by his home fireplace. Peaceful and happy through it all, he never uttered a coarse word or performed an unmanly action. Such was the youth of Daniel Boone. Isn't this a fine character study for the youth of today? A portion of his boyhood was spent with his father and family on the upper Schuylkill River.

About 1748 Daniel's father moved his family into North Carolina. At this time it was nothing but a wilderness. But such was the spirit of those early pioneers, that even the wildest forest, with its howling beasts and savage Indians, did not daunt them in their purpose. At eventide after the day's hunt, or toil of cabin building was over, they had better appetites than the hungriest of those who frequent the banqueting halls. The bill of fare consisted of corn, a few vegetables and wild game. Simplicity indeed. Solitude and nature could almost be called brothers of Daniel Boone, so closely did they work together.

He grew into manhood on the Yadkin River, North Carolina, and it was here he married Rebecca Bryan, about 1755.

More and more new settlers appeared in the neighborhood, and the pioneer began to long for the wilderness; he wanted solitude; he became restless. Annoyed by new fashions which some Scotch families had introduced into this section, and seeing the large trees cut down, and large houses erected, instead of humble cabins, and taxes which very much vexed the carefree Daniel Boone, he resolved to leave this place and go farther west. However, he did not take this step until he silently pondered over the matter day and night.

May 1, 1769, Daniel Boone and five other adventurous companions left the banks of the Yadkin for a place now in the State of Kentucky. The place they had left knew no luxuries, even salt was ten dollars a bushel; while in this new place the diet was even more simple as well as other things of life. Sometimes battling with the Indians, at other times with the wild beasts, yet never once did Daniel wish himself back on the banks of the peaceful Yadkin.

A fortress consisting of ten log huts forming a quadrangle, and consuming about three months in building, was erected here in this new country and named Boonesborough. Each cabin was twenty feet in length, and from twelve to fifteen feet wide. The pioneers felt secure, when they were within their new fort, as it was arrow proof.

With everything secure, Boone went back to the Clinch River, where he had left his wife and daughter, and brought them safely to their new Kentucky home.

A little legislative meeting was held at Boones-

borough under the leadership of Colonel Henderson. Daniel and his brother, Squire Boone, were delegates for Boonesborough. The four settlements represented were Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, Boiling Springs, and St. Asaph, in all, consisting of about 150 people. This meeting took place in May, 1775, and lasted for three days. Among these early laws of the Kentucky pioneers were some for preserving game, for improving horses, for preventing Sabbath breaking, and for prohibiting profane language. We see that the morals



Modern Pioneer Scene.

of these people in their solitude, recognized their Creator as One who would protect them from harm and danger in their wilderness home.

The years of 1776 and 1777 saw the American Revolution well under headway, and it greatly added to the perils of these Kentucky settlers, for the Indians became bolder and bolder. One hundred and forty men were sent from Virginia and North Carolina to reinforce these feeble settlements. Time and again would the Indians try to burn the Boonesborough fort, but they failed each time. The Indians now largely sided in with Great Britain, and they learned many cruel and heartless methods of warfare from the British soldiers.

One day Boone and his companion Stewart were out hunting when they were attacked by Indians. Stewart's brain was crushed by a tomahawk. After seeing the fate of his companion, Boone, who could run like an antelope when necessity compelled it, fled to the settlements and there told of the sad death of his friend.

Boone at the age of thirty-six was in perfect health because of his freedom from all exciting passions, his perfect temperance and out-door living. He would have laughed at the modern stylish appendicitis and many of the so-called needful cutting operations of the present age. His height was five feet, ten inches. His wife, Rebecca, had full confidence in her husband and relied on the soundness of his judgment. Their love was constant. Their children were well and happy. They would not have exchanged places with the dweller in a marble palace. Did they not belong to nature? And as such did they not respect nature's God? No complex living for them.

October 10, 1773, James, the seventeen-year-old son of Daniel Boone met his death by the hand of a savage. This was a hard blow for his father and mother.

Simon Kenton once saved Boone's life by shooting an Indian who was standing over him with a raised tomahawk. Boone's leg was shattered by a bullet. Although he was of a silent nature, nevertheless he showed his heartfelt gratitude to Kenton for his heroic deed.

When in need of salt the pioneers of Boonesborough had to go almost one hundred miles to the mouth of Licking River for it, and it was only by a number of

men going well armed that they made the journey in safety.

The Indians held Boone in great respect as a skilled hunter and a keen warrior. He never robbed them of any of their horses. He was just and humane in his dealings with the savage tribes around him. When captured by them he generally could win them by kindness. At one time Boone was captured by the Indians, and after waiting for some time, Mrs. Boone gave up all hopes of ever seeing her husband alive again. She and her children moved back across the mountains to her father's home in North Carolina. As soon as Boone escaped he returned, and went after his wife and children and brought them again into the West, as it was then called. This was in the fall of 1780, and in October of the same year Squire Boone was killed and scalped in the presence of his brother Daniel, an event which saddened Boone's after life.

Daniel Boone never used tobacco in any form, although he raised some for his friends and neighbors. Once when he was in his tobacco shed, moving the tobacco on poles to a higher place in the shed, four Indians with guns suddenly came to the low door and called him by name, saying: "Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away any more." The pioneer parleyed with them for some time, talking about old friends in Chillicothe. As these savages stood looking up at Boone working with his tobacco, about twelve feet from the floor, he gathered his arms full of dry tobacco leaves, filled with an immense quantity of suffocating dust. He now jumped to the floor, the dust filling their eyes and nostrils, and made good his escape into his bullet proof cabin close by.

Under the administration of Washington, February, 1791, Kentucky was admitted into the Union. The footsteps of this pioneer were marked with blood. He had lost by the savages a beloved brother and two darling sons; also forty horses and some cattle. To make the closing days of Boone still more sorrowful, the sheriff one day informed him that the title to his land was disputed. The lawyers and land speculators gained the suit in court and Boone was driven from his farm. A more unjust and cowardly deed would be hard to find. Homeless and penniless, he severely felt the wrongs which had so unmercifully been showered upon him, for Kentucky was no longer his home.

Boone now returned to Reading, Pa., on a visit. This once old, familiar spot was not home to him now; so he soon bid good-bye to his remaining friends in Pennsylvania on the Skuylkill River forever.

He and his family next lived, for several years at a place called Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha.

We have traced Daniel Boone's life from his birth upon the banks of the Delaware, thence to his boyhood home on the Skuylkill; next his young manhood in North Carolina, where he was married to a worthy girl; and then on to Boonesborough, Kentucky; and now at last we find him with his son Daniel M. Boone, near where St. Louis now stands.

March, 1813, Mrs. Boone died, aged seventy-six. She had always been tenderly loved by her husband. She was a devoted wife and the loving mother of nine children. They had lived together a happy life, long before the age when divorces became the leading fashion.

When Colonel Boone was seventy-nine Congress granted him 850 acres of land. He had gone through his previous long years of persecution without murmuring.

He died at Major Boone's, his youngest son's, September 26, 1820, aged eighty-six. Just shortly after his wife's death Boone made his own coffin, and kept it under his bed. He was buried in it, beside his wife. The first legislature of the new State, Missouri, adjourned for one day when he was buried.

For twenty-five years the remains of this pioneer and his wife rested in peace on the banks of the Missouri. But on September 13, 1845, their remains were brought from Missouri to Frankfort, Ky., where a state funeral was held. Hon. John J. Crittenden delivered the funeral oration, he being the most eloquent man in Kentucky at that time.

A monument marks the resting place of this noted pioneer. Well could we join in with Longfellow, and say:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Rockton, Pa.

HAWTHORNE AND PURITANISM.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

HAWTHORNE was of Puritan descent. He was much interested in the Puritan world of his ancestors. He was born in witch-haunted Salem, and from a child eagerly gathered all the strange stories and legends told by nurses or old servants. He had no sympathy with Puritanism, but his interest was centered in it; his imagination was held captive by the stern, austere faces of his ancestors. Lowell calls him the "unwilling poet of Puritanism." Hawthorne is utterly unlike his forefathers, yet some of their sterling qualities were the bone and fiber of his moral character.

The æsthetic sense was not highly developed in the Puritans. They could rigorously deny themselves for the sake of spiritual development; but they could not appreciate an artistically written poem, or a beautiful statue. Their temperament was hostile to art. They were rationalistic, prosaic and literally religious.

Hawthorne was idealistic, imaginative and spiritual.

Great literary critics have complained that the imagination cannot thrive in a country where everything is glaringly new; where efforts are made for material growth rather than æsthetic development. Hawthorne, the greatest genius of his period, baffled critics by his wonderful creative power. Appearing as he did in an unimaginative age; taking for his material the early history of our country, and surrounding it with a halo of glory, was a miracle that caused critics to rub their eyes to see if they were awake. "By the magic touch of his fancy he invested the hard New England history with a glamour of mystery as romantic as ever rested upon ivy-mantled ruins of the Old World." His works are romances rather than novels since he throws over all the veil of fancy.

One of his pet themes is the unveiling of souls. This great insight into the souls of men would commend Hawthorne as one of our greatest writers if he possessed no other virtue. The souls of his characters are naked before us. With sympathetic thrills we witness their terrible struggles with sin. It seems to us that the legacy of Puritanism to Hawthorne was the great unsolved problem of sin. Why is it in the world? What effects may it produce on the human soul? In "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" we find partial answers to these questions.

In "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne criticises the Puritans for their narrow sense of justice, for their unforgiving attitude towards sin. They could not hear Portia's pleading tone,

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest:
It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

They forgot to forgive as they would be forgiven. The sin of Puritanism in this respect was greater than the sins it punished. Few more powerful sermons have been preached on the beauty of forgiveness. The sin of Hester Prynne pales before the sin of her judges. Hawthorne proved himself great enough to preach without revealing the preacher.

The abiding, burning retribution of sin is the central theme in "The Scarlet Letter." The awful remorse caused by sin is a greater persecutor than any outside force could possibly be. Sin is its own punishment.

Witchcraft and demonology had a peculiar charm for Hawthorne, but he always took them symbolically, never seriously.

The spiritual significance of a legend appealed strongly to him. The Puritan element in him recognized the moral truth; his highly developed æsthetic sense appreciated the legend as a creation of fancy. The Puritan is united with the rare artist and the marvelous combination results. Hawthorne cannot be too highly appreciated as a man, as a writer, as an artist. George William Curtis tells us "he was a man of rare courtesy and kindliness in personal intercourse." His private and public life was without a stain. He was retiring in disposition, loved solitude rather than society. He was not self-assertive but let his merits plead for him. His deductions of spiritual truths give stability and dignity to his works. His artistic taste is perfect. He always stays within the bounds of the beautiful. His style is just as exquisite as the creations of his imagination. His works suggest only pure thoughts. He has not given one unlovely image.

May we all develop our æsthetic tastes, raise our ideals and strengthen our characters by reading the products of the pen of our "Puritan of Puritanism."

Loneliness

Richard Braunstein

From far away through the wood so still
Comes the sobbing note of the whippoorwill;
The moon that rises so cold and white
Stares at the world with a look of fright;
And the trees in the shadow toss and moan
When you're trudging the weary way alone!

Another time, what a friendly note
Has the whippoorwill with the tireless throat!
The moon has a jolly face and round
And looks as pleasant as could be found;
And the sigh of the wood is a soothing song
If some one with you is trudging along.

THE GILDED MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

JAMES R. REED.

THE hermit of Stony Glenn sat upon his favorite ledge, while at his feet a mountain brook—clear, cold, and swift—went tumbling over the ripples, dashing this way and that, hurrying on its way to join the river of the valley below.

To the east, from where he sat, the mountains rose in all the lurid and fantastic shapes that erosion could design; and above all the rugged peaks towered over the surrounding country like sentinels on guard.

Westward extended a beautiful stretch of land, jotted here and there with groves and farm buildings. The horizon was unobstructed, and western hills—to which the evening sun was making way—threw their outlines in graceful undulations against the golden background.

The mountaineer had often heard the sunset spoken of as being beautiful. He had heard the poets sing of the golden sunset. So he adjusted himself to a comfortable position, expressly to behold the death throes of the dying day.

He watched the sun touch the crest of a western hill, and a moment later the first long shadow was cast over the fields that, a short time before, were the scene of life and vigor. The shadows crept up to where he sat and filled the place with darkness. It sent a chill over him that made him fell like retracing his steps.

Though the sun had retired behind the western barrier of hills, the plains, valley, and glen where this man sat were wrapped in the darkest shades; yet he saw what had been rugged bare rocks covered with impalpable gold.

The man springing from his seat, exclaimed, "The gilded mountain peaks; the sunset is the most glorious time of all the day; even the clouds that, at times, cast dark shadows over the land, are now lighted up from beneath; there is a picture of life."

That is indeed a picture of life. Every life is as a day. Every life has its morn, its noontime, its eventide, its clouds, its sunshine, its sunset.

The hermit of Stony Glenn, when approaching night induced him to retire to his cabin, had seen ofttimes in this very place, the day close while the earth was wrapped in a cloud of mist. He had seen the sun disappear at noon not to appear again till the morning of the following day. He had seen the days come and go without a sun at all. He had seen the day close in brightness. He had seen it close in darkness. He had felt the chill of dark days and the joy of bright ones, but never before did this commonplace thing, eventide, symbolize so perfectly that part of our existence that we call death.

Every life is as a day; and as nearly every day has its clouds and its sunshine, so nearly every life has its sorrows and its joys. Very seldom does a day pass free from clouds; it is but one among many lives that is one of unbroken bliss.

We have seen days over which a cloud hung from morning till night; at no time could the sun be seen: some lives seem to have a cloud of sorrow hanging over them continually; not one ray of pleasure penetrates the foggy atmosphere in which they exist.

A part of some days is bright; and the very breezes inspire vigor. Other parts are clouded; and dreariness seems to lurk in every place. Some persons are now cheerful, now sad. Their countenance at times signifies grief; then the sunshine of hope breaks through the veil of gloom and their whole being is changed.

So the days come and go, varied by changing periods of cloud and sunshine. People make their entrance and exit from the arena of action, their lives being varied by clouds of misfortune, mists of doubt; sunshine of prosperity, warmth of love.

But the most glorious part of every day should be the sunset. Even though portions or the whole may have been dreary, a bright sunset dissipates all unpleasant recollections. Though a life may have been spent in vice in its worst forms; it may have undergone the extremes of joy and of sorrow; yet a reformation, a happy heart, a cheerful disposition at the hour of death drives away a great many unpleasant remembrances.

Keep your sky free from clouds so that your sun may set unobstructed behind life's horizon; and after the sun of your being has crossed the barrier that separates the domain of mortals from that mysterious realm, he will still throw back his rays and gild the mountain peaks, and turn the very clouds of sorrow into sheets of gold.

SOME VAGARIES OF THE ESKIMO LANGUAGE.

THE Eskimos of Alaska are not nomadic but extremely provincial. The Coast Eskimos who hunt on the sea seldom go any distance into the interior. The River Eskimos come to the coast for seal and then go back to fish. At Cape Prince of Wales few boys of twenty years of age have ever seen a live rabbit though they are abundant only twenty miles away.

No people have a more limited sphere of observation. The sea, barren rocks and tundra are all that nature provides. Near the rivers there is a growth of stunted willows, few reaching six feet in height. Two bushes bear berries which are edible, two or three plants have edible leaves; flowers are useless though abundant, grass is only useful for pads in their boots, and that is the catalogue. Nine months of the year everything —everything—is buried under snow. A pale blue sky with white unbroken snow is the only color scheme anywhere in sight. Later the sun rises and sets in orange and violet shades.

This is not a wide basis for a language, and yet the Eskimo language is not a poor one. It has a good vocabulary. It has a dual number. It is agglutinate, but not of so badly stuck-together-words as German. Its agglutination is more like a nicely split bamboo fishing rod. It has personal endings for verbs and an easy plural ending. Ninety per cent of the words end in ik, ok, vok, and the remaining ten per cent in a. The only words they seem to contract are those ending in a. A man's name may be: Oowil-gi-zig-zook, Oo-loo-har-znuk or Og-na-boo-gook, and if they call to him they use it all. But if his name is Kop-ki-na, he is called Kop-kine, So-kwe-na is So-kween. They seem to cherish and cultivate the ending k above all else in their speech, though it makes their speech sound as if at regular intervals they were hit a hard blow just below the belt. The language is not harsh, though it makes use of an unusual number of consonants for vowels. They bunch up their consonants two or three together, de, mde, nde, te, dte, ng, ngn, rz, zv, vzv with long and short vowels and a half vowel which confuses the ear of one trying to learn the language. The whole impression is that made by a smooth-running sewing machine, a typewriter and a stream of water, all working at full speed.

The basis for counting is 5, 10 and 20 a hand,—two hands, fingers and toes. Twenty hands they call a man. That is all the counters a man has available. A man brought me a big polar bear skin, I asked him the price and he said, "Two men and one hand." His demand sounded as if he thought I was in the slave trade, but his price was $45.00. Having little use for large numbers they have not tried to make words for things they do not possess or acquire. Their language is for daily use and like wearing apparel what is not in use is in the way. So they make no more than what they need in the extremest necessity and they rather sneer at the lack of common sense of English people having a whole book full of words from which they use no more in number than Eskimos.

When something new comes to the village and they want to name it, they do so. If it resembles something familiar they do as we do in Algebra A+V where V describes the variant from A. In this way bread is called foam, which it resembles if the bread is good. More frequently, however, out of compliment to the race which furnishes a new source of help to them, and that both races may understand it, they use the English word. But race pride causes them to convert it into an Eskimo word. Shot-gun, for example becomes "shot-kok," gun in general shoo-pun, app-ik, rice-uk, moless-uk, pipe-uk to-back, sick-tuk, broke-suk; e-schooner, e-blow-tuk. The letter F is the only English letter for which they have no equivalent. For F they use P. Coffee become coo-pi-uk. So a man asks for "porty-pour shells," which is an improvement on the German who wants "dirty-dirty shell" for his thirty-thirty rifle.

When once a word is converted and "Eskimated" it is used in conversation among themselves as freely as if it were original, while Pigeon English is only used for white people. In the same way when they speak to me in my official capacity or in my home, I am "Misty Cross," but when I am with them as a member of their own crew or work-gang or in their houses, I am "A-vow-ruk," a full-blooded-seal-eating-sitting-on-the floor Eskimo.

One delightful variant I notice. Slap-jacks are the common breakfast food for every miner, prospector, trader and Eskimo, as long as flour lasts. The leaven, cheap for all, is "sour-dough." Where the people have associated with Americans they say "slap-jack," but if a Norwegian has been their tutor and boss it is "slap-yak" and if it happens to be a German it is "slap-chak."

Seeing the forces of nature constantly, their language is figurative and poetic, and with such uniformity of word endings poetry ought to be good, plentiful and cheap so far as rhyme is poetry, but I am not an authority on Eskimo poetry.

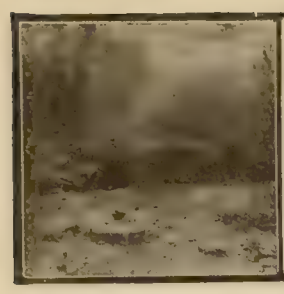
In acquiring English, their greatest difficulty is with the pronoun. In their own language they have some gender changes as clear as Latin. But the gender of our personal pronouns is as slippery as the wind-swept snow, and you can count on a fall every time. I was trying to learn the name of a girl in one of our neighboring communities from one of the best English speaking boys. After many attempts to locate her he finally understood and said, "Yes, I know he, it my cousin, him father my father, he kill him." In every place he found the wrong pronoun, and I defy even Prof. Lounsbury to tell whose father was killed. I only knew the unfortunate man because he was dead, and so by a deduction method I analyzed the sentence and pronounced it on the murderer.

The Eskimo language is richer than English in that it has an equivalent of the Latin *is, ille,* and *iste.* In religious instruction the language conforms to much that is familiar in English. For the Eskimo the seat of the intellect is the brain, and of emotion the heart, and they readily apprehend the figurative language of religious teaching of regeneration, a new heart, a pure heart.

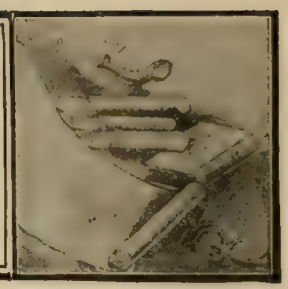
And yet the American Missionary Association can never write in the commission of a missionary to the Eskimos the language of Ezekiel, "Thou are not sent to a people of a strange speech and of a hard language."—*The American Missionary.*

* * *

SCIENCE is never godless. Scientists sometimes are. I pray you, make your distinctions.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*



THE QUIET HOUR



AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

SELECTED BY MERLE R. SHUMAKE.

"I ask thee not for fame," he said,
"I would not wear that weighty crown,
Nor yet for riches would I pray;
But God in heaven,—bend thee down—
I pray for peace," he said.

"From my poor life, grief's stormy sea
Hath tossed my fairest hopes aside;
I ask not for return of these
Upon some fair incoming tide—
I pray for peace," he said.

He turned his head—beside him stood
A man whose face was pale, but fair;
Whose quiet eyes like starlight shone,
From out his dark and misty hair;
"Thy prayer is heard," he said.

"But thou art Death—thy name is writ,
Upon thy still and smileless face—
I prayed for peace—why art thou here?
What bringeth thee to seek this place?
I prayed for peace," he said.

"Thy prayer is heard," the angel said,
"Men pray for peace, yet Death would shun.
Not seeing with their blinded eyes,
That Death and Peace are ever one,
Thy prayer is heard," he said.

MY WINDOW.

PAUL MOHLER.

When men are affrighted by storms of nature, they shut themselves in walls of wood and stone. The friendly air that strives to follow us and fill us with its vigor, we shut without and breathe again the poison-laden air that we have breathed before until our frames are weakened, our minds refuse to answer to their tasks, and perhaps disease has fastened on us. Tight walls, apparently a blessing, have become in fact a penalty for our weak, luxurious tenderness. Give them complete control, and they will choke our very lives within us.

But men have learned this lesson. Walls are pierced by windows. Through the windows, comes the lively air and goes the deadly gas. The window must undo the harm the wall would do, or else the imprisoned men will find protecting walls to be but sepulchers.

So much for the body; what of the soul? Men find that storms distress the soul. The scorn and opposition of their enemies, drives men to shut themselves within protecting walls of stolid, calloused silence. Before these close-sealed walls, the angry storms of bitter persecution fall back defeated, helpless. How many thousand souls today have shut themselves within themselves and there have found relief from storms of life!

But in those close-protecting walls is little air for breathing. Poisoned thoughts, deadly hatreds are there to stifle the very soul itself. The soul that dwells in such an atmosphere, inhaling often and again the same impure suggestions, and harboring resentment, hatred, stubborn pride, and incipient murder within the very seat of life, is close to death; it cannot help but die if there is no relief. God help the man that shuts himself away from purifying oxygen.

But the windows can be opened! Above us is a universe of renovating life. The Spirit of God is the normal atmosphere of the human soul. Open the windows, and the Spirit will flood into every nook and corner of the heart. Before its germ-destroying power, every deadly thing must pass away. There can be no hatred in the Spirit-filled soul, nor any other deadly thing. The man that, choked almost to death by deadly passions, opens wide his heart, finds instant relief; God's Spirit is not slow.

Closed walls are dark. They shut the sunlight out. A closed heart too is dark, it makes a darkened life. "If the light within you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" No wonder that the persecuted man so often goes astray. He has shut himself away from God's enlightening Spirit. But to him who opens up his heart to both light and atmosphere, is given God's own way of safety and strength to walk therein.

Then let storms come; a strong, deep-breathing man can laugh at nature's storms, and breasting them be stronger for their buffetings. So with the strong-praying man. He too can go out into the storms of life, overcoming them and hardening every muscle in the struggle.

As I sit by my window and work, it gives me light. I like it with the blind clear up. When my mind grows dull, I can lift the sash and let in a new supply of oxygen and work again more freely.

When I sit at my work with my heart open to the Spirit, it gives me light; I like the blind clear up with nothing to check the flood of light. When the work

grows hard, I can take a deeper breath of Spirit, breathe a deeper prayer, and again my strength is renewed. Thank God for the windows in my soul; thank God for light and atmosphere.

WHAT BROUGHT HER?

A USEFUL and active member of a certain church told a younger woman in it, one day, the story of her membership. "Years ago, I was a maid in a house near that of your family," she said, "and I was very shy and afraid to come to church. I did not think anybody cared whether a servant went to church or not; but one day your mother spoke to me very kindly at the gate, and asked me to go with her to the prayer-meeting. I went, and every word seemed to be for me. I went several times, both to church and to prayer-meeting, and then your father spoke to me about my interest in the church, and asked me to join it. That is how I came to be a Christian—not by the work of any teacher or evangelist, but just because of two Christians who cared enough to help me to God."

Two small acts of Christian brotherhood—how direct a work they did! Yet the busy woman who asked the housemaid at the gate to come to prayer-meeting, and the busy man who spoke to her after church, probably thought they had little chance to do anything toward saving souls. They did what they could, along their daily way—that was all; but really that is all that is needed to produce true and immediate results. The busy church-member who leaves all efforts to bring people to church, to the minister, is missing a daily opportunity and a daily blessing. "They cared enough to help me to God"—that is the secret of true ministry for Christ, and there is always time for it and place for it in every life. If every young Christian would but believe this, and practice it, the churches would be filled, and the minister would feel the power of a hundred helpers behind every sermon preached.—*Forward.*

THE WRONG KIND OF TEACHING.

I WAS in a train some time ago, and a child got restless. The probability was the child didn't take proper food. It cried and the mother said: "If you don't stop, I shall give you to the first policeman when we get off the car." The mother lied. She wouldn't give it to the policeman. That didn't scare the child, and then she said she would throw it out of the window. That was another lie. She wouldn't do it. If any one had taken the child and thrown it out of the window, there would have been a row there pretty quick.

Now, when you teach the child that God loves it when it is good and hates it when it is bad, what is the child going to do when it grows up? If it is as bad as most of us have been, we would think it belonged to the devil. Suppose you have a neighbor cursing and swearing, and you teach the boy that when it is good it belongs to you, and when it is bad it belongs to that neighbor, it wouldn't know to whom it was born. Now, there has never been a day since the child was born that you didn't love it. Did you notice that God never told Adam that he loved him until he put him out of Eden? When Adam fell, God came down and showed his love. That is the teaching of Scripture. Ah, but you say, what is the thought of the passage: "God is angry with sinners every day"? One of the strongest proofs that God loves the sinner.

I have two sons. One goes out and swears, and it makes me angry to have him take such a course. I think this throws light on that. I would doubt my existence as quick as I would doubt the fact that God loves me. That is one rock that I have been able to stand on all these years. I used to think that God was after me with a double-whetted sword, and thought he was my enemy; but when I found God was a God of love, it changed my whole life and my relations toward God, and it will change yours very quickly. Thousands and tens of thousands would be converted in the next twenty-four hours, if they believed that text.—*From an Unpublished Discourse by Dwight L. Moody.*

"TOTING A RAIL."

AN old Confederate soldier says that when he was returning with Dick Taylor's command from the Red River campaign he was greatly discouraged. He came along with his command over a country road in Louisiana. The sun was hot and the road was dusty, and everything about him showed discouragement. His worn blanket was heavy and his knapsack, never too full, seemed almost made of lead. His gun, too, was burdensome, and heaviest of all was his own heart. He thought he might be cured of his discouragement if only his mind might be diverted, and so going to the side of the road to an old-fashioned worm rail fence, he selected a good substantial rail, and putting it on his shoulder walked along the road. His comrades laughed at him, asking if he were not already well enough loaded, but he went silently along for a hundred yards or more. As long as he had the rail, he couldn't think of anything else. Its weight and awkward shape combined to take his mind from all pressing distresses. By and by he threw it down and took up his march with fresh strength and courage. He felt rested from the exertion of carrying the rail. There is many a man amongst us who is carrying a heavy heart that might have its distress removed if only he would take the burdens of another, heavier than his own, and carry them for a season. Such service would be all the more blessed since it would be in fulfillment of the law of Christ, "Bear ye one another's burdens," Gal. 6: 2.—*Exchange.*

THE INGLENOOK

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"Aunt Tirzah's Way" is the title of a series of wholesome and helpful articles for the home department, the first of which is to appear in next week's issue. Barbara Mohler Culley is the writer who tells us about Aunt Tirzah's way.

We have been much gratified over the daily receipt of contributions for the revised cook book, but there is still room for more,—more in the way of recipes for dishes, and directions for canning, preserving, etc., such as are not found in the present cook book. We would also like to have a number of helps or suggestions for the housekeeper—ideas that are time and labor savers and that help to make the wheels of the household machinery run smoothly. And do not forget, housekeepers, that you must not delay in sending us these contributions. We are reluctant to speak so often of the need of promptness in this matter, but we would be sorry indeed to have any one's contributions reach us too late and it is only a short time now until the copy must be in the hands of the printers. It is very likely that this will be the last general call we will make for recipes or helps; if in arranging the matter we find that some subject has been missed or has not received as much attention as it should we may make individual appeals for help, but no one should risk waiting for such an uncertain event.

OBJECTIONS TO ARBITRATION.

In a recent Inglenook we quoted from the address of Nicholas Murray Butler before the Lake Mohonk conference on International Arbitration, bringing out especially the point he made as to who the theorists and dreamers are in relation to the peace question. At this time we wish to quote further from the same address where Mr. Butler considers the objections to arbitration.

In taking up the objections to arbitration Mr. Butler mentions a number of classes from which the cause of peace cannot expect support. Among these are the "men who are themselves preying upon the public interest from private station or public office"—"men who cannot succeed in holding in check their own tempers, their own lusts and their own greed." He also says that "we are not likely to gain much assistance from the cynical observer of his kind whose faith is not adequate to the entire observation of history and of men." Of all the adverse elements which the advocate of peace must meet the speaker considers that of indifference to be the most formidable. "Those who are in active opposition need not detain us long," he says. "The assumptions which are their grotesque substitutes for argument and the fallacies which they hug to their bosoms as illustrations of perfect logic, are too easily confuted to make them dangerous."

Along this line Mr. Butler continues: "There is one other type of citizen who must be mentioned, because the type is numerous, influential and important. This is the type which holds to the view that, of course, international arbitration is a thing greatly to be desired; of course, we must all hope for the day when that at present distant, impracticable and wholly praiseworthy ideal shall be reached; but that, until that day—which is probably to be the Greek Kalends—we must continue to tax our great modern industrial nations, struggling as they are under the burdens of popular education and of economic and social betterment, in order that death-dealing instrumentalities may be increased and multiplied and the several nations thereby protected from invasion and attack. This procedure, so the curious argument runs, is to hasten the coming of international arbitration and to promote it. Civilized men, it appears, are to be shot or starved into agreeing to arbitrate.

"This point of view requires for adequate treatment, not the arguments of a logician, but the pencil of a Tenniel or the caustic wit of a Mr. Dooley. Look at the situation in the world today as this type of man presents it to us. Of course, the United States is a peaceful nation; of course, Great Britain is a peaceful nation; of course, Germany and France and Japan are peaceful nations; but therefore, because they propose to attack nobody they must so strengthen their defenses, so multiply their navies and increase their armies that nobody can successfully attack them. Who, pray, is left to attack these peaceful and law-abiding nations if, as we are assured by everybody—both leaders of governments, the moulders of public opinion and the substantially unanimous press of the world—they do not propose to attack each other, unless it be an army of white bears from the newly-discovered North Pole or a procession of elephants and camelopards from the jungles of Central Africa? The

gullibility of mankind was never more conclusively demonstrated than by the widespread acceptance of this huge joke, which, unlike most other jokes, has to be paid for at a literally stupendous price. Children must go untaught, sanitary inspection and regulation must go unprovided, better workingmen's dwellings must be postponed, provisions for recreation and enlightenment must be put off, conditions accompanying labor, poverty and old age must go indefinitely without amelioration, in order that in this twentieth century men and nations, who, looking in the glass, call themselves intelligent and practical, may support, maintain and propagate this stupendous joke! Either the whole world is being deluded by a witticism of cosmic proportions or some important persons are conspiring to tell an awful lie."

Mr. Butler says it is his nature to look for the simplest motives in explanation of action or of conduct, and in this case it is his impression that somebody makes something through the preparations for war. He then calls attention to the fact that our war scares generally come about the time the legislative bodies of one of the leading nations are considering appropriations for military purposes. Those who encourage the war scares always preface their actions, of course, with great claims as to their patriotism and loyalty.

Of this Mr. Butler says: "Patriotism is a noble and a lofty virtue, but it is worth while always to remember the sagacious observation of Dr. Johnson, which Boswell so faithfully reports. 'Patriotism having become one of our topics,' says Boswell, 'Johnson suddenly uttered in a strong, determined tone, an apothegm at which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." But let it be considered,' continues Boswell, 'that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many in all ages and countries have made a cloak for self-interest.'"

Speaking particularly on the subject of international arbitration Mr. Butler quotes the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that "the right to sue or defend in the courts is the alternative of force," and states that while the Supreme Court had in mind the rights of individuals the principle may be "applied to the rights of nations, great and small, bound together by treaties and interdependencies of every kind into a great world commonwealth.

"The harder we press our adversaries and critics on this point the less satisfactory do their answers become. To say that men have always, as a last resort, settled their differences and difficulties by force and that therefore they will always continue to do so, is simply silly. To say that a nation's honor must be defended by the blood of her citizens if need be, is quite meaningless, for such a nation, although profoundly right in its contention, might be defeated by superior force exerted on behalf of a wrong and unjust view. What becomes of national honor then? It would appear that a nation's honor can only be entrusted either to the operations of the established principles of justice or to a force so overwhelming that no adversary could stand against it. This is indeed the dilemma which confronts the civilized world today: either the judicial settlement of international differences must be accepted as a universal principle or the world must become a series of armed camps sucking up like a vampire, in vain and competitive expenditure, the very blood of the people's economic and political life. The one road leads to civilization, to international comity, to concord and to peace; the other leads back to barbarism, to discord, to contention and to war. Which will mankind choose as a permanent policy? From which vantage-point will appeal be made to the sober judgment of history?

"There still remain those who fear that without conflict there will be no proper training-school for the sterner virtues of mankind and that courage, bravery and patriotism will atrophy unless exercised from time to time in war and conflict. A very interesting essay might be written on this topic and on the discipline and encouragement which the sterner virtues receive in the daily round of domestic, business and personal life as well as in the thousand and one acts of helpfulness and generosity and sacrifice by which the sweetest, as well as the stongest, characters in this world are made. It is hard to listen with patience to the rattling rhetoric of him who would trace back the sterner virtues to mere brute instincts and who would strive to hold them there. The teachings of religion and of morals have left quite untouched any man who can seriously suppose that without practice in the exercise of brute force there can be no strength."

President Butler concluded his address with an appeal to the United States to take the lead, as she is so well fitted to do, in real and active endeavor to secure permanent peace between the world powers.

* * *

BE WHAT MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE.

Whilst walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say,
"Say, Chimmy, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam
If I only wuz de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am.

"She t'inks I am a wonder an' she knows her little lad
Could never mix wit' nuthin' dat wuz ugly, mean or bad.
Oh, lots o' times I sit and t'ink how nice 'twould be, gee whiz!
If a feller wuz de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is!"

My friend, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star,
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—Will S. Adkin.



THE HOME WORLD



A HOSPITAL SCENE.

SADIE BEALLIER NOFFSINGER.

Within a ward of sighs and pains
  A woman, sad and suffering, lay.
A gentle nurse bends low, and says:
  "Cheer up. They bring your babe today."
A joy lights up the listless eyes
  And glows upon the pallid face;
Fond memory beckons to the heart
  While short'ning hours move on apace.

At last! At last! Amid the throngs
  That whisper low and gently press,
A vision holds the woman's gaze,—
  A vision of great loveliness.
The same bright hair! The same glad eyes!
  Oh, sweetly soft the baby treads
With pattering footsteps down the aisle,
  Lined with the white, long, narrow beds.

The hand which guides the little elf
  Arrests her steps, with gesture mild.
'Neath counterpane a heart throbs fast
  A feeble, glad voice cries, "My child!"
The baby starts with quivering lip,
  Nor heeds the eager, outstretched arm,
Nor pleading words, nor pain-racked face,—
  The strangeness fills her with alarm.

Ah, strangeness truly! Passing strange!
  Can babe forget its mother? Yea,
It can forget and likewise yield
  Its love unto another's sway.
The lady soothed the babe's alarm;
  It answered to her heart's sweet call,
And clasped her skirts, the while she led
  It from the gloomy hospital.

Poor, grieving mother! And I thought,
  As child and lady walked apart,
Thus do we shun our Father, God,
  And pain his loving parent heart.
Yet, as this mother's love waxed great,
  Nor cursed the babe her arms had lost,
So does he pardon all our slights,
  And loves us to the uttermost.

ABBIE CLARK'S VACATION.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

NOW Stella, you lay still and perhaps you can rest and doze awhile. I am going out here and you can call me when you need me," and Abbie Clark closed the bed-room door softly.

"Let me carry the tray," said a calm, placid voice. "You ought to take some rest yourself."

"Never mind, Sarah, I am going to the kitchen any way and I'll take the tray right with me," and Abbie walked straight on with the step of a conqueror.

She deposited the tray on the kitchen table. Then she went into the sitting-room and sat down to a sewing-machine and commenced running it as hard as the tucker would permit. She was making some dainty garments for Stella who was just recovering from a severe illness. As soon as she was able to travel she was to go away for a change of air and scene. How the sewing-machine hummed as length after length fell in billowy breadths on the floor.

"Mamma, we want some cookies"; it was little John this time, and with an impatient sigh, Abbie got up and went to the pantry. "Here, son, and now don't bother me until luncheon."

Back again at the sewing-machine. And the steady whirring noise proved that much was being accomplished. The tucking was finished at last and now the hemming of ruffles began; but at the entrance of the doctor, she left the machine and went with him to the sick-room. "I'll get you another glass of water," she said.

"Let *me* go," said Sarah eagerly.

But Sarah was older than Mrs. Abbie Clark, and before she could start, Abbie was down the stairs.

"It don't seem as if I could do anything, she's like lightning, and she's going to get down herself," said Sarah anxiously.

The doctor looked as if he had not heard, but when Abbie came back with a glass of water, and Sarah said, "It seems to me you ought to have some medicine too, you're not a bit well." the doctor smiled and said, "There you're wrong, Sarah. Mrs. Clark always waits until the clock has run clear down before she does anything."

"How soon can Stella go away?" asked Abbie anxiously.

"In about two weeks, I think," replied the doctor.

After the doctor had gone she did some more hemming. She noticed that her head was not at all clear; it ached, but Abbie was not one to be conquered by trifles. She was accustomed to doing all she planned to do. She had never come to the place where she must stop work on account of her health. Bennie had been making mud pies in the street and then had gone

with his brother to the creek. "Now we'll have to get into clean clothes," said Abbie; "come along."

"Can't the others help him to bathe and put on his clean clothes?" asked Sarah. "Or what am I here for? Let me do it."

"You had better go to Stella, she may want something. I can attend to Bennie quicker myself," and again she went upstairs, this time to clean up Bennie.

When she came downstairs it was time for luncheon. But she brought with her some mending and went to the machine for just about ten minutes to do a little more hemming. Then she hurried to the kitchen and from that time it was a swift rushing back and forth from kitchen to dining-room until all the children and Sarah were seated at the table. Then Abbie went to Stella's room with the waiter on which was a tempting luncheon.

"O mother, how good it looks!" exclaimed Stella. "but why didn't you eat first? I am not so hungry. Sarah says you are going to be lying here instead of me unless you stop and rest."

"Never mind what Sarah says, I am getting along all right; we want you up as soon as possible."

Then she went downstairs and after drinking a cup of coffee she felt better. "I'll not stop to eat luncheon now," she explained. And Sarah wiped the dishes, clean and dry, but Abbie was at the sewing-machine long before Sarah was through wiping them.

It was in the afternoon when the sun was at its hottest, that Abbie went to the garden to get some vegetables. She must have some radishes for supper. The queer feeling in her head was worse, she noticed. As she stooped around her beds of vegetables, she suddenly clutched a beet top for support, she was dizzy and weak and then she knew nothing more for some time.

It was Sarah who missed her first. "Go look for your mother," she said to John and he ran through the house calling for her but received no reply.

"Where can she be?" asked Sarah in alarm.

Just then Bennie came in crying, "Mamma's sick, mamma's sick in the garden!"

They bathed her face and hands in cold water and after a little she leaned heavily on Sarah and so they brought her into the sitting-room. Sarah went to the telephone, and called for the doctor. When he came he said, "I thought this morning the clock was nearly run down."

"But I never can lie still, I must be up and around," she wailed.

"You have good and efficient help in Sarah," said the doctor. "I am sorry for you but I think you shall go away for a vacation before Stella does."

Needless to give you the arguments and persuasions necessary to convince her that she must indeed lie in bed and let the work be done by some one else. It was Stella who finally persuaded her to go away for a long rest. "You can travel with father part of the time," she said.

"But I want *you* to go, I cannot afford to leave you here alone, with all this work," protested Abbie.

"Listen, mamma," answered Stella. "You are spoiling all of us by your habit of doing everything yourself. I want to learn to cook; it worries you to have me in the kitchen. Sarah can teach me. Of course I'll spoil some things, that is the only way to learn by making mistakes, and Sarah will not mind. The boys should do many little errands for you, but you never ask them. Now you are going away to get well and strong, and we'll miss you terribly, but you are going."

And she did go; and came back after some months looking younger and brighter than she had for years.

The woman who has nerves—and there are few women without them these days—had better learn how to steady them. Here are some of the different ways of getting rid of a set of nerves. We are inclined to be too fussy, it makes us old and crochety, nervous and disagreeable. Then we worry too much, and worry wears us out far sooner than hard work. We worry over things we can help and those we can't, and get more nervous all the time. We fidget, we rock, we tap our feet, or drum our fingers and one hour of these fidgety movements will set our nerves flying. And last of all, be sure that whatever may be the trouble with your nerves, there is a cure for them, do not be afraid, rest confidently in the hope that you can be cured.

DOMESTIC LOVE IS THE BEST MEDICINE.

THE windows of the great house were darkened, the door-bell muffled, and the pavement in front strewn with rushes, while the physician's carriage waited long outside.

In the hushed chamber Mrs. Allison lay still with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministration, but the expression of the wan features never altered, and, beyond a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question, no words came from the pallid lips. The watchers exchanged significant glances.

"I will be back in an hour," said the doctor, glancing at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall a waiting figure came forward to meet him.

"How is she now, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Shall we go into the next room, Mr. Allison?" said he. "I will speak with freedom there."

The two men sat down facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of the chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn, and drops stood on his forehead.

"May I venture to ask you a delicate question, Mr.

Allison?" said the physician. "Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?"

"Secret grief—anxiety? Certainly not! My dear doctor, how could you imagine such a thing?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as the remotest possibility. The facts of the case are these: The force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken, and she is absolutely without fever. Yet she shows no signs of rallying. On the contrary, she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical response to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, including her recovery. Unless this condition be speedily changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drifting away from us, while we stand powerless to hold her back."

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician rose and after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile in the sick-room the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the bed, and the skilled watcher had no suspicion that behind the shut eyelids and apathetic features mind and spirit were still active.

"It isn't so hard to die after all," ran the slow current of the sick woman's thoughts. "It's easier than to live. One grows tired, somehow, after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying and—let go! I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord understands!

"The children will miss me for awhile—the poor dears!—but sorrow isn't natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I once was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now—it is different! Helen has her lover—Roger is a good man, and they will be going into a home of their own before long. And Dorothy—so beautiful and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her. And the boys—somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I ought not to mind it. It must be so, I suppose, as the boys grow into men. It will be harder for their father, but he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned years ago, when we were first married. How happy we were—so long ago—in the little house on Carlton street, where Helen was born! Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might be proud to be his wife. Some way I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him!"

The air of the room had grown heavy, and the nurse set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached her ear, and she glanced anxiously toward the bed, but the sick woman showed no signs of consciousness.

"I need not close the door," she said to herself. "She hears nothing."

Once more skill and training were at fault. That which, in the nurse's ears, was only an indistinct murmur, to the nerve-sense sharpened by illness slowly separated itself into words which made their way in the consciousness awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some visible telephone line of the spirit.

"Oh, Helen!" Could it be Dorothy's voice so broken and sobbing? "No hope! Did the doctor say that?"

"None, unless her condition changes—those were his words, father told me." The words dropped drearily like the trickling of water in a cave.

"But she was better yesterday!" That was Rob, the handsome young collegian, who had been summoned home when his mother's illness began to cause apprehension.

"So it seemed. But she does not rally—she takes no notice."

"But she can't be going—to die—and leave us! She wouldn't do such a thing—mother!"

The tones of sixteen-year-old Rupert were smitten through with incredulous horror.

"I really don't understand it," answered the older sister. "She is 'drifting away,' the doctor says. Oh, Dorothy! Oh, boys!" she said, in a low, intense voice, "we haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for us. I have been miserably selfish since—since I had Roger. I didn't mean it, but I see it all now."

"You haven't been one-half so selfish as I," sobbed Dorothy. "Here have I been rushing here and there, evening after evening, and she often sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth so much to me as mama's little finger!"

"And I've been so careless about writing her regularly." There was a break in Rob's voice. "There was always something or other going on out of study hours, and I didn't realize. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind. And now—why, girls, I could never go back to college at all if there weren't to be any more letters from mother!"

"I haven't kissed her good-night for ever so long," said Rupert. "I'd got a fool notion that it was babyish. I always used to think I couldn't go to bed without it. I wonder if she ever missed it. I've seen her look at me sometimes when I started upstairs. What sort of a place would this be without mother? I could never stand it—never! I should want to run away—or drown myself!"

The door of the sick-room opened a little wider, and Mr. Allison entered noiselessly.

"Is there any chance?" he said.

"Apparently none, Mr. Allison. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor."

"How long"—the strong man choking, left the question unfinished.

"It is hard to say," answered the nurse, pitifully. "But she has lost within the last twenty-four hours."

The husband knelt at the foot of the bed, behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick woman's face from the light, and rested his head upon the coverlet.

"My little Nellie!" he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. "My rose of girls—my bride!—the mother of my children—the heart of my heart—spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! Take her not—"

"Mr. Allison!"

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid features were illuminated. One hand moved feebly toward him across the white counterpane. He fell again on his knees, and pressed the thin fingers to his lips.

"Henry—darling"—the faint, thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—"don't grieve—any more! I am going—to get well!"

Long afterward the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall together the unexpected recovery of Mrs. Allison.

"It was no cure of mine," the doctor would say. "Medicine had nothing to do with it. She was as nearly gone as she possibly could be without actually ceasing to breathe, when she simply made up her mind to live! A marvelous case!"

Not so marvelous, perhaps, good physician! Only a righting for once of the disordered sequence of this topsy-turvey world!

If the words of love and appreciation which beat so vainly at the closed bars of the coffin-lid were spoken oftener into living ears, how many other weary feet might turn again from the "valley of the shadow"!—*The Advance.*

A GIRL'S TALK WITH GIRLS.

A few years ago I was a member of a well-known seminary in northern Ohio, says a writer in the *New Crusade.* We girls used to have great times visiting together. A few congenial spirits would gather in some cosy corner and talk over our plans for the future. We were all ambitious girls and planned great things for the years to come. When we had learned more, had gained more experience, and had reached the years that give weight and dignity to one's actions, important work was to be done by each one of us. Of course, we couldn't do anything as girls; we must wait until we grew older before our words or actions would have any influence.

After leaving the seminary, however, I learned that we had been mistaken in our conception of things. I found that girls have influence—more influence than they dream of.

I learned, in the first place, that they are the ones who decide upon the standard of conduct to be held up before the boys of today. I saw young men ridiculing the ideas of their parents as to the proper conduct of young men as "old fogyism," because some girl had said she thought it manly for a boy to smoke and drink a little. And, on the other hand, I saw with exultant spirit how a young girl's idea of manliness influenced every young man who came near her. I saw one give up his smoking because she objected to it; another left off card-playing because it met with her disapproval, and even those who were not so greatly influenced reverenced her for her high ideals.

Thus it was that I learned that young girls hold in their hands a greater power than they realize. It is theirs to do what no one else can accomplish. The mother has done the work as well as she knows how, but when the boy reaches a certain age, he is apt to be beyond her reach. And it is just at this period that he steps under the influence of the girl. She can now either go on and bring to a noble completion the work the mother has toiled so hard to perfect, or she can begin to tear down and destroy what has already been done.

My heart burns within me whenever I think of the mighty work that might be done by the young women of today, did they realize their power and rightly use it. Do you long for great things to do? The opportunity is yours now, to work the greatest miracle that was ever performed by human hands.—*Selected.*

OUR SIMPLE NEEDS.

As civilization and culture make people more prosperous and more comfortable, they are prone to forget how few and simple their real needs are. We need sleep, but not much of it, and most of us are asleep exactly when we ought most of all to be awake. We need food, but it is not necessary that food should be cunningly disguised with a thousand devices to tickle the jaded and surfeited palate, for the main trouble is that we eat too much and not too little. We need clothes to wear, but the one suit of fur that lasts certain animals all their lives is of such nature that some men spend their whole time in search of it. We need heaven, and the sense of a higher power directing our lives and our destinies; but we spend most of our time refuting and denying the possibility of anything bigger or better than we are. We need the love of

friends and, therefore, it is more strange that we should decline to be lovable, and that we should spend our time not in improving ourselves, but in decorating our bodies, filling them with food and hustling them about over the earth in search of ever-fresh sensations. —*Selected.*

SUNBONNETS AND WRINKLES.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

When the elderly women of the present day were young, it was customary to wear large sunbonnets whenever they ventured outside their doors, for protection from the sun, lest they become tanned. It was thought to be almost a disgrace for a woman to be tanned. We remember one day at school hearing one little girl whose skin was milk-white remarking to another who ventured out bareheaded, "you'll be as black as the ground." We smile now to think how careful they were of their complexions, realizing that they were extremists in that respect.

But we have many very nice looking old ladies at the present time; note the smooth forehead, the placid countenance. It is customary today for women and girls to go everywhere bareheaded. We often see them driving or riding along miles and miles of country-road, bareheaded, the hot sun blazing down upon them, and we remember that in *our* youth, only Indian squaws and Mexican women did that. Now, if we take the trouble to notice it we will see that a squaw or Mexican woman of thirty or forty, is a very dark, swarthy and wrinkled old woman. We notice the little girls of our cities and country running bareheaded, and as the sun beams down upon them, they naturally and without thinking, draw down their eyebrows, wrinkling their foreheads, to protect their eyes from the fierce rays of the sun. As they are much exposed to the intense heat and brightness, they form a habit of drawing the forehead into an ugly wrinkle; especially if the eyes are not very strong. As the forehead becomes accustomed to this position, it will remain wrinkled, the creases growing deeper with time. So, when our little girls of today, are forty, they will probably not only be dark and swarthy, but wrinkled and ugly-looking as though they wore a perpetual scowl.

While we do not approve of the extremes of thirty or forty years ago, would it not be wise to also avoid the extreme of exposure which is the fashion today?

Collbran, Colo.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

[For the new Inglenook Cook Book.]

Soup Without Meat.

Butter size of walnut; 3 onions fried in this till soft. Then add two tablespoons flour and let brown. Add next 1 pint of boiling water, salt and pepper, 2 or 3 mashed potatoes and lastly 1 quart of milk. Let come to a boil and pour over toasted squares of bread.—*Sister Mollie Zarger, Franklin Grove, Ill.*

Kohl Rabi.

1 quart pared and sliced kohl rabi; boil in salt water until tender, drain, and dress with 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup vinegar a little salt, 1 tablespoon flour. Let boil up once and serve.—*Sister Nora E. Petry, Westminster, Md.*

Fried Carrots.

Scrape and slice carrots ¼ inch thick, cover with salted water, and boil until tender. Drain, roll each slice in flour and fry in 2 tablespoons lard in a hot skillet, browning on both sides. Place in a hot dish and sprinkle each layer well with sugar.—*Sister Nora E. Petry, Westminster, Md.*

Canning Corn.

10 cups corn.
1 cup sugar.
½ cup salt.

Mix and let stand over night; then boil 15 minutes and can while boiling hot.—*Sister Mollie Zarger, Franklin Grove, Ill.*

Sweet Potatoes Baked with Apples.

4 large sweet potatoes or six medium-sized ones, the same number of apples, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ pint hot water.

Scrub potatoes clean; boil until tender; slice, after having peeled them, in slices one-fourth of an inch thick; pare the apples; slice them in the same way; put in baking dish in alternate layers; sprinkle sugar on top and scatter the butter over the top; pour over the water; bake one hour slowly. Serve hot, as a vegetable.—*Sister Pearl Weimer, St. Elmo, Va.*

Apple Pudding.

Fill pudding dish ½ full of apples, add 1 pint hot water and set on the stove. Take ½ cup of sugar and butter the size of a small egg and 2 tablespoons of flour, mix together and put in apples. Let that cool while you prepare a dough by taking 1 pint flour, 2 tablespoons butter and 2 teaspoons of baking powder, wet with enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out; put over apples, then put in the oven and bake.—*Sister Lillie M. Blickenstaff, Cerro Gordo, Ill.*

Rhubarb Jelly.

9 cups of rhubarb.
9 cups of sugar.
3 oranges cut up fine.
½ cup of almonds.

Crack the almonds and scald the goodies so you can remove the brown hull and cut up fine. Put sugar on rhubarb which has been cut up fine and let stand over

night. Put all together in the morning and boil, strain and continue to cook like any other jelly until thick.—*Sister Della Smith, Eldora, Iowa.*

To Can Red Beets.

Cook the beets first, then peel and slice in slices about half inch thick, more or less, just as you like. Then heat one quart vinegar, 2 cups of sugar, teaspoon of salt and pepper as you like. Put beets in this and let come to a boil, then put in glass jars, pour the vinegar over them and seal up as fruit. This amount of vinegar and seasoning will can four quarts of beets.—*Sister Della Smith, Eldora, Iowa.*

Warm Slaw.

Put into a well-heated skillet one tablespoonful of lard, add one quart of finely-chopped cabbage, one teaspoon of salt, one of sugar, and one small cup of vinegar. Stir until heated through, then serve immediately.—*Sister C. H. Diehl, Jonesboro, Tenn.*

Hygienic Way of Preparing Onions.

Take onions of about equal size, peel, leave whole, parboil once, pouring the water off, then boil until very tender, which will take two to three hours. Boil dry or drain well, put in a vegetable dish, and sprinkle over with salt. Have ready rich sweet milk brought to a boiling heat and pour over the onions. A little butter added to the milk will improve them but is not as hygienic. Cooking the onions without salt will render them very sweet and palatable. Try it.—*Sister Amanda Witmore, McPherson, Kans.*

CANNING PEACHES WITHOUT COOKING.

Select good, fully ripe peaches, just right to eat out of hand. Do not use any with bruises. Have ready a kettle of water, boiling; make a good, rich syrup and set on the back of the stove where it will keep just at the boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Peel the peaches quickly, removing only the thin skin of covering which, in quite ripe peaches can generally be stripped off readily. As fast as peeled, and halved (to remove the pits), pack them at once, into good, clean self-sealing jars—until you have half a dozen filled, and then set the cans in warm water and fill to the brim with the boiling hot syrup, put on the covers and rubbers and screw down tightly, then set immediately in a large wooden pail and quickly cover the jars with boiling water from the kettle on the stove. Turn a pan, or other cover, over the pail and throw over this an old, clean piece of carpet, quilt or something of the kind to keep in the heat, and let stand until the water gets cold, usually overnight. In the morning take from the water, wipe dry and store. If the covers need tightening, screw them down. A larger quantity may be done at one time by using a tub to set the cans in, and a wash boiler to heat the water. Peaches put up in this way have a most delicious flavor. —*Selected.*

Rhubarb Shrub.—Cut up eight fine large stalks of rhubarb and mix it with four ounces of raisins seeded and chopped; simmer slowly with three pints of water for half an hour, then strain; add a teaspoonful of rose-water and lemon syrup as liked. Bottle tightly and when wanted to serve, pour over shaved ice in pretty glasses.—*The Commoner.*

The Children's Corner

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

Freddy sat on the wall in the garden with a book in his hand, at which he was looking with a very sad face.

"I'm sure I shall never learn it!" he cried.

The master had given all the boys a holiday task, and Freddy Scott had let the time slip past without touching a book until only a week was left, and he had his long poem to learn by heart.

Like most boys, he wished to get the prize, but did not like the labor of working for it. Rather an idle boy was Master Freddy; in fact, he had got it into his head that he was not as clever as other boys, and that it was not much use to try.

He was thinking that very thing just now, when his eyes fell upon a snail crawling up the bottom of the wall on which he sat.

"Surely," thought he, "that silly thing is not going to try to get to the top at that pace." Yet slowly, as he watched it, very slowly, until at length the summit was reached; and, as if in triumph, the old snail reared itself up and waved its horns. Then the thought flashed upon him: Suppose the snail had said what he had, "It is no use trying!" he would never have reached the top of the wall, that was certain.

"I won't be beaten by a snail!" cried he; and he set to work in downright earnest, and by the time the holidays came to an end he knew his poem by heart.

Prize day came, and the boys listened eagerly for the prize-boy's name. Freddy's surprise can hardly be imagined when he heard his own name called out.

When Mr. Frazer, the master, handed him the handsome volume, he patted him on the head, saying kindly:

"Well done, Scott! I am very glad you have gained a prize, but how was it you did so well?"

"Sir," said Freddy, "it was all through the snail on the wall."—*Child's Hour.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Charles Scribner's Sons of New York have placed with the W. B. Conkey company, local publishers, an order for the printing of one million copies of the book, "Roosevelt in Africa." This is said to be the largest single book order ever given.

Color photography is now applied to surgery. An autochorme plate is taken of the diseased condition before operation, so that the student may study the condition and have a better means of identifying a disease than the present black and white photograph affords.

Ill luck still pursues Count von Zeppelin. On July 19th the gas works which supply the Zeppelin Airship Company's aerial cruisers at Friedrichshafen were blown up, and six workmen were injured. The works had been erected from the fund popularly subscribed after the destruction of the "Zeppelin IV." at Echterdingen.

Commercial orchardists in Washington estimate the apple crop in this State this season will between 3,400,000 and 3,500,000 boxes, or about 6,500 cars, the bulk of which will go to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Paul and other points in eastern, central and southern States. Export shipments will also be larger than ever before.

The New York Times-Chicago Evening Post $25,000 aeroplane prize has been further augmented by the offer of $1,000 from the Aero Club of Pennsylvania. The offer is made to the winner of the Chicago-New York aeroplane race for one week's display of the machine in which he wins the prize regardless of the condition of the machine at the finish.

Banana importers believe that the revolution in Honduras, which the government claims to have suppressed, is more serious than it has been represented to be. This opinion is induced in part by the announcement that banana exports have ceased on account of the government using the railroad into Puerto Cortez for the transportation of troops and munitions of war.

Excavations under the Via Labicana at Rome have brought to light a marble statue of Cæsar Augustus of natural size. It is said that the head and neck are not of a piece with the body, the marble of which is slightly coarser and darker. Evidently the later Roman practice of surmounting the head of a reigning emperor upon an old bust was practiced even in the days of Augustus.

The new town of River Bank, Cal., which is to be a midvalley division point on the Santa Fe, will be "dry" in perpetuity. The railroad owns the townsite, and in selling lots places in the deeds a clause providing that liquor shall never be sold on the property. It is said that this is the first town that a railroad has laid out in which saloons have been excluded by deed for all time.

Forty experts hired by the interstate commerce commission will begin the examination August 1 of the books of the Hill and Harriman transcontinental and other lines, in connection with the Rocky mountain cases, recently decided by the commission. It is estimated that $100,000,000 is involved in the rate reductions which the commission ordered, subject to the results of this investigation.

Walter Wellman and Melvin Vaniman have announced their intention to attempt a flight across the Atlantic from New York to London in the near future in Wellman's dirigible "America" with which he attempted to fly to the North Pole. The airship has been enlarged and remodeled and both aeronauts express their confidence in the success of the undertaking. Should this voyage be accomplished our country would be put in the lead in the field of aerostation as well as in aviation.

At the second day's sessions of the third annual convention of the national good roads congress suggestions for permanent and extensive betterment of roads were advanced. Representative J. Hampton Rich of North Carolina spoke on government interest in good roads from the standpoint of the development of rural free delivery. Martin Dodge advanced the theory that the proper improvement of highway systems in the United States would diminish by $100,000,000 the cost of short haul freight transportation.

Reports received by the land and industrial department of the government indicate that a record breaking migration to the southern States will probably begin about October 1. It is said that included in the movement will be many Americans who last year emigrated from this country to Canada and who have found conditions there unsatisfactory. One colonizing company is said to have purchased 50,000 acres of land in southern Alabama which will be settled with colonists from the north and northwest. Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida and a number of other southern States will profit by the migration, it is said.

The Navy Department has recently purchased a device which is designed to permit the escape of officers and men from submarines which may have sunk to the bottom. The invention, which has already been adopted by the British Navy, consists essentially of an airtight section or airlock built against the inside of the submarine, into which the crew of the sunken vessel will enter. Here they will find diving helmets and jackets, which, in thirty seconds' time, can be adjusted. The helmet is supplied with means for purifying the air exhaled by the breather, and the pressure outside the submarine and within the airlock being equalized, the crew leave the hull and are carried by the buoyancy of the jacket and helmet to the surface.

The total cost of government in Chicago during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, including the city, county, sanitary district, park boards and other units, was $16 per capita, on the basis of the estimated population of the city that year, according to federal census figures given out recently. During the same year the cost of running New York City was $24.71 per capita and Boston $27.58. Chicago is decreasing the annual expenditures for permanent improvements. This is shown by the federal census figures, which placed the amount expended during the year ending June 30, 1909, at $18,093,986. During the same period New York City expended on the same account $83,417,149. The expenditures in Chicago during the year were $2,000,000 less than during the previous year.

John G. Carlisle, former secretary of the treasury in Cleveland's cabinet, who had been critically ill for two days, died at his apartments in New York July 31 of heart disease, accompanied by oedema of the lungs. He was nearly seventy-five years old. Mr. Carlisle's career, while not of the kind that will make his name figure prominently in American history, has a peculiar interest for those who are fond of pointing out the great opportunities open to American youth. His life may be divided into four periods, all of which except the last, are not without a certain amount of lively action and even of dramatic intensity: Thirty-one years of struggling upward against comparative and at times absolute poverty, eight years of vigorous climbing during which he could see success ahead, eighteen years of national prominence and of some considerable celebrity, if not outright fame, and then twelve years of retirement to private life and the practice of law, which was the original ambition of his boyhood—such is the skeleton of the record of his work. Mr. Carlisle was of a rarely gentle disposition, of a discriminating mind, and competent judges have said that no American in public life spoke a more forceful, fluent or elegant English.

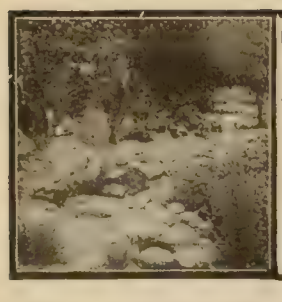
The field force of the United States geological survey in June classified approximately $80,000,000 worth of coal land on the public domain. They expect the land classified in July to amount to more than $100,000,000 worth. Some of the land has been classified as worth $400 per acre, and a little at a considerably higher figure. Much of the land is classified at $100 and upwards per acre. Set over against the old figures of $10 and $20 per acre, regardless of the quantity of coal, these figures furnish food for thought and for congratulation. Coal lands that are now being classified will bring the newly fixed prices or remain for future generations to develop. Uncle Sam has given away much valuable land for a mere song. The low minimum prices of the past were almost a direct invitation to persons of large means to create monopolies. Capitalists could afford to pay $10 to $20 per acre for land and hold it indefinitely, possibly for 50 years, handing it down from one generation to another. But they can not afford to pay $100 up to $400 or even $600 per acre for land to be held indefinitely. Experts are confident that a permanent halt has been called on monopoly of coal lands by this important work. Of course, not nearly so much coal land is being sold under the changed conditions, but this is looked upon as desirable. That which is being sold will be worked within a reasonable time, and the increased price will bring as much money into the treasury as the sale of large areas at lower prices.

A car which will not permit passengers to board or alight while it is in motion has been designed and is now being operated by the traction company of San Antonio, Texas. While the conveyance is in motion neither steps nor hand-holds are visible, and for this reason persons can not get on or off without taking a risk that would absolve the company from all responsibility in case of accident. As soon as the car has come to a stop the steps and hand-holds fall into place to disappear again as soon as the motorman turns on the current. The mechanism employed is entirely automatic, being governed by the car itself. The company will place many of these cars in operation as soon as possible.

The automobile department of the office of Secretary of State Rose is preparing to institute general prosecutions of automobile owners failing to comply with the Illinois law requiring the registration and licensing of motor vehicles. The principal points of the law, which are being generally violated, are: License must be renewed annually. Whenever a car changes hands a new number must be assigned to it. License is good for one year from date of issue, provided no change of ownership of the machine takes place. License cannot be transferred. In case of the sale of a car previously registered, vendor and purchaser are required, within ten days after such sale, to join in a statement to the secretary of state showing such change of ownership. The original registration thereupon ceases to apply and the purchaser must register in the same manner as an original registration.

Francis J. Kilkenny, president, and Joseph D. Sullivan, secretary of the Irish Home-Going association, which has developed the "back to Ireland" movement, have recently gone to Ireland to inspect the results of their efforts, the success of which has already been made evident by the departure from New York so far this summer of over 25,000 Irish-Americans on a pilgrimage to the old country. It is hoped that the movement originated in the United States will spread around the world, and that well-to-do Irish of all lands will make pilgrimages to the mother country with the idea of investing money for the mutual benefits of themselves and the old home folks. With the investment of American capital in Irish industries will also come the introduction of American methods and machinery.

A gigantic merger of cotton interests has been effected whereby the International Cotton Mills corporation, a new company capitalized at $20,000,000, comes into control of 22 mills and 10,000 acres of cotton land and becomes the employer of 10,000 persons. The products of the combined mills will, it is announced, represent about 3,000 varieties of cotton fabrics. The company is to maintain offices in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, London and Manchester, England, and will have agencies in all of the foreign countries. The plans also provide for the acquisition, either by direct purchase or by stock control, of a large number of mills and companies which handle sales and distribution in Canada.



NATURE STUDIES



NATURE.

L. U. HULIN.

If nature's touch is what I need
To make my life a fruitful seed,
Then view the hills and landscapes o'er,
The ponds and lakes, from shore to shore;
Drink in the perfume of the flowers,
Bask in the leafy-shady bowers,
Gaze on the clouds that touch the blue
With ever variegated hue;
And let the golden rods of light
Enchant my soul with keen delight,
In flight and song of bird and bee
A source of inspiration see,
For all God's works his greatness show,
His thoughts express, for me to know.

On the Thames River, Ontario.

NATURE STUDY. No. 3.

J. Z. GILBERT.

The Ancient Ox or Bison (Bos Antiquus).

Our last study afforded us a glimpse of that remarkable race of animals, the horse, whose original home is yet unknown and whose history in the way of development is so remarkable. Our present study is of another of our domestic favorites, among which many others might be chosen, the one concerning which we Hoosier boys and girls most eloquently and earnestly debated whether it, the cow, or the horse should receive the greater praise for service rendered the human race.

Every Bible reader knows that the animals were created before man. Boys and girls, can you imagine how this earth looked when inhabited by animals only? We are so accustomed to seeing houses, trees, railroads, cars, school buildings and church edifices that our imagination fails us when we try to picture the earth as it was before all of these things so common to us ever existed.

How comforting to know that even before man was created the great, all-wise Father, saw fit to give the most favorable surroundings conducive to the happiness of the being he intended to place upon the earth, and to whom he gave dominion over all other created things.

The anatomy of the cow is very interesting. Not only of cows of modern times, but equally so do we find the study of fossil animals of ages past.

Cuvier it was who could take any one of the bones of an animal and tell quite definitely as to its moving habits. If given one or more teeth he could judge of the animal's food, and given a skull the intelligence could be predicted. These features, the limbs, the skulls, and the teeth are the parts that seem to record best the changes which have taken place in the animals of the past, and being the parts most readily preserved serve very well as the criterions for determining to what particular family, and genus, and species the individual belongs.

For instance, no boy or girl need to mistake the skull represented in the illustration for that of a horse for the horn-cores are shown here, hence it must belong to that group having horns, not to the horse.

Then too on digging further in this pit were found one of the limb bones of this cow which showed two divisions at the lower end of the "cannon bone" which occurs below the wrist (Where is the cow's wrist? Where is the elbow?) instead of only one division as in the horse. These two divisions indicate a two-toed animal. Hence two evidences are found in favor of this skull being that of a cow. Just as there is a difference now in the shape and size of the skulls of the oxen and cows of cattle just so there were differences then. The male skulls found showed greater strength, very much thicker horn-cores, and a very much more convex and harder forehead. The curvature of the horn-core is different—dropping below the level of the head and curving more strongly upward and inward in the ox, while in the cow the horn-cores pass out nearly level, and are very much straighter, as shown.

As in the case of the horse, so here, evidently long before man knew this continent or even the earth perhaps, these cattle were grazing over the plains of the now United States and North America, going hastily along, gathering the food, then seeking some shady trees or nook, lay down and leisurely chewed "their cud" very much after the same fashion as our cattle do now. There must have been a great many and great herds of them for even in the limited space of the tar-beds the writer has secured a half dozen skulls, and in all more than a dozen have been found. Then too here and there over the whole Mississippi Valley they occur. They were much larger than our present

cattle. Where the earliest members of the group came from is not absolutely determined. Yet it is known that the distribution of the American ox was over the whole of the Northern Hemisphere. The bison which forms a distinct group of the genus Bos is characteristic of North America, although the Bos Americanus (living) ranges far down into the United States. The European bison, in addition to spreading all over Europe in Pleistocene (before man) times, wandered to Arctic America. This group wandered still farther and farther and one species was found in the Pleistocene of Texas in 1846. It was likely the progenitor



J. Z. Gilbert Studying His Recent Find.

of the recent species of this country. Peculiarly this same species has a very near relative in the Pliocene (earlier than Pleistocene) formation of the Siwalik Hill of India. It is further remarkable that none of these forms as yet determined are found in the Brea Beds of Los Angeles but another old-world form, the ancient ox (Bos Antiquus) is our find.

The cattle belong to a hollow-horned group of ruminants called Bovidæ which now affords numerous illustrations in the fauna of the old world and another species flourished from Europe and India, where it is worshiped, spread over Asia, crossed the Behring Bridge into North America and passed away, while the more hardy bisons of our plains have survived.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BUDDING.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

THE art of budding is very simple, but it requires some practice before it can be successfully done.

The stock to be budded should be about the size of a lead pencil at the place where you wish to insert the bud.

The bud sticks should be cut from the new growth at the end of the branches of large trees. The leaves should be removed by cutting about one-eighth of an inch from the bud, this stub will protect the bud, and also be useful in inserting it. The sticks should be wrapped in a damp cloth until ready for use.

In budding small seedlings the buds should be placed just above the ground, so when the tree is large enough to be planted in the orchard, the crooked part caused by the bud will be under the ground.

To do the work successfully one should have a good budding knife, which must be kept sharp.

The first cut to be made on the tree, is in the form of a T; next cut one bud off a bud stick and insert it in the T-shaped section made on the tree. It is then ready to be wrapped with common twine string or a piece of cloth. It should be wrapped tight so as to keep from drying out. In about nine or ten days or when the string begins to girdle the tree it should be unwrapped from the bud. Nothing now is done to the budded tree till early in spring, when the bud begins to grow. Then the top of the tree should be cut off about three or four inches above the bud.

August is a good time to bud.

Greenville, Ill.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED ANIMAL.

THERE is in the National Zoölogical Park at Washington a lophiomys, one of the rarest animals in the world and the only one of its kind ever held in captivity. It is one of the collection of African animals sent by the Roosevelt-Smithsonian expedition. The lophiomys is a nocturnal, tree rodent about the size of a cat. It makes its home in the dense forests that flank Mount



Photo by W. A. DuPuy.

Rare Animal of Roosevelt-Smithsonian Collection. The Only Specimen in Captivity.

Kenia and to which few white men have ever penetrated. The present specimen was captured by the Winderobe hunters who inhabit the far interior of Africa around the headwaters of the Nile. Here the forests are dense and dark and man seldom penetrates them. The lophiomys secretes itself by day in the lofty branches, and consequently avoids attracting the attention of the hunter.

Native hunters recently told the British game war-

dens of the existence of this strange creature and the latter offered a reward for the capture of one alive. After the collection at the McMillan ranch had been bestowed on the Smithsonian Institution a lophiomys was brought into camp. Despite the known rarity and value of the creature, it was placed in the American collection.

The lophiomys in appearance more nearly resembles the skunk than any other well-known animal, but is entirely unlike that creature in habits and characteristics. It has spines resembling the porcupine, but these are not stiff enough to serve as a protection. When angered its spines part in two lines down the sides, laying bare the skin far beneath. To date it remains a mystery as to antecedents and kindred.—*Scientific American.*

ONLY A CHANCE.

"I have the talent to succeed;
A proper chance is all I need,"
He sadly said;
"I see around me everywhere
Men who are ignorant and small,
Whose wits with mine would not compare—
Yet, lacking wisdom, after all,
They get ahead.

"I have the wish to get along,
My record's clean, my will is strong,
I crave a chance;
I know, if Fortune favored me,
I have the strength of limb and mind,
The knowledge and the grace to be
Placed high among the worthy kind
That still advance."

He thought a chance his only need
To smash obstructions and succeed,
And ne'er surmised
That year by year and day by day,
Through rainy season and through dry,
While others pushed him from the way,
He passed the fairest chances by
Unrecognized. —S. E. Kiser.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

For many generations the wonderful clock in Strasburg Cathedral, known as "The Clock of the Three Sages," has been regarded as the world's most remarkable timepiece. It was made by Isaac Halbrecht, a Jewish astrologer, in 1439. Now, however, the Strasburg clock has been completely eclipsed by the "master clock" in the Metropolitan building, New York City, which is unquestionably a most ingenious and surprising combination of mechanism and electricity. It is described by Joseph A. Baker in a recent issue of *Popular Electricity* in an interesting article. Its four giant dials can be read day or night at a long distance; it chimes the quarters, and announces them also by red and white beacon lights. The clock dials are 26 feet 6 inches in diameter, with numerals 4 feet high and minute-marks 10½ inches in diameter. The hands are 17 feet and 13 feet 3 inches long respectively, and weigh, together, 1,700 pounds. The four bronze bells have an aggregate weight of 13,500 pounds, and the flashing lantern has an aggregate candle-power of over 22,000. The clock system includes, besides the four tower dials, hundreds of other secondary clocks distributed throughout the offices and other rooms of the building. All of this mighty equipment is electrically actuated and controlled from a single "master clock," which is itself electrically self-winding, requiring no touch of human hands from one year's end to the other.

This "master clock" is on the second floor, while the clock-room, behind the great dials of the tower clock, is on the twenty-sixth floor. Here is the automatic mechanism controlled by the "master clock," which operates all the other clocks in the building. Of the "master clock," Mr. Baker gives this concise bit of description:

"Suppose the time is a little before two. As we watch, the drum of the chimes transmitter begins to turn, and, one after another, all of the four contact fingers are kicked up into the air. The sound of the answering tower bells comes down to us but tardily, on account of the great distance, but it is a kind of music simply to watch the changing measures marked by the dancing bits of metal. Before we realize it, the motion ceases, and we turn our glance to the hour-strike mechanism. Its contact fingers close and open twice, in leisurely succession, followed by the booming notes from the 7,000-pound B-flat 'announcing-bell' from its place on the forty-fifth story."—*Selected.*

Between Whiles

Teacher. (In English Grammar.) "Distinguish between singular and plural."

Pupil.—"Singular is when you ain't married and plural is when you are."

Transmigration.—One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor:

"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said. "I'm just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Flowering Old Age.—The village rector walking through his garden, said to John, the gardener:- "John, you are getting to be quite an old man."

"Yes," replied John. "If I live till September I shall be an octogeranium."

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the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

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THE INGLENOOK



The Head of the Whale (See Page 772).

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August 16, 1910 *Price $1.00 Per Annum* *Vol. XII. No. 33*

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VIA

Union Pacific

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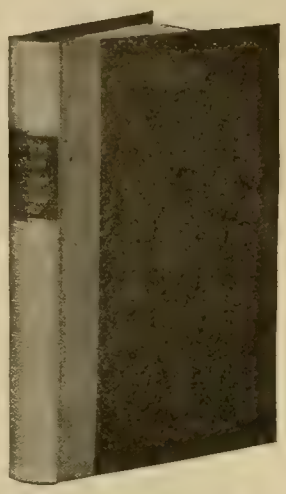
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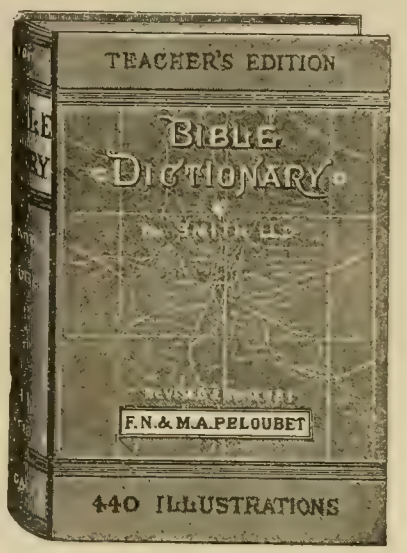
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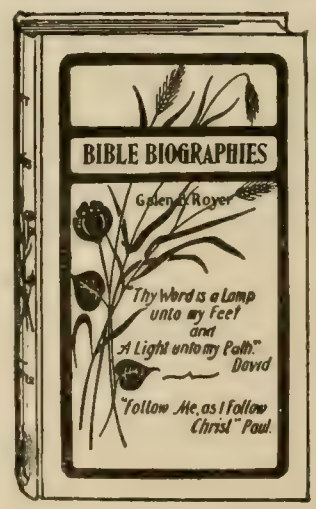
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In Idaho

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Stock raising and dairying are proving to be very remunerative.

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Other fruits such as prunes, peaches, plums, cherries and berries are also profitable to the grower.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. August 16, 1910. No. 33.

Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr

William L. Judy

FAME is capricious and goes to extremes in placing her stamp of approval upon those who seek her. Posterity gives to some men more than their just deserts; from others it takes away. A single incident may make or mar the future estimate of a great man.

In the early days of the Republic two men lived whose lives are replete with romance and tragedy. Their paths were almost parallel, their opportunities almost equal. Each sought power and the fame it brings; each has his name prominently recorded in the annals of our nation. Here the analogy ends. The American people have voted Alexander Hamilton a place among their greatest statesmen and patriots; while Aaron Burr will be remembered as a brilliant and unscrupulous person, he who might have been among the few great men of our country, but, Lucifer-like, fell and chose the lot of Benedict Arnold.

On January 11, 1757, Alexander Hamilton was born at Charlestown on the island of Nevis, West Indies. Scotch on his father's side and French Huguenot on his mother's, he was born a British subject. Alexander early showed signs of unusual ability and was a precocious child. At the age of twelve he was busily engaged in a countinghouse. A West Indian hurricane brought him to America; for he wrote such a vivid account of it that friends who observed his literary ability, provided funds to send him to the colonies. In his fifteenth year he saw his birthplace for the last time and took ship for Boston, arriving in October, 1772.

He entered King's College (now Columbia) at New York. His whole life and soul he put into his studies. "The times that tried men's souls" were just beginning. It hapened that Hamilton was present at a mass meeting called to consider relations with the mother country. Feeling that much had been left unsaid he made his way to the platform and as an unknown foreign youth faced the crowd. His speech won for him the praise of the public. A visit to Boston, the hotbed of insurrection, fully convinced him that the cause of the patriots was the right cause and he determined to give all his energies to the coming struggle.

Though barely twenty he received the command of an artillery company. Washington appointed him as an aid on his staff in '77. The story of his dismissal has become famous. One day the General sharply reproved him for being a few minutes tardy. Whereupon Hamilton replied, "I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you have thought it, we part." The incident shows the spirit of the man. But it did not make them enemies. Washington possessed the ability of recognizing an unusual man and so kept him in the army.

Financial and administrative problems were demanding consideration at the close of the war. Here Hamilton found his opportunity. As a member of Congress in 1782 he pleaded for a revision of the Articles of Confederation, a more strongly centralized government, and a new financial scheme. The credit of calling the Constitutional Convention of '87 belongs in great measure to him. This gathering made him famous. His great constructive genius was brought into full play. As editor of the *Federalist*, he wielded a mighty influence in behalf of the Constitution. Though time has proved some of his views erroneous, the strong sentiment during our entire political history to keep the Constitution intact is proof of his genius and statesmanship.

His ability was not limited to political science but lay along the lines of finance as well. Washington appointed him the first Secretary of the Treasury. Financial problems are always among the most difficult ones that face every new government. Hamilton brought order out of chaos and placed the finances upon a sound basis. His reports to Congress on the currency, revenue, and manufactures have become classics.

In 1795 he resigned and resumed the practice of law in New York City. The Chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court was tendered him but he declined. He continued, however, to keep in close touch with public affairs. In 1804 Hamilton used his powerful influence to defeat Aaron Burr for the governorship of New

York. This, as will be related later, led to his death at the hands of Burr.

At a time when conditions called for the greatest statesmanship, Alexander Hamilton was equal to the task. Not even yet have the American people fully appreciated the lasting work he performed in the launching of the Ship of State. He was no politician, seeking his own ends for he was no popular idol. But he was a statesman among statesmen. Succeeding generations will continue to honor his name.

If a long line of exceptionally good ancestry has anything to do in the making of a man, Aaron Burr should have been noted for his piety. But nature sometimes seems to disregard its own laws. Burr was born in Newark, New Jersey, February 6, 1756. His father was the second president of Princeton University. His mother was the granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, the famous theologian. As a youth of sixteen Aaron graduated from Princeton, leaving a record for scholarship that has never since been equalled there. The war for Independence called him in '75, a young man of nineteen, who proved himself a brave and daring soldier.

After the war he began the practice of law in New York City and soon gained a name. He held several minor governmental offices and in 1791 was elected to the national senate. Politics now became his vocation and chief delight. He made his great struggle for the Presidency in 1800. Jefferson and he had each seventy-three electoral votes. It required thirty-six ballots before Jefferson was elected. Burr thus became vice-president.

This defeat enraged Burr; he blamed Hamilton for it. The ambition of his life was within reach and yet he lost it. He returned to New York determined to try again. As a step toward that end he became a candidate for governor. Hamilton honestly believed him to be a man dangerous to the country and was instrumental in securing his defeat. Burr, thirsting for revenge, demanded an explanation for certain remarks made by Hamilton in reference to Burr's fitness for office. An explanation was offered but he would not listen. He knew that he was more expert with the pistol than Hamilton and his act, therefore, must be looked upon as cool and deliberate.

On a beautiful summer morning, the eleventh of July, 1804, at Weehawken, near New York City, a delightful spot overlooking the Hudson, the famous event took place. On the same spot three years before, Hamilton's son was killed in a duel. Now it was the father. Two shots were fired. Hamilton discharged his own pistol in the air; Burr's shot took effect. That fatal bullet has surrounded his victim with a halo and covered his own name with lasting dishonor.

Public indignation was aroused and Burr was forced to leave the city. But everywhere he was cast out. He went west and under pretense or organizing an expedition against Mexico made preparations for the establishment of a great empire in the Mississippi valley with himself at its head. In 1806 he was arrested for treason and taken to Richmond, Virginia, for trial. There in the common jail, shorn of all his honors, confined among criminals, was the man who needed but one vote to make him President of the United States. His trial next to that of Andrew Johnson, is the most famous in American history. Though known to be guilty he was freed on a technicality.

The jury acquitted him but the American people did not. Henceforth he was the traitor. Under an assumed name he visited Europe but found no welcome. In 1812 he returned to New York penniless. He quietly began the practice of law and met with success. It is said that he never lost a case. But his talents were no longer attractive. On the 14th of September, 1836, he died on Staten Island neglected and unwept, the last of the famous men of Revolution days.

Aaron Burr was a man whose intellectual brilliancy could not be excelled. The wonderfully magnetic personality was his greatest asset. His mighty talents could easily have won for him a lasting name. His fall was thus made only the more pitiable. At heart he was a bad man, unscrupulous, wily, and selfish. Intrigue marked his every step. Few men are without their redeeming traits. Burr's devotion to his daughter Theodosia will never be forgotten. But it seems that the bad far outbalanced the good. Hamilton was right—Burr was a man "dangerous to his country."

The names of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr will always be linked together. Both were men of the highest genius. Both lived during the same momentous period of American history. But what a contrast! Hamilton, the statesman, Burr, the traitor! Some would have us believe that posterity has criticised Aaron Burr too harshly. To one who studies his life, the verdict of the American people will seem just and entirely deserved. His life should be a warning and a lesson to all aspirants for fame. A true heart should always go with a good head. Ability no matter how great can never succeed in the long run without true character to strengthen it. Ability is good; but character is better.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

E. E. ESHELMAN.

It does indeed take courage to face the musket; to stand unflinching in the very presence of death, but it takes more courage to nobly face the battle of life. The soldier parts from his native land with the plaudits of his friends and countrymen, he enters the battle encouraged by the presence of thousands of comrades.

To die is to receive the lamentations of a nation, to live is to enjoy the laurels of victory. But not so in the battle of life: alone, unknown to others, the struggling soul wars with its unseen foe determined to win or die.

But what is life and in what does the battle consist? Life is not simply to live, to be sustained by the fruits of earth, to enjoy the beauties and pleasures of a temporal existence; it is not the acquiring of wealth, the gaining of power and honor among men, nor is it merely a time allotted us in which we may benefit ourselves only; but it is to develop a noble, grand, true manhood, a physical, mental, moral and spiritual being that is an honor to one's self, a blessing to mankind, and a glory to the Creator.

It is where two ways meet that a cross is formed. So in life. It is the meeting of two opposite natures that causes our crosses and struggles with self. In other words, life is a contest between good and evil; a battle of the higher with the lower nature. In this battle of life our greatest enemy is self. The real beauty and pleasure of life come not from selfish living but from helping others. There is nothing so odious as visible selfishness and nothing so lovely as humble service for others; and there is nothing that so blights one's usefulness as the development of selfishness, for self is the main channel by which the wrong enters our lives.

Herein is the battle of life. Conquer self and all is conquered; surrender to self and all is surrendered. But what is self? Man can search the depth of science, explain the operations of the mind, unravel the mystery of the universe, but he cannot wholly explain that which we call self. But we know that self is a unit, the halves of which are in constant antagonism, each striving to crush the other. The one half is the spirit of evil, working through the flesh for the satisfying of the callings and desires of human nature. The other half is the higher nature, ever leading upward to higher planes of thought and action.

But where are these inward struggles waged? Where are the battles won or lost? Where do the impulses of our nature take form?

It is not in the heart as the ancients supposed but in the mind, in the thought life; as a man thinks, so is he.

How wonderful is thought! Swifter than lightning that flashes the heavens from end to end. From Atlantic to Atlantic again, from pole to pole, north, east, south, west, it flashes with its inexpressible speed. From earth to sun and into infinitude it goes. At one moment we are at the very gates of heaven enraptured in the grandeur of the spirit world, but alas, the next finds us in the depth of moral darkness and we stand in dread before the infernal gates. We see the beauties of pleasant homes, and behold the depths and miseries of poverty are before us. Oh, how awful is thought, how wonderful! By it we joy and sorrow, live and act, are selfish or unselfish, and by it our characters are moulded. The mind is the motor and pilot of life and our actions are governed by its culture and development. The great object that should draw our attention, therefore, is the cultivation and development of right thoughts. Constantly keep in view high ideals and strive to grow into their likeness. As our actions are directed by thought, so are our thoughts moulded by what we read and hear.

In the development of thoughts and in meeting the battles of life an element of utmost importance is knowledge. "Knowledge is power," says Bacon, and indeed it is. Knowledge is the power that inspires and executes every great reform, political, social or religious. "Ignorance and superstition," as has been truly said, "are the right-hand tools of Satan." It is ignorance of a better life and superstition that have kept India, China, Africa, in the terrible state of heathenism that they are today. For, could they but know the truth as to what they could have for the taking, there would be no more heathen nations. And if Christian peoples could be made to know their responsibilities, powers, and possibilities, and the truth of foreign lands, within twenty-five years there would be reformations among nations such as have never been before. Oh! that men could be induced to put away superstition and to know facts, for ignorance causes superstition and superstition shuts and locks the doors of knowledge with chains of dread and fear.

What applies to nations applies to individuals. In the great battle against self and wrong, we must know our powers and possibilities. We must know that there is power given to us to victoriously fight life's great battles though defeat seems inevitable. And the victory is won by those who have the highest and noblest thoughts and who make a right use of their knowledge.

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

THE MORNING GLORY.

Was it worth while to paint so fair
Thy every leaf—to vein with faultless art
Each petal, taking the boon light and air
Of summer so to heart?

To bring thy beauty unto perfect flower,
Then, like a passing fragrance or a smile,
Vanish away, beyond recovery's power—
Was it, frail bloom, worth while?

Thy silence answers: "Life was mine!
And I, who pass without regret or grief,
Have cared the more to make my moment fine,
Because it was so brief.

"In its first radiance I have seen
The sun!—why tarry then till comes the night?
I go my way, content that I have been
Part of the morning light!"

—From Harper's Magazine for April.

A Whaling Tour

H. D. Michael

AT 2:25 o'clock one sunny afternoon late in the fall of 1907 our party, numbering one hundred twenty-five or one hundred thirty, boarded a gasoline launch and the scow it towed and leaving North Bend, Ore., started in search of a whale. It was not a mere artificial one, neither was it a stuffed one; but one of the real kind. However, we were not looking for one splashing and dashing through the surf; we were not armed for such a foe. All our thoughts were centered on seeing the large whale reported having washed ashore on the beach north of the Coos Bay bar.

During storms whales often wash ashore dead and in the extra high full moon tides an occasional young one gets ashore alive and is left by the receding water, a stranded fish. He is then dispatched by the finder who claims the whalebone, as pay for his act of mercy.

The whale we expected to see was one that had drifted ashore dead. The report of its being ashore must have floated in by wire or by some "weary Willie's" story, for no one seemed to know its exact whereabouts.

It was thought to be one-half mile up the beach from where we could cross the sand-spit from the bay, that making us about a two mile walk (and return) from the nearest place we could reach with the gasoline launch.

A number of small school children were in the party and from that age there were those that ranged on up to the sixty-year age mark. We were all anxious to see the whale.

My employment was such that the work could be dropped and done next day so my employer came to me and said, "You must go." He it was that owned the launch, so it was my pleasure to go as assistant deck-hand.

The crowd came together, each one in high spirits. A number took lunch along, not expecting to get back until late. The sun shining out in all its splendor caused many pretty tints to glow on the little ripples of Coos Bay. Then too a ripple of laughter played through the crowd, for none knew just what to expect. We were soon down the bay and across to the place where we must land to walk the remaining distance. As the launch neared land the anxious ones began to scramble off and up the shore. The school children were soon on a run through the loose sand to cross the sand-spit to the ocean beach. After wading the mile and a half of sand we reached the beach where the waves had packed the sand hard, making it fine for walking.

What a fine walk it was! There to our left lay the great Pacific Ocean, its waves dashing and playing at our feet. To our right stretching away for one-fourth mile or so lay the drift logs and timbers that have washed ashore for hundreds of years. We could also admire the jelly fishes, the sea kelp and seaweeds that were so plentiful along the shore.

Admiring the scenes before us, we had soon walked farther than the two miles we were told it would be. On, on and on we went still looking for that whale. Far out at sea we espied the masts of a north-bound vessel, evidently one in the coastwise traffic. A fine sight it was to watch the smoke rolling from her huge smoke-stacks as she steamed along. So far out was it that at times we could scarcely see the masts; then in the course of an hour or so it veered inshore enough that we could see it more plainly.

Time had been flying also and after walking a few more miles the sun sank low. Then one of the grandest natural scenes man was ever permitted to behold was ours. A few clouds had gathered in the west, just enough to cause the sunset to be one of the most beautiful and rare. Artists may paint sunset scenes and writers pen their beauties but none could do that sunset justice. The soft yet brilliant rays of light coloring the clouds, then reaching on and tinting the rolling waves with more splendor than words can describe was a scene not soon to be forgotten neither could it soon be duplicated.

As the sun sank from view we hurried on, and at last we reached the whale. There it lay! A monster too it was! In washing ashore it had broken in two pieces. The first noticeable feature was its size, also the fact that the initials of previous visitors were carved in its hide as we used to carve our names on trees.

The whalebone of value had been taken by the finder. Its blubber was not in fit shape to render for oil as the whale had been dead too long before washing ashore. The accompanying cut shows the head and forepart of it with some of the party standing upon it. The jaws were fifteen feet in length. The fan of the tail also measured fifteen feet. By measurement we found that the body was over sixty feet long, about five feet in height and seven in width as it lay on its side. Then too it had become so soft as not to hold its natural shape. The hide was ridged and had much the appearance of corduroy cloth, only that it was much thicker.

After viewing the whale thoroughly we took note of our surroundings and found we were just nine miles from the boat upon which we came and upon which we

must return. To return was soon the order of the day for it was now dark and we with nine miles to walk and five to go on the boat before we would be to our respective places of rest. Those of us that were amply able for the trip helped others that were not and at last all reached the boat safely. Five miles of Coos Bay were yet to be traversed. The darkness was complete for the sea fog had obscured all beacon and range lights. The lightness usually seen near the water was now worse than none for a water haze was on. Distances could not be told nor could we see far because of the treacherous haze. It has caused the death of many a sailor and fisherman. Being assistant deckhand, I was detailed to take soundings after we were well on our way. Soon we discovered that we were no longer in the channel and might run onto mud flats any time. By the captain's knowledge of the bay he could have run by the compass were it not for the fact that a variation is caused in the vessel's course by towing the scow we were compelled to take to carry some of the people. The deviation could not be figured hence we could not run by the compass with any degree of certainty. Soon we were ashore on the mudflats at which side of the channel no one knew. Some began to fear a night's wait on the mud, others feared some danger, while others were as calm as could be expected of any old "tar." When many were nearly ready to give way to confusion there rang out from the upper deck in strong yet clear, sweet accents these words:

"My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty
Of thee I sing."

In an instant more voices joined in to help sing our national anthem. The sweet melody floating out across the waters gave cheer to the discouraged and help to the troubled. Soon we were off the mud, on our way again and in a short while landed at the North Bend wharf and each went to his respective home. It was within a few minutes of midnight and a number of anxious relatives awaited the return of their loved ones.

We all agreed that it was the best unintentionally played practical joke that we had ever had a hand in. Speaking for myself, I will say it was a very enjoyable and instructive trip throughout and one never regretted.

Myrtle Point, Ore.



All Were Anxious to See the Whale.

CONCERNING QUESTIONABLE READING.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

LATELY an incident occurred which bids me make note of it, for the good of others who may be reached or helped by it.

It was in the evening after school, and a pupil, a girl of fifteen, was anxious to tell me about a certain book she was reading. At various times during the past couple of days I had gotten hints as to what kind of books it is by such expressions as, "I'm reading a terrible story,—you just ought to read it"; "Oh, that story haunts me"; "Last night when I was reading papa came up behind me and it frightened me terribly —I thought it was a character in the book"; "that miserable story of yours, Edna." Now she began by asking me if I had ever read the sequel to "Cruel as the Grave," by Mrs. Southworth; and said that she intended to read it, when she had finished the latter. But she wanted to talk; so she started in, without any interruption, and related the incidents of the story named as far as she had read.

She told how a beautiful lady had, as she thought, married well; and the two had gone on a honeymoon trip that was to usher in for them a sweet and affec-

tionate life of companionship. But some people, hearing a woman's sob in a room of a certain hotel, entered, and found that the young lady had been married for her money, robbed, and deserted by her wretch of a husband.

She told how a young couple had befriended the forsaken bride, and took her in to live with them. But the married lady became jealous of this poor soul, jealous to a great degree, and probably without cause. By and by the betrayed lady suddenly disappeared;—the young wife was suspected.

And then this couple, the young man and his wife, lived in a certain castle. In this castle there was a vault with a covering at the entrance, which, try as he might, no one had ever been able to remove. And as the lady lay in her bed, unable to sleep,—and in view of the dreaded vault,—there in the ghastly stillness of the night ghosts, bearing coffins with them, were proceeding from and returning into the mysterious cell. Later she was awakened from a feverish sleep by the sensation of a cold, clammy hand.

And all I could say to the incidents thus related was: "False, utterly false, the whole way through."

I did not think of trying to change the girl's mind, for when she said, "I know I shouldn't read it, but I want to and I'm going to," that seemed to settle it. But how could I refrain from stating my opinion, and from giving utterance to the thoughts that pressed upon me?

"Is that story true to life?—is it true to the better side of humanity? Yes, the like might happen, but is it not absolutely false to the never-dying morals of mankind? Purity of thought and act would never lead one to marry with the purpose in view that this character had. And what trueness and loyalty can spring from the contemplation of such a life? Jealousy, one of the deadliest enemies of body and soul is gloated upon by the reader. The dwelling of the mind on ghost scenes means death to the finer sensibilities that characterize the true lady or gentleman. How can one read such a book and retain as high a moral standard as at previous times?"

The girl stood there, the book in her hand, a sheepish look in her eye. "If you say much more I'll not finish that story." I knew what that meant: the deficiency of one word was to lose; a dozen more meant victory.

"Well, I do not for my life see how one can read such a book without lowering herself morally. You know any person is greatly influenced by contact with people. 'We are a part of all that we have met.' And how much more one is influenced by what one reads. True, nothing in that story might directly cause you to act accordingly, but you know that it cannot fail to make an impression upon your mind, and one impression fosters another."

The book went down on the desk with force, and she said, "I'm not going to finish it. How could I after what you've said?" Then, to increase her hatred of livid and ghastly scenes, I pictured to her some of the hideous tales of Poe. And she left the building with these words on her lips: "You have done some good today."

But suppose I had, although conscious that I would be better off without being acquainted with the book, allowed my *curiosity* to permit the relating of the scenes and incidents, and thus would have failed to speak decidedly against the book and that nature of reading, would I not be held accountable in part for the false impressions made upon that mind, and for other reading of the same kind that would undoubtedly have followed? You, whoever you are, that lets pass an opportunity to denounce an evil, may you always be haunted by the ghost of an unperformed duty.

To ferociously attack and ridicule a thing that does not meet one's approval would be to advance that very thing. A German proverb is: "Talk *at* me, and I resist; talk *to* me and I may be convinced."

And had I forbidden the rehearsing of the incidents, the book and its sequel would have been read, and the way would have been paved for many others. Besides, a knowledge of the nature of the question in hand gives one material from which to construct his reasoning. It is amusing to hear one who has never seen the game and is unacquainted with its essence and character, try to denounce football, and point out its brutality.

EGOTISM, OR THE BOSOM SERPENT.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

SINCE many of our readers may never have read Hawthorne's charming allegory by the above title, given in the collection known as "Mosses from an Old Manse," I will give the story in a very much condensed way. If but one person be caused to read the original and accept its message in its fullness, much good may be accomplished.

George Herkimer, a sculptor, returned to the home of his youth. He had been studying abroad for several years and had returned out of pity and sympathy for a cousin who had married an old friend, Roderick Elliston. Elliston became jealous of his gentle, loving wife and had separated himself from her four years previous to the opening of our story.

Strange things were told about the estranged man. He glided along sinuously rather than walked; his eyes glittered with an unnatural brightness; his complexion had a greenish tinge which reminded the sculptor of a species of marble out of which he had once wrought a head of Envy with her snaky locks.

The first words the sculptor heard from his lips were, "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" His features

were distorted as he made this terrifying exclamation, his eyes became brighter, and his hands convulsively clutched his bosom. No explanation could the frenzied man make to the sculptor's question concerning his health other than that he had only a snake in his bosom, as did nearly everybody else in the world. Still muttering, "It gnaws me! It gnaws me," he glided into his house and the sculptor was left to explain the mystery as best he could. What gnawed his friend Roderick? Was it sorrow? Was it physical pain? Was it remorse? Was it only a morbid state of mind?

After inquiry George Herkimer learned that his friend was in the habit of forcing himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers. This craving for notoriety was simply a symptom of the intense morbidness which now pervaded his nature. "All persons chronically diseased are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether it be sin, sorrow or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the chords of mortal life. Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self by the acute torture in which it dwells. There is a pleasure—perhaps the greatest of which the sufferer is susceptible—in displaying the ulcerated limb, or the cancer in the breast; and the fouler the crime, the more difficult it is to prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head to frighten the world; for it is that cancer or that crime which constitutes their respective individuality."

Roderick Elliston was therefore an egotist. His whole being was focused on his misfortune—on the snake in his bosom. The horrible thing, whether real or imaginary, had sapped his manhood of its power; had caused him to lose interest in everything except his own dwarfed personality. His wife was forgotten, his father and mother existed no more for him, his friends were as strangers. The inhabitants of the little town looked upon him with curiosity and horror—especially when he passed them muttering "It gnaws me! It gnaws me."

Gradually he began to seek company for the writhing snake in his own bosom. He would approach persons and ask after the snakes in their bosoms. The evil in himself enabled him to recognize whatever was ugliest in man's heart. For instance he met a man who had cherished a hatred for a brother for thirty years; and after looking intently at him for a few seconds asked, "How is the snake today?" The man answered angrily but clasped his hands over his breast lest some one notice its presence. Another time he told an old miser that his snake was a copper head generated by the quantities of the baser metal which had been gathered by him. On meeting a portly brewer he informed him that his serpent was of the deadliest kind, since few bosom serpents have more of the devil in them than those bred in the vats of a distillery. A young married couple who could not get along amicably, were congratulated by him for having taken house adders to their bosoms. A fair, gentle young girl was warned by him that she had taken a deadly serpent to her breast. The world remembered these words when a short time later she died of love and shame.

As Elliston became a public nuisance, his relatives decided to place him in a private asylum; but the confinement caused him to think more and more of himself and his peculiar disease and he grew worse and worse. He was finally released and allowed to roam once more about the streets.

The sculptor waited but a few days and taking along Rosina, the wife of the insane man, again visited him. He found Elliston studying two treatises, one on snakes and the other on cases of the conscience. After asking about his friend's malady and its possible cure he drew from the unfortunate man these words: "There is but one cure and that an impossible one. If I could for one instant forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me. It is my diseased self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him."

"Then forget yourself, my husband," said a gentle voice above him, "forget yourself in the idea of another." His wife had come quietly from her hiding place with her countenance so full of love and hope that for a moment the man thought only of her and her love, and a tremor passed through his whole frame. The sculptor imagined he saw the grass waving in a sinuous line, and heard a splash in the fountain such as only a serpent can make. The man sat erect, renewed, restored. Self was lost sight of entirely. "He had forgotten himself in the idea of another."

Do we have a snake in our bosom? Are you proud of yours? Am I proud of mine? Why then do we keep them entombed so securely in the strongest citadel of our beings? When we would be what God wants us to be, they thrust up their horrible heads and threaten us by their menacing attitude. Our individual bosom serpents, selfishness, greed, lust, hatred, jealousy, covetousness or whatever they may be, must be torn from their lurking places or they will gnaw and torment their owners until the individual is entirely lost in the writhings and hissings of the serpent.

Shippensburg, Pa.

TOBACCO, OR HEATHENDOM'S MOST POPULAR GIFT TO CHRISTENDOM.

W. C. ELMORE.

Tobacco is one of the most fruitful causes of degeneracy in our Nineteenth Century manhood. It is heathendom's most popular gift to Christendom, millions use the weed—old men and young, saints, sinners, learned and unlearned; in short, all classes and conditions of human society have been victimized by this unhallowed pest. I am aware that he who opposes the

use of tobacco tramps on many toes. The habit is one of the most common evils of the age. The evil is one of tremendous proportions, and I think it is high time every lover of personal purity were taking a stand against it. Happily, the tobacco habit is confined almost wholly to the sterner sex. Few females use tobacco.

The origin of custom which has enslaved many millions of human being in its toils, which has within a few centuries fixed itself so firmly upon the race and become so widespread as to be practically universal among mankind, whether civilized or savage, cannot be without interest to those who are users of the weed as well as to those who wage war against this evil practice. The latter especially will find in the ignoble origin of tobacco using an argument of no little force against this vital habit. Tobacco was discovered in the year 1492 by Columbus on the isle of Cuba and he reported that the natives of Cuba carried with them lighted firebrands and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses, which he supposed to be the way the savages had of perfuming themselves. He and his men declared they saw naked savages twist large leaves together and smoke like devils.

To civilized human beings this was the first sight of the vile habit which has become so common that every city and town has become perfumed or befouled with the vile stench of the poisonous weed. In 1503 when the Spaniards landed in Paraguay the natives attempted to repulse them and came out against them in large numbers, beating drums, throwing water, chewing herbs and spitting juice towards them. The herb was tobacco. The object of its use in this peculiar manner was to get the poisonous juice into the eyes of the intruders.

I am against tobacco because it is poisonous. Chemists, botanists, and physicians say it is one of the most deadly poisons known. Men have taken the habit from American savages.

Free Education for All

John Woodard

THE Socialists claim that their program will eliminate all poverty. They want the government to own all means of production and have everyone work for wages. They are assured, of course, that the government would pay a "living wage." Some would even have all receive the same wages, regardless of the kind of work they did. This is a fine theory, but it will not work out in practice. All men have not equal ability, so we cannot expect the efficient to work for the same wages as the less efficient. There are and always will be some who are unable to provide for themselves because of physical or mental disability. We cannot entirely get rid of these. "The poor ye have always with you." All we can hope to do is to keep these poor from increasing too rapidly. Under the best conditions of birth and rearing some will be inefficient. These cannot be avoided. But many of the "poor" at the present time are the result of conditions which could be avoided. Some of these are intoxicants, immorality, and overwork, especially of women and children. These and all other unhealthful conditions should be removed. Then all that would be necessary to make everyone, except the physically and mentally deficient, able to take care of himself would be proper training and a "square deal."

There are a good many people ground down into poverty because they haven't had a "square deal." That is one cause of poverty, but another important cause is deficient or improper education. We have free public schools in the United States and it looks like everyone ought to get an education, but many don't. Some are situated too far from the schools. Some do not attend because the schools are crowded, and some are kept away because they have to work.

This is the condition in the lower schools. In the high schools, few live close enough to attend and more are kept away because they have to work. For higher education State universities are provided with free tuition or with a small tuition. But there is an entrance fee, laboratory fee, and high cost of living, so it is very difficult for a poor boy to make his way through a university, when he doesn't live in the university town.

Many of the people are not benefited by the education they do get. It creates desires for a better condition of life without giving a training which will make it possible for them to reach better conditions. This breeds discontent and they are worse off than if they had not attended school.

The nation has provided free education because it expects the education to make the people better citizens and more efficient producers. Consequently, free education is not a charity but a business proposition. The nation expects to get "value received" in the increased efficiency and patriotism of its citizens. If education benefits the nation as well as the individual educated, it is neither just nor good policy on the part of the government to allow conditions which prevent anyone from getting an education. The schools should be enlarged, transportation should be provided for those too

far away to walk, and conditions which compel children to work when they should be in school should be eliminated. There should be high schools in country communities as well as in cities, so the farmer boys and girls could go to the high school without leaving home.

When we come to the universities conditions are different. It will be necessary for some to leave home. There are many young men and women not in universities who ought to be put there and no doubt some in the universities who might better be at home. If a student is not being made a better citizen and a more efficient producer by the university, he has no right to expect free education, for he will render no service in return for it.

In the universities we should have a tuition charge but have scholarships equal to the tuition and have enough of them so everyone can get one if worthy. Then all who were in the university to have a good time and were not becoming more efficient and better citizens would be compelled to pay tuition, but the others would have free tuition. Board and room rent should not be free. Most students could provide that, and for any that couldn't there should be funds to be loaned payable within a reasonable time after graduation.

Free education is worse than a failure unless it makes the recipients more efficient and better citizens. Too much of our education has failed in this respect, and that is why we have so much corruption in the government. It is time a change was made. We must have more industrial education and a training which will create high ideals.

Agriculture and engineering have attained their own in the universities and colleges. We have some high schools where agriculture is taught, some with manual training but not enough. It is not best to have some schools to train farmers, others to train mechanics, others to train business men, and still others to give cultural education. That would breed caste and prevent children from having an occupation different from that of their parents. The city boy should have a chance to learn agriculture, and the country boy some mechanical pursuit or business. All should have a chance to take some cultural courses. Industrial courses have cultural features, but they are not sufficient. A knowledge of English is necessary and also some history. Every high school and every common school should have a garden and opportunities for manual training, shop work, and domestic science. Every girl should be required to take some domestic science and every boy some manual training, shop work or agriculture.

A person cannot vote intelligently unless he knows something about the government of his country. We need more and better training along this line. In the universities the training is all right, but too few take that course. All should be required to take it. Every person should have a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body. This is necessary to prevent disease. This is a most interesting subject if properly taught. Teaching should begin with the children in the lowest grades by teaching them what they are able to understand. When they are able to understand more they can be told more.

So far we have considered only education in schools. But there are people who are heads of families and their duties prevent them from attending schools. Night schools have been provided in cities for those who work in the daytime. "Short courses" have been provided by agricultural colleges for those farmers who can leave home for only a short time. Summer schools have been provided for teachers. These are all good but there are still some that cannot be reached in any of these ways. These people help pay for the education but they do not receive the benefits. This is not just. The only way to reach these is by "extension teaching." The education must be taken to the people. This work is being pushed quite rapidly by the colleges of agriculture. Some colleges have a separate department for this work with a superintendent and a large force of trained workers. This is as it should be. The extension workers should be as thoroughly trained as the man who teaches in college. The regular faculty cannot attend to both with the best results, as they must slight their work at the college and the extra work prevents them from doing as well as they should in the extension work. Extension work should also be given in other subjects, especially in political science, economics, and sociology. The people would then know how to work for better laws, more just taxation, and improved conditions in the community.

It would not be fair for all people to receive the same wages. The more efficient should receive more than the less efficient. But it would be fair and just to train all to their greatest efficiency. If we do that, we will reduce the number of "poor," the nation will produce more wealth, and the people will be more contented. Consequently, it will pay the nation to give a free education to all.

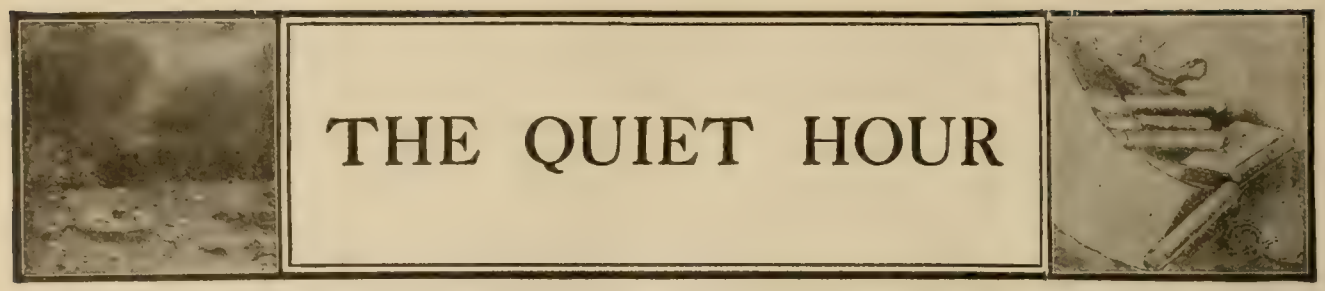
Columbia, Mo.

* * *

"THINK as though your thoughts were visible to all about you."

* * *

TRUE education enlarges the mental horizon and raises the spiritual zenith—a mental reaching out, a spiritual reaching up. Science and the liberal, industrial, and mechanical arts may furnish the outlook, but religion and the fine arts must give the uplook.—*Frank V. Irish.*



WHEN TO TRUST.

SELECTED BY JENNIE NEHER.

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
In bright and happy days,
When tasting earthly gladness,
Or winning human praise.
Then is the hour for hiding
In the shadow of his wings;
Then is the time for singing,
"Praise to the King of kings."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem to gain a power
Thy inner soul to vex.
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labor more.
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast;
Then is the time for singing,
"My Savior gives me rest."

Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art tried with pain,
No power for prayer, the only thought
How to endure the strain.
Then is the hour for resting
In perfect love to thee:
Then is the time for singing,
"He thinks, he prays for me."

Mountain Grove, Mo.

SECRET COMMUNION WITH GOD.

CLARENCE E. SCHROCK.

"And after he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into the mountain apart to pray: And when even was come, he was there alone" Matt 14:23, A. R. V. It had been a very busy day in Jesus' life. It was during the period that he was most popular among the people. Great throngs were almost constantly following him. He had been teaching the people and healing those who were sick. Near the close of the day he fed the five thousand.

But now the day is over, the evening shades are gathering. He commands his disciples to go over to the other side of the sea while he sends the multitudes away. After they all dispersed, he himself retired into the mountain to pray.

The secret prayer life of Jesus affords an interesting study, and from the various scripture passages that we have on the subject, we can rightly infer that he spent much time communing with the Father in secret. Often before attempting some great work, or, when struggling with a strong temptation he would quietly retire alone to pray. Once it is mentioned that he spent all night in prayer.

But, did you ever stop to think, that if Jesus, the very Son of God, with all his divinity and power, found it necessary to commune often with the Father in secret prayer, how much greater the need of us weak mortals to also rely upon the same source of power? Jesus has certainly given us a model example in this phase of the prayer life, and one worthy of our imitation.

Would you be more like him, dear reader? Is it your desire to live a life that radiates strong and clear the beautiful characteristics that were so prominent in his life? If so, spend much time alone with him, live near him, speak often with him, obey him, imitate him, make him your closest Friend, and you will grow more like him.

If you would accomplish things that are really worth while in the Master's service, if you wish to rise to the greater heights in the spiritual life, you must like Jesus often withdraw from the crowds and get alone with God. No day is well spent unless some time has been devoted to quiet, secret prayer. Here we can receive strength to perform the most trying task, comfort in the greatest sorrow, and courage to face the many perplexing problems that confront us in life.

There can be no great heights attained in the Christian character of any individual, unless he spend much time in secret communion with God.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

It is evident that the message needed is that of honest and holy living. The churches have always placed much emphasis upon life. Doctrine is to be exemplified by life. Doctrines are exceedingly important for the progress of the world, but the lives of church members are even more so. The virtues and the vices of

our own age are those of the commercial age. We owe to the spirit of commercial enterprise the very comforts which surround our daily lives but along with the spirit of business enterprise has grown up a worship of financial success. Young men are being taught that the great object of life is not the building of character, but the building of a fortune. Success, financial success, is to be sought at whatever cost. The result is seen in the deplorable state of affairs now everywhere evident.

Many readers will remember the incredulity with which the revelations of Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" were received, but the revelations brought into light by the investigation of the great New York insurance companies where one was as deep in the mud as the other in the mire, followed by the exposures incident to the railroad rebate inquiries and the fearful condition of affairs in the great meat trusts in Chicago and elsewhere, have shaken the confidence of the people in men and institutions. The spirit of suspicion and unrest is becoming so widespread that men query, Where has not the spirit of graft placed its hand? and this widespread spirit of unscrupulous worldliness is a very real antagonist to the church today. It seems to permeate our civilization. Many readers will remember when the names of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Reid, Mr. Dana and George W. Childs were leaders of public opinion, but now it is not probable outside of the ranks of the professional newspaper men that any reader could give the names of the editors of the leading daily newspapers of his own city. The reason is not far to see. Newspapers are published not to create right public opinion but to *make money,* and the most important man in the office is not the *editorial* writer but the *business* manager.

This spirit extends even to the churches, where in some instances ministers are measured not by their power to lead men to a higher and broader life but by their ability to fill pews and collection plates. In this time there is a necessity for the repreaching of the message of Isaiah, who, when he portrayed the somewhat similar state of affairs in his own time said:

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites: who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?

"He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppression, that shaketh his hands from holding bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure.

"Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is far off."

The message for the time which needs to be emphasized in every pulpit, and indeed in every *heart* is that of personal and civic righteousness proclaimed unflinchingly to capitalist and laborer, to rich trustee and humble poor alike.

"YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD."

The sacredness of the Christian's calling is too faintly realized by many believers. For the same reason many still live in too intimate touch with worldly thoughts and do not enter into the sacred fellowship of the Holy Spirit. We have all been convicted and persuaded of the reality of the Christian calling. We have acknowledged allegiance to Christ and have obeyed him in many things. We would not forsake our profession and go back into many sinful indulgences of the heart. Our faith and hope is fixed upon the atoning merits of Christ. But yet we have not all entered into that fellowship and communion with his indwelling presence that makes our life a real joy and pleasure. This is however the real purpose of our calling. "As God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God and they shall be my people." If you have a guest in your home, do you not try to have some fellowship with him? Do you not seek to find out what is a pleasure to him and strive to be agreeable?

If we have truly been consecrated, this sacred Guest, the Holy Spirit, has come to dwell not only for a day, but to henceforth make his home with us. Shall we then day after day neglect to know him and to find out his pleasure and why he would abide in us? Do we think that there are any earthly cares that need to rest upon us that he is not interested in sharing with us? Do we realize that vain and selfish thoughts are out of harmony with his nature and that he cannot go into our fellowship in the vanities of the world? Do we not know that many of our mistakes and stumblings, our bitter experiences with pride, passion, appetite, covetousness and worldly care, are due to the fact that we neglect to make an intimate acquaintance with this Friend? Has not our experience with our own way taught us that our wisdom and strength is of no value and his is always just what is best?

Then let us enter into union with his will by forsaking our own selfish way, and separating our services from the world and its sinful practices because we have the assuring promise, "I will receive you and will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty."—*Christian Monitor.*

Every nook of the mountain, every grassy knoll—ay, too, and every bleak corner of these pasture grounds—are known to him. As an old writer quaintly says, "He leads us in, he leads us through, he leads us on, he leads us up, he leads us home!"—*J. R. Macduff.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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IN THIS ISSUE.

Just as a glimpse of the well-spread table at which we are about to seat our hungry selves has the effect of increasing out feeling of hunger as well as preparing our bodies the better to appropriate the food, so it may be a glance at the contents of this week's Inglenook will give us a clearer consciousness of our need of mental food and diversion and will prepare us in some degree for making the best use of these offerings by dismissing the cares and distractions of the hour.

We are a firm believer in a general and generous use of the method of feeding designated by the stockman as a "balanced ration." If a balanced ration is the best method to follow in feeding horses and cattle, we can see no reason why it would not also be the best for man. Query: Do the cooks know or endeavor to know as much about the relative and complemental values of the food they prepare for their families as the stockman does about the food value of the feed he gives his stock? But we do not intend or pretend to answer this. It is simply given for the reader to think about, if he has any time, after he has finished reading the Inglenook. For ourselves, we are leaving our sisters to answer the query in the making of the new cook book.

Continuing our course of reasoning, if a balanced ration is a good thing for man's body, will it not also be beneficial to his mind? Of course it must be understood that a balanced ration in no case means a balancing of the good and bad. The stockman never for a moment considers making use of a food that is injurious; all the feed used is *real food*, and then he determines what combination of good foods will bring about the best results.

And so it is in the making of the Inglenook. It is our determination that all that is offered in these pages shall be food—all the way from the life-sustaining bread to the life-preserving and life-animating seasonings and sauces. If any poison ever creeps in it is because we are not yet perfect in making our analyses. As to properly balancing these foods perhaps we are guilty, with the average cook, of doing a good deal of guess-work. At least we have not as yet been able to discover or provide any hard and fast rules as to proper proportions. Our aim, however, always is to give the reader a "square meal."

In the field of biography this week's Inglenook contains a very interesting write-up of the lives of two men who are closely associated in the early history of our country and whose characters present the marked difference between genius devoted to selfish interests and unusual ability directed to the highest good of the country. The destiny of men and the history of nations often turn on apparently very little things, but no one ought to look upon a selfish disposition as a little thing.

Another article devoted to the study of one of Hawthorne's characters will be found in these pages. This article and the one appearing last week, together with the series appearing some months ago, ought to lead Hawthorne students and admirers into a closer study of this author and convince many heretofore indifferent that they have neglected a very rich field where the very thoughts and motives of men are analyzed.

In these days when the habit of reading is so generally approved, without regard to *what* is read, we will do well to read "Concerning Questionable Reading," and consider seriously the subtle influence of that which we get from the printed page—an influence often stronger than that of our surroundings and the people we meet.

"Free Education" and what free education brings to us in the way of responsibilities to our country,—in other words to the citizens of our country,—is a subject worth our careful study. Too many people think too much of what is due them and not at all of what they owe in return for all favors received. The great law of exchange has no exceptions in this world. If we receive we are bound to give. If we disregard our obligations we are no better than thieves.

The descriptive article, "A Whaling Tour," is an interesting account of a likewise interesting incident. Along with the description there are also given valuable bits of information, all going to make it an article worth reading.

In "The Battle of Life" we have an excellent discussion of a familiar theme. A thought we all need to have burned into our hearts is this: "In this battle of life our greatest enemy is self. The real beauty and pleasure of life comes not from selfish living but from helping others. There is nothing so odious as visible selfishness and nothing so lovely as humble service for others."

The short article on the subject of tobacco should not be passed over. It will help to keep us from "getting used" to the tobacco habit in the sense of excusing its use by others.

Each of the different departments offers something especially adapted to the line of thought with which the department is concerned. You who are particularly interested in any one of these will readily read all that appears in *your* department and we give it as our honest conviction that you will be the gainer by reading *all* the departments.

TAKING HOLD.

Did you ever think how much the matter of taking hold has to do with one's success? Of course we can secure no convincing figures to prove any statement made, but we verily believe that there are few duties and undertakings whose complexion in their accomplishment has not been greatly influenced by the manner or spirit in which they were taken hold of.

Some people hesitate to begin a task unless the surrounding conditions are ideal—all pointing to its easy and successful accomplishment. They wait and wait for the "favorable" time but often in its stead they find additional difficulties and discouragements, if not downright impossibilities, in the way.

Others approach an undertaking very gingerly. They have fully decided to do the work and they have no idea of waiting, but they do not know exactly where to take hold. Like the child approaching the last precious bit of a piece of pie or cake, they nibble a little here and there, apparently expecting these "tastes" to give them the real key to the situation. Sometimes they do; but just as likely somebody else comes along while they are nibbling and gobbles up the whole thing.

Then there are some to be found at the other extreme. They do no calculating at all. They have their coats off and are all ready for the task before it has fully "arrived." But their thoughtlessness is often soon apparent. Sometimes they load their tool chest, so to speak, with axes and saws when they ought to have a microscope, forceps and needles. Sometimes they jump in and begin pulling and tugging, and it develops that they have hold of the tail instead of the head, and their progress is similar to that of most other things that travel backward.

To what class do *we* belong? Having settled upon an undertaking, do we consider the taking hold just long enough to get the best hold at the right place? Do we develop such a liking for the task that we cannot possibly satisfy ourselves short of laying plans to encompass the whole thing? There is a half-way road between the ways pointed out above and it is strange, plain and easy to be traveled as it is, that more do not use it and so come to the place where the victor finds the crown of success awaiting him.

LIFE.

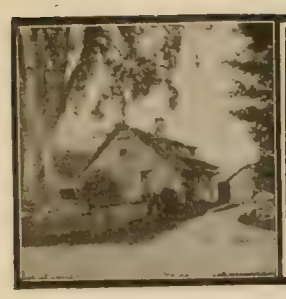
SELECTED BY ANNA LESH, LOVELAND, OHIO.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die.—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas, how nigh!—Prior.
To be is better far than not to be.—Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.—Spenser.
But lightly cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Raleigh.
Thy fate is the common fate of all.—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys no man befall.—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere.—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.
Custom does not reason overrule.—Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face.—French.
Vile intercourse with virtue has no place.—Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear.—Thompson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!—Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay.—Smollett.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—Crowley.
Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem.—Beattie.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.—Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—Willis.
Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—Quarles.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.—Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.
Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend.—William Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.—Dana.
For live we how we may, yet die we must.—Shakspeare.

—Compiled by Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, for "The Scrap Book."

An element of weakness in much of our resolving is that we try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind.—*Amiel.*



THE HOME WORLD



Aunt Tirzah's Way

BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

AUNT TIRZAH has the tiniest of gardens. It is somewhat larger than a pocket handkerchief, and the quantity of "stuff" it produces is amazing. There are pinks, pansies and forget-me-nots, of course, and a few other favorites are to be found in just the right spaces, but I was thinking particularly about the vegetables.

Aunt Tirzah tends the little garden herself, after the first preparation of the ground. That is done by old Jason who is at easy call for all sorts of little odd jobs. In one corner of the toolhouse is a large candy pail containing a certain pulverized fertilizer, and just as soon as any little patch of "green goods" has been used the ground is spaded up anew, finely pulverized with the little rake, the drills or hills treated liberally with fertilizer and other seed planted, so that now, in July, parts of that garden are producing the third or fourth crop.

This will be kept going until Jack Frost calls a halt. When that time comes, the cold frame will be full of head lettuce, winter radishes and endive, and in the cellar there will be a box of celery, endive and leeks.

The little lady does not attempt celery culture for want of space, but she knows when to purchase a small supply of well-grown celery from a local gardener, and the clean bunches are wrapped in clean paper and set in a box with several inches of good, damp garden soil in the bottom, and enough filled in between the bunches to make them forget that they ever were disturbed.

Aunt Tirzah, like some of the rest of us, is a "day laborer," that is, a stated number of hours each day are spent at her desk, and her garden is a means of healthful exercise as well as a source of pleasure. As the garden is small it is not at all a burden, and it is kept well cultivated, especially in dry weather. The cultivation, then, is not deep, but the top soil is kept loose with frequent shallow hoeing, thus forming a dust mulch on the top, as the farmers do with their fields out West where the Campbell system of dry farming is so popular. She says it is such fun to experiment with "systems," and she even practices ditch irrigation on a diminutive scale. For some things the dust mulch does all right, for some the sprinkler is best, while for others a tomato can with both ends out is set in the ground right by the plant. This can be filled with water at any time of day without harm to the plant.

I wish you could see how her Ponderosa tomatoes produce! They are tied up, with strips of cotton cloth, to tall stakes, and the suckers removed, so that the whole energy of the plant may concentrate on fruit. How she finds time to can tomatoes I confess I do not know, but she does. Her cans are filled with the solid meat of the tomato, and the watery part left over is boiled down to the consistency of thin catsup. What is not used for catsup is canned for soups, sauces and salads—yes, salads.

The other evening Aunt Tirzah gave a little supper to a few of her homeless friends, as she designates them because they inhabit boarding houses.

There was a dish of snap-beans—not Golden Wax, with nothing but looks to recommend them, but good, sensible, meaty, green ones—and cubes of kohl-rabi cooked together for five or ten minutes, seasoned with butter and a little flour, salt and white pepper, and hidden away in the fireless cooker until they were coaxed to give up their treasure of fine flavor. There was enough "soup" over them to entitle them to be called a stew, a chowder or whatever one chose, but no one cared what, they were so delicious and there was enough.

There were brown-bread sandwiches served with that; also tomato jelly salad, and there were potatoes au gratin. For dessert there was raspberry short cake with whipped cream.

For the tomato jelly, a quart can of the tomato juice spoken of awhile ago was opened. It was cooked for ten minutes with half an onion, a stalk of celery, half a bay leaf, two cloves, a teaspoon of salt and an eighth of a teaspoon of paprika. A scant three-quarters of a box of gelatine had been soaked in three-fourths of a cup of cold water. This was added to the tomato, and all strained through a fine sieve or strainer. Then it was poured into individual moulds and set in the cool cellar to harden. When ready to serve, each little mound of jelly nestled among dainty, crisp and toothsome lettuce leaves.

The brown bread for those sandwiches had been started to steaming over the gas flame and finished up in the fireless cooker. This had been made in the

morning. For the sandwiches thin slices of the bread were spread with a luncheon cheese made by rubbing smooth one pound of good, mellow Herkimer cream cheese, adding a quarter-pound of butter and a liberal dash of paprika.

The potatoes were boiled for ten minutes and put in the fireless cooker for an hour. Then they were cubed and salted, and placed in a baking dish in alternate layers with white sauce and grated cheese—plenty of cheese—and just a little paprika, the top lightly covered with buttered bread crumbs and cheese and slipped into the tiny gas oven for a few minutes to bubble and brown.

Now I wonder what you think of that. Some of the most tempting and delightful meals I ever tasted I have eaten at some of your tables, and I know some of you would feel mortified to the point of profuse apologies if "company" should happen in at mealtime and you had nothing more fit to set before them than such a meal, to say nothing of serving it to invited guests. Others will think that was plenty elaborate. And most of you are wondering about the meat.

At present prices, had Aunt Tirzah had to provide meat for her little party she would have been obliged to forego the pleasure of hospitality. In order to do a number of things that are more than meat and drink to her, she has studied the subject of nutrition until she is able to manage without meat as a steady diet. If you will consider that menu, and have learned the hidden delights of Fletcherism, you will see that those people were well fed, and you will also notice how large a part of the meal came from the garden.

Elgin, Ill.

The American Disease

DR. O. H. YEREMAN.

No. 3*

FEW persons realize the extent to which nervousness interferes with one's usefulness in life, the amount of joy and peace of which it robs the mind; and ignorant of its insidious development, they find themselves within its clutches before they are aware of it.

The prevalent idea that nervousness is due to overwork is an erroneous one. Hard work alone, whether physical or mental, will not produce nervousness—but if you associate with it worry, hurry, improper food, insufficient sleep, lack of outdoor exercise or bad hygienic conditions, you have a dangerous combination—one that is sure to leave its mark even upon the strongest constitution. Eliminate worry from your work and you need not fear nervousness.

A prolific source of worry for the average individual is "having too many irons in the fire." Have you ever met the man who runs his store, is director of a bank, vice-president of the telephone company, trustee of the Old Folks' Home, and a deacon in the church? If he has been at it very long and takes an active part, almost invariably he suffers from nervousness. But perhaps you are better acquainted with the lady who has a large family to care for, who is superintendent of the Sunday school, president of the Sorority club, secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, and leading spirit in all the social functions of the neighborhood. She is nervous, is she not? Unless she is the possessor of the happy faculty of dismissing at will any subject that may be on her mind, she can't help but be nervous. That is the inevitable result of such a composite life. The hurry, the irregular meals, the shortened hours of sleep, and anxiety soon exhaust her energies and the final disaster comes when one more straw is added to the burden, and great is the fall thereof.

The Cure.

The cure like the disease is a composite one. In a nutshell, here is the sum total of advice to prevent or overcome nervousness: cultivate self-control; lead a hygienic, wholesome, regular life; and develop a reasonable variety of intellectual interests.

The subject divides itself into three general heads, rest, food and medicine.

Rest.

The nervous system is the most highly-organized system of our bodies, and is the last one to develop. Being the motive power for all the organs of the body, the drain upon it is very great, hence its recuperation is of the greatest importance especially to those who subject it to prolonged strenuous effort.

Economy in the expenditure of nerve force ranks first among the restorative measures. Do you realize how many unnecessary acts you perform every day, yes, every hour, and that every act consumes just so much nerve force, just as the lamp consumes kerosene every minute that it burns? Did you ever watch a crowd of people and notice how few of them kept still? Take it for example in church. Seat yourself in such a way that you can watch the people, and you will be surprised to see what an overwhelming majority of them work their faces, hands or feet. It is either picking at the songbook, brushing imaginary specks from their garments or playing with their watch chain. If they should happen to succeed in keeping their hands and feet still, they work the muscles of their face in all sorts of twitchings and grimaces. Here is a waste of nervous energy which should be stored up in the system for future use.

Nervous persons should realize that they are poor in the supply of nervous energy, and should economize and get their "money's worth" from every bit that they must expend. Did you ever stop to think how

*The first and second articles of this series appeared in Inglenook of April 26 and May 31, 1910, respectively.

many unnecessary steps you take each day, how often you pick up things that you have to lay down again because you were not ready to use them? Do you not waste your force by walking with your arms and face as well as your legs? Here, then, are leaks you can stop—nerve energy you can save; and it is worth the saving.

Relaxation is the second factor in procuring rest for the nerves. Many persons never quite give themselves up to the chair in which they sit. They keep their legs, body and muscles rigid and contracted ready for a rise. They are constantly on the alert—on the "qui vive," as the French call it. This condition is the result of their state of mind which keeps their nerves on tension all the time. Even when they lie down to sleep, they act as if they were trying to hold down the couch or bed; they twist and roll and are anything but still.

Absolute relaxation is essential to perfect rest. To get an idea of what I mean by absolute relaxation watch a sleeping baby the first time you have a chance. His limbs are sprawled all abroad, he has a careless, easy position, all the muscles of his body are relaxed, and there is an expression of peace and repose on his face.

Even a few minutes of such relaxation refreshes the nerves amazingly, hence persons of a nervous temperament should cultivate the habit of thus relaxing frequently during the day. In taking these rests lie flat on your back, with your muscles relaxed, eyes closed and thoughts banished from your mind. But it must be on the flat of your back, not reclining on a lounge or doubled up in a rocker, with your spine bent out of shape and your weight resting on any part of your body except the parts intended to support it. The closing of the eyes will help to relax your mind, and banish the cares and worries of your work.

It will require some effort and perseverance for you to cultivate this control over your mind, but you will find it well worth the trouble. Then your day's work will not be able to pursue you to bed and keep you from sleeping; or should you succeed in going to sleep, harass you all night long in your dreams, until you wake up feeling that you had spent the night at hard labor rather than in bed—which in reality you have; it has been mental labor which is more exhausting than physical labor.

The more your body is exhausted and your brain irritated, the more will your nerves "get away with you," hence the importance of these frequent rests. In this respect we can well imitate the example of the Spanish and southern European nations, and take the daily midday nap, which they call the *siesta* or beauty nap. And indeed it is conducive to beauty, for there is no more prolific cause for wrinkles and sallowness than worry and nervous strain; and in the complete relaxation of a noonday nap is found their unfailing antidote.

Change of occupation at intervals will also help to break the monotony of nerve strain. Just drop your sewing or other work at times and go take a look at your flowers, or do something which does not require your undivided attention and the continued fixing of your mind and eyes upon it. The reading of a story or light magazine article often acts in a similar salutary way for many individuals.

System is another important factor in this connection. Things that are done automatically do not require the conscious supervision of the nerves, and thus are a great saving of their strength. Imagine how laborious it would be if you had to think of each muscular movement needed to take each and every step of walking as a child does when he first attempts to walk. But as it is, you go through the required movements for each step without ever thinking of them. It is this same way with many nervous persons; every little detail in every act of life receives their careful thought; they even go so far as to worry over it, and thus they expend a great deal of energy and find themselves tired and worn out before they have accomplished much. The reason that you walk without thinking of each step is because your feet have gotten in the habit of it, and it requires no more than the first impulse to get them started and they keep on almost automatically, until another act of the will bids them stop. Such habits are easily acquired, and fortunately you can acquire good habits just as readily as the undesirable ones and thus this faculty can be utilized in relieving the nervous system of a great deal of work. What you should learn to do is to perform the various daily duties of life in such a regular and systematic way that their performance becomes a habit and requires no thought. In like manner when you go out shopping plan on paper the various articles you wish to purchase and the places you wish to visit, in the order in which you wish to do them, and you will not have to discuss with yourself where to go first, what to purchase next, or whether you forgot something.

This may seem a little trifle, hardly worth the effort, and yet it is the accumulation of these little things that brings on the crisis and the breakdown. As you increase the number of little things done automatically, you decrease just that much the demands upon the nerve centers which control effort, and since you are nerve-poor, it behooves you to practice the greatest economy.

Punctuality will also greatly assist in carrying out this program. Having a set time for every duty of the day, and "a somewhat rigid punctuality has an effect in improving the balance of nervous people for good in a way and to an extent not easy to account for," say the neurologists. Of course, as one writer

puts it, I do not mean that craze for orderliness which so often defeats itself and causes more trouble than it brings help. What is wanted is a methodical, planned system, elastic enough to be livable, and yet exact enough to hold one to the performance of certain duties at certain stated times. A certain time for rising, a certain time for meals, and certain hours for work; hours for rest, hours for leisure, and hours for pleasure should be methodically arranged on the day's program.

In this article I have discussed the rest feature in the overcoming of nervousness, but I dare not leave the subject without reminding you that rest does not mean inactivity. The avoidance of worry does not mean the shunning of all exertion of mind and body. In fact such a course would further weaken the already enfeebled nerve control.

In the next article the part played by food and medicine will be considered.

417 Portsmouth Building, Kansas City, Kansas.

YOUR GAWKY BOY.

SELECTED BY E. A. M. REPLOGLE.

THAT gawky boy of yours—ungainly, gaunt, shy, unprepossessing, as he is, you nag him, you laugh at him and ridicule him. You ought to realize it, for it is not long since you knew how he felt. You would have stood pain like a man and so does your boy. You would have borne privation like a stoic, and so does your boy, and there would have been a grim sort of enjoyment in it, for the joy of resistance is fully awake at fourteen.

But you could not bear ridicule and he cannot, and yet there is scarcely a day when you do not cause him sharp discomfort.

The boy's mother never does this. She loves every awkward movement of her boy. She loves his long legs and she loves to hear his raucous voice. She smiles at it, too, and at him, and it is a smile of genuine amusement, but there is love in the smile, and love in her eyes, and he knows it, and adores her for it.

If he becomes depressed and despondent, he confides his troubles in his dog, which sits in front of him gazing at him with an almost human expression of sympathy and puts his paw on his master's knee.

A bit unfortunate, isn't it, that your own boy is obliged to depend on his mother and his dog for sympathy and affection? He gets none from you and but little from his brothers and sisters. It is true, isn't it?

My friend, if you paid as much personal attention to the proper development of your boy as you do in raising the two-minute trotter, or the blue-ribbon Guernsey or the Black Strain Jubilee of Orpington, or in beating bogy, or in your game of whist, you would be astonished at the results.—*Delineator.*

BACK TO MONOTONY.

MRS. BARKER ran out into the hall and grasped the collar of her husband's coat with an eager little tug that made the tall man smile, it was so ineffectual.

"I'm all right now, Bessie," he said cordially. "You mustn't tire yourself out helping me when it isn't necessary."

"Oh, Charlie," she exclaimed, "you don't know how good it is to have you go!"

Mr. Barker smiled again, and was about to remark that the implication was not precisely complimentary, when he caught the earnest look in the upturned blue eyes, and knew that this was no time for teasing.

"Yes, dear," he said gravely. "I know what you mean. I feel that way, too. It is good to be going again. It is great to feel once more that you are a part of the system, to have a little place in the world, and fit into it every day, so the whole thing will be complete. It's good, too, to feel equal to the occasion. You know I didn't for a long time, back there. But don't you wear yourself out trying to get everything into running order in one day, little girl—"

"Mama!" A plaintive voice floated down over the banister.

Mrs. Barker laughed joyfully. "There's Amy calling to have her hair done as usual," she said. And then, with a good-bye so rapturous in spite of its haste that it sent Charlie off chuckling, Mrs. Barker hurried upstairs, smiling as if it were the most blissful thing in the world to be called to "do" Amy's hair.

They were all gone, at last, being properly washed, combed, brushed, buttoned, collared, necktied and luncheoned, and Mrs. Barker stood in the parlor window watching and nodding until the fourth little mittened hand had waved its last, and thrown its last kiss from the corner. Then she turned and surveyed her little parlor with its evidences of family life, looked through to the dining-room with the table still loaded with breakfast dishes, and on into the kitchen where a glimpse of the range showed the kettle steaming with an energy that demanded refilling.

"It's all just as untidy as ever," spoke Mrs. Barker aloud, with a little catch in her throat. "But it's beautiful! It looks precisely as it did that Wednesday morning seven weeks ago, when I said I was sick of it all! When I said I hated and despised the everlasting cleaning and cooking, the everlasting mussing up and eating up! When I asked what was the use of living, if a woman had to go through such deadly routine every day of her life. I wished something would happen. I said right out plain I didn't care what happened, so long as something did. I didn't know what I was talking about, and I didn't know how soon I was to find out.

"When Charlie came home sick, and the money stopped coming in, I got an idea of what a lucky wom-

an I had been. When the children came down, one by one, and it looked as if there would be a little white coffin in that bay window, instead of Lora's doll carriage that I'd fussed so about, then I knew how precious and dear my life had been. Then I turned round, and wanted the things I'd despised. I told God that if he'd spare Charlie and the babies, I'd never make one of them unhappy again with nagging at them; that I'd never again hate my sweet woman's part in his world.

"And now, after all those dreadful weeks, he's given me back my husband, my babies, my home, with all its clutter and work. He's given me back the monotony I loathed. Oh, I praise him, praise him, praise him for the monotony—the blessed monotony! Now monotony means a united family, and a chance to work and keep our unbroken home happy and comfortable! First I'll fill that teakettle, and then I'll begin to dig out."—*The Congregationalist.*

A FEW HELPFUL HINTS.

JENNIE NEHER.

If some of our readers only knew how quickly and easily the cabbage worms could be eradicated, they would never be seen picking them off by hand or using poisonous sprays. For a number of years we have successfully used: One part of salt with two parts of air-slacked lime. Mix thoroughly, then dust on your cabbages early in the morning while they are still damp with dew. One application is all that is generally needed, but should some be missed go over them again the second time and you will be surprised at the disappearance of the worms. You will feel amply repaid for your trouble by having plenty of cabbage.

I would also like to tell flower lovers how to successfully start flower cuttings. I simply fill a glass tumbler with rain water, then put them in and set glass in my dining room south window. In a very short time cuttings of the more succulent plants, such as coleus, sultanas, begonias, etc., will be nicely rooted and ready to start to grow in pots, while the more hardy kinds, such as fuschias, geraniums, heliotrope, etc., will require longer time. Try it and be convinced.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

HERE AND THERE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

When to Kill Noxious Weeds.

Once every year it is said there comes a time when Nature leaves off her regular routine of duties and cleans away all useless accumulations; when the whole earth gives up her firm hold on all kinds of noxious growth; and even the great seas seem determined to make their beds anew. This "cleaning house" process lasts but a few days and these are the days to destroy weeds, thistles, briars, locust brush and all kinds of "noxious growth;" the days are August the 21st and 22d until 2:30 P. M. Cut briars, thistles, etc., off one-half inch below the surface and they will never bother you again. Plantain leaf loses its hold on the earth at this time and can be removed from the ground with very little effort. Try it and be convinced and the results will surprise you. The cause of this is found in the low ebb of vital forces, as during the two days mentioned the vital forces will be lower than at any other time of the year; therefore, all kinds of noxious growth cut down during these days will not be able to rise again. Test this theory and be convinced of its truth.

Mending Broken China.

Not many Nook readers may know that broken china or earthen dishes may be permanently mended if the parts are tied securely together with strong wrapping cord as soon as broken, or before the spaces have become wet or dust covered, then immersed in a pan or basin of sweet milk and boiled a few hours. The dish may then be removed from the pan and set away a few days till it is thoroughly dried. Then take off the cord wash the dish and the broken place will never be noticed.

Some Things Lemons Will Do.

A lemon squeezed into a glass of water every morning and drank with a very little sugar will keep the stomach in the best of order and prevent dyspepsia. A lemon cut into slices and rubbed along the temples will ease a bad headache. If an insect stings clap a few drops of lemon on the spot and you will find yourself the better for it. If the hair is falling out rub some sliced lemon on the scalp, and the trouble will be stopped promptly. If you have a troublesome corn, the lemon can again be put to good account by rubbing some on the toe after it is given a hot bath and as much of the intruder as possible has been cut away.

The juice of a lemon mixed with an equal quantity of glycerine and rubbed on the hands before going to bed and applied pure, in the morning after washing the hands thoroughly in warm water, will whiten them. Besides all this, lemons are useful in Russian tea sliced in, without sugar, and in the preparation of the old-fashioned lemonade than which no drink is more wholesome.

THE DIET OF THE CHILD.

Normal babies under one year of age had best live on an *exclusive* milk diet. After this period, gradual efforts to induce the child to enlarge its diet somewhat, are in order. It is then that such substances as cereal gruels, soft-boiled eggs, toasted bread, mutton or beef soup, strained chicken, oatmeal crackers and orange juice, are valuable additions to the milk, which how-

ever, should still form a large part of the diet in one way and another.

A little later to these may be added baked apple, baked potato with cream or good butter, the changes in all cases, being made slowly and in moderation. It should be well understood meanwhile, however, that up to six or seven years of age, milk should compose a large part of the diet, being an ideal food. In case of acute illness, the diet of the child must be at once simplified and reduced to the minimum, since they stand a better chance of recovery, and it is surprising to find how often the most delicate infant will weather a serious sickness with well nigh complete fasting for a few days, after which time it might be allowable to endeavor to induce it to take small quantities.—*A. P. Reed, M. D.*

SALAD HINTS.

All salads should be thoroughly chilled.

Stir mayonnaise with an egg beater if hurried.

For smooth dressing, blend with a fork, not a spoon.

If dressing curdles, add cold water and stir quickly.

If mustard is mixed with milk instead of water it will not dry out.

If the vinegar is heated before adding to the dressing it will not curdle.

Vegetables for salads should be thoroughly dry or the dressing will not stick.

Wash the lettuce first in salt water to kill the lice, then rinse several times in clear water.

A Spanish proverb says that to make salad requires four persons: "A spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a lawyer for salt, and a madman to stir it up."—*Household Journal.*

Lemon Syrup.—For convenience, make a goodly supply of lemon syrup that it may be on hand for any occasion. Make a syrup of two pounds of granulated sugar and one pint of cold water, stirring until the sugar is all dissolved; beat in the white of an egg while the water is still cold, and when slowly brought to a boil, remove the scum. Continue boiling and skimming as long as scum arises; then add the thin peel of one or two lemons and leave until cold. Then add the juice of one dozen lemons, straining out the seeds; bring again to the boiling point and bottle while quite hot.—*The Commoner.*

"For making sticky fly paper, melt two pounds of resin (the yellow kind) with seven ounces each of raw linseed oil and molasses, and mix well together over heat. Get the number of sheets of manila paper wanted and spread with the mixture while hot. Or, melt one pound of resin and eight tablespoonfuls of lard together, mixing thoroughly. Spread thinly on manila paper and put two sheets together, the resin inside; press together to keep moist. When wanted, pull the sheets apart and lay where the flies congregate."

The Children's Corner

THE STORY OF TASSEL TOP.

When my Aunt Mary gave me a clucking hen and thirteen eggs for a birthday present, remarking that I had as many eggs as years, you could not have found a happier little girl in New Brunswick than I; and when on Easter Sunday morning I lifted old speckle and found thirteen little downy chicks, I danced about in great glee.

Rushing into the house I called my brother to come and see my chickens. "They look just like a lot of pansies," I said. But my brother said I only had twelve, as one was a weakling.

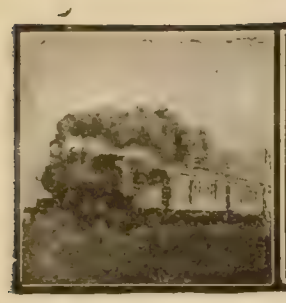
I was loath to admit that one of my chicks could not live, so I rolled it in batting and brought it to the kitchen, where I kept it through the day. At night I took it to my own little room, for fear the cat might get it.

Well, the chick lived and I called her Tassel Top, for she had a little topknot on her head. When she grew strong enough I put her out with the others, but she would leave them and follow me.

When I sat hemming towels, Tassel Top would hop up in my lap and, nestling down, "peep, peep" herself to sleep; or she would perch on my shoulder and ride there when I was walking around. One day in October Tassel Top came into the kitchen where I was washing dishes and, looking in my face, began a little "ca, ca, ca." I followed her out, and there in a nest was a cute little egg not much larger than a robin's. After that, no matter where I was—in the parlor, kitchen or stable—Tassel Top would always find me, and in the hen language tell me that she had laid an egg.

When April came I set her on twelve eggs, and on Easter Sunday she brought out ten chickens. She was a model mother—a regular general. On warm, sunny days I put them in a little yard outside. I would go to her little pen, open the door, and she would round up her flock and start for the yard; and at night she would marshal them back to the pen. When her chickens were three weeks old she again began to lay. She lays, on an average, twenty-four eggs a month, and brought up a family of ten. Some people say that hens can not learn anything, but I know better.—*L. C. H.*

P. S.: If you publish this, just sign L. C. H., or my brother would tease me.—*Farm Journal.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



According to present prospects, the current fiscal year of the American Beet Sugar Company, ending March 31 next, will be far the best year in the company's history, exceeding by a considerable margin the banner year of 1909-10, which showed a balance on the common stock of $1.097,253, equivalent to 7.31 per cent.

George Bohon of Harrodsburg, administrator of the estate of Carl Etherington, an Anti-Saloon league detective who was lynched at Newark, Ohio, is taking steps to recover $5,000 indemnity for which, under the Ohio law, counties in that State are liable in every case of lynching. Suit is to be filed in Licking County, Ohio.

The thumb-print system will be used hereafter in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in paying off city employés. The city treasurer will give each employé a card with his thumb print on one side. The other side is to be blank until the owner of the order calls at the office for his money. Thus the city hopes to prevent forgery.

The commissioner of police in New York City announces that he is trying to obtain farmer boys for the police force. He believes they will be more faithful, better fitted for work and less susceptible to bribery than city-bred men. Modifications have been made in the examination questions in order to make possible the entrance of candidates from the rural districts.

About 25,000 pounds of frozen egg products were recently confiscated by the Government in Brooklyn by order of the Department of Agriculture. A chemical and bacteriological examination of the eggs showed that each gram of the egg product contained 300,000,000 organisms, some gas-producing, and some of the streptococcus group. The desiccated eggs came from Chicago.

St. Louis was declared to have the most thorough Bible student in the annual world's contest held recently at Winona Lake, Ind., in connection with the Winona Assembly program. The first prize was awarded to Miss Lois Torbet of that city. Mrs. Anna Fitch of Troy, Ohio, was given second honors, and Miss Eliza Chase of Winona Lake third. The questions were prepared and propounded by Professor W. C. Palmer of Winona Lake.

Few persons realize what an enormous amount of the precious metals and even precious stones such as diamonds, are used in the manufacture of telephone apparatus. The Scientific American is authority for the statement that the Western Electric Company in a single year uses upwards of a ton of platinum for this class of apparatus alone. As platinum costs 30 per cent more than pure gold, it will be evident that this expensive metal would not be used so extensively unless results justified it.

August 3 the Mississippi River at Burlington touched the low-water mark established in 1864.

Carnegie Institute has published the first installment of a work which will give the positions of 25,000 stars. The part published locates 6,188 stars. The author of the work is Dr. Lewis Boss of the department of meridian astronomy.

Exhibitions of pictures of prizefights, the execution of human beings, bullfights, train robberies, bank robberies, stage robberies and all indecent scenes will be prohibited in Texas if the Senate passes a bill which has passed the House. The bill makes each exhibition a separate offense and provides for imprisonment in jail of from 30 to 90 days and for fines of from $200 to $500.

The London representative of Libby, McNeil and Libby, American meat packers, announces that his firm has closed a big contract with the British army at a record price, against Australian and Argentine competition. The firm is to deliver $5,000,000 worth of canned meats. The contracts call for 346,000 cans of corned meat, packed in tin. British officers will go to Chicago to oversee the packing.

According to a recent press report, a novel method of amputation has been suggested by Prof. J. A. d'Arsonval of the College of France. He proposes to use electricity for this purpose and by experimenting on animals has proved that he can produce a high temperature with electric current, apparently without pain. After several days the member thus treated falls away, leaving a stump which is perfectly cicatrized.

A retired German naval officer believes he has solved the problem of eliminating expensive and unreliable pneumatic tires for automobiles. By an ingenious angle lever system he has shifted the point of elasticity to the axles of the wheels. Using ship's cables for tires, it is said that he has driven an auto onto a curb without the occupants feeling any appreciable jolt. His machine runs easily over cobblestones and country roads.

Accidents to children from wagons, automobiles, and street cars have increased to such an alarming extent in Cincinnati, that a campaign has been started to teach children the dangers of playing on the street, and the peril that lies in electric wires. To this end, a booklet has been prepared for use in public schools, which not only recounts the various types of accidents that have occurred in the past, but also cautions the children against many of the careless practices they now indulge in. There are a score of cautions which the teacher is asked to impress upon the pupils, and a number of suggestions as to what a child should do, not only for his own safety, but for that of his mother or sister or playmates.

During the month of July, according to official figures just issued, Uncle Sam decreased his indebtedness $503,-136. The aggregate interest and non-interest bearing debt now is, or was on the first of the month, $1,296,436,-833. This includes $913,317,490 of interest bearing debt, $2,074,105 of debt on which interest has ceased since maturity and $381,045,238 of debt that bears no interest.

The Santa Fe railroad has just placed an order for 600 selectors to be used in further installation of the telephone for the telegraph. This is the largest order by 400 ever given, according to the Western Electric Company, and when the installation is completed the Santa Fe will have 7,000 miles of road operated by the telephone. All this less than three years ago was operated by the telegraph.

Dairymen in Spokane and throughout the Inland Empire report there are places waiting for not less than 1,000 experienced dry milkers, at wages ranging from $50 a month in the summer and $40 a month in the winter with board and sleeping quarters. Milking 30 cows is a day's work. The other duties are to wash the animals and take care of the barn. Bringing the fodder to the barn and feeding is done by laborers.

The Pan-American Congress recently in session at Buenos Ayres unanimously approved the erection at Buenos Ayres of a permanent building for the purpose of the congress. The publication of a book containing the acts of independence of the American republics has also been approved. At one session a resolution was adopted lauding Andrew Carnegie as a benefactor, and voting him a medal for his services in the cause of humanity.

Amateur wireless telegraphers in Chicago are doing their best to prevent interference with commercial systems. The Chicago Wireless Club, which has about one hundred members, has by agreement with the commercial stations, set certain periods of time during the day in which amateurs who have stations of over ½ kilowatt capacity may operate. They are permitted to use their systems for the first fifteen minutes of each hour from 6 to 11 P. M. on week days and all day on Sundays.

The people of the United States will learn their true number, as revealed by the official count of the thirteenth census, about Oct. 15. It is generally believed the number will be about 90,000,000. This belief is based on the fact that an increase slightly in excess of the 13,000,000 increase during the previous decade would bring the population in 1910 to the 90,000,000 mark. In two cities evidence of fraud has been discovered, and in one, Great Falls, Mont., a prosecution has been undertaken for fraudulent enumeration.

The postmasters who in October are to be entrusted with the introduction of postal savings banks will be called to Washington this fall for a conference and will be given full instructions and schooling by the members of the government board of experts who are assisting the board of trustees. It may be decided to dispense with the cards which Congress has provided to encourage the saving habit. Until further explanation is obtained, however, the cards will be used, being sold to depositors. Stamps representing savings are to be attached to these cards until multiples of $1 are obtained, when upon the surrender of the card the accounts will be duly credited.

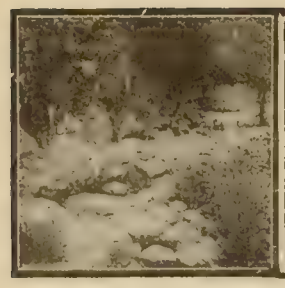
Official estimates for August, as made by the Agricultural Department at Washington, show that corn is still king, with a promise of the largest crop ever raised, notwithstanding big losses last month west of the Missouri River. Despite losses of 220,000,000 bushels last month, the crop promise now stands at 2,940,000,000 bushels, or just 13,000,000 bushels more than the bumper crop of 1906. Oats also have distanced the previous bumper crop by 13,000,000 bushels, promising 1,022,000,000 bushels, against 1,009,353,000 bushels last year, which was the first time the oats crop of the United States ran into the billion-bushel class.

Uncle Sam is turning out more than 3,000,000 postal cards every day at the government printing office. A newly-installed plant in the postal card section of this great printery has doubled the output. In the near future about 4,000,000 cards will be turned out daily in bound packages of 25. The regulations under which this plant was installed call for a daily output of at least 4,000,000. In time, therefore, even more than 4,000,000 cards must be printed in every working day of eight hours. The cards are printed from a web or roll of stock paper. These are the ordinary postal cards which people all over the country purchase at postoffices.

Twenty-two important railroads, among the first to publish their June earnings, exhibit increases in gross revenues ranging from 3 to 9 per cent, in comparison with gains of 10 to 12 per cent in the preceding months and an average gain for the 12 months to June 30 of about 14 per cent. Exactly half of these show decreases in net earnings ranging from a few thousand to such losses as $500,000 for New York Central, $417,000 for Pennsylvania Railroad and $209,000 for Lake Shore. In several cases taxes paid in June, the month for "cleaning up" the accounts of the entire year, increased enough to wipe out the gain in net, so that more than half of the returns at hand show substantial decreases in net earnings.

After August 1, any New York grocer or wholesaler or commission merchant who sells eggs by the dozen is subject to prosecution and, on conviction, to a fine of $100 for each offense. Hereafter eggs must be sold by the pound in that city. This statement is made by Commissioner Driscoll of the bureau of weights and measures, who explains that his announcement is based on a new ordinance governing the sale of food products. He has also advised grocers, bakers and others interested that bread must be sold by the pound, instead of by the loaf. Commissioner Driscoll says that the public is defrauded by the dozen lot sale of eggs and that one of the purposes of the new law is to protect consumers.

Representatives from practically every country in the world, speaking a score of tongues, are assembling in Washington, D. C., for the sixth International Congress of Esperanto, which is in session there the present week. This is the first time that the congress has met in the western hemisphere, its previous meetings having been in Europe. Esperanto will be spoken in Washington during the week of the congress by clergy in the pulpit, by actors in a Shakesperean play, by part of the police force and in all the proceedings of the congress. Furthermore, for the first time probably in the history of the world, it will be used at a baseball game, and several of the local papers are considering printing a daily story in Esperanto about the work of the congress.



NATURE STUDIES



OLD-FASHIONED FLOWER GARDENS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

ONE of the unmistakable signs of an otherwise obliterated homestead, is the vagrant, old-fashioned flowers one sometimes sees growing along the roadsides and fence rows. These flowers persistently cling to life though the ground where they once grew in luxuriance has been turned into prosaic corn and wheat fields, and they have been banished to the outskirts. But it is a beautiful thought that these reminders of our ancestors have come down to us through their love for their flowers.

A subdued and tranquil spirit pervaded the old-fashioned flower gardens, gay though they were with many-hued colors. This was as it should be, for many of the flowers were planted when the homes were new, and had grown to a serene old age along with the hands that had tended them through the passing years. Often the young bride grew the simple flowers she had been accustomed to see in her mother's garden, giving to them the care and affection she would have lavished upon their dear ones back in the old home.

Every old garden had its lilacs. Of all the old flowers I doubt if there was one better loved. While the standard species was the purple, the beautiful white was often seen:

> "That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
> The milk-white flowers revealing;"

The cluster of pinks which our grandmothers carried "to meeting" were not our present-day carnations, but their ancestor, the clove pink. Large clumps of these were found in every old-time flower garden. The gray-green foliage of this pink is attractive without the flowers of pearly flesh color, sometimes marked with maroon. It seemed a fitting accompaniment of our grandmother's worship to carry to church some sweet-scented flower or pungent, spicy sprig; and when the season of pinks was over, sprays of southernwood took their place. In some places this herb was called "Old Man." Its pungent, spicy fragrance has a refreshing quality which most people like.

Another plant that in some respects resembles the southernwood, and was invariably found in these old gardens was the chamomile. It is of a creeping habit, soon covering all the space allotted to it and infringing on the rights of other plants. It sends up numerous daisy-like flowers which, with the leaves, were supposed to have great medicinal virtues. Every family gathered it to dry along with boneset and thoroughwort. Botanists tell us that "Bouncing Bet" is an introduced flower which has become naturalized by escaping from cultivation. They were always ragged flowers, inclined to straggle all over the garden, and on this account they were often turned into the roadside to survive or perish. But this never seemed to discourage them in the least. They kept on growing and spreading as if nothing had happened to them. And today many an old homestead is kept in remembrance by these exiles along the way.

Great clumps of bright peonies grew year after year and many an old home site is still marked by these flowers where all other traces have disappeared. In a tangle of grass and shrubbery they grow and bloom each season as memorials to the hands that planted them.

Of the yellow lilies which grew in the old-time gardens the candlestick lily held first rank. It was so called from the resemblance of its flower stems to the candelabra used in churches and cathedrals. The orange-red flowers grow in clusters "the stems springing up out of a mass of Amarylis-like foliage." These lilies, like the peonies, cling to the old homesteads and bloom year after year. The tawny tiger lily was a close second and grew in great clusters. It bore numerous bulblets in the axils of the leaves which fell to the ground and became the centers of other clusters. Rows of tall hollyhocks stood guard along the garden fence. Not the double caricatures we see today, but the long-lived single red, pink or white. And the ox-eye daisy soon took possession of all vacant places, while the two-shaded butter-and-eggs contended for an existence everywhere.

While our grandmother's gardens were gay with color, the more elusive charm of perfume was not lost sight of. In the calm twilight what floods of fragrance filled the air from groups of white and purple phlox, the snow-white, deep-throated day lilies, the pallid primroses, and all the tangles of pale yellow and white honeysuckles! Later in the season the ten-weeks stock made fragrant the gardens, reinforced by the gilly-flower. The hundred leaved rose grew without let or hindrance. The pearly shaded petals of this fragrant

rose were gathered and carefully dried in the shade and placed in the linen chests where their delicate perfume pervaded the contents of the chests. The sweetbrier or eglantine was brought across the seas by our ancestors and planted in their gardens. It is the one plant with which gardeners have failed to make much change. It clings to its ancestral habits and no amount of domestication has been able to change it. Snowy syringas, clove-scented currants, and wand-like flowering almonds lighted up many a shady place.

Among the annuals that must be planted each year were the gay balsams, coreopsis and poppies. Beds of lovely purple "mourning brides" made very cheerful looking mourners swaying on their long, wiry stems. The marigolds and zinnias were the latest flowers to bloom, carrying their bright-hued flowers well into the autumn.

Much of our love for flowers comes from close association with them; and this is why our grandmothers loved their flower gardens better than we do. We allow the florist to send us plants already in bloom to plant in our flower beds. We want immediate effect and we get it, but these flowers do not appeal to the sense of friendship, and we lose much of our love for flowers because we have not associated with each individual plant from its first apearance above ground.

Spiceland, Ind.

THE SPOTTED TAIL-SWIMMER.

This little animal of mysterious history is not uncommon in the rivers of the Middle States, and of Ontario as far north as the Ottawa. The name by which it is usually known is mud-puppy or Menobranchus, the one because it prefers a muddy bottom, the other because, though to a slight extent a lung breather, it has permanent gills. Its present scientific name is *Necturus Maculosus,* which, being interpreted, means spotted tail-swimmer.

Though not at all rare, it is seldom seen, and hard to procure, being shy and nocturnal in its habits, and a dweller of deep water except in spawning time, April and May, when it approaches the shore.

Sometimes lake fishermen find an individual in their nets, but not knowing what it is, or what great scientific interest it has, they throw it away as a useless, ugly lizard. Nevertheless, it is not only one of the wonders of our American fresh waters, but of natural history. Now and then a specimen may be seen in a biological museum or aquarium. But the creature does not thrive in captivity, as for weeks and months at a time it may refuse food.

Two summers ago I was lucky enough to secure a pair hiding in a pool among the keel blocks of an emptied dry-dock on Lake Ontario. They were about nine inches long, and three-fourths grown. Having placed them in a roomy tub, with some stones for shelter and hiding, and daily renewal of fresh water, I kept them for several weeks, and had some opportunity of observing the demure and shy but wise ways of mud-puppy life. The coloring, if quiet, is exceedingly rich, and very pleasing to the eye. The back and sides are an earthy brown, with a faint suggestion of yellow undertone, and irregularly spotted with black. The belly and inside of the legs are a light fawn. The three gill trunks on each side of the neck are brown, and the long, pendant gill-fringes a deep, most delicate ruby. The eyes are small, black and beady, without lids, and rather snaky looking. The snout is short and broad, with the small nostrils near the tip. The mouth is large and toothless, and the food is taken in by suction. The legs are slender, weak, four-toed, unable to give much support on land to the long, flexible body, but in the water sufficient for slow movement on the bottom. The skin is smooth, soft and oily.

The tail is muscular and strong, but in swimming the body undulates as well as the tail. In changing the water and refilling their tub I sometimes used the garden hose, which created a strong, rapid, circular current. As soon as they felt this they would promptly tuck their little legs into their sides, and head up stream, when their fine swimming powers and exceedingly graceful movement could be seen to utmost advantage. Then, to the uncritical eye, they might pass for any common fish, resembling them in size and color, and reveal nothing of their reptilian and exceptional character. After a vigorous spurt against the rushing stream they would quickly tire, for they are not long distance swimmers, and drop into the center of the eddy, where, unresistingly, and looped head and tail, they would float around in the swirling water. This, however, was a moment to see to best advantage the beautiful play of the ruby branchial fringes, as they were vigorously waved in the fresh, cool water, to get their breath, as it were. On things quieting down, they would shuffle away into such hiding as they could effect.

As to food, they are carnivorous, living on worms, minnows, small crustaceans and insects, but rather fastidious, disdaining to touch any dead thing, except possibly a bit of fresh liver now and then, under extreme hunger. My captives took an earthworm apiece the second day, but, for the rest of the two weeks I had them, they fasted, and refused to look at the loveliest, juicy, wriggling morsel with which I could tempt their appetite. The authorities say that with only a frequent change of water they will live for months without food. Out of the water,

notwithstanding their lung-sacs, they die in less than six hours.

During the day they would lie on the bottom, inactive, and hidden behind the rocks placed there for their comfort. A few times I observed them crawling out cautiously into view, and lifting themselves up on their forelegs, as if looking for some way of escape. As the sun went down, they came freely out of their hiding, and grew extremely restless, repeatedly giving a few strong swimming strokes, and trying to climb over the rim of the vessel. To prevent this, and bearing in mind the night escapade already mentioned, the tub, after sunset, was kept carefully covered and the water left about two inches below the edge. Necturus would seem to be a sort of night hawk of the waters.

After a very superficial acquaintance with them for two weeks, from the outside of course, I returned them to their native waters, where they were quick to realize and appreciate their freedom, and seek cover under the friendly weeds. They are said to be excellent eating.

And now what is there of popular or scientific interest in the life of this animal to warrant a sketch of its general appearance and ways of life? Many things and many mysteries.

Though quite common in the lakes and larger rivers and streams of middle America, it is but rarely seen, by reason of its nocturnal and hiding habits and bottom coloration. Popularly speaking, it is an amphibian, part fish, part frog, part lizard. It is lizard in shape, and for the supply of its blood with oxygen possesses both the lungs of the frog and the gills of a fish. Living exclusively in water, its lungs are mere air-sacs, and not sufficiently developed to sustain life for any length of time on land. And yet the animal uses them to some extent, even in the water. My captives would repeatedly rise in their tub, thrust their noses out of the water, and swallow a mouthful of air, which, a few moments later, would bubble back to the surface.

The eggs of Necturus, about the size of peas, are laid in small clusters during the months of April and May, in shallow water, on the under surface of such objects, rocks or logs or boards, as they may find. The spawning grounds are visited at night, as the animals are never seen during the day, and the eggs may be found in a few feet of water by turning over the boards or other timber lying on the bottom. When boards or logs are not available, an old sunken shoe, or hat, or kettle has been made use of. Advantage is taken of this spawning habit by egg collectors, who, in the fall, sink boards in suitable localities to be ready for use by the animals in the spring. In this way eggs have been secured, and subsequently hatched out, giving considerable knowledge of the growth and habits of the baby Necturus.

Now a word on the mystery which surrounds this animal. Is it as we know it in the perfect adult form, or an arrested development? Why has it lungs which have dry land and air in view? In this case, why have they not proceeded to full functional use, and why have not the gills been dropped? The gills suggest, of course, aquatic origin, but the presence of elementary lungs is prophetic of land existence later on, as comes to pass in the case of other lizards, and of the common frog. The tadpole is born from the egg with gills and tail, and lives for a season the life of a fish, but its changes continue until gills and tail are discarded, and lungs and legs are developed, when it comes out on the dry ground, a pretty perfect air-breathing animal, although, as a frog, it never entirely loses its affection for the element of its first home, and the comforts of a frequent bath.

This is all orderly and regular, but, Menobranchus seems to have stopped half way. Has it reached only the immature, larval stage, with just a hint of a more advanced state, to which for some undiscovered reason it has not yet attained, but capable, nevertheless, in this condition, by some dark mystery of nature, of producing its kind? And is there any other animal known which might, with some show of probability, be regarded as the adult form of the larval Necturus or Menobranchus?

There are naturalists who believe there is, although they are not agreed as to the species. Some point to one named Cryptobranchus (hidden gill) in support of their opinion. The animal occupies the same system of waters as Necturus, is without visible gills, a lung breather, somewhat larger, with much the same habits and coloring, and a history even more obscure. But this may be nothing more than an ill-founded guess, and Necturus itself, notwithstanding exceptional characteristics, may be the mature, adult form, for no one has ever witnessed the change from the one to the other. Yet, the strange fact that an animal should breed in what seems a larval state does not settle the question, for we know now of a related genus, the Axolotl of Mexico, which breeds in both the larval and adult states.

But, as Kipling would say, that is another story. —*The Independent.*

* * *

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* * *

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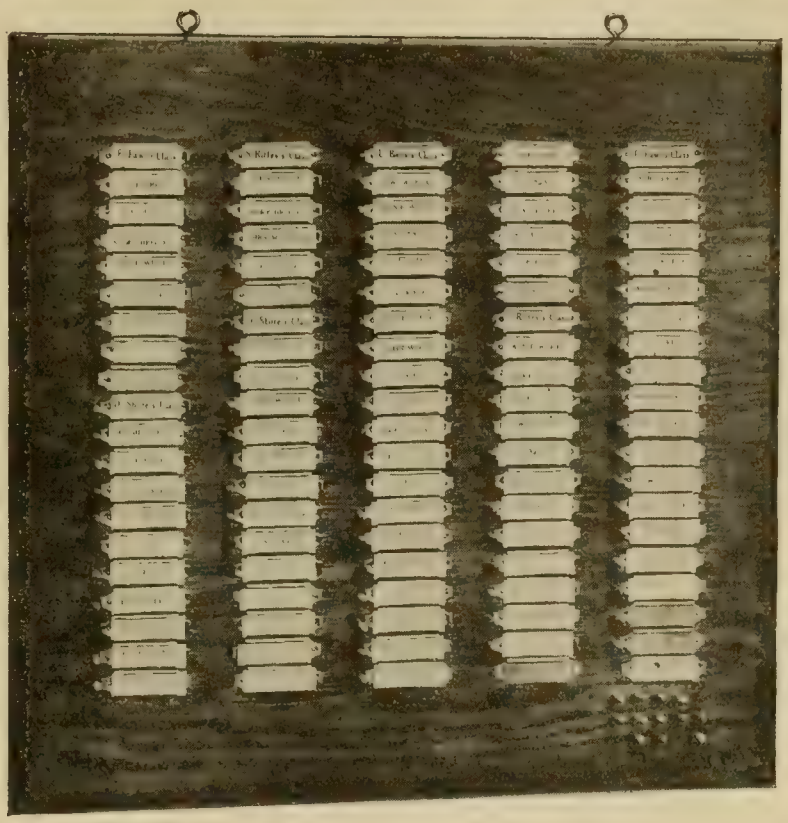
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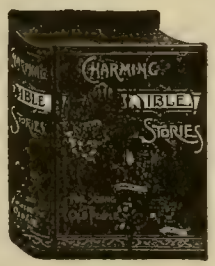
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Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. August 23, 1910. No. 34.

Intemperance Handicaps Service

Lula M. Hildebrand

OUR great nation is face to face with many grave social problems. The fact that we have problems is no cause for alarm, for the fate of the individual or of the state that has no difficulties is already sealed. The liquor traffic is our vital public question. It not only concerns the well-being of society today but it decrees what we shall be tomorrow. Upon the decision of this question rests the doom of unborn thousands, yea, even of our whole country. That evil which Gladstone declared produces more misery than war, pestilence and famine combined, challenges the first attention of every conscientious and patriotic American citizen. Richard Cobden has said, "The liquor traffic lies at the foundation of all social and political reform."

In this day and in this age the pre-eminent test of a man's value to society is, what can he do? We put the stress on action. Social service is our present watchword. Every man owes society the full exercise of his God-given capacities. In exact proportion as he uses his inherent talents intelligently and persistently for the sake of his fellow-men does he develop his individual self to its mature state. Furthermore, the advancement of society at large is dependent upon the initiative of its individual members. The welfare of the state is determined by the welfare of its citizens. Arrange our watchword, social efficiency, alongside the products of the saloon and various questions must arise. Does intemperance produce a strong and healthy physique? Does the consumption of spirituous liquors increase a man's skill in his chosen profession? Does the saloon propagate a more conscientious citizenship? Is the liquor traffic, on the whole, constructive or destructive?

Health has a vital connection with service. Without it public well-being and individual happiness is impossible. All the functions of society are affected by it. Cut off even a moderate supply of alcohol and you reduce the amount of sickness and the number of the death rates one-half. Physiologists are agreed that the man who indulges in spirituous liquors succumbs most readily to disease and is less liable to recover his normal physical condition. Dr. Cartwright of New Orleans has this to say about the yellow fever epidemic: "About five thousand of the regular drinkers died before the epidemic touched a sober man." Listen to these testimonies: Sir Andrew Clark, the famous English physician, says, "Good health will, in my opinion, always be injured by even small doses of alcohol." And still another: Dr. Norman Kerr voices his opinion, "Alcohol vitiates the blood, inflames the stomach, destroys the kidneys, hardens the liver and softens the brain." Since we know that every aim of humanity is conditioned by its physical well-being, we must be convinced that the liquor habit retards the progress of the individual and of society in general.

Self-preservation is the first law of life, both for the individual and for the group. Just as the great wave of alarm has spread over our country because of the many victims to the terrible white plague, so ought we to be even more alarmed over the fact that the monster, Intemperance, is carrying away thousands more yearly. He takes our noblest and best-gifted young men and young women and our most precious little children and either enslaves them to his passions or crushes out their young spirits with his heavy burdens of misery and woe. Can we be indifferent onlookers? Such tragedies should arouse every one of us to take up arms and down the national foe.

The very fact that so many of our banks, corporations and railroad companies are entrusting their business only to men who do not drink is another proof that liquor decreases the efficiency of its victims. The United States Department of Labor has made the statement that ninety per cent of our railroads, seventy-nine per cent of the manufactories, eighty-eight per cent of the trades and seventy-two per cent of the agriculturists discriminate against employees who are addicted to the use of intoxicants as a beverage. These statistics are gathered from thousands of reports. If a man indulges in that which undermines his health, weakens his system and destroys his higher processes

of intelligence, he must deteriorate as a producer. You may look at the saloon traffic from any angle, and you will be startled by its tremendous losses. But its most terrible effect is not the "waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health nor the destruction of life," but it is the effect upon individual character. The man who drinks loses his sense of honor, he loses his self-respect, he loses his ambitions and he falls in the battle of life.

Indulgence in alcoholic liquors inflames the passion, dethrones reason, and renders dormant the moral faculties, thereby unfitting a man not only for the ordinary duties of life but for the most sacred ones as well. In many instances the drunken father is unable to provide the bare necessities of life for his family and they are left dependent upon the state. Sociologists tell us that both the heavy and the moderate drinker burden society and often the moderate drinker causes more pauperism, more disease, more insanity and more crime than the intense drunkard. No doubt a man gains a certain satisfaction out of the social glass, but his pleasures are limited when compared to the woes which it pronounces upon helpless women and children. He gains his happiness with the lifeblood of those who love him most dearly. He gains his happiness of the moment at the expense of his finer moral qualities and his higher processes of intelligence. He brings woe and disorder into that home where joy and peace once reigned. He loses his susceptibility to influences which tend toward the betterment of the home. Shall we as American citizens allow such conditions to continue to exist when, by our voice and by our works, they could be improved? God forbid.

The final value of any institution of society is the quality of its educational influence. The saloon is not merely a place of retail business, it is a great public educational institution. It influences the "thought, morals, politics, social customs, ideals and conversation of its patrons" as the butchershop and the grocery never do. It is open throughout the year, "in season and out of season." It draws students from every class of society and it confers such degrees as poverty, insanity, crime, disease and death. Statisticians tell us that intemperance produces two-thirds of the crime, insanity and pauperism which is baffling our government and burdening our charities. Its social influence far exceeds its economical and political aspects.

If we are to make any progress against such a formidable foe we must use both constructive and destructive methods. Moral suasion and legal action should go hand in hand. "If the methods of solving this problem are to be permanent and satisfactory they must be buttressed in facts and imbedded in human nature." We must study the basic social principles of the saloon and turn them into a "power that makes for righteousness." "The best way to overcome evil," says Mr. Barker, "is to supplant it with something good." The present altruistic spirit and intelligent interest in public well-being indicate that the saloon must go. But America needs men and women and she needs intelligent, sober men and women who will spend their lifeblood that she as a nation might live. She needs men and women who will bravely face the foe. She needs men and women who will lay siege to every fort and barricade of the enemy. She needs men and women who will advance against the hosts of sin and declare that this social menace must be suppressed. Just as the American people have branded slavery as a crime so will they brand the liquor traffic. The Supreme Court of our land has already declared that the traffic is harmful and immoral, both to the individual and to the state. The drink habit is so thoroughly grounded into our racial life that present customs will not change in a day; but in spite of the customs of centuries the temperance sentiment has had a phenomenal growth. Prohibition territory is spreading to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South. May we take the words of Washington as our motto: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." The day is not far hence when America shall be truly called "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Mound City, Mo.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS WORKER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

PERHAPS there is no other kind of worker among the children of men; perhaps all other actors and artisans are only alleged workmen, base counterfeiters, some, or self-deceivers at best. Perhaps the man who persists in writing poetry after Heaven has told him to stop, or the shoemaker who makes poor boots, or the doctor who continues to kill people, though the inner voice has told him he was only called to slaughter sheep and bullocks, are no more properly called workers than are grocerymen who put sand in their sugar. Perhaps criminals, sinners, frauds and drones differ from one another only in the degree of their moral turpitude, that they all alike bring suffering and burdens onto the world, and that therefore it would be absurd and inconsistent to call one more than another a worker or helper. Perhaps one cannot be rightly and righteously said to work, unless the whole man works, and if the whole man does work, then surely do soul and conscience, as well as body and brain. Perhaps in all real and destined work every gift, power and attribute is summoned to win the victory, and exalt the warfare. If this very thing be true, and if we can see and believe and know it, then shall we first clearly and strongly realize what the world ought to mean when it speaks

of the dignity of labor, and then shall we, indeed, perceive that there is no human being quite so noble and exalted at the working man.

But in contemplating the main branch of my topic, everybody can excuse everybody else from proving that the conscientious worker is the only one. Such a study might result in discussions, in metaphysical trouble and in word-splitting, and might result in little else. It could teach us the logic of the situation, but not the improvement of it. If we learn who the true worker is, and if we believe that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and if we yearn to become such a worker, and if we do, it matters less as to what we ought to have been called before the change, or what would have become of us if we had remained as we were. As Christian fled from the city of Destruction, he did not linger to cogitate if his old home was doomed in war or fire, or famine or cholera. Enough that it was doomed, and that he was better out of it than in it. Enough that the conscientious worker has passed from that which is untrue and unworthy to that which is really true and really worthy; that he has escaped from darkness and danger into light and safety. If his former state was only somewhat unworthy, and only somewhat untrue, if there was only a little darkness to grope in, and only a little danger that he would fail to do his full duty, enough; he considers his escape a deliverance and a salvation. Perhaps before this he was not idle, perhaps he even labored with something of that care and perseverance that school compositions are ever praising, but now he will do no other work but his own destined work, because none other is honest work, and he will not be content to honor care and perseverance save as good working virtues, whilst he exalts his acts of labor into a course of worship, so that his soul can as surely expand, and his conscience quicken, in his workshop as at his church. Work that can be bettered he will no sooner let go unbettered than he would tell a lie or do any other deceitful thing. When to this faintly drawn description I add, that he does none of these things from pride or fancy or policy, or for this or that reason, but from conviction, from principle, and does it through all his works, not simply because he thinks it right, but because he feels it to be the "right-est" thing concerning this earthly life; you will know, as well as I can tell you, of the conscientious worker.

But how shall one discourse upon this transition from the mere actor into the true workman, or discuss a change, at once so delicate and so radical in its nature? All this would, indeed, require not merely the description of a thing, but of an existence, and not only of an existence, but of a change in that existence. More easily might be watched and told how the flickering and mingling tints of the rainbow melt together into new colors, than to analyze and picture the light and essence that suddenly changes and consecrates every effort, anxiety, ambition and action into conscientious work. Neither, perhaps, is there any more certain or settled way to effect this transition than there is to accomplish the spiritual changes described in the New Testament. There is no one city of Jerusalem toward which every eye must look in the hour of prayer. But each right mind and life must and can work out its own deliverance.

Neither is there any better proof of the conversion than the gospel one, that "he loves the brethren," save the other and the supreme test, "by their works ye shall know them."

This feeling of love for the brethren, not only proves your own deliverance but edifies and strengthens. Your brethren are your instructors, and, if you love them, you love to read their lives, to remember their words, and to respect above all things else the deeds of these true workers. Call this hero-worship, if you please, but please to also explain that the hero was a conscientious worker; and add further that you are respecting the nature and not the rank of these workers, that it matters not whether they were prophets or kings, or presidents or generals, or authors or saints, or shopmen or laborers, or farmers or mechanics. Enough that your heroes, the only ones you will ever honor or follow, are those who in turn honor and follow the will of God. How? In the nature and quality of the work they did, in the manner and method by which they earned their daily bread, and in the kind of service and companionship they gave their fellowmen: and they acted it out in deeds, as ceaselessly and sternly as did ever the foolish saints of the dark ages utter it forth in prayers and cries.

Only by following such lives and transforming his own can one reach the goal of right minds; a goal not placed at any fixed or even finite distance from life's beginning, and about which one beholds no garlands, inscriptions or devices of man, since no mortal eye shall behold it; but only seen by mental and spiritual strength, it is more true and real than mere matter is, since it is truth and reality itself, and measures the fullest stature of nobility and usefulness attainable in each man's career. Therefore, each might reach his own if he began in time and pressed forward with vigor, but all loiter until the mind and soul have conquered the body, from which every moment they bravely progress, until, like weary travelers, they fall by the wayside and are suffered to rest.

LITERATURE.

IRA J. LAPP.

LITERATURE is a very important factor in the civilization of mankind. It promotes or gives a desire for higher education, gives the reader a strong, cultured mind, moulds and builds character.

A book is not merely communication, but is permanence. It is the multiplication of the author's voice. Books have been written in all ages, by great thinkers, great teachers, and great readers. There are two kinds of books, poor books and good books.

Poor books are found everywhere; they are secured and read by the weak-minded and people of the lowest class. These books, instead of broadening the minds of the readers, warp and narrow them.

Good books are harder to secure, and are read by the better educated class, or those who are not merely reading for pastime, but for the good and knowledge they can get from them. A good book inspires the reader to better and nobler work. Napoleon once said: "There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the pen." The pen appeals to our sense of reason and feeling; it arouses men and women to action from their own free will, while the sword compels people to act, and gain the desired object.

A well-known author truthfully said: "Literature is ultimate truth and beauty interpreted."

Moorefield, Nebr.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) Rescue Mission

B. F. Heckman

IF statistics at hand are reliable this city of 326,000 has one saloon for every 161 people—young and old. One ward has one saloon for every fifty people. Looking at it from a matter-of-fact way, it would seem that 161 people are willing to suport an institution of this kind, even to the extent of making the saloon-



Rescue Mission, Milwaukee, Wis.

keeper and brewer extremely wealthy, while they, the supporters, become so much the poorer because of the outlay for the worthless commodity for sale in the saloon. They become poorer not only in the way of finance, but the loss in character cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It is really marvelous how some people are willing to labor hard day after day and then use the wages in buying the thing that degrades them. Besides the saloons of this city, one's mind at once thinks of the great breweries here which are behind the grog shop. The two greatest breweries of Milwaukee are the Pabst and Schlitz—the latter establishment making "the beer that made Milwaukee famous," or rather it has made the city notoriously infamous in the sight of God-fearing people.

If we look at the religious life of the city we find there is one church for every 1654 people, or 197 churches for the total population. Thus there are 197 churches to 2025 saloons and each church has to overcome the influence of more than ten saloons. It would also be interesting to note the amount of money put into the coffers of these two diametrically opposite institutions, but proper statistics are not obtainable.

With these conditions in mind, let us carefully consider the institution which has to deal with the result in manhood of the saloon and brewery. Some ten or eleven years ago a man was converted from the drunkard's life of misery and shame. Separated from wife and family, he went far into the depths to which drink takes a man. But God had others plans for this man's life and in November, 1906, Mr. U. V. Silloway was chosen Superintendent of the Milwaukee Rescue Mission. It was the privilege of the writer in company with a mission worker of Chicago to visit this mission during the summer of 1909. There we met this God-fearing, soul-loving man and had some opportunity of getting in touch with the work in a general way. Here is a man who knows the ins and outs of the life of the men with whom he has to deal. He has a personal acquaintance with the Savior and then knows how to get men interested in HIM, and is willing to help men in more ways than one to see what a better life means and give them a chance to attain unto it through Jesus Christ.

The very purpose of this mission has been and still is to give the wayfarer words of cheer and comfort, to point him to the One who came "to heal the broken hearted," "to show a little bit of love," not merely by

smile and handshake—good as they are—but also to give the honest man an opportunity to earn his way temporarily until he can get started anew in life. In other words, this institution is a splendid type of the Industrial Rescue Mission.

It was indeed helpful for us that Saturday evening to sit in the chapel and worship with those who had been lifted up by the Master. There were heart to heart talks that night. There was a short but earnest lesson from God's Word, both to the converted and to the man still away from God. Then when the service was all over the men "lined up" in order to secure lodging for the night—either to pay a small sum in cash, or to pay for it by work. To appreciate what is being done let us look at some facts concerning this work.



The "Raw Material," Just as They Come to the Mission.

In a period of twenty-three months forty-eight car loads of four-foot wood were manufactured with the buck saw, in return for which 18,643 meals or lodgings were given. No money was given out for the work, but each man who really wanted food or lodging was given this opportunity to pay for it. This kind of work is found to be beneficial in two ways. In the first place it shielded the homes of the city and then it also brought some revenue into the treasury of the institution. Besides this merely temporary expedient, an employment bureau had obtained work for more than nine thousand men, many of whom secured permanent positions with the best business men of the city. Plain, substantial food for workingmen is furnished at an average cost of nine cents per meal. The price charged for each meal barely covers the expense of this department. There is no catering to the public, but the purpose is to meet the demands of these unfortunate men. So at a lunch counter where forty men may be seated an average of two hundred meals have been served daily. And twelve thousand meals have been given for work within twenty-three months. In this same period of time fifty-six thousand lodgings have been furnished. These beds are clean and comfortable and the rooms heated by steam, yet the cost is only ten and fifteen cents per night.

But this industrial part is not the main thing—it is a means to an end, reaching souls for Christ and giving them a chance to rise in spite of the odds that are against them. The principal interest is centered about the chapel. Meetings are held every night in the year, beginning with song service at 7:30. In these meetings the pastors and religious workers of the city assist. Besides the nightly meetings, Bible study classes are conducted so that the convert may be instructed in righteousness and in the way of the Lord so that he may make the proper growth and be able to withstand the temptations that beset him on every hand. It is not the purpose of the mission that the convert make the mission his permanent home, but he may remain after conversion, paying for his board and lodging and assisting in the services until he is established well enough to make his own way in the world with every chance for success. If he is separated from his family, proper steps are taken to bring about forgiveness and restoration. Many families have been reunited in this mission.

It was quite evident last year that the old quarters were entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the work and the business men and philanthropists of Milwaukee, awake to the results of the work, willingly furnished funds for the present new building which was dedicated the early part of this summer. Because of previous experience, Mr. Silloway has great confi-

dence in the work of this mission. In a personal letter he writes: "We build our mission with a view of opening up a new era in industrial missions. It has been said that it is impossible to run an industrial mission and maintain the spiritual end which is maintained in missions where they do not have the industrial end. Jesus said, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was in prison and ye visited me, I was sick and ye ministered unto me, and inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.' Now I conclude that we could give a man shelter, feed him, help the sick and do a thousand and one things that Jesus would do were he here, and still preach the Gospel in our chapel and teach the Bible."



A Group of Converts with Mr. Silloway and Child.

So to meet the demands of the work, as he sees it, a new building was erected at a cost of more than $65,000. In the very heart of the building on the first floor the chapel is located. Everything radiates in and out through the chapel. Then there is a reading room where the best papers, magazines, and books may be read by the men. Any paper that gives an uncertain sound as to the divinity of Christ and the authenticity of the Bible finds no place among the periodicals of this room. The very fact that so many men read this good class of literature goes to prove that not all sense of the good and true is lacking in them.

Two large Bible class rooms are provided so that classes may be held separately and simultaneously. With private consecration meetings, nightly public services, Sunday school and Sunday Bible classes, the spiritual needs of the men are cared for. Preparations have also been made in the new mission to care for the sick. For this purpose a free dispensary and hospital ward are maintained. Then there come the bathing facilities—eleven large shower baths. Men may do their own washing, and provision is made for the greatest cleanliness. There is a boys' ward for boys of eighteen and under. The purpose is to separate them from the hardened class of criminals and give them a chance to get by themselves so that in a more sober moment they may think of home and mother. From the industrial standpoint an up-to-date laundry and woodyard provide work for men who want food and lodging and have not the money to pay for it. Exception is made for old men and cripples who can not work. In that way not a few charity meals and lodgings are given out.

This mission is really the down-town chapel. It is the church at work among the unfortunates. In fact this mission serves as a stepping-stone to the church. It is interdenominational, supported and encouraged by the churches of the city. Its motto is, "No law but love, no creed but Christ." With such purposes and ideals the very lowest and most unfortunate of men may be reached and saved for Christ and Church and family and country.

As soon as a work of this kind is started the question comes, "Does it pay?" From the records of this mission the following summary has been taken. It dates from October 1, 1908, to October 1, 1909:

5,631 meals given for work.
7,096 beds for work.
8,130 free baths.
5,496 number of times men were furnished employment outside of the mission.
39,860 total number of lodgings furnished.
1,466 men prayed with, who desired to live a better life.
1,100 Testaments given away.
1,095 charity beds.
2,998 charity meals.

But figures are cold things with which to deal. Just take a glance at the two groups of men as represented in the pictures. The one represents the raw material, the line-up at the mission every night in the year. It is easily seen with what kind of men the mission has to deal. Traces of sin and degradation are seen in those faces. There are signs of woe and misery there that cannot be known by those who know nothing of the previous life of those men. Now turn from this picture which represents so much sorrow to the other. No one is needed to explain that a change has taken place in the lives of these men. They were all in the previous picture, away from God and fallen low in sin, but they have turned from "darkness unto light," "from sin to righteousness," they have become new creatures through the blood of Jesus Christ. Each man has his story to tell, both of life in sin and life in the Master's service. Their lives have been influenced by the Gospel and show the results of the work done in the Milwaukee Rescue Mission. It is a quite different result to that shown by the saloon and the brewery. The first picture is the result of the saloon and the other the result of the work at the mission. Which result do you think will make Milwaukee famous in the sight of God and his people?

An interesting part of the story in the conversion of these men is that they are restored to their homes. Through their conversion they become homesick and proper reconciliation is made and a happy family is the result. A testimony from one of the converts will show us their feeling toward the mission which pointed them to a Savior:

"I thank God for the Old Mission. I came into Milwaukee a fugitive from justice. Had left my firm in bad shape, leaving my wife and children as well in Aurora, Illinois. And without their knowing anything of my whereabouts I aimlessly drifted about over the country, not daring to let them know where I was. I drifted into the mission drunk and discouraged, without a way to turn and it was there I found friends, and best of all Jesus. In a few weeks I told my story to the superintendent and through his efforts I was given another chance by the old firm I had treated so shamefully, and by his efforts reconciliation was brought about with my family.

"Nearly two years have rolled by and God has been good to me, crooked paths have been made straight, I have a happy Christian home; it pays to serve Jesus."

Many more testimonies might be given like the above, but in a general way they would have the same story, one of regret for the past and praise for the present with hope and bright prospects for the future. Thus the work has gone on, and under the management of the present superintendent, Mr. Silloway, through the grace of God much more will be done by better equipment. Our prayers will ascend to the throne of God for this man and his noble wife in the work they are doing for the unfortunate men of this country.

Bethany Bible School.

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

Pride, ugly pride, sometimes is seen,
By laughing looks and lofty mien;
But oft'ner it is found, that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide,
And, while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.

Now, if you really wish to find
If pride is lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a slight
Or patiently give up your right.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart?

Can you with frankness own a crime,
And promise for another time?
Or say you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor excuse to make,
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long?

Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right and know you are;
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you've done?

Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way;
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?
And never try to overbear,
Or say a word that is not fair?

Does laughing at you in a joke
No anger nor revenge provoke?
But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company?
Or when you find that you could do
To them, as they have done to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?

Put all these question to your heart,
And make it act an honest part;
And, when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have pride;
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your pride!

—Author Unknown.

When Lincoln visited Washington for the first time he wrote back to a friend expressing disappointment in the city. Said he: "The houses are a great deal larger than I expected to see, but the men are not nearly so large."

The Lesson of the Butterfly

D. Hays

JUST think of it! A crawling caterpillar that ravenously devours the rough leaves of the willow or the apple tree with its horny jaws, eating vastly more in proportion to its size than an ox by a power and life within is converted into a beautiful butterfly, flitting from flower to flower with new life, new form and new clothing, and feeding only on the nectar of flowers, and the sweets it finds in its way through sunlight and air. Wonderful, isn't it? Here before us lies the cast-off clothing. Its wearer has burst its bounds. It is no longer a groveling earth worm. It has wings now and soars into a new world with new aspirations and with nothing to remind it of its former life.

What is this wonderful change called? It is called a *metamorphosis,* a change in form and life that certain insects undergo in passing from one state into another. It is the same word that Paul uses in Rom. 12:2 concerning the change that a sinner makes in his conversion from a world-life into the Christ-life. He teaches and commands a *transformation,* a change in external form that springs from *the life within.* He uses the word *schema,* or its cognates, when he forbids the return of the Christian to the world-form in life or dress,—and Peter uses this term when he forbids the children of God to "*fashion* themselves according to the former lusts in their ignorance." Why are the children of God given a rule by which to live and by which to be clothed? Because they have entered upon a higher life, and have a will and intelligence that need to be directed in this new sphere of growth and development. Is the condition of the butterfly more fortunate because it cannot return to the caterpillar state with legs and horns and a devouring appetite? The condition of the butterfly is fixed. It has no life beyond. But man is a higher order of being, and has within him the prophecy of a higher and a perfect life. Man's desires and propensities must be brought under the control of the law governing a new sphere of perfect bliss. Hence this transformation from a world-life to the Christ-life is consummated "by the renewing of the mind."

But it is a mistake to speak of a caterpillar changing into a chrysalis and of a chrysalis changing into a butterfly: it is the same insect all the way in a different form. Did you ever notice the beautiful gold, or silver spots about the chrysalis? You have certainly seen these chrysalis formations hanging on the underside of fence rails, on a hop vine, or the lowest clapboard of a house. Now after a caterpillar has ceased being a larva (which means mask, because it hides its real self), it becomes a "chrysalis," which is a Greek word meaning gold, because of the goldlike spots found upon it. Some people call it *pupa,* because this is the Latin word for baby, and the chrysalis looks in miniature as the Roman babies used to look when wrapped up in the cloths which were wound around them.

Let us not lose sight of the ultimate truth that the transformation of the caterpillar teaches us. After it remains in the chrysalis state from two to four weeks, and sometimes all winter, it gradually loses its caterpillar shape and takes on new and more delicate forms. It keeps perfectly still except when disturbed when it moves with a quick motion, showing plainly that the caterpillar "is not dead but sleepeth." When the time of transformation comes, it breaks through this outer covering, and we see a butterfly; but the shell is left, and the insect which comes out of the chrysalis is the same one that went into it, only it is transformed, and now appearing in an entirely new dress. So the Scripture says of us concerning the change that awaits us at the end of this life: "This mortal shall put on immortality," not be changed into immortality, but enter into the new life and beautiful garments of immortality. On the Mount of *Transfiguration,* Moses and Elias were seen to be Moses and Elias still. In this we see two men, the one had died and was buried, the other had been translated,—both had been known on earth, living among men as all men live,—now their existence is seen to be continued in another world. This transformation out of material conditions into a glorified state is not attained as was indicated in Rom. 12:2, by an act of the will, "by the renewing of the mind," which may be a test of our fitness for this glorified change,—but it will be the work of the Lord himself, "*who shall change our vile body,* that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." (Philpp. 3:21.) This is illustrated in the following beautiful lines from one of the familiar pages of McGuffey's Readers:—

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I can not hear his breath;
I can not see his laughing eyes;
They tell me this is death.

"My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing;
They hushed me: he is dead!

"They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies;
O mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here?
A withered worm, you thought.

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell;
And show you in a future hour
Something would please you well.

"Look at that chrysalis, my love;
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where your insect flies!"

"O yes, mama! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

"O mother! now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range;

"How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

AEROPLANE FATALITIES.

THE year 1910 is destined to go down in aeronautical annals not only as a year of wonderful achievement in aviation, but one of tragedy as well. In the first half of the year more fatal accidents have occurred than in all the previous history of aviation put together, not because the machines were more poorly constructed or the men were more reckless, but largely because more men were flying.

One of the most lamentable fatalities was the death of the Hon. C. S. Rolls on July 12 last at Bournemouth, England. Captain Rolls was the hero of the recent double-channel flight from Dover to France and return, and was by far the most skillful of English aviators. The cause of the accident is as yet unknown, but was probably due to defective framing. He was flying in a Wright biplane. The newspaper dispatches, on which we must rely at the time of going to press, simply state that his machine suddenly buckled while 40 feet from the ground, and that he was dashed to death. We must await fuller details.

To enumerate all the accidents which have occurred since the days of Otto Lilienthal, which did not involve death, would provide an interminable list. We give below, however, a fairly complete list of those accidents which have terminated fatally:

September 21, 1896, Otto Lilienthal was killed during a gliding flight at Rhinow, near Berlin.

October 30, 1899, Percy Sinclair Pilcher, a pupil of Lilienthal's, was killed during a gliding experiment at Rugby. He fell from a height of 50 feet.

April 18, 1905, an acrobat named Maloney was killed in Prof. Montgomery's glider in Santa Clara, Cal. The glider had been dropped from a balloon.

September 17, 1908, Lieutenant Selfridge was killed at Fort Myer during a flight with Orville Wright. The machine fell from a height of about 75 feet. Orville Wright was painfully injured.

September 7, 1909, Lefebvre was killed at Juvisy on a Wright biplane.

September 7, 1909, Enea Rossi was killed at Rome while testing a machine of his own invention.

September 22, 1909, Captain Ferber was killed in his biplane at Boulonge-sur-Mer.

December 6, 1909, Fernandez was killed at La Brague near Nice in a biplane of his own design.

January 4, 1910, Leon Delagrange met his death by a fall in a Blériot monoplane at Bordeaux.

April 2, 1910, Le Blon was killed at San Sebastian, Spain, in a Blériot monoplane.

May 13, 1910, Hauvette Michelin was killed at Lyons in an Antoinette machine.

July 3, 1910, Wachter was killed at Rheims in an Antoinette machine.

June 17, 1910, Eugene Speyer was killed in a glider at San Francisco, Cal.

June 18, 1910, Thaddeus Robl was killed at Stettin in a Farman biplane.

July 12, 1910, the Hon. C. S. Rolls was killed at Bournemouth, England, in a Wright biplane of French construction.

July 10, 1910, Daniel Kinet, a Belgian aviator, dropped in a Farman machine from 300 feet as the result of motor trouble. He died five days later.

So far as we can judge at present, Captain Rolls met his death for much the same reason that Delagrange came to an end. In both cases the cause seems to have been distinctly due to a failure in the main structure of the machine used. Since Delagrange was killed in a monoplane and Rolls in a biplane, it is of course impossible to draw any conclusions as to the safety of either type, although it is popularly supposed that the biplane is a steadier, and, therefore, a safer machine.

In all such accidents, it is difficult indeed to establish the cause of the mishap after the event. The machine is usually so damaged that it is impossible to tell what happened from the broken parts. In the case of Capt. Ferber and Fernandez, there is no evidence that any part of the machine failed, and in the case of Lieut. Selfridge and Lefebvre, the main framing certainly did not fail.

In commenting on these accidents, *Engineering* of London pointed out some time ago that theoretically at least, accidents due to inherent defects in the machine would seem to be more likely to happen to a monoplane than to a biplane. The top and bottom members of a biplane are both of wood, with wood struts, the whole

(Continued on Page 805.)



THE QUIET HOUR



CAN I TRUST HIM?

IRA P. DEAN.

When I think that trouble's near us,
When I feel it more or less,
Can I trust my blessed Jesus;
Will he keep me safely?—Yes.

Does he tell us in his promise
We don't have to sit and guess;
Does he really wait to crown us,
Can I trust him for it?—Yes.

Will he answer when we're praying,
If we him as Lord confess;
Does he listen what we're saying;
Can I really trust him?—Yes.

Oh, the blessed peace and pleasure,
When our mind is stayed on God;—
I shall trust him—yes, forever,
For I love his staff and rod.

Harrisburg, Pa.

REFORMERS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

All reforms originate in the mind of one man. First is the thought, then the act; following the leader others think along the same lines, and the reform is inaugurated. To be a reformer is often to work for posterity only, for he is usually misunderstood by the mass of contemporaneous mankind.

Sometimes his zeal outruns his judgment; then he goes amiss. When he does, he is apt to commit excesses; which he justifies by claiming that the end to be attained justifies the means.

Again, he may be premature in his plans. Before the times are ripe for the change he wishes to bring about he attempts to inaugurate the change, with the result that he foils his own plans. He is like a marksman who fires his piece before it is properly sighted.

Many a reformer has been classed as a failure when he was a grand success. True, he may not have accomplished the end he desired, yet he paved the way for those who came after. The annals of history abound in records of these characters. Huss, Wycliffe and others paved the way for Luther; Garrison, Lovejoy, John Brown and Fremont cleared a path for Lincoln; and the prophets from Moses to John the Baptist prepared the people for the ministry of the Man of Galilee.

These and many others gave the labor of their lives and some of them life itself for others.

Tradition says that in ancient Rome a chasm was opened in the earth and the oracles declared that it would not close again until the people cast into it the most valuable of their treasures. They were preparing to cast in their wealth when one of their number declared that "A noble life is the greatest treasure," saying which he boldly rode his horse into the abyss, which at once closed. While we consider this story as fiction, yet it illustrates the truth that the noblest end of this physical life is where man dies for another.

"Whether upon the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where man dies for man,"

says the poet, and he is but echoing the words of eternal truth, for we are told that, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13).

Jesus Christ was the greatest reformer the world has ever known. In him was to be found all the qualifications of the successful reformer with none of their weak points. His labor and his life were spent to make mankind better. All his efforts were to make man a truer man, mentally, morally and spiritually. The reform he advocated has been far-reaching and enduring. Beginning among the humble and the lowly in the common walks of life on the banks of the Jordan, hallowed by the ancient associations, and the shores of storm-swept Galilee, it spread on and on till it won the support of the greatest minds the world has ever known.

The plan calls for us to be prepared when he shall return to complete his reform. The injunction is, "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh in an hour when ye think not." (Luke 12:40.)

Then, as we know not what the morrow may bring forth, let us so live, that should it bear to us the summons to cease from our labors, we may resign this mortal frame to the earth from whence it sprang with a feeling of resignation—yea, of satisfaction, in the fact that for us all toil and pain and sorrow are forever past, and instead we are to enter that mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—to dwell and reign with Christ our elder brother at the right hand of God.

THE HOUSECLEANING OF THE HEART.

"WHAT? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

It means something to be a good housekeeper for the Lord. There are many people who take much more pains with their literal house than they do with their spiritual house. No one likes housecleaning very well while it lasts, but every one enjoys it after it is over. All the dust of the winter has been disposed of; the brass door-knobs shine so that you can see your face in them. Everything is so fresh and clean and sparkling that it is a pleasure to sit down and feel the order and sweetness all about you.

Hearts sometimes get in need of a housecleaning. We do not look forward to the experience with much pleasure. Shaking out dusty prejudices and cleaning the old grudges which have been accumulating in the dark corners is not altogether pleasant, but when the cobwebs are out of the way and the sunshine of love has penetrated to the remotest corners, and the fresh air has had access to the least crevice, the heart begins to seem a different place.

Heart housecleaning pays even at the expense of temporary discomfort; it pays to have all within sweet and clean and polished and well aired. Do not put it off from season to season, while every day the dust is growing thicker and the rubbish is accumulating. For ordinary housecleaning it may be necessary to wait for mild weather, but the housecleaning of the heart may be done to advantage at any time of the year.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

MORSE'S "LIGHT."

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

THE Rev. George Winifred Hervey relates that long ago, while pursuing investigations in Astor Library, New York, he used often to meet there Professor S. F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"Oh, yes; more than once."

"And at such times, what did you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And the light generally came?"

"Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

This utterance by a distinguished man of science reminds us again, as many similar utterances have done, not only that true greatness has no vanity, but that superior minds, as a whole, reverently acknowledge the Supreme. They who climb highest see farthest, and the light which comes from above shines the longest way.

A pleasing proof of the felicity and far-seeing wisdom of this eminent man and devout inventor appeared in the result of a grand test by the Postal Telegraph Company. This company had a "field day" a short time ago, when the various transmission methods and alphabets were tried on all their lines. When comparative material costs, salary of operators, accuracy of work, time consumed, and all other factors were taken into consideration, the decision was wholly in favor of the Morse system, which had been in use fifty years.

The inventor's first message—"What hath God wrought!"—intimated in no uncertain way the inspiration which gave his work longevity, and made it a light to the entire world.

At the completion of one of the Amherst College buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation-room, with sky windows, this was his introduction to one of his best lectures: "Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above."

The reverent spirit which took that text, and spoke in the Astor Library, dignifies scientific thought and contributes to success in all search after truth.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PRAYER.

LORD, I am weary of myself, my sinful desires, my weakness that responds so easily to the voice of the tempter, my doubts that grow of heaviness or guilt and even dare to question the patience of thy mercy and the abiding purpose of thy love. Accept thou the repentance and forsaking of my soul for sin and let not weakness of body or mind bear false witness to my heart of thee. Teach me to forget myself while in obedience and faith I look to thee and seek to serve my fellow-men in all humility and brotherly kindness. So clear my sky of earth-born clouds of selfishness and self-trust that the Sun of Righteousness may shine clearly for the comfort and enlightenment of my soul and every day be cheerful with the radiance of his presence. And to thee be praise for thine abounding and unfailing love in Christ. Amen.—*Selected.*

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"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

Somewhere we read or heard it said,—whether spoken by some well-known sage or by some unpretentious layman who yet was a fair student of human nature, we cannot say—that when one is heard to make use of the above familiar expression he should be closely watched, for he is contemplating something that is not strictly honest and above board.

Since having our attention thus called to this matter we have given more or less thought to the subject, whether the expression came to us by word of mouth or from the printed page, and our conclusion is that the saying, "Business is business," has a very bad reputation, that its company is questionable and that in the majority of cases it is used to explain or excuse a condition or course that sadly needs an excuse; in other words, something that can not, from every angle, be looked upon as honest and upright.

The man who says, "Business is business," means, of course, that business is business *alone* and is not to be "mixed up" with any other subject. But is this true? No, it is not true now and it never was true. Evidently it was pretty generally taken for the truth at one time and is still so looked upon by a few sharp bargainers who have not kept up with the procession that is entering on the plain highway of golden-rule dealings. Our lives are so complex that business is vitally connected with every other necessary activity. To cut it off from these would not only bring harm to them but would be disastrous to business, landing it in the pit for which in many instances it is headed. Business is religion with its sleeves rolled up, carrying on the work of the world, but nevertheless religion still, and all the way through.

Just now the newspapers are giving space to a news item stating that a certain church has bought a grocery and will run it as a means of raising funds to build a new church. When asked whether they would continue selling cigars and chewing tobacco, the pastor said: "Yes; we must do that, for that is considered a part of the business." Evidently this church and pastor hold that "business is business,"—that encouraging the indulgence of an injurious habit by selling tobacco because it is "part of the business" is as far removed from the injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," as the east is from the west. But it is not and the newspapers, worldly institutions though they may be, know it is not, else they would not give publicity to the event which is otherwise insignificant.

If our business has not yet "got religion," it is high time it is getting it. We are living in a time when if our church doesn't make this requirement of our business the world will; and if the world is compelled to take a hand in the matter it will do it in a way that will bring us lasting confusion and disgrace. When you hear some one say, "Business is business," with the meaning generally intended, flatly contradict him: business is religion at work. Any business that cannot be brought under this definition is not the business for *you*.

REGULATING VICE.

Some time, in the warfare with vice, the good people, about half believing that vice could not be conquered or killed, and not wishing to have it appear that the field had been altogether surrendered, decided to place some restrictions around it and let it go at that. Of course this arrangement was worth a good deal to the good people, in a way, for it relieved (?) them of the necessity of continually fighting. But for obvious reasons it was worth a *great deal more* to vice, so in concluding the bargain it was agreed that vice should pay something into a common fund for the general improvement of the country.

For some reason—just what the real reasons were no one has been able to find out—not all forms of vice were favored with the protection of the law. For it must be confessed that these restrictions and regulations under the law have, in nearly every count, amounted to actual protection and encouragement. It was not the intention or the will of the good people that this should be so, but it is so from the very nature of vice and any attempt to "regulate" it.

As said above, it is not known just what rule was followed in selecting the vices that were to be treated with—restricted,—leaving the rest to be fought to the death and no quarter shown. There seems to be plenty of evidence to bear out the conclusion that the line was drawn at those vices aimed at one's physical life or the pocketbook principally, while the vices which debase the morals and ruin the soul were brought *inside* the line. To be more plain, we kill and imprison mur-

derers and thieves and we protect those who run the saloon and the brothel.

For a long time things have gone on this way and no questions asked. There were plenty of things that were not easy to understand, but apparently every one was so busy making money or climbing to fame that he hadn't time to bother his head about such things. But a change is seen in the present generation. This generation began like all other generations by asking the usual questions which are easily answered or easily dodged. But unlike most generations it did not cease asking questions when it grew up. It continues to ask questions—mighty embarrassing ones too—questions that cannot be answered fairly without revolutionizing society. And these inquisitive children are so wise and so big and strong that they are bound to have their questions answered or *know the reason why.*

For instance, they say: Why is a saloon? Why do we give men the privilege to sell intoxicating liquors which blunt men's morals and steal their brains and rob them of the money that ought to be spent for wife and children? Why do we protect the saloon, the hotbed of crime and iniquity, while we drain the country of its funds and of its mental talents that ought to be spent in other fields to combat this resulting crime and iniquity? Why is the brothel? Why do we protect houses of ill-fame where men's and women's souls are well-nigh immovably set for eternal damnation? WHY? WHY?

These questions *must* be answered some time, and it looks as if the present generation would decide to have them answered *now* and so spare us the confusion of having to meet them in the judgment day. May it wax strong in the conviction that vice cannot be regulated. May there be no surrender of territory, no *dis*armed truce, but an out-and-out battle such as was fought by the Man of Galilee in the Wilderness.

THE man who sometimes feels that life is not worth living should get into a position such as that held by U. V. Silloway of the Milwaukee Rescue Mission. When one throws himself heart and soul into a work of that kind he will soon begin to wish that he could multiply himself a number of times and at the same time lengthen the span of life. There is nothing that will so surely give us the true and larger view of life as a whole-hearted devotion to the welfare of others.

AEROPLANE FATALITIES.

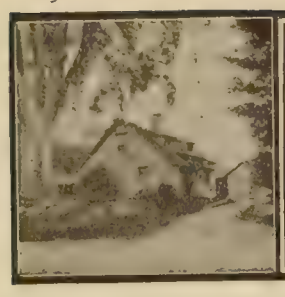
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being braced with very numerous ties of wire. In the monoplane, however, the main spars of the wing are trussed to a strut below by a comparatively small number of wires. The structure of each wing is, in fact, very much like that of the mast and rigging of a sailing boat, the main spars taking the place of the mast, while the wire stays take that of the shrouds. The sailing boat, however, is almost invariably provided with a forestay to take the longitudinal pressure when going head to the wind. The wing of an aeroplane is usually unprovided with such a forestay, the longitudinal pressure due to the air resistance being taken entirely by the spar. Perhaps this may have something to do with the fatalities which the monoplane has to its score. The more powerful the motor of a monoplane, the less is the factor of safety. In Delagrange's case, for example, a new motor was fitted to the Blériot monoplane in which he was flying, a motor so very light that its extra weight was negligible. The more powerful engine drove the planes a great deal faster through the air than before. Hence the stresses brought upon them by the air resistance were considerably increased, and since no provision was made to meet this, it may be that Delagrange came to his end because of that neglect.

The question of the most suitable material and fastenings for the support of wires in monoplanes and biplanes is a matter which manifestly requires much consideration. So numerous are the wires of the biplane, that the failure of one or even more may not endanger, except where it may possibly dangle in the way of a swiftly revolving propeller, and thus bring the machine to grief. Other things being equal, however, even if one wire should break, the biplane stands a better chance of reaching the ground in safety than the monoplane. The failure of even one wire may mean a broken wing in the case of the single-surface machine.

Perhaps the wire stays used may have something to do with these accidents. On the monoplane the stays are usually of solid steel wire or ribbon. The shrouds of a sailing boat are usually of stranded rope, for solid wire has not been found satisfactory. Solid wire will carry a heavier strain than the stranded rope, weight for weight, but is not so trustworthy. Stranded rope rarely breaks without warning, the breakage of several strands being usually seen before the entire rope parts. When a single wire breaks, there is no previous warning.

Many of these accidents point out the folly of striving for records. Safety and trustworthiness are far more to be desired than great heights, great speeds, and long runs. In the record-breaking machine, trustworthiness and safety are sacrificed to a certain extent, because of the necessity of carrying the highest-powered motor possible and the greatest amount of fuel possible. This necessarily means a reduction in weight, and therefore a reduction in the margin of safety.—*Scientific American.*



THE HOME WORLD



THE GOOD IN ROSEBUD.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

MY mother says when I have company, that I must always give up to them; then, when I'm gone visiting, she says: 'Polite people always do just as the folks they're visiting want them to.' Now, when am I going to get things the way *I* like to have them?"

Rosebud pouted her red lower lip, and a heavy frown lined itself across her smooth forehead. Aunt Rose looked down at her small charge with eyes full of honest, sympathetic concern; for she herself had not been a grown-up long enough to forget that little people's perplexities are just as perplexing as big people's, to their possessors. There was something about Aunt Rose which made it very easy to confide one's troubles to her. Rosebud had never reasoned it out, but she knew in her heart that it was because Aunt Rose could always think of some way to straighten out the difficulty in hand, never seemed bothered, and best of all never told you what you ought to have done to keep out of the trouble. At the worst, she only said:

"Next time, in order to have things go rightly, let's do so and so, and so and so."

Once, when something happened that seemed very much Rosebud's fault, she had said to the little girl's mama right in plain hearing of everybody:

"Oh! Molly dear! Don't scold the child! Can't you see that she feels badly enough now, that the hurt will help her always to remember to be more careful? That's the best any one can learn from trouble!"

Then and there Rosebud had registered a mighty resolve to deserve Aunt Rose's faith; and she had kept it, too, wonderfully well for a small person of ten years.

The trouble on hand just now, however, was with the little girl across the way from Aunt Rose's summer home, where Rosebud was spending her vacation. Rena Crawford was a dear little thing, but she had been brought up to believe that all the world revolved around her pretty self. She had a "contrary streak," too, as some people express it, that hardest of all peculiarities to deal with; for when one has to give up things, it is at least a satisfaction to know that the sacrifice is making some one happy. But a "contrary" person never enjoys what he has, after he gets it. Rosebud was not like that; but she was a very human little girl, and her mother was one of the mistaken sort who never take time to understand their children, and teach them how to get over hard places.

This morning, Rena had come over to play with Rosebud's dolls, although they had agreed the evening before to go wading in the lake. Rosebud "gave in to her company;" but after a while, just as Rosebud had grown thoroughly interested in the dolls, Rena decided that she was tired of them, and wanted to make the kitten a bathing suit out of some blue cloth she found in the dolls' trunk.

"I want that cloth to make Ella May a cape for next winter," Rosebud objected, when Rena announced her intention. "And I don't think kitty would like to be fixed up in a bathing-suit, anyway. Cats don't like water."

But Rena insisted, and when she took the scissors and began to carry out her intention, Rosebud got up and went into the house, where Aunt Rose was canning raspberries, to pour out her rebellious sentiments against "company" etiquette.

"You wouldn't like it yourself, Aunt Rose," she finished, winking back some angry tears.

"That I wouldn't!" Aunt Rose agreed, heartily. "Though as a matter of fact, little namesake, there's heaps more of that blue cloth which you are welcome to use for dolly's caps. I know perfectly well that it is provoking to have other people always want their own way. I found out long ago, however, that you can't *make* them any different. And I also found out a way to be able to get along with them, or any other bothers. Shall I show you how to do that, dear?"

"Why! I—guess—so," Rosebud hesitated. Then suddenly remembering past experiences of her good friend's help, she ended, promptly:

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Rose."

"I tried it on myself, so I'm sure it works all right," Aunt Rose declared. "And don't you forget, sweetheart, that during every minute of the experiment I'm 'on your side,' as the boys say. Now this is it: *Promise me that all the rest of this day you will do absolutely nothing that any one asks you to do!*"

Rosebud stared in wide-eyed astonishment. Surely this was the every queerest requirement that anybody, especially Aunt Rose, had ever asked of a little girl. But she answered, mechanically:

"Why,—yes,—I promise."

"Very well. Now run and play," Aunt Rose recommended; "and don't forget I'm helping, not teasing you!"

Rosebud went out and sat down under the box-elder, trying very conscientiously to think what she wanted most to do. She had just decided to go at the doll's cape, which Rena had not spoiled, after all, when Rena herself came running over, her "contrariness" all forgotten.

"Come and make some fudges, Rosebud!" she called. "Mama has everything laid out ready!"

Rosebud started up, and then, her promise recurring to her, sat down again.

"I—can't," she faltered.

"Why not?" Rena demanded, sharply. "Won't your auntie let you?" Rosebud shook her head in indignant denial of the charge.

"Auntie doesn't *make* folks do things," she declared, resentfully. "She's good. I just can't go Rena. I—I'm sewing."

Rena went off, with a sniff of disgust and incredulity. It was a new sensation to her to be refused. But she decided to let the fudges go unmade; and Rosebud cordially hated the doll-cape, though she stuck out to the bitter end and finished it.

It was very tiresome trying to think of something to do; and she had just made up her mind to read over a new book of Uncle Edward's so that she might tell the story to a little lame playmate at home, when Ellen called from the kitchen:

"Miss Rosie, would you mind to run out and pick me this little bowlful of cherries for a pie? I've got a miserable headache, this morning."

It nearly broke Rosebud's heart. Every delicious cookie and bun and turnover she had eaten since she came seemed to stick in her throat as she tried to answer. Aunt Rose saved the situation by going to pick the desired fruit herself. Then on her return she forgot, and asked Rosebud to bring her a fresh drink from the well. The little girl started gladly, but Aunt Rose, remembering, called her back and went instead, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, at the blank little face.

Poor Rosebud was obliged to refuse three more requests from the astonished Rena, two from the lady next door, another from Ellen, and worst of all, one from Uncle Edward, when he came home tired and hot from the city that evening. At dusk she crept dolefully to her aunt's side on the veranda step.

"Aunt Rose," she begged, "what time does the day end?" Aunt Rose took the woful little face between her two hands.

"At 12 midnight," she answered, gaily. "Why, little namesake?"

Rosebud heaved a great sigh.

"I'm so tired of not doing as other people want me to," she confessed. "It's awful, Aunt Rose."

Aunt Rose laughed, but there was a very suspicious brightness in her eyes as she hugged the small disciple suddenly to her side.

"Then I instantly absolve you from your promise," she said. "You have been hunting the golden key to contentment all this day, dearie, and I guess you've found it. You've been learning that to be happy we must *fit in* with the places where we are, and not go bumping against their rough corners. See? It isn't *our own way* that makes us happy, but *the right way* of unselfishness and consideration for others. To give happiness is to get happiness."

Rosebud, looking with brightening eyes up into the kindly face above her, nodded her dawning understanding.

"I don't want to do the way I want to any more, Aunt Rose," she declared, earnestly.

"'Not as I will; the sound grows sweet,
Each time my lips the words repeat,'"

Aunt Rose hummed, softly; and Rosebud said, with a happy laugh:

"You always find every speck of good there is in me, Auntie. This time you found the thing in my heart that's going to make me go right, like that little piece of wood under Uncle Ed's boat, that he steers with,—what do you call it?"

"The rudder?" Aunt Rose smiled. "Well, it's very nice to be able to find rudders for such a dear little steersman!"

TACT.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THERE is an element of social life which is of the utmost importance, and for want of a better word we call it "tact." It means saying and doing just the right thing at the right time. It means the beaming smile, the gentle courtesy, the quick reading of character, the well-modulated voice, the inconspicuous leadership which avoids or changes an unsuitable subject or one which would lead to controversy or misunderstanding.

Tact is an elusive quality, hard to define. It is the sensitive touch in social matters which sees when a topic has been sufficiently discussed, and changes the trend of the conversation with a graceful ease that smooths the way to a new subject without making the change conspicuous. It places the shy guest at ease; it does not make the social mistake of hurting the feelings of another, and has a quick judgment of what is suitable and agreeable. It requires natural intelligence, calm temper, goodness of heart, and close observation The art of doing the right thing, of saying what puts people at their ease, of covering another's blunder so

he never finds it out, or takes offense, of making the atmosphere about you restful and pleasant and sunshiny is worth any one's striving for.

Indeed, tact is a talent, a talent well worth cultivating. A person with a witty tongue often has to be on her guard against saying sharp things at the expense of others. Such a person may succeed in making her hearers laugh, but it is a sorry victory. The very ones who seem most amused by the sarcastic speeches are the least likely to desire such a one's friendship. Many a friend is lost in that way, and the person who is so tactless as to say smart things, at the expense of others, instead of what is sweet and sympathetic, throws away her chance of making and holding true friends.

The "comfortable person" never lacks friends, and is not one who makes disagreeable criticisms, or tells people the unpleasant remarks others have made about them. On the other hand, she says things that lighten the heart instead of adding to its burdens, and if you are in trouble sympathizes with you in a way that makes you sure things will be better before long.

The tactful, sympathetic person is soon known to all her acquaintances, and her company is sought when trouble or doubt comes. Wouldn't it pay us all to try to be that sort of person? For after all, to make pleasantness and peace for all one's little world, to make one's house a place where every guest enters eagerly, and leaves reluctantly, to give courage to the timid, ease to the awkward, to repress undue vigor of discussion and to make even controversy pleasant, is a thing so much to be desired that it is worth working for. A young mother said of her baby girl: "If I might claim a single special gift for her, it would not be beauty, nor intellect, nor wit, but that charm of manner and tact which makes its possessor universally liked."

Wellsburg, N. Y.

RULES FOR LETTER-WRITING.

Have you any unkind thoughts?
Do not write them down:
Write no word that giveth pain;
Written words may long remain,
Have you heard some idle tale?
Do not write it down.
Gossips may repeat it o'er,
Adding to its bitter store.
Have you any careless jest?
Bury it and let it rest;
It may wound some loving breast.
Words of love and tenderness,
Words of truth and kindliness,
Words of comfort for the sad,
Words of gladness for the glad,
Words of counsel for the bad—
Wisely write them down.
Words, though small, are mighty things,
Pause before you write them.
Little words may grow and bloom
With bitter breath or sweet perfume,
Pray before you write them.

—Selected.

FRIENDSHIP AND COLD POTATOES.

THREE young women were taking afternoon tea together, one day recently, when one of them started a subject of moment:

"What would you do," she asked, "if you had nothing in the house but cold potatoes, and a friend should come to luncheon?"

Woman-like, they fell at once into personalities.

"If the friend happened to be yourself," said one, nodding to the speaker, "I would say, 'I'm going to have cold potatoes for lunch; stay and have some.'"

"And I," she replied, "would say, 'Now, that's what I call friendly; thank you, I'll stay!'"

"But if it happened to be Bertha," said a third, naming an absent acquaintance of all, "we would rush around, stir up mayonnaise, somehow get capers and olives and lettuce, and let her sit down to delicious potato salad."

"That's just my point," said the first speaker, emphatically. "You have shown how you feel toward her by that speech. She isn't your friend at all, not one who understands you through and through, or cold potatoes would never matter between you. It is where we draw the potato-line that tells the tale. Some would despise our cold potatoes; some would think them queer, and wonder at our lack of pride in offering anything so meager and humble. But some—plenty of them, and the nicest people of all—would appreciate the spirit in which they were offered and would get what went with them—a good time."

"In other words, you make metaphorical potatoes the test of friendship," commented one of the trio; "suppose you preach us a sermon on that theme."

"I will," responded the originator of the scheme.

"First my sister, why are we so foolish as to try and put on frills as we do? The hat at this moment adorning my head cost fifteen dollars, and five ought to have been the limit of my expenditure. I needed the other ten for some books and a porch chair and an umbrella; but I was going to a reception and I was ashamed to wear a five-dollar hat, so I got this one. My hostess never glanced at it; neither did anybody else; it was lost in a wilderness of hats. I came away knowing that I'd been what Mrs. Willie King would have declared 'flatly and frankly a perfect fool;' I want that chair; I want those books; most of all—thanks to the hat—I want that umbrella; but I've got to go without. I was ashamed to offer cold potatoes to my friend, so I offered her a salad—this extravagant headpiece. Just a little independence and I'd have retained the self-respect I've lost.

"They want to sit around our chafing-dish, or help us beat up an omelette in the kitchen, and forget those tiresome, stately dinner parties, and the deadly monotony of elaborate service. What they crave is cold potatoes—cold potatoes with *sauce piquante!*

"In other words and to conclude: Friendship is one of the very best things in this old world, and we have not half enough of it. Let's try and be friendly; let's try and get down to the real things and give and take in frank, simple fashion."—*Southern Presbyterian.*

GOOD MANNERS IN CHILDREN.

It is the day of children. The time is past when they were to be seen but not heard. Now everything that science, money and love can do is done for the babies and children of the present time,—in fact, too much is done for them. Little girls have clothes and jewelry not much less expensive than their mothers', and are treated as if of quite as much importance in the family as grown women. This all tends to make the children self-conscious, conceited and disagreeable. They think that mother is old, her day is past, it is no matter how her clothes look, all the money must be spent on them. At the table the children are allowed to find fault with the food and the patient mother often removes some dish that has not pleased her critical child and replaces it with something else.

We will all agree that these things are not as they should be, but surely we have all seen such cases but too often. Why will mothers be so blind to the best interests of their sons and daughters? We all want our children to be loved and admired but indulging them in every whim is not likely to make them so. Self-denial is a good discipline, good manners are all too rare passports into society. How many little boys will stand back to let a lady or girl precede them into a room or an elevator, or jump up without prompting to offer a seat? Most small boys are taught the minor civilities, such as "please" and "thank you" and "excuse me," yet we all see boys rudely brush against ladies in the street with never an apology, and they expect mother to help them with their overshoes,—they seldom offer to help *her.*

Think how many children eat at your table whose manners are really good. Most of them will join in the conversation of their elders in a loud voice with absolute confidence that what they say is of paramount importance. Their forks and spoons are held anyhow, the tablecloth spotted, and the food is gobbled in a way that may show a good healthy appetite but small regard for good manners or good digestion. When they are through eating, they drop their napkins and leave the table, perhaps before the others have finished.

Is this picture overdrawn? I hope it may be, but I have seen all this and worse, and deplore it. Mothers often seem blinded to the faults of their own children. Why is it? The training of a child's manners should be begun as soon as the little brain can grasp an idea. It is no harder for a child to hold its spoon correctly than in an awkward way. It should never be allowed to talk when eating or to drink with food in the mouth. Notice the little children at your table today. How many times must you say, "Johnnie, do not lean on the table,—Mary, do not drink with the spoon in your cup,"—or other things of the kind.

If you say, "There, I have left my book upstairs;" does little son or daughter *offer* to run and get it for you? If you have a caller, will your child, big or little, enter the room quietly and say, "How do you do, Mrs. Blank?" prettily, before asking permission to go out to play? It seems a trifle,—all these things are trifles, but the little habits get to be big habits as the children grow. It is a source of great mortification to me that we Americans are said to have the worst mannered, worst brought up children in the world. I cannot bear to feel that this is true. I wish all good, sensible mothers would form a league to prove it untrue,—to watch the manners of our children as closely as we watch their morals and care for their physical needs.—*American Motherhood.*

THE GIRL WE ALL LIKE.

The girl who is sunny.
The girl who has heart.
The girl who has culture.
The girl who loves music.
The girl who has conscience.
The girl whose voice is not loud.
The girl who is tasteful and true.
The girl who stands for the right.
The girl who lives for her friends.
The girl whose eyes are wide open.
The girl who belong to no clique.
The girl who believes in her home.
The girl who sings from her heart.
The girl who is loyal to her church.
The girl who talks to some purpose.
The girl who has no mania for features.
The girl who believes in her mother.
The girl who dislikes to be flattered.
The girl who knows how to say "no."
The girl who is neither surly nor sour.
The girl who avoids books that are silly.
The girl who abhors people who gossip.
The girl who never worships fine clothes.
The girl whose good deeds shine in her life.
The girl who is frank with her teachers.
The girl who is especially kind to the poor.—*Selected.*

SOME USES OF SODA.

JENNIE NEHER.

For scalds, burns, or stings of insects, make a paste of soda with water, just moist enough to hold together and apply directly to injured part. In is invaluable and acts like magic. After one trial you will always keep it for that purpose, if for no other.

Use it in the bath water, for it is not only perfectly harmless but delightful and cleansing to the most sensitive skin. Wash baby with weak soda in warm weather.

After washing out the baby's bottle, let it stand in soda water before using again. If a patient is feverish, wash the skin in warm water and soda.

If your face looks red and shiny in warm weather, bathe it in hot water and a teaspoonful of soda, instead of using powder.

Soda in warm water and soapsuds will clean and brighten lamp chimneys that have become dingy or stained by smoke.

It is also a good dentifrice; dissolve in water, then use the brush.

For scouring and brightening table and kitchen knives, use soda with ordinary brick dust.

Soda is not only a saver of soap, but more cleanly, readily removing grease from dishes, tinware, etc. When added to dishwater no soap is needed and it imparts that polish to the dishes so pleasing to dainty housekeepers. Keep it where it is handy to get, when washing the cream separator, milk cans and buckets, if you want them sweet and clean.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

[For the New Cook Book.]

Celery Soup.

Take two bunches celery cut in bits, or chopped fine, cover with water and stew until tender. Drain off water, add 1 quart milk (or more, as desired), salt and pepper to suit taste, and one tablespoonful butter; also add a scant tablespoonful flour mixed into a paste, with a little cold milk or water. Allow to simmer slowly for a minute then serve with crackers or buttered toast.—*Sister Nannie Byer Newcomer, South Bend, Ind.*

Baked Apples.

Peel and cut in halves five or six good tart apples. Soak three tablespoons of tapioca several hours. Then put two tablespoons of butter, one cup of sugar and one tablespoon of flour in a dish; pour one pint of boiling water over it and stir until all is dissolved. Put your tapioca in this and pour it over the apples; put in hot oven and bake until apples are done.—*Sister Tuda Haines, North Manchester, Ind.*

Fried Apples.

Use rather tart apples. Do not pare but cut them in halves and core. Place in a frying pan open side up; then season with sugar to taste, a little salt, butter, flour, ground cinnamon, and a dash of pepper. Then pour on a little water, cover the pan and let them cook soft and dry after which remove the lid and brown nicely.—*Sister Katie Moore Strickler, Eldora, Iowa.*

Boiled String Beans.

Slice a half pound of bacon as for frying, place it in the kettle and fry it slowly until done. Add a spoonful of flour, a spoonful of sugar and water, the amount depending on quantity of beans; let come to a boil, then add the string beans and cook about three hours.—*Sister Jos. H. Johnson, Royersford, Pa.*

Fried Green Tomatoes.

Take nice, firm, green tomatoes; slice very thin, roll in flour and fry in butter and lard until nicely browned on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper while frying. Serve while hot.—*Sister Luverna Sheets, Mt. Solon, Va.*

Corn Salad.

2 doz. ears corn.
8 onions chopped fine.
4 green peppers.
1 cup sugar.
2 cabbage heads chopped fine.
1 teaspoon each white and black mustard seed and celery seed.
1 gal. vinegar.
1 tablespoon ground mustard.

Scald and can hot. We like it fine for winter use.—*Sister Clara Clark, Palisade, Colo.*

Cabbage Salad.

Take a good-sized head of cabbage cut in slaw and three medium-sized onions cut fine; mix together. Then mix together the yolks of three eggs, ½ cup sugar, salt and pepper to taste and ½ teaspoon of mustard and stir into ½ cup vinegar previously brought to boiling point. (If vinegar is too strong weaken with a little water.) Stir in also 1 tablespoon corn starch dissolved in a little water. Let boil up, then cool and pour over cabbage and onions. It is very fine.—*Sister Jennie Sheeler, Kingsley, Iowa.*

Elderberry Pie.

Take a handful of elderberries, put in pie; then take 1 teacupful clabber and sour cream, 1½ tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 tablespoonful flour. Stir flour and sugar in cream, put on top lid and bake till done.—*Sister Luverna Sheets, Mt. Solon, Va.*

Plum Pie.

Line a pie tin with ordinary pie crust, dust with a little flour and about half the amount of sugar to be

used. Fill with a layer of plums, flour again and add the remainder of the sugar. Then cover with jelly-cake batter, spread quite thin, and it is ready to bake. This makes a delicious pie and is best served cold. Other sour fruits may be used but plums or cranberries are preferable.—*Sister Alice Funderburg, Gildford, Mont.*

Cucumber Pickles.

TAKE 1 gallon cold vinegar, 1 cup salt, 1 cup sugar, and 1 cup ground mustard. Mix the mustard with a little of the vinegar and work it to a smooth paste before stirring it in. Wash your cucumbers and put them in this cold mixture. Place a plate on top to hold the cucumbers under the vinegar. They need not be sealed and will keep a long time if the ingredients are good. —*Sister Katie Moore Strickler, Eldora, Iowa.*

Watermelon Sweet Pickle.

PREPARE the rind as you like. Weigh the rind as soon as you cut it, then leave in salt water over night. The next day soak in fresh water, changing it now and then for twenty-four hours. Put in a brass kettle one layer of grape leaves and one of rind, until the rind is all in. Add alum the size of an egg, cover with water and boil ½ hour. Then take out rind and soak in fresh water again, changing the water often for twenty-four hours. To each pound of rind take ¾ of a pound of sugar, ½ pint strong vinegar; spice with ginger, mace, cinnamon and a few cloves. Boil the rind in the vinegar and sugar till it is clear, then put in jar and boil syrup till it gets the least thickened and add to melon.—*Sister Luverna Sheets, Mt. Solon, Va.*

* * *

Peach Leather.—"The children would enjoy some peach leather in their lunches next winter, and it is wholesome to chew on. Pare, slice and cook some ripe peaches till they can be rubbed through the colander. Put them in a kettle with a very little sugar and cook a little more. Then spread thin on large plates and set in the sun. In four days they should be dry enough to strip off. Cut in strips, sprinkle with granulated sugar and roll. Apple, pear and quince leather are made in the same way." A simpler way is to mash the well-ripened peaches and spread on plates and dry as above directed.

* * *

CONSTIPATION IN AN ADULT.

CONSTIPATION is one of the commonest ailments known to adults. Lack of exercise, too much sedentary work, too few vegetables, too much white bread, cake, pastry, and sweets are all causes. Eat brown, or whole-wheat bread, plenty of vegetables, drink two quarts of cold water a day, eat figs and make fig and raisin sauce; chew the food thoroughly and eat slowly; eat raw apples, oranges, and grape-fruit, take plenty of outdoor exercise—perferably walking—and a daily bath followed by cold sponge and brisk rub. These are the surest and most effective cures, and this treatment persisted in will bring, not only regular bowel movement, but firm, healthy skin, steady nerves, a clear head and strong, ready muscles.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

A GOOD LUNCHEON, AFTER ALL.

"JUST bread and butter and honey and milk for supper," said Doris. "Guess we're most to the starving place."

"I am sorry," mother began; but grandfather interrupted, "I have seen the time when that plate of bread would have looked better to me than all the turkey in the world."

"Funny eyes you had," laughed Doris. "I'll always take the turkey, please."

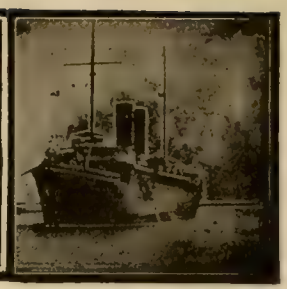
"Yes," said grandfather, "a big dish of nice slices of turkey breast wouldn't have tempted me from one little piece of that bread one time. It was when this country was all new," grandfather went on, for Doris was listening for the story. "It was very different from now. We bought the land at a dollar an acre. Now it is worth more than a hundred times as much; but we worked hard, and had none of the conveniences that are thought to be necessities now, while we were helping to bring the land up to its present value.

"The corn and wheat were ground at water mills run by the streams through the country. Well, one unusually cold winter all the streams froze, and for weeks no flour or meal could be ground. The nearest market was a hundred miles away, and could be reached only in wagons, and, as nobody wanted to risk the trip in such weather, we did without bread for six long weeks. My! but the first hoecake tasted good after that! I never have felt like saying 'just bread' since. And what do you suppose we ate instead of bread? Why, turkey breast! There were plenty of wild turkeys, which are really the best kind. Mother put slices of the breast on a plate as she would bread, and we ate them with gravy or molasses or anything we had. It was good at first, and we children who had come from the East where turkey was not so plentiful thought we were living like kings. But soon we began to get fearfully tired of it. In fact, if you try to eat any one thing every day for six weeks, you get tired; but, when you stop to think, you always want bread. Just imagine not having even a cracker or a batter cake for six weeks, and see how good this bread and butter will taste."

"It's good without imagining such bad luck," Doris said, "and I'll not say 'just bread' again, either."—*The Presbyterian Banner.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Carriage Manufacturers' Association of the United States has resolved to advance the price of vehicles for 1911, explaining the increase was necessary because of the greater cost of labor and materials. The exact percentage of increase will be announced later.

Each person in the United States consumed eighty-two pounds of sugar during the fiscal year just closed, provided each got his full share, for according to statistics furnished by the Department of Commerce and Labor, the average per capita consumption in that period was precisely that quantity.

The anti-betting bill passed by the Georgia Legislature has been signed by Gov. Brown and it is now illegal to make a wager on the result of an election. The House has just passed a bill the purpose of which is to require paid lobbyists to register. The bill makes violation of its provisions a felony. It has gone to the Senate.

The sale of the International and Great Northern Railway Company under foreclosure has been set for Sept. 15. The reorganization of the property will probably take place under the third mortgage, the holders of which securities are expected to buy in the property The Goulds own $1,965,000 of the third mortgage bonds out of a total issue outstanding of $2,965,000, and will therefore control the reorganization.

The board of parole is now preparing its first annual report to the legislature and it will inform the lawmakers that the new convict parole system in Iowa has saved to useful lives in society many men who probably would otherwise have become hardened criminals. The board reports that only a very small part of the convicts who have been paroled have violated the conditions of the parole.

The isthmian canal commission reports that since church work was authorized in the canal zone, October 4, 1905, there have been 39 churches established under its supervision. The commission owns 26 of the church buildings and all but two of the 39 buildings are occupying sites that are the property of the United States. The two exceptions are the Wesleyan church at Gatun and the Episcopal church at Bas Obispo.

Former President Roosevelt's proposition to make conservation a world-wide movement by a conference of nations is pronounced officially by the State Department to be dead. Of the forty-nine governments represented diplomatically in Washington, which were invited just before the former President went out of office to join the movement, only nineteen have replied. The answers of some of the governments were of such a disinterested character that it was officially decided to carry the proposal no further.

Investigation shows that the fire that recently did $50,000 damage in the plant of the United States Laundry company of Portland, Ore., and which imperiled the lives of 200 girls, was caused by a piece of celluloid, two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide. The celluloid strip was a collar stay which had been left unnoticed in a woman's waist when it was laid, with hundreds of other garments, in the dry room of the laundry. The waist was placed close to heated pipes and caught fire.

Electric operation of steam railroads has made a striking demonstration of its economic value during the two years operation of the St. Clair tunnel. As compared with steam operation, the substitution of electric power has made a reduction of 39 per cent in fuel consumption. There has been a reduction of 40 per cent in general operating expenses and the total cost of operation, including interest on the investment, etc., works out at about 85 per cent of the cost of operation by steam.

Acting on authority of Judge J. B. T. Thornton of Fairfax County, Virginia, the librarian of Congress is preparing to have the will of Gen. George Washington photographed. The will was written in 1799 and is preserved in the office of the clerk of Fairfax County. The court order provides that only four copies of the photograph shall be made, two to be placed in the library of Congress and two to be preserved in the Fairfax County clerk's office. No duplicates of any sort are to be made of the photographs at any time.

Government statisticians estimate that since the Spanish war the Philippine islands have cost the United States approximately $300,000,000. This includes half of the $20,000,000 that was paid to Spain under the treaty of peace, but it does not include the $7,000,000 that was paid by the government for the friars' lands, as this has been assumed by the Philippine government. The principal items of cost are thus enumerated: Paid to Spain, $10,000,000; cost of insurrections, $200,000,000; maintenance of army and navy in and about islands, 700,000,000; cost of fortifications, $12,000,000; miscellaneous cost, $8,000,000.

Melvin Vaniman has arrived from France with the Wellman dirigible "America," which he intends to set up at Atlantic City at once. After a few trial flights have been made Walter Wellman and Vaniman expect to attempt a trans-Atlantic trip. A flight from America to Europe in a heavier-than-air machine also, is a possibility in the not far distant future. The distance across, near the Arctic Circle, is only about 500 miles. Olieslagers covered half this distance in his Blériot monoplane at Rheims, and Morane carried 412 lbs. weight of passengers (2) in his Blériot at Bournemouth. If all this weight were put into fuel, there would be sufficient to make a 500-mile continuous flight.

It is gratifying to learn that twice during the past three months the Bureau of Public Health of Philadelphia has been able to report that no deaths occurred from typhoid fever for a whole week. During the month of June there were but thirteen deaths from this scourge as compared with six-hundred and sixty-nine deaths during the corresponding month of 1906. Philadelphia has reason to be proud of the results gained through the adoption of filtered water, the deaths from typhoid having decreased steadily from 72.4 per one hundred thousand in 1906 to 21.2 per one hundred thousand in 1909. The indications are that the present year will show a still more striking fall in the death rate from this disease.

Although it is only about one-half the size of Wales—it comprises 3,680 square miles—Montenegro became a kingdom Aug. 13 and Prince Nicholas, the country's beloved ruler, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession by being crowned king. Montenegro is the thirteenth kingdom to come into existence in the last 100 years. In the same time four kingdoms have vanished, these being France, Naples, Westphalia and Hanover. The newest kingdom has been practically free of outside domination for the last five centuries, but it was not until 1878 that the powers recognized its independence. Up to 30 years prior to that it had been an ecclesiastical state under the government of a vladika or prince-bishop.

Miss Florence Nightingale, "the angel of the Crimea," died in London Aug. 14. She was 90 years old. Miss Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, May 12, 1820, and it was in honor of the "city of flowers" that she was named. Although her father was a very wealthy man, she insisted on learning all that there was to be learned about the profession of nursing and became famous as a "probationer" in London hospitals. Later on she went to France and subsequently to Germany. A few years later she was in Africa nursing Arabs with such effect, says one of her biographers, "that the Moslems were almost convinced that the woman had a soul." Florence Nightingale was the idol of England. The reputation she achieved at the bedside of England's sick, wounded and dying soldiers in the war of the Crimea in 1854 has grown with the passing years. The modest, useful life she led and her continued works of mercy proved her worthy in every way of the love bestowed upon her.

Treasury department officials are authority for the statement that a deficit of $58,735,955 in the ordinary operations of government during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, have been turned into a surplus in the year ending last Saturday of more than $20,000,000. It is shown that the receipts from customs during the first year under the new Payne-Aldrich tariff law were $329,000,000. The total ordinary receipts of the government during the year were $678,850,816, which is $15,000,000 more than the receipts during the banner year of 1907. The treasury department also declares that the tariff law produced $75,000,000 more revenue than has been collected during any year of our national history, except 1907. It is conceded, however, that the receipts from customs have not alone been responsible for the general improvement in the treasury condition. Administrative reforms have accomplished much, augmenting revenues, for instance, at the one port of New York in the sum of $12,000,000. The corporation tax has helped materially and there was an increase over the previous year of nearly $25,000,000 in internal revenue receipts.

Mrs. Judith Ellen Horton Foster, known as a temperance lecturer and writer and advocate of missions and philanthropy, died in Garfield Hospital, Washington, Aug. 11. Mrs. Foster was born at Lowell, Mass., in 1840. While residing in Iowa she studied law and was admitted to the bar of that State. Later she took an active interest in the W. C. T. U. and became a Republican campaign speaker. In recent years Mrs. Foster had made her home in Washington, where she was actively engaged, up to within a short time of her death, in prison reform investigations for the Department of Justice. Her last public work was to serve on a committee appointed by Attorney General Wickersham to investigate conditions in federal prisons.

Within the next two years Uncle Sam hopes to have near the national capital a strictly up-to-date dairy farm plant which will serve as a model for the entire country. The department of agriculture has acquired 500 acres of land in Maryland for the use of the bureau of animal industry in experiment work. The dairy division and the division of animal husbandry are to benefit most directly, but part of the "farm" will be available for experiment work of other branches of the bureau. A strictly first-class, modern poultry plant will be one of the features of the farm and it is expected that it will get well under way during the coming fall. The place is located about ten miles from Washington on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Copies of resolutions adopted by the Kentucky division of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, in which numerous legislative reforms are demanded, are now being mailed to congressmen, legislators and newspapers by R. L. Barnett, State secretary-treasurer of the organization. Some of the legislation advocated is as follows: "A law to exempt from prosecution members of all labor and farm organizations who pool their produce; a law that will establish the income tax; the establishment of a textbook for common schools on scientific agriculture, horticulture and dairying; a law for the initiative and referendum; a law that will determine the physical valuation of all railroad properties in the State; a parcels post law; a law that will prevent the dealing in futures on all farm products, and a law to restrict immigration."

The wide spread of infantile paralysis and the inability of the medical profession to fathom its cause has brought an important suggestion from Dr. L. B. Kebler of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. He does not assert that infantile paralysis is caused in every case by the use of soothing sirups, but he insists that the opiates used in the sirups lower the vitality of children and render them susceptible to almost any disease. Since the enactment of the pure food and drug law requiring the marking upon labels of the presence of cocaine, morphine and opium, a marked decrease in the sale of soothing sirups has resulted, but it is known that large quantities are used by thoughtless parents and indolent nurses, who find it convenient to quiet children by dosing them with the injurious drugs. A police crusade is to be inaugurated in Washington against the sale of soothing sirups and a campaign of education has been started by the health officer, who hopes, by bringing parents to a full realization of the harmful effects attending the administration to children of opiates, to discontinue the general use of them. It is intended to investigate the exact relation between recent cases of the disease there and the use of soothing sirups.



NATURE STUDIES



THE YEAST PLANT AND BREAD MAKING.

JOHN WOODARD.

THE use of yeast in bread making is not a new process. It has been in operation for many years. When the Passover was instituted just before Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt, God spoke to the people through Moses, saying, "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel." Ex. 12:15. This shows that even at that early day the people made "leavened bread," and it seems to have been the kind of bread in common use.

But, although the making of leavened bread was learned by the human race in early times, it was a long time before they found out what it usually was in the leaven that caused the bread to rise. What makes the bread rise is the activity of a plant so small that it cannot be seen without a microscope. These little plants live on sugar which they break up into carbon dioxide and alcohol. The carbon dioxide, which is a gas, rises through the dough, puffing in out and making it spongy. This process is the same as that which is going on in the fermentation of cider and grape juice, but the alcohol remains in the cider and wine and makes people drunk, while the heat of the oven drives the alcohol out of the bread.

Under the microscope the yeast plant appears as a small cell, sometimes globular and sometimes pear-shaped. Sometimes a little bud can be seen starting out, on one side of the cell, this bud forms a new plant. The yeast plant multiplies rapidly. That is why "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The yeast plant was first discovered by Leeuwenhoek in 1680, but it was not until 1836 that two men, De la Tour in France and Schwann in Germany, working independently, discovered that they were alive.

Yeast is very particular about its food. It lives on sugar, but it requires the kind of sugar found in grapes or another kind found in other fruits. It cannot use ordinary sugar until it is changed into grape sugar. Starch must also be changed to grape sugar before the yeast can use it. This change from starch to sugar is brought about by the live grains where they begin to grow. This action is used by the brewer when he malts the grain. This change also results from the action of certain bacteria. It is quite likely that these bacteria change the starch to sugar in the bread, for the grain is killed when it is ground into flour. Only a small part of the starch in the bread is changed to sugar and used by the yeast in making the bread rise. The rest remains in the bread and gives it a great deal of its food value. Before the body can use it it must be changed to grape sugar, but this is accomplished by the ptyalin of the saliva.

The leaven which was used in ancient times was a piece of dough saved from baking to leaven the next, just as the housewife saves a little pancake batter to raise the cakes next time. This leaven contained other organisms besides yeast. These other organisms produce acid fermentation instead of alcohol fermentation and if they should happen to be present in large numbers, this bread would become sour. So when the bread becomes sour it means that these acid ferments are growing more rapidly than the yeast. There is a particular temperature for every organism at which that particular organism makes the best growth. The proper temperature for the bread dough is the temperature at which the yeast makes the best growth. Any great variation from this temperature will retard the growth of the yeast and the acid ferments are liable to grow too rapidly and make the dough sour.

When it was discovered that the bread was raised by the carbon dioxide gas which the yeast produced, other means of producing carbon dioxide in the bread were tried. In the case of yeast we have a chemical action caused by a living organism, but in the case of baking powders and sour milk and soda, there is merely a chemical process without life. Sour milk and soda produce an action similar to that of vinegar and soda. In each case there is a chemical action between the acid in the sour milk or vinegar and the soda. This chemical action produces carbon dioxide gas. In the baking powders various substances are used and the chemical action varies somewhat but in each case carbon dioxide is produced, and it raises the bread. Carbon dioxide is not the only substance formed and some of the substances used in baking powders leave poisonous products in the bread. That is why one should be careful about buying cheap baking powders. They often contain substances like alum, which leave poisons in the bread.



A Spring Episode

Lois L. Thomas



A PAIR of Baltimore orioles took possession of a large oak by our front porch this spring. We knew nothing of this, however until just lately; we had always identified their morning songs with the woods at the side of the house, where the robins and bluebirds are much at home, as is also Bob White, and, in the evenings Whip-poor-will and an extremely melancholy screech owl.

But the other morning after a very windy night, some one came in before breakfast with an oriole's nest, into which were fitted snugly four baby orioles. The nest had been found under the tree, still clinging to the tiny twigs which had not been strong enough to support the little load in the delicate grey woven basket.

When we went to hang the nest back again in the tree, one little fellow, the smallest of the lot, was found stiff on the ground. He had fallen out of the nest too hard.

With the rehanging of the nest we banished peace from our midst for several days. It was a cold drizzly day, characteristic of our spring this year; but one little yellow-vested oriole, much better fledged than the rest, chose this day for his *debut* into the big world outside the nest. We discovered him on the ground fifteen feet below his home. He sat in the rain and looked bravely around, a mere speck against the big tree. He opened his mouth in an astonishing way when we lifted him out of the rain and chirped at us sharply. But his long sharp claws fastened promptly in the twigs of the rose bush where he passed the rest of the day and the night.

We penned poor Hattie cat in the cellar and gave Rover instructions to let the little birdies alone. He wagged his tail knowingly and shook hands in the bargain. In one day Hattie tired of the cellar and meowed piteously to be let out. So the girls fastened one end of a long soft cloth around her neck and led her out for an airing occasionally. That is, if it might be called leading, for she expressed emphatically her disapproval of this proceeding, and did all manner of queer things. Once, being tied to the washing machine, she climbed several times through the spokes of the wheel and her weight carried her around and around. We rescued her from being strangled, but she did not become resigned to her lot until on the afternoon of the third day.

Meanwhile another baby oriole fluttered down and was assigned to the rose bush. Here the two spent their first night away from the old home, their heads snuggled under their wings and awake at the first hint of dawn. They had been mingled disturbingly with my dreams all night. The morning was comforting, for with wide-open mouths the little orioles were following the motions of the parent birds who were securing a substantial breakfast of fat, delectable worms.

On this day they both started out to investigate the world more thoroughly. The oldest flew boldly into the garden, a distance of a few feet; the other was not so strong and could barely hop along. But he persisted, and in the course of the day they installed themselves in the currant bushes on the farther side of the garden.



My sisters feared they had not enough to eat, so they dug worms and gathered little bugs, dropping

them into the outstretched, scolding mouths. The parent birds were nearly distracted because of our well-meant efforts. They chirped and fluttered, gradually coming closer, until after a while they would perch only a few feet away and watch our clumsy attempts to feed their babies, chattering busily against it all the while. Poor anxious little father and mother! They had little rest. Always the birdies' mouths were open it seemed; they carried and chirped from the two in the nest to the two in the currant bushes. They were much too busy to sing now.

The little ones became rapidly stronger until they could fly from tree to tree. When this feat was accomplished the family left us. It seems lonesome now without their morning carols, but doubtless somewhere the little flock is alive and happy, all unknowing of our concern and care for them, and perhaps feeling in their vague way that we were enemies. But this one thing we know; the oriole's nest sways with the breeze, empty of its former inmates, and deserted by its builders.

MILK AND BUTTER FROM TREES.

THE chances seem good that within a short time we may be able to laugh at the dairymen and the high price of butter; likewise at the pork packers and the price of lard—unless nuts go into the trust. The cause of our glee will be a new trust that is getting busy down East, making sweet butter and tasteless lard out of the white meat of the old familiar cocoanut.

Though new in America, this industry has established itself on a firm footing in France and Germany. In the latter country 200,000 pounds of this substitute is being consumed daily, and France uses about ten times that amount in the course of a year.

Nut butter has the appearance of lard and is tasteless and odorless. Some of the virtues claimed for it are that it is absolutely pure, where butter is adulterated with 15 per cent of water and salt. Cocoanut butter is said to be easily assimilated by the weakest stomach and can be sold at a profit for less than 15 cents a pound.

The men who are trying to educate the American public and spread broadcast the value of the new product have all kinds of arguments to offer. They point to the fact that today 5,000,000 persons are subsisting on nuts, seeds and fruit in India, China and the islands of the sea. This argument is used to prove the wholesomeness of nut butter. It is generally known that a factory with a producing capacity of 24,000 pounds of the new butter every day in the year is running at full time in Hackensack, N. J.

Very little of the nut butter reaches the American markets. The American people are hard to swerve from their allegiance to the old-fashioned cow brand and have been very slow in using the new sort. The enormous output of the factory is exported to the Philippines, to England and to France.

The field supply from the cocoanut trees is unlimited. It could go on forever meeting increased demands. There are now 20,000,000 cocoanut trees planted every year, and if the demand for new butter warranted it that number could be readily increased.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

ONE of the most significant signs of the times is the seriousness with which rich men are facing the question of their responsibility. The conscience of the rich man is awakened as it never was before. Not many days ago, Mr. Fels, of naptha soap fame, who has grown rich out of his soap industry, addressed the Chicago City Club, and gave a most unusual talk. "We can't get rich in a lifetime," Mr. Fels said, "unless we do so by robbing the people. I have made my money that way, and my firm is still doing it. You are all doing it. Every one of your self-made millionaires has done it. However, I want to say that I have begun to recover my conscience, and I am going to devote my 'swag'—I like to call it that, for that's what it is—to doing away with the cursed system which makes it possible. If any of you millionaires feel the same about it, for God's sake let's cross hands on it. I may be an oddity. It is a curiosity to find a man, after nearly fifty years of monopoly-mongering, to admit it, and undergo a change of heart, but I am sincere." Mr. Fels' speech seems to have the right ring, and we have evidence that he is not alone amongst our rich men in his views. Surely such sentiments on the part of many of our rich men should help to bridge the chasm between rich and poor!—*Christian Guardian.*

A MAN will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances. When one falls asleep, the surrender of sight, taste, smell, hearing and touch is necessary. The sense of touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily wakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggard taste and smell waken last. The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than three hundred and ten mechanical movements known to mechanics today, and all these are but modifications of those found in the human body.—*Exchange.*

A child listening to the music being rendered in two neighboring churches at the same hour, told the following story: "In one church they were singing 'Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?' and in the other they sang 'No, Not One.'"

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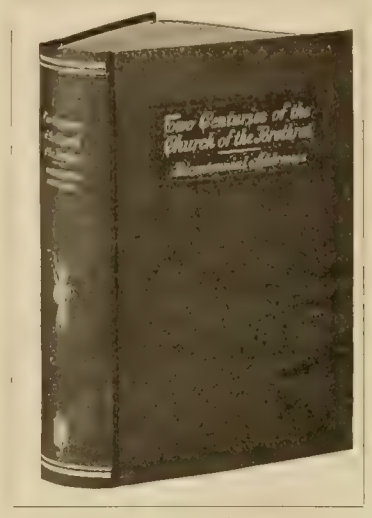
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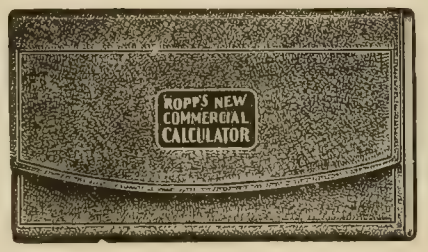
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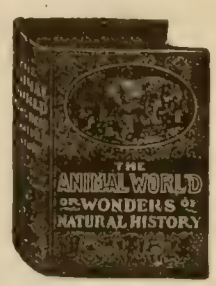
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VIA

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Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the **First and Third Tuesday** of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows :

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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
St. Lake City, Utah

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Formation of Character

Irwin J. Gibson

HE who wishes to make a success in life must become the possessor of that valuable diamond called character. For character is the greatest need of humanity, the greatest safeguard of mankind. "Character must stand behind and back up everything —the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it."

But how may anyone acquire character? Character is a resultant of three different factors—will, environment, and heredity. Each factor has its own specific part in character-formation; no single one of them performs the task alone, independent of the assistance of the other two. However, the three factors do not play an equal part in this work.

Heredity is a powerful factor in that it supplies raw material for the will to shape. The child of a Hottentot placed in Shakespeare's home and afterwards sent away to London would never have become a Shakespeare, for heredity would not have given the will sufficient raw material to mold into such a noble product. Man inherits many tendencies, both towards good and evil, which environment and will can change only by supreme effort.

Environment also has its place in character-formation. Most men are unable to raise themselves above the ideas of their times; they are slaves to their surroundings, and creatures of the age in which they live. Environment often has the power to alter inherited tendencies, and thus to fashion a different character than was predestined by heredity. Had a band of gypsies stolen Shakespeare at birth, carried him to Tartary, and left him among the nomads, his environment would never have allowed him to produce such plays as he placed upon the English stage.

Although heredity and environment are important and potent factors in the formation of character, will is unquestionably the predominating factor. We are forced to assent to the statement of Hawes when he says: "A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents, or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors—the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action."

"Every man is the architect of his own character." The man with a perfectly educated will is not limited by circumstances; he builds palaces from exactly the same material that the man without will builds hovels. Abraham Lincoln did not become educated because of being surrounded by golden opportunities; for he studied his lessons in geometry while riding on horseback from one session of court to another, and solved problems at night after having labored during the entire day. He had a will that rose above his surroundings—he erected a bulwark of knowledge, while others, with equal opportunities, were content to remain in ignorance.

But let us not underestimate the effects of heredity and environment. The will cannot make character unless heredity furnishes it with the necessary material. Again the will acts through choice. Some kinds of environment afford far more opportunities for choice than others; some surroundings are rich in suggestion, while others are poor. And since our wills are absolutely confined to a choice between the alternative courses of action which our environment affords, we are not wholly free from external influences.

However, since will is the prevailing element in character-formation, we are largely free to choose what our characters shall be. We cannot choose our parents, and hence are not responsible for those deficiencies of character which are innate. But early in life, we can, to a certain extent, determine our environment. We can choose to associate with such people and frequent such places as will tend to uplift us. The free choices of good and evil we make during life stamp our souls for eternity. We must choose the proper things to think about if we would acquire a valuable character; for, as has been said, "Sow a thought and you reap an act; sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character." Hence if you would form a vir-

tuous character you must think virtuous thoughts. Set your thoughts on heavenly things; "hitch your wagon to a star."

A man's character is what he is before God; that no man can damage save himself alone. His reputation is what others say he is; that may be damaged. "Reputation is for time; character is for eternity." Therefore we should not spend our life's energies upon the winning of a good reputation, for that is a perishable thing; but rather let us concentrate all our faculties upon the establishment of a noble character, for that lives and abides, and is admired long after its possessor has left the earth. Our characters are the realities of ourselves; our reputations are the opinions others have formed of us. Character is the substance; reputation is the shadow. Then let us take care of our characters, and our reputations will take care of themselves.

The architect of character is not dreaming away in solitude; he is vigorously hammering away in a world of activity. If he is building a character that will stand when the rains descend and the floods come, he is putting into the foundation of his structure the rock of voluntary attention; he is forming the habit of attending to disagreeable things until he has mastered them. Many a person is putting into the foundation of his character the sands of inattention and instability; such a person wavers like a reed in the wind before the adversities of life, because he has not the force of will to concentrate his efforts along the line of the greatest resistance. He forgets that the best things in life are those which are the hardest to obtain. The man worth while focuses his consciousness upon life—upon its actions, words, steps; for they form the alphabet by which you spell characters.

The greatest mistake that a young man can make is to lean, while his character is forming, upon others for support. The cultivation of self-reliance is one of the most essential requirements for the achievement of a grand character. James A. Garfield, himself one of the greatest examples of the possibilities in our glorious republic, once said: "The man who dares not follow his own independent judgment, but runs perpetually to others for advice, becomes at last a moral weakling, and an intellectual dwarf." One's future happiness in life depends upon the exercise of his own energies, rather than upon clinging to others for support, as does the ivy to the oak. Those who are trained to self-reliance are ready to go out and contend in the sternest battles of life; while those who have always depended upon help from others are never prepared to answer the call to arms.

The ideal which we should strive to reach in the formation of character is the pattern set by Jesus Christ. His character was faultless, and hence worthy of being patterned after by all; we should keep Christ first in our motto and our hearts. It is of course not possible to arrive at that perfection of character which was manifested by the Master; but the question with us should be: Are we moving in that direction? As J. J. Gurney says: "A tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: 'What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God or away from him?'"

The life of the Apostle Paul most nobly exemplifies the character of the Son of God. His life portrays the great degree of perfection possible in the regenerated man, and should inspire us all to greater efforts toward the attainment of a true Christian character. He always stood firm for truth and for righteousness. His zeal and earnestness in promoting the kingdom of Christ was undaunted by threatenings of kings and principalities; his faith and trust in God did not waver in the face of the severest trials and the cruelest persecutions; his determination and resoluteness were strong enough to impel him to the service of his Master even when death stared him in the face. He pressed continually forward in his work, with a perfect trust in the Father's keeping care, rejoicing always in hope of the glory of God.

Youth is preëminently the time when the character should be, and is, formed. As Professor Romanes says:

"No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves its track upon the clay,
Which slowly hardens into man."

A wound on the character is like a wound on the body; it may heal over, but the scar will remain for life. The character is like white paper; if once blotted, it can seldom be made to appear white as before. It is much easier to form a good character, and preserve it spotless, than it is to remove the stains after it has once become tainted.

The value of men and women of character to the world is inestimable. The noblest contribution which any person can make for the benefit of future generations is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any father can leave to his children is that of a pure, shining example. "Good character," says Mr. Smiles, "is human nature in its best form.—It is moral order embodied in the individual.—Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well governed state they are its best motive power; for it is moral qualities which, in the main, rule the world."

But the value of a good character to its possessor is infinite. The one who has sown a good character will reap eternal life in heaven; while the destiny of him who has sown an evil character will be eternal death. Then let us properly work the mines of our inborn

and intellectual faculties, and we shall find metal enough in us to justify a stamp of a very high value—a value great enough to enable us to secure passage through the pearly gates, into the glorious presence of the Almighty.

Virden, Ill.

ANCIENT EMBLEMS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

1. The Swastika.

You no doubt have noticed that in the last few years this emblem has had what is known as a "run," but did you ever think of its origin? Perhaps you have considered it as a new fad, like "Billikens." If so, you are mistaken by many centuries. The word is of Sanscrit origin, *su* meaning well and *astika* being. It is also spelled swastica, suastika, svastika, and swastika.

This is a form of the cross and is one of the oldest emblems known. The cross was a religious symbol long before the crucifixion of Christ, but no one has been able to translate the swastika or tell of its origin. There is scarcely a portion of the globe where it is not to be found in some place. The curio dealers of Old Mexico have them to sell to travelers as charms to ward off ill luck, drive away evil spirits, and bring happiness and prosperity to its owner. They will also tell you that it is accredited with all these attributes by the Indians.

Not only the Indians of Mexico believe in it but also tribes widely separated by distance or customs. Among them we find the Navajos, Pueblos, Utes, Osages and Apaches.

Buried among the debris of the homes of the Cliff dwellers are to be found specimens of pottery and the like marked with the swastika. On one bowl taken from the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers on the cliffs of Moncos Canyon are fourteen swastikas.

Among the ruins at Uxmal are to be found many stones bearing carvings resembling one of the arms of a swastika repeatedly bent, shaped much like a piece of metal that has been wound around a square block.

Passing to the old world the emblem is found carved in great profusion on the prehistoric ruins of Persia. Here it is ascribed with supernatural powers and is claimed by them as their own.

In parts of China, Korea, and Japan it is used as a decoration to this day. It is found sculptured on the shields and weapons of the ancient Britons, on the coast of Maine, and among the mountains of Tennessee. It has been found carved on the breast of statues of Buddha and was discovered on the walls of resurrected Pompeii.

In Central Asia carvings on rock were found which have been interpreted as follows: Savages from the highlands of Tibet had driven a band of soldiers from place to place till at last they were surrounded in a nook among the hills and were about to be annihilated. Suddenly from the ground sprang numberless plants all in the form of the swastika. Before their magical power the savages fell back powerless and fled to their own country. May it not be that the virtues some of us ascribe to the four-leafed clover is a direct descendant of this ancient legend? Pursuing this line of thought, may it not be probable that at one time the entire human race spoke the same tongue, worshiped the same God, were one nation, and had the same legends? Then came the confusion of tongues but not of ideas. We can trace many of our myths and legends to all parts of the world, indicating a common ancestry, so may not the swastika add another link to the chain of evidence in the Tower of Babel event at which critics have so much scoffed?

2. The Cross.

The cross is not as many think contemporary with the founding of the Christian religion, but was known long before. After the death of Christ by crucifixion it became the emblem of Christianity.

The ruins of Assyria and Egypt show many uses of the cross. The manner of its use seems to indicate that it was of a religious nature.

In Central America and Mexico it figures freely among the sculptures on the ancient buildings, and was used by the people at the discovery of America. This fact, coupled with their tradition of a mysterious white man who many generations before had landed on their shores and taught them their religion, led the early Catholic missionaries to believe that St. Thomas had been carried across the ocean, landed in Mexico, and instructed the natives in the religion of Christ. At least the religion of the Mexicans had many points of similarity to that of the Christian religion.

Several years ago while workmen were digging a well in the suburbs of Greenville, Illinois, at the depth of about thirty feet they came upon a layer of gravel. Among the stones were several about as large as a hen's egg, flattened somewhat, on each of which was carved a cross about two inches long. The stones were soft, almost a keel, hence easily cut; still the carving was plainly visible, showing that it had been done with some sharp instrument. Each extremity was cut wider and deeper making a knob on each end.

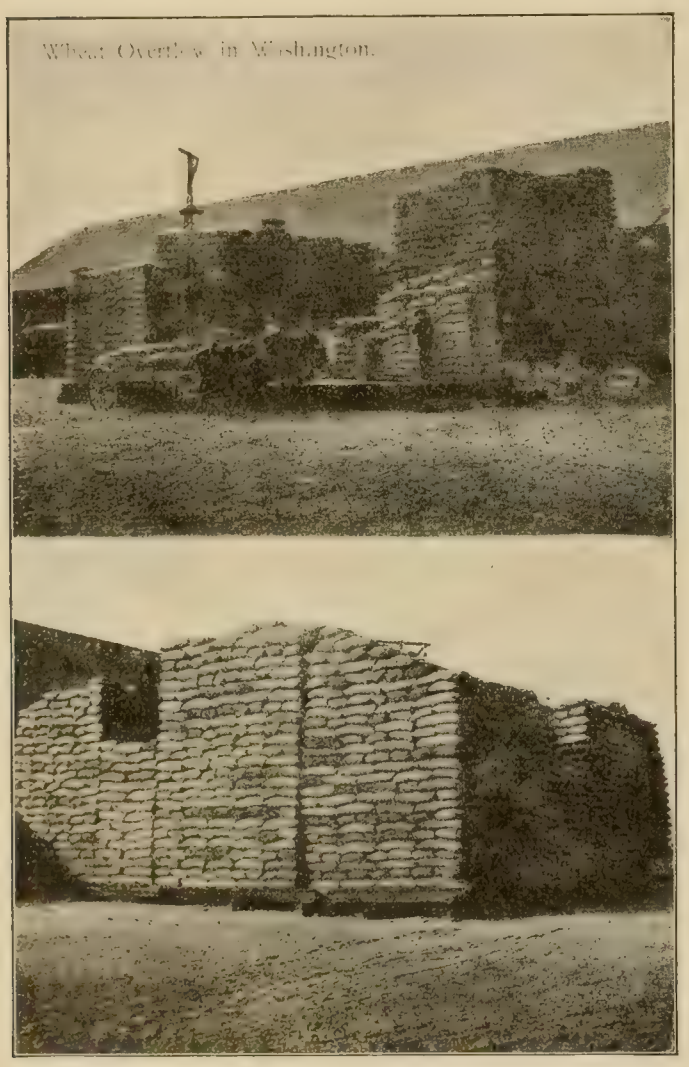
A study of the emblems of the ancients shows us that at some time they must have had closer relations with each other than today. Why not say that they point to a common origin and not to spontaneous generation in several places at the same time?

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

The Pacific Northwest

H. D. Michael

LITTLE more than a century has passed since Lewis and Clark were sent to explore the territory lying far to the northwest. The Indians then hunted and fished at will, scarcely dreaming that the land they then roamed was soon to be settled by the white man. This territory was then considered of little real value, but by right of a previous discovery


Wheat Overflow in Washington.

by Robert Gray and the explorations of Lewis and Clark the United States claimed it as her territory.

In a hundred years many changes have come,—great developments have taken place,—and the next twenty-five years will be sure to bring a still greater change. It takes no prophet to foresee that to be the inevitable.

The States of Oregon and Washington were formed of this territory. For one to view them now, it is hard to realize that less than a century ago they were wild, desolate, forests and desert wastes. What has brought this great change? Many minor reasons added together made the whole possible. The lands were wild and fur-bearing animals plentiful which induced traders to establish trading posts to secure these furs and hides. To raise vegetables for their tables these traders soon had gardens planted and the fertile soil of the coast valleys was being tried. It was found to produce most any crop and of a much more luxuriant growth than the soil of their home States.

Soon the Oregon and California trail was established by the immigrants trudging westward to make their homes in those favored parts where the soil was so rich, game and fish so plentiful, and where it was thought a living could be acquired easily.

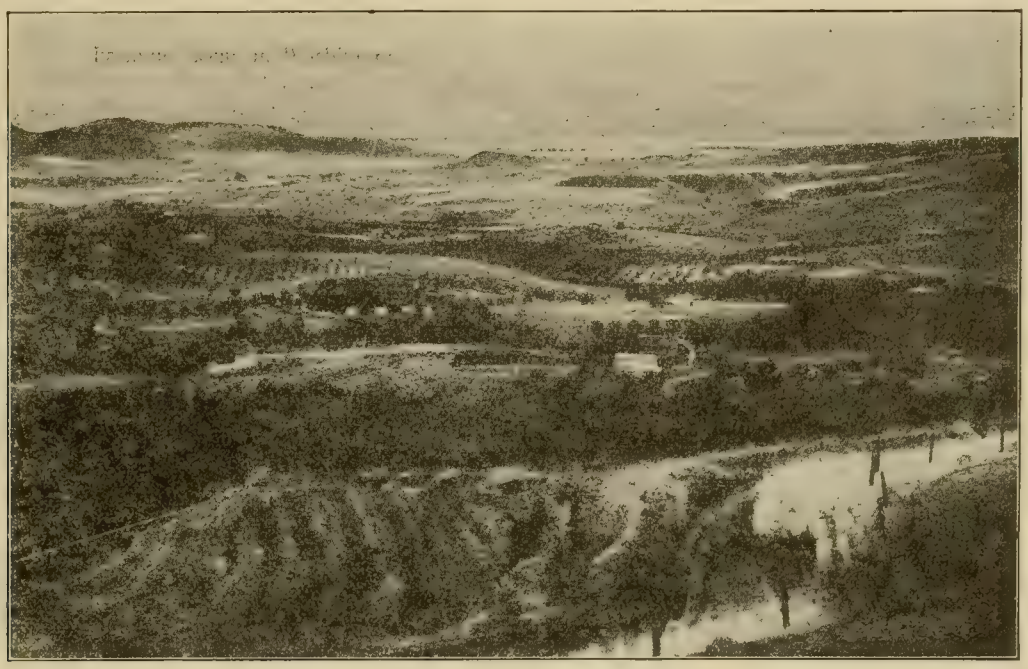
The discovery of gold in California and soon in both Oregon and Washington brought a great influx of settlers. That made it necessary to get lumber for houses (either split or hewn) and to raise crops for food. These things were only a beginning, for the population grew rapidly. Gold was discovered in many other places and the fertility of the soil was further proven. Soon stock was being raised, real farming began and the manufacturing industry was born.

That was but a few years ago. Now look at this Pacific Northwest as it is today. In the western part you will see Portland and Seattle as the two principal cities. Ships from their ports now traverse nearly every sea, carrying great cargoes,—the products of this Northwest. Lumber is the chief export with wheat and flour a close second. Consider the fruit now shipped, also the world-famed Columbia River and Puget Sound salmon and the increasing amount of dairy products.

Next let us see where some of this is produced. The coast valleys are used extensively for dairying and fruit raising. In the Cascade and Coast ranges are the logging camps to supply the logs from which the lumber is made. Then come the Hood River Valley of Oregon and the Yakima and Wenatchee Countries of Washington,—three of the places known in almost every large apple and pear market. From these places (others, too, though these are the larger ones) fruit is shipped not only to other States but to Europe as well. The Umpqua, Rogue, and Coquille River valleys of Western Oregon are also noted for raising apples of quality and in quantities that pay.

Some may think it an incredible story when I say orchards have yielded over $1,000 worth of fruit per acre in a single season; nevertheless it is a fact. Such instances are numerous though not all can do so well.

Next let us view the wheat lands and see how they appear. To the west of Spokane, in the big bend of the Columbia River, is a vast wheat-producing section known as the Big Bend country. Its wheat fields are a sight to cause many to stand in awe and admiration. Mile after mile of the waving grain can be seen, varying from waist high to one's shoulders, with the large plump heads that in the fall yield up their golden treasure to the amount of thirty to fifty bushels per acre. To



view the Horse Heaven, Palouse, Walla Walla, or Pendleton wheat fields one is greeted with much the same sights.

That is one scene but let us now turn to the next,—the one not yet enacted but that is sure to come, for we will go no farther than precedents prove possible and conditions now existing will make probable.

In these wheat-producing parts each farmer now has from one-fourth section (160 acres) to two or three sections and often far more than that number.

Much of this land can be placed under irrigation which is fast being done by private enterprise and by the Government irrigation projects. It is an oft proven fact that from five to ten acres of such land will very comfortably keep an average family and permit of some profits to be laid aside for the "rainy day." Now see the magnitude of the picture: Think of the population that can be kept, the wealth that can be produced on this land once it is irrigated!

When the hundreds of thousands of acres of land, now only producing grain, are touched by the magic wand,—water,—orchards will be planted, three to five crops of alfalfa raised per year, more stock raised, much more diversified farming will be done and millions of people will have homes. Yes, several millions of people can then live happy, prosperous and contented in this Pacific Northwest that only a hundred years ago was not considered of any great value.

Pasco, Wash.

IN character building, very much depends upon our treatment of the animals committed to our care.—*Ruskin.*

"THE WORK OF THY FINGERS."

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

IN all literature, there is no more beautiful imagery than that of the stars. The latter are referred to several times in the Holy Scriptures: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." In the first book of the Bible, ay, even in the first chapter, where the wonderful event of the creation is described, we find these words: "He made the stars also." David said: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" In another Psalm, the same writer said: "O give thanks to the Lord of lords. . . . To him that made great lights. The moon and stars to rule by night," and again: "He telleth the number of the stars. He calleth them all by their names."

Other authors have also written eloquently of the

stars. In the poem entitled "The Burial of Moses" the writer asks:

"And had he not high honors,
To lie in state while angels wait
With the stars for tapers tall?"

Shakespeare said:

"Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day,
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Who could have expressed the thought more beautifully?

Longfellow, in Evangeline, that lovely poem, writes thus:

"Far away in the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels."

In describing the passing of a soul another poet has said:

"Just then so low, so agonized
And now beyond the stars."

Then there have been many songs written and sung on this subject. In childhood we used to sing in the Sunday school, a song that to us was very beautiful:

"O! ye stars, shine on, shine on,
Far up in Heaven's own blue,
Sometime, sometime, I too may shine,
I may shine as brightly as you."

Then later we sang:

"Under the beautiful stars tonight,
Happy are they who may sleep."

But the hymn sung tearfully as it has been sung many times has always touched our hearts. It is called old now, but to us the words and melody are ever new: "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

"When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest,
Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Shelley compares the stars to "a swarm of golden bees."

Referring again to Holy Writ, what a beautiful figure of speech is used where the Psalmist says: "Praise him, all ye stars of light." Perhaps it means that they—the stars—praise God by simply *shining*.

Aside from the inspired writers, no poet or prose author has written more touchingly or beautifully than Tennyson with his skillful pen. In "The Brook," the poem that is a song of itself without being set to music, in one stanza, the poet causes the brook to say:

"I murmur under moon and stars."

Then in that matchless poem written during his last illness:

"Twilight and evening star
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

"The clear call!" It will come for each of us. May it find us ready, reader, whatever day or hour it may come.

The Child and the Dewdrop

Jennie Taylor

Shining, sparkling, Dewdrop,
Fresh and cool and clear,
Little Dewdrop, trembling
Like a falling tear;
You're something pure and lovely.
Why vanish soon away?
You're like a flashing jewel.
Stay! little Dewdrop, stay!

From your throne of roses,
From the spruce-tree bough,
From the tufted greensward,
Will you tell me how
You soar to meet the cloudlet
That floats in heaven's blue?
Or join the meadow brooklet
That sings to me of you?

At the dawn of morning,
In the early day,
I cautiously approach you,
Then you slip away;
Yet, you are never lost, they say,
Oh, tell us what you are!
You're like a flaming, gleaming gem,
You're like a twinkling star.

Tipton, Iowa.

HAPPINESS.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

EVERY one is striving for transient happiness here, and perfect happiness beyond this world. Very few ever achieve either one. Happiness during our life-time is within the reach of all. Work out your own happiness, with the joy of having done your life-work well, thereby earning the title—Success, gained by honest effort, which is better than fame could bestow.

Cement your business on an honest, economical working basis, and all the sharks of modern finance can not pull you beneath the ocean of failure. If you will let this be your motto, you can claim happiness as a reward, even if some friends turn against you, and sickness tries your patience severely.

A contented mind is joined close to happiness, yes, even success; the three could be called brothers, so closely do the trio work together for the man who says, "I will." He, who has done the very best he can, will be rewarded; that reward will be happiness.

The great reformers of the world did not have easy sailing. Look at Luther, Wesley, Knox, Calvin, and scores of others. The world looked at their work in its infancy, and laughed; but after the life-work of each individual made its way through the hardest trials, then the world was ready to crown the doer with laurels. Who will dare to say that they were not happy here at their work, or that they did not gain true success at the end of their busy lives? Such men were too busy to allow idleness to stay over night with them.

Homes could be made happier, if a higher ideal is set up. Try Christ as an example; work hard and earnestly toward that ideal. Many a failure in life was caused by getting on a level with some low ideal; most likely some fallible man was the goal sought. How true the proverb, "Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth." Aim very high and toil, yes, work hard for that ideal state; then, your own home will gradually become a small paradise. Lack of punctuality is a serious drawback to the happiness of every home.

Good health adds much joy to our own feelings, as well as to those with whom we associate in daily life. Get into the habit of smiling. It will lift you still higher. Smiling is contagious. Sulky fits of temper poison the mind; swearing casts a black shadow over the soul. Overcome one by one all your bad habits, then slowly and cheerfully cultivate cheerfulness and good will.

A lazy person never knows the true meaning of happiness, Neither does he who believes in eternal drudgery. Both are on the wrong track. All the riches of this earth will not bring contentment. Bad habits sap us of life force, rob us of true friends and cause us to miss all future happiness. True happiness will hide herself from you, at the first profane word you utter. Be exceedingly careful of your words. Use only those that will help your fellow-men as well as yourself.

Notice the child who cries for something. It will whine and whine, until the over-indulgent parent grants the request. He had a small degree of pleasure in crying, because he knew his needful (?) wants could be satisfied. I am afraid that we adults sometimes cry aloud to God, our Father, to grant us certain things, which he knows would not be for our good. But for some all-wise reason, he suffers that request to be granted. Then, we find, to our bitter sorrow, that it brought us only misery, not even pleasure. After realizing our condition, then and only then, we are willing meekly to pray, "Thy will be done." For the time being, we thought we were contented. Were we? How deluded we poor creatures are, to think that happiness consists in having all our wants satisfied. Seek not after the up-hill way of living, neither the down-hill one, but choose rather that system of level equality which can bring continued happiness as a golden reward.

Recall to your memory the incident of James and John, how they wished to sit down, one on each side of Christ in glory. Remember the answer, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" This clearly shows, that to gain happiness both here and hereafter, we must be willing to go through the valley of worldly scorn, over the mountain of pain, and across the desert of mental death. Can you so live as to merit such a course? It is held out to us.

Be optimistic to the very letter, throw all your crumbs of pessimism to the turkey buzzard. Don't even look the way of the pessimist, lest you come in line with him. It will destroy all your happiness here, and eventually you may lose that success over in the land of eternal sunshine and happiness forever.

If clouds of discouragement come up in your life, drive them away with smiles, prayer, and a pure, simple faith in your Redeemer—Christ. He traveled the stony road before you. Look for something worth while in life; then you will see that which spells "success." Always have a brave heart for that which is right; one that never acknowledges defeat while on the path of honest effort to true principles of Christian living.

Happiness is one of the necessities of a Christian life. It is largely within our own hands, whether we make a success or a failure out of life. Success should mean happiness; but, many times, it only seems to bring added worries.

Health, freedom, and happiness are the three golden links in the chain of every true Christian's life; the greatest of these is happiness. Purity of thought,

word, and action is worth while. Give this an honest test. Make your character as near spotless as you can. Learn to love all mankind but hate their sins. Live the golden-rule life and see how quickly happiness will come to you. Even Satan and all his hosts can not delay its dawning in your life.

Rockton, Pa.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SORGHUM.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

SORGHUM is manufactured in nearly every State in the union. The juice from which it is made contains a colorless solution of crystallizable and non-crystallizable sugar, mixed with vegetable and mineral impurities.

Cane will grow on most any soil in any section of the country, but it will produce a better grade of sorghum if grown on poor or sandy loam soil. It should not be planted on the same piece of ground year after year but like most other crops it should have a yearly rotation.

In selecting seed, if you prefer early cane plant Early Amber. In regard to other varieties there is no great difference, as one variety may produce good sorghum one season and poor sorghum the next season. Pure seed should be selected because often weed seed, broom corn, Kaffir corn seed, etc., are mixed in, which are seldom noticed until they start to growing.

A cane patch should be clean of all weeds because the weeds absorb the moisture from the ground and thus check the growth.

Cane grows on an average of six to eight feet in height and has long, broad, ribbed leaves and a cylindrical smooth, shining stalk, which produces its seed on the tip end in many clusters. The seed is about the size of the roundness of a lead in a pencil. The smooth, shining sides of a stalk are thin and hard while the inside which contains the juice is soft and spongy.

The cane should be stripped and topped before running through the mill to prevent trash in the juice and clogging of the mill. The seed also makes the sorghum darker colored and stronger tasting. The leaves and the seed both make good feed for farm animals. The seed at times amounts to as much as the sorghum in value.

The juice is extracted by placing the stalks of cane between the rollers of the mill. The pressed cane is let fall in a large bunch, on a chain and is dragged off by horses into ditches and places to fill up or scattered over the ground as a mulch, and the juice runs out of the mill into a barrel or tank.

The juice is strained several times, settled and skimmed while cooking into sorghum. The impurities rise to the top when boiling and are gathered by a skimmer, put in a bucket and fed to swine.

The classification of the juice determines the quality of the sorghum; when well done the sorghum is equal to any syrup. When imperfectly done the sorghum is of a dark color and strong flavor.

There is an instrument called the saccharometer for showing the density of saccharine liquids in the juice. Thus one can tell the number of gallons of sorghum due the cane grower by keeping account of the number of gallons of juice. The density of sorghum cane juice is from 6 to 10 degrees. Thus ten gallons of juice 6° density produces one gallon of sorghum, etc.

The greatest part of the sorghum manufactured is by the horsepower mills.

The writer of this article has helped make sorghum and feed the cane mill for many seasons and knows what a stuck up job it is.

Greenville, Ill.

COCA COLA A DRUG DRINK.

SOME good people seem to be very much puzzled because the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has for years been opposed to the use of Coca Cola, although it is not an intoxicating beverage. These people do not understand that the W. C. T. U. is seeking to protect the children of its own households, as well as the public generally, from all habit-producing and injurious drugs whether hidden in beverages called harmless or used as medicines. Coca Cola until a few years ago contained two harmful drugs, cocaine and caffeine, the former only in very minute quantity. The manufacturers of this drink always maintained that their product did not contain cocaine, but in a suit which the Coca Cola Company brought against the United States government in 1902-03 for a refund of taxes charged upon their product as a patent medicine during the Spanish-American war, government chemists showed the presence of cocaine.

Since that time chemists analyzing Coca Cola have rarely found cocaine in it. However, the report for 1907 of the North Dakota Pure Food Commissioner says of the examination of this drink, "Gave a reaction for cocaine." The Coca Cola thus reported upon was purchased in the fall of 1906 in Atlanta, Georgia, where the company has its headquarters. This would seem to indicate that the company's efforts to produce a coca extract without cocaine are not always successful. For the Coca Cola manufacturers claim that they have found a process by which the flavor only of the coca leaves will be extracted. It is said by government chemists that this so called coca extract is made from the residue left in the manufacture of cocaine.

It may be asked, "Why are coca leaves used since the cocaine is no longer desired as an ingredient of the drink?" It is because without some use of coca the company would lose the right to the trade name Coca Cola.

It is well here to explain that coca leaves, from which cocaine is extracted, bear no relationship whatever to the cocoa-bean from which coca and chocolate are derived. These leaves are obtained from a Peruvian shrub known as Erythroxylon coca. The fresh leaves, as used in South America, have an exhilarating effect for a time, but medical writers say this is not true of the dried leaves imported into this country. Some people, ignorant of the fact that cocaine is the active principle of coca leaves, are chewing them thinking they are stimulating and strength-giving. All such are in danger of addiction to cocaine, the most enslaving and degrading drug yet known to mankind.

The drug which is now the main constituent of Coca Cola is caffeine. Caffeine is the active principle of the kola (also spelled cola) nut, and is found, too, in tea and coffee. The general sales-manager of the Coca Cola Company told me that they get most of their caffeine from tea. With only the flavor of the coca leaves, and with the caffeine taken from tea, how does the company justify its advertising statement: "To the invigorating properties of the coca leaf are added the sustaining qualities of the cola nut"?

The advertisements state that Coca Cola is no more harmful than tea and coffee. But every intelligent person knows that tea and coffee are injurious to children and weakly persons, and to any one if indulged in immoderately. Yet children and young people not infrequently drink five to ten and even twenty glasses a day of Coca Cola, and some buy and drink it by the bottle and pitcher.

Has anyone ever been injured by Coca Cola? Many travellers in the South, and people living in southern States where this drink is much more commonly used than in the North, have assured me that young people who become addicted to this drink develop nervous disorders and some are wrecked by it. One W. C. T. U. woman of high standing wrote me, "The sanitariums are full of its victims and they act just like drunkards." Newspaper clippings have come to me with notices of boys going insane, and the physicians in attendance said the trouble was caused by cigarettes and Coca Cola. Some W. C. T. U. women in New York State who have been making a study of this drink, say they see much nervous trouble among those who have become addicted to it. A prominent physician of Washington, D. C., writes me that he thinks Coca Cola even worse in its effects than beer, which we all know to be injurious. A health officer says, "Many factory girls are spending most of their wages on Coca Cola."

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, who wrote the "Great American Fraud" series of articles for *Collier's Weekly*, was sent to Georgia by *Collier's* to study Coca Cola. He wrote to me of it as follows: "I reported to *Collier's* that I am convinced that Coca Cola does not contain cocaine. But I do most emphatically believe that it produces habit, not so pronounced indeed, as alcohol or morphine addiction, but, nevertheless, baneful and difficult to break. I hear from all parts of the South both by letter and by personal interview, of cases where the addict must have his fifteen or twenty glasses of 'dope' (the southern term for Coca Cola) per day. I hope most sincerely that your organization will not either explicitly or by implication give Coca Cola a 'clean bill of health.'"

The Bureau of Chemistry at Washington has examined Coca Cola, and Dr. Wiley, chief chemist, says of it: "Coca Cola formerly contained cocaine, but now only caffeine, which is almost as bad for children and those of delicate digestion." Dr. Wiley says also: "When caffeine is separated from tea and coffee and used as a separate drug it exerts a much more specific action upon the system than when in natural combination. Its general effect is to induce that unhappy state described as nervousness, with deranged digestion and impaired health."

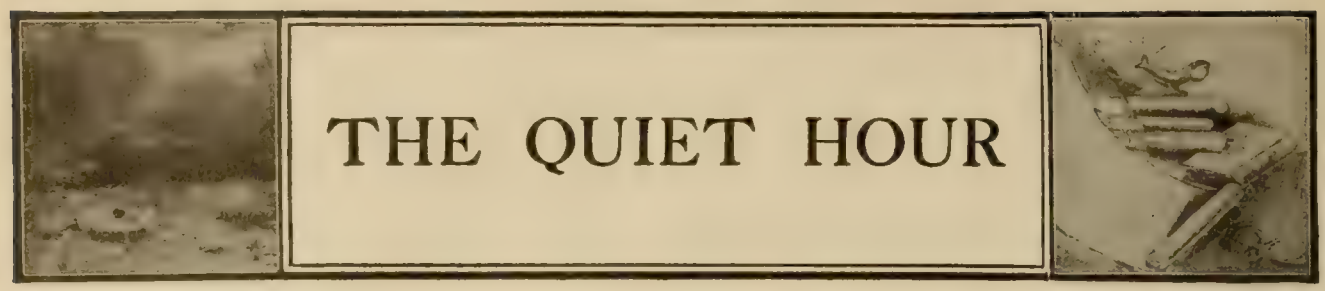
Recently Dr. Wiley said in a public address upon soft drinks: "Caffeine has a direct tendency to produce Bright's disease or other forms of kidney disorders. We should not give our overworked kidneys any more to do. The normal American kidney has now all the work it can possibly do."

Dr. H. H. Rusby, dean of the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, New York City, a high authority, says: "Caffeine is a genuine poison, both acute and chronic. Taken in the form of a beverage it tends to the formation of a drug habit, quite as characteristic, though not so effective, as ordinary narcotics. Permanent disorders of the cardiac (heart) function and of the cerebral (brain) circulation result from its continued use."

The *Druggists' Circular* for May, 1908, contained a query from a druggist as to a good formula for a kola nut soda syrup. The answer was in part as follows: "There are two kinds of druggists. One kind puts any and every kind of stuff into stock, and passes it out to his customers, young and old, ignorant or learned, foolish or wise, his only desire being to get a profit. The other kind of druggist refuses to stock some things at all. Kola drinks owe their vogue to the caffeine which they contain. Caffeine is a poison which is cumulative in its effects, and an excess of which has not infrequently caused death. We believe you would better be on record as discouraging rather than encouraging the growth of the caffeine habit, especially among young people, who constitute a large part of the soda water trade."

The London *Lancet* of January 25, 1908, reports the results of experiments made in Paris with Kola given to horses to determine its action in relieving fatigue.

(Continued on Page 829.)



FATHER.

The pitter-patter of little feet
Is heard in our halls no more;
I kiss no lips that are sticky-sweet
When the work of the day is o'er;
My little one digs in the whitened sand
That gently slopes to a far-off sea,
And he probably thinks the world is grand,
And never remembers me.

I think of him at the dewy dawn,
When the east is gold and the west is gray,
When I wearily pull my trousers on
To begin the work of the busy day;
I think of him when my task is done,
And evening's shadows begin to fall,
But he is so gleeful, my little one,
That he never remembers me at all.

But why should I, in my loneliness,
Complain because he has ceased to care?
Do we who meet in the strife and stress
Consider him when the days are fair?
Though a Father watches us day by day,
And doubtless grieves at our every ill,
We carelessly, when our ventures pay,
Forget that we greatly need him still.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Devotion of Jesus

S. S. BLOUGH.

THE question is asked, What is it that makes Jesus' life so extraordinary? Whence comes that power so effectively manifested? To the careful student it is clear that Jesus was not alone, that he came not for his own glory. To whom then did he owe his ability, to whom did he give his allegiance? In Heb. 10:7 it is said "Lo, I am come to do thy will, O God." There can be little doubt that the fortieth Psalm, to which reference is made here, is prophetic of Jesus. He also himself says, John 5:30, "I seek not my own will, but the will of him that sent me." All through his life we see a remarkable devotion to the things of his heavenly Father. We must believe then that Jesus' power lay largely in his unswerving devotion to his Father and his mission.

His devotion consists of three elements: thought, emotion and volition. These elements readily compare with the three departments of the mind—intellect, sensibilities and will. Each of his faculties was devoted to God's will,—a complete whole-souled devotion.

We find in Jesus a continual Godward bent of his will. As a child he said, "Know ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" Luke 2:29. All through his earthly life he is acting out this purpose and receiving continual satisfaction out of it. "For I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." John 6:38; "my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." John 4:34.

Such constant devotion to a fixed course very often brings one up against grave obstacles. This was likewise true in Jesus' life, but hindrances did not change his purpose. When his friends and neighbors at Nazareth would not receive him, he removed to Capernaum and made that the center of his activities. Even when he knew that he must suffer death, "he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Luke 9:51. In Gethsemane, midst direst anguish, he said, "Not my will, but thine, be done." So much was he wrapped up in his devotion, that he would have his followers pray, "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth."

His loyalty to the Father brought him instances of marvelous exaltation, at which times men saw in him the flashes of Divinity. In the circumstance of cleansing the temple we see him proceed with authority and manifest a profound grandeur and nobility. God saw fit to use him thus in the cleansing of his house, for which Jesus showed such marked devotion. On the mount of transfiguration God endowed him with glory and honor. Though Jesus was sure of his course, yet these circumstances undoubtedly strengthened his assurance and purpose. In John 10:21, we are told that Jesus "rejoiced in the Holy Spirit," where God had shown his approval by blessing the sending out of the seventy. Through his devotion we find him possessing perfect repose in time of peril. When they at one time cast him out of the city and would throw him down the hill headlong, and again another time when they would cast stones at him, he passed out of their midst and so escaped. There is no more profound picture of repose than Jesus stilling the storm at sea. No agitation, no flurry, only calm self-possession and the quiet use of his power. The sea was calm instantly. His repose all through the trial and crucifixion was extraordinary. His supreme devotion to the Father's will alone made it possible.

The exercises of his worship were appropriate to his devotion. He offered praise, engaged in medita-

tion and prayer, implored God with most earnest supplication, even remaining all night in prayer, commended fasting and undoubtedly engaged himself in all which he commended. We must believe that in all his worship he became a perfect example for his most worthy precept. His whole life was made a oneness of devotion by the constant presence of the Holy Spirit.

His devotion admitted no claims from any rival. He himself says, "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also," and, "No servant can serve two masters." Himself perfectly cognizant of this great truth which he uttered for his disciples, we need not look for one of his acts of devotion to be in violation of this fundamental principle.

As we study more and more his life we find his devout spirit express itself constantly in loving acts, exercise of his power, and giving himself to humanity. Such perfect devotion to what seemed to human eyes a losing cause is noble, heroic, grand.

Having then espoused his cause and thus accepted his Father, let the disciples of Jesus pattern in every respect after his devotion. Let the Father's will be paramount, supreme and men's wills be subject to his will, even unto death.

THE PRACTICAL EFFECT OF THE LORD'S COMING.

"WHAT manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" (2 Pet. 3: 11) Peter asks, in view of these coming and eternal issues. To be waiting for Christ is not a theory, but a sanctifying and practical power, affecting every sphere and detail of daily life. Do you expect to meet your Lord tonight? Then see that you have no outstanding questions between your heart and him.

Is there anything you are engaged in, any company you keep, any place you frequent, you would not like the Lord to find you in, when he comes? Are your relations with your fellow-believers such that you can mount up as on eagle's wings to heaven by their side? Are you square with the world, and your affairs in such a state that the ungodly will have nothing to say against you? Is there anything in your house, in your business which, when you are gone, you would be ashamed to look down upon from heaven as yours? Will you leave piles of gold to become a curse to your sons and daughters, and to enrich the devils after you are gone, which you ought to have used for God on earth, and thus converted it into the currency of heaven? Do not hoard your money and expect to put it into your will. You may be gone before another sunrise. Hold all that you have as God's, and lay it out for him; use it so as to get a return in the day of the judgment-seat. Give while you live. The Lord gives no reward for *post-mortem* liberality.

And let all who are the Lord's so live, loose from the world, on the tiptoe of expectation, ready to go at any moment, so that should it be in the morning, at noon, or in the lone night that the Master's voice is heard, we may quit the world without a sigh, and rise to our Fatherland and eternal home joyfully, saying, "This is our Lord; we have waited for him." Thus waiting, we shall truthfully sing:

"I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me;
Oh, his words have thrilled my spirit,
'I will come again for thee.'
I can almost hear his footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be his for evermore."

—Selected.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS.

THE people of God are readily known wherever they are, in the midst of the world's multitudes. They have marks which distinguish them. They are servants of the Lord, but never conscripts. They are volunteers. They are willing—free will offerings, a marginal reading has it. St. Paul loved to call himself Christ's bondslave, but he was a willing, joyous slave. Christ asks his people to take his yoke upon them, which means that they shall surrender to him; but it is not constrained allegiance that he desires, it must be free, glad, loving. God has infinite power, but he never compels obedience in the smallest matter. The feeblest can resist omnipotence. In the day of his power, God's people offer themselves willingly. The emblem of the dew suggests the influence of beautiful, Christian lives in the world. Dew is refreshing. Those who live a life of love refresh all lives they touch. We know people whose mere "Good-morning" it makes us braver and happier to hear.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

A BLESSING TO YOUR FRIENDS.

"My cup runneth over." "He had not only a fullness of abundance, but of redundance. Those that have this happiness must carry their cup upright, and see that it overflows into their poor brethren's emptier vessels. The showers that fall upon the highest mountains should glide into the lowest valleys." The fact that you are a Christian may without doubt assure you a safe entrance into heaven, but it may not mean that you are much of a blessing to your friends about you. God makes the life to overflow, that other men's lives may be touched with your power. For it is only the *overflow* of your life that proves a blessing to your friends and kindred. It is the overflow of the Nile that makes the valley of the Nile fruitful.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

THE INGLENOOK

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THE COST.

The attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor of New York City a short time ago brought to mind a number of thoughts relative to the cost of doing one's duty. All who have kept themselves informed in any degree on the course of Mayor Gaynor's administration will agree that he has shown himself a conscientious worker, and that he has devoted his energies to the cause of good government, as he understands it. It is clear, too, that the attempt was made on his life because in a particular case he was following out his ideas of good government as it related to the efficiency and faithfulness of his helpers. In other words, his life came near being forfeited for right-doing.

While this seems to contradict the general teaching on the subject of rewards and punishments, it is really not an unnatural or unusual thing. The Christian has continually in mind the thought of the price paid by a Friend for following in the path of duty, and his own experience constantly reminds him of the words of this Friend, "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

It may be altogether right and proper for us to place particular emphasis on the familiar and true saying, "It always pays to do right," but it might make some things plain that are now hard to understand if along with this teaching it was pointed out that we are living in a world largely controlled by Satan and that as long as this is the case all good will have to pay some sort of a tax. This does not make it any the less true that it pays to do right. It pays to do right always—here and hereafter. Satan's dominion is only temporary, and while for a time it may cost something to do right the cost is so insignificant compared with what we receive for right-doing that often we do not take account of it at all.

All this impresses us anew with the thought of man's responsibility and the impossibility of any one's escaping it. It will do us no good to conclude that since one must pay more or less dearly for right-doing therefore we will take no active part in the world's work. Such a course is much more costly than the right course.

Here we are in the world with right and wrong before us: If we choose the right we will meet opposition—there will be something to pay. At the same time there will be continual reward, not only in a clear conscience and the encouragement of good influences but the incalculable reward of a gracious Master. If we choose the wrong there will be costs to pay at every turn and a ruinous amount at the end. There is no other course left open to us. We must choose.

PREACHER AND PEOPLE.

Does the preacher direct the people or do the people control him? This is a question hard to answer. In fact it cannot be answered directly and with certainty except in particular cases. We have a saying, "Like priest, like people," implying that the preacher's influence is dominant, while Paul says, "For the time will come when they [the people] will not endure sound doctrine; but, having itching ears, will heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts; and will turn away their ears from the truth, and turn aside unto fables."

The stronger, of course, is the leader. Sometimes this is the preacher and sometimes it is the people. In the present day when as a rule the preacher is so directly dependent upon the people for his position, unless he is a man of supreme tactfulness, he will be able to lead only so long as he keeps within a prescribed path. The people rather incline to the idea of having the preacher appear as their leader, but before they fall in with the procession they want to be sure he understands that the route has been mapped out.

In any case the preacher and the people cannot be far apart, regarding motives and spirit, if there is to be harmony and concerted action. If the people can no longer bear the truth and demand that the preacher speak "smooth things," he must give them the sort of stuff desired or else hunt another charge. But the harmony between preacher and people when they agree on the smooth things can hardly be considered even a mixed blessing; their concerted action must result in a mighty onsweep along the broad way made so attractive by Satan.

A good example of what one preacher understood was wanted by his people is found in a newspaper item stating that on a certain Sunday the preacher had discussed the subject of "Baseball in Heaven." We say the preacher understood what was wanted because we can hardly conceive of a man so depraved as to enter the pulpit and deal out such stuff, knowing that his peo-

ple were hungering and thirsting for the Bread of Life.

When people have gotten so far from the truth as to find pleasure in hearing such subjects discussed in their churches, it seems strange that they should make any pretense of listening to the Word. It is these inconsistencies that constitute one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of those who are tired of the world and the things with which it is chiefly concerned. They long for they know not what, but when they see professing Christians listening with satisfaction to these "smooth things," they at once conclude that Christianity is not the thing they need.

What the world needs is a reconverted church and reconverted preachers. As Isaiah says of those who demanded smooth things in his day, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved." Then the preachers, instead of seeking to know the will of the people, will seek to know the Lord's will and to those whom they are chosen to teach they will say, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

EXTRAVAGANCE, THE COUNTRY'S PERIL.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, who has been occupying the Roosevelt professorship at the University of Berlin since last October, recently returned to this country and among other things relating to conditions in this country and Europe expressed himself on the high cost of living. President Wheeler says the people of Europe are also complaining of the high cost of living but he adds that "they have no such cause for lamentation as have the American people."

He had no trouble in understanding why there is a great difference in the cost of living in the two countries. After a short stay abroad he readily saw the vast difference in their manner of living and ours. "Our living has been forced to an artificial plane," said he. "We are tremendously extravagant. We have been pushed, under forced draught, upon an artificial staging. The whole structure is of such abnormal character that the country is imperiled."

President Wheeler would not attempt to explain the exact cause of conditions and neither did he venture to suggest a remedy. But neither of these is really necessary for our individual cases. It might be well if we could learn of some general remedy which we could help in applying, but since we know what is the matter with us—what it is that really causes us to cry out against the high cost of living—that we are extravagant and are living on an artificial plane,—we can go to work and do a lot of remedying without any outside help. Of course, there are some things that we cannot mend as individuals. But by the time we plane down our tastes to fit the few requirements of the simple life, the general reform may be under way and we will be fully prepared to give it a mighty boost toward the goal of simple supplies for simple needs.

COCA COLA A DRUG DRINK.

(Continued from Page 825.)

It apparently diminished fatigue, but the horses receiving it lost more weight than those to whom it was not given. The experimenter said this showed that kola (caffeine) like alcohol, can give the tissues a lash with a whip, but that such energy, artificially produced, is at the expense of the organism. So, when people see the alluring advertisements of caffeine drinks which "relieve fatigue," let them beware of the relief which carries with it injury to the body.

At the 1909 meeting of the American Bottlers' Protective Association (an organization of soft drink manufacturers) the following resolutions were adopted: "Whereas, there has sprung up a tendency to put upon the market beverages, the basis of which are alkaloidal drugs on the order of extract of the cola nut and coca leaf, or other caffeine and cocaine extracts; and, Whereas, the consumption of such habit-forming beverages, containing such ingredients, is detrimental to the public health; and, Whereas, the sale of beverages containing such ingredients is a stain on the good name of the bottling industry, be it Resolved, that the American Bottlers' Protective Association go on record as uncompromisingly opposed to the manufacture and sale of any beverages containing the aforesaid ingredients or derivatives thereof; and be it further Resolved, that the secretary be instructed to convey the sense of this to federal and pure food authorities and to the public press."

The Coca Cola Company has been advertising that the Bureau of Chemistry examined their drink and found no *narcotics.* This has led many people to believe that government chemists pronounced Coca Cola to be harmless. It is true that the chemists found no *narcotics,* but they found a harmful *stimulant,* caffeine. This advertising is like that once sent out by the Peruna Company. They said, "Peruna is endorsed by temperance people everywhere, because it contains no whiskey." It did not contain *whiskey,* but it was plentifully supplied with *alcohol,* as all the world now knows.

The sales-manager of the Coca Cola Company told me that Coca Cola was first sold as a patent medicine, but that when it passed into its present ownership it was decided to sell it as a beverage. So like Peruna, and Hostetter's Bitters, and some other proprietary products, it has been beverage or medicine as it happened to suit. What matter which, so long as it fills the coffers of its promoters?—*From W. C. T. U. Leaflet.*



THE HOME WORLD



The American Disease

DR. O. H. YEREMAN.

No. IV.* Food.

REMEMBERING that the fundamental causative factor in the production of nervousness depends on some form of impaired nutrition, a return to normal necessarily involves a correction of this impairment. The nutrition of the various organs of the human body is dependent upon the intake and assimilation of food, hence to build up the nervous system the eating of appropriate foods in suitable quantities is of great importance.

First of all let me disabuse your mind of the ancient idea of nerve foods. That certain foods are *nerve foods,* has been a prevalent notion. We used to hear on every hand that fish, brains and similar foods, as well as phosphorus among the drugs, were specially adapted for the building up of the nerves. But scientific researches disprove this theory. In fact foods have no selective action. The various organs get their nourishment from the blood which circulates in them, and there is no way of feeding the nerves separately from the rest of the body, any more than there is of feeding the ears and nose. So after all it is a question of making good, rich, red blood, hence we must look to the organs that make this, namely the stomach, liver and intestines. These are the organs that will do the digesting and assimilating of food, hence we must supply them with the kind that are rich in nutritive, blood-making qualities, and at the same time easy to digest.

Regarding the numerous proprietary foods, such as breakfast foods and the like which are lauded to the skies as the very thing to build you up, I must say that you can derive considerable benefit from any of them if you use them judiciously in connection with the other foods to which you have been accustomed. The "all meat" or "all vegetable" diet; the "raw food" and similar fads, which become popular periodically are in the same category. Use them judiciously in connection with a simple fare of mixed diet and you are benefited because of the variety they afford. Limit your food to nothing else but any one of them, and you deprive your system of some of the elements of food which are necessary for its recuperation.

There is every reason to believe that man was intended to use a mixed diet. An examination of his teeth, stomach and digestive organs convinces us of this fact. There is not the least evidence in history indicating that man ever limited his diet to grains, fruits or vegetables singly, except as driven to it by circumstances. It is true that the higher castes of India exclude meat from their diet, but the use of milk and eggs supplies them with elements of animal food; and at best they are not models of robust health for us to pattern after.

The nervous individual above all others needs to be well fed, and the eating of a variety of highly nutritious foods in proper quantities should be pushed as fast as the digestive organs are able to handle it.

But here we are confronted with another difficulty. It is the lack of appetite. These persons do not care to eat, or feel that they suffer when they do eat. Right here we must discriminate between two conditions which may simulate each other. One is a *diseased* condition of the stomach where it is unable to digest food; and the other a *disused* condition, which makes it lazy and rebellious every time it is asked to work. If it is diseased, of course it should be treated and cured; but if due to a habit resulting from continued humoring, it should be corrected by vigorous and persistent effort.

Distaste for food, even some discomfort after partaking of it, does not necessarily mean indigestion. The stomach forms habits most easily, and it may be discontented at being asked to perform its functions. Therefore if you can exclude an organic indigestion, the plan to follow is to take food in moderate quantities at regular intervals, without regard to a lack of desire for it. For we must remember that medicines will not replace food nor the druggists' tonics produce blood and muscle. It takes food to do this.

Often this habit of abstaining from food is a very difficult one to break and requires persistent and vigorous effort in handling it. But it can be done and you must do it if you wish to overcome nervousness. I remember a lady who literally starved herself to death by thinking that she could not keep things on her stomach. Corn bread, salmon and lobsters she retained, but when it came to wholesome, easily-digested

* Nos. I, II and III of this series appeared on April 26, May 31 and Aug. 16.

articles of food, she thought she could not retain them; and making herself and her attendants believe this, she abstained from food for so long that she died from starvation. There is no doubt that the cause of death in this case was a refractory stomach in an indulgent patient.

One way to encourage a capricious appetite is to have nothing to do with the planning or preparation of the meals. This may not be practicable in every instance, but where it can be done it constitutes a surprise to the individual, and a sort of wondering of what the next meal is to consist of excites interest and stimulates the appetite. This may not be noticed the first few days, but it eventually succeeds in arousing interest in a very large majority of cases.

The food should be temptingly garnished and tastily served. A few lettuce leaves, some flowers, and clean white napkins are a great boost to a waning appetite, even if they do not add to the intrinsic value of the meal. Having congenial company and carrying on pleasant conversation during the meal, is also of great value.

The use of tea, coffee and all iced drinks should be avoided. Particularly should the use of iced tea be discountenanced as it not only dilutes the gastric juice, (as all other beverages taken during meals do), but it further chills the stomach and when extensively used, stops the processes of digestion. Plenty of fresh water should be taken before and in between meals, but its use should be avoided during or immediately after meals.

A change in the time of the meals is also recommended as a great help to the appetite. Taking the meals one hour earlier or one hour later than you were in the habit of doing, or changing the heavy meal of the day from noon to evening or vice versa, will often create hunger and cause you to relish your food.

But before leaving the subject of food let me urge you to persevere in training yourself to eat regularly and plentifully of such blood-making foods as fresh milk, butter, eggs, cream, ripe fruits, vegetables, and meats of all kinds prepared by roasting, boiling or broiling rather than by frying. You will find that a rest just before mealtime will refresh you, and bring you to the table in bright and cheerful spirits. A rest after meals is a great help to a weak stomach, and if you are troubled with indigestion you should not fail to take it every time.

Medicines.

The role that medicines play in the treatment of nervousness is not an unimportant one. When judiciously used in the hands of a skillful physician, they are of inestimable value. But by medicines I do not mean the numerous nostrums which are advertised to cure everything from fits to ingrowing toe-nails. I do not mean the patent cures which contain opium, morphine, cocaine, or a similar drug which depresses and dulls the already weak nerves, and hastens their final wreckage. Not the dope that is supposed to cure Mary, Nellie, and Katie, no matter if they do suffer from different forms or different degrees of a disease. Human beings can not be tagged and labeled, bunched up and classified. You can not treat the same disease in the same way in every person. People differ. Each individual is a law unto herself, and only after careful and prolonged study can a doctor give the remedies indicated in the particular case which will prove effective.

Therefore, select a good, conscientious doctor (one who will interest himself in your case and study it thoroughly) and place yourself in his hands. Follow his directions faithfully. Use common sense in caring for yourself, and do not forget that "ups and downs" are part of life, and you must take them with as much equanimity and courage as possible. Above all else, conquer the tendency of thinking and talking about yourself and your symptoms, by interesting yourself in something else. Cast into oblivion all the fads and systems lauded for curing nervousness, and live as simply and rationally as you can. At a recent banquet held by some physicians in New York City, the following satire on nervousness was rendered which illustrates this point:

How to Become a Neurasthenic.

Eat no breakfast.

Indulge in but one meal daily; at any rate not more than two.

Eat no meat.

Eat freak cereals, vegetables, nuts and fruits.

Masticate every morsel two hundred and sixty-eight times—two hundred and sixty-seven times won't do.

Take a cold bath every morning.

Take a laxative every day whether you need it or not.

Better still a cathartic. Take enemas frequently.

Be massaged daily.

Read the health magazines daily.

Read all the books on how to gain self-control and on mental healing.

Concentrate the mind upon the digestion and upon all articles of diet.

Upon every possible occasion discuss your imaginary troubles with your friends, and coerce your wife into catering to every dietetic whim that you can formulate.

Buy a lot of apparatus for indoor exercises, and roll a cannon ball around the abdomen every day along the course of the colon.

If all else fails try Christian Science.

This needs no explanation. Do you see the point?

Finally, if you are one of those who can not work to their satisfaction, eat too little, sleep irregularly, worry, regret, apprehend danger, and feel tired all the while; friends, books, home and work fail to interest

you, but rather add to your discomfort—here is what you should do: Find out how much work you can do physically and mentally without feeling fatigued. A few trials will enable you to determine this amount, and then you can go to work and make a program for yourself at the beginning of each day. Arrange your day's duties in such a way that you are not engaged in any one of them for any great length of time. Variety of occupation is necessary to exercise the different faculties alternately, and not exhaust any of them. Your program should include mental as well as physical exercises. It should have a certain specified time for work, for pleasure, for reading, for resting, and these limits must be *worked up to but not exceeded.* Gradually you can have the time extended, but not until you have worked up to it for several weeks or months. Things will often come in the way, and you will find plausible excuses for not working up to your program, but push these away from you with strong determination—a determination to get well, and in order to do that you must work to schedule time.

You are not alone. Thousands of women and men all over this country are making this fight right now. Are you not their equal? Can you not do what so many other women are doing? Try with a determination and you will get free from this monster that is destroying your happiness and usefulness.

A HIGHER STANDARD.

A MAN does not like to deny a three months' bride anything. But Joe's face was rather gloomy as he studied the slip of paper before him. He said nothing to Maud of his misgivings. A young fellow with pride hates to admit to a girl that he has brought her to a place where she can not have what she so evidently expects.

"I'll make it some way," he said to himself. And in his heart he was wondering if he had not been rather hasty to marry, when he had so little ahead. But at the moment the thought came, it seemed disloyal to him. There was Maud smiling at him over the pretty dinner table, with its wedding silver and china. He put aside the unpleasant thought that the elegant table was not paid for, and smiled back. He was a lucky man to have such a charming little wife. And he would make it some way.

When they had married, the plan had been that they should live with Maud's mother, the first year. Maud was the last child in the home, and they were loath to part with her, so the young people were more than welcome. Pretty and substantial furnishings for their one room had been bought and paid for before they married. After their wedding journey, Joe had money left in the bank for a "rainy" day, and he felt quite independent and wise.

Then had come the offer of a better situation in a near-by city. They felt that he must accept, because it was a large and new establishment, and there was opportunity for advancement. To be sure, it meant the furnishing of a house, but Joe in his masculine ignorance supposed that his bank account would cover that. They had some furniture, then there were the wedding presents, and they could begin small and get things as they went along.

Joe found a little cottage, quite within his means, on the outskirts of the city, and then he brought Maud to buy her furniture.

But Maud wanted many beautiful things for her new home. And wasn't Joe going to be a rich man in a few years in his new position? She had argued with pretty wisdom to Joe that they would better buy good things, for it was much cheaper in the end. Joe agreed to that, but when he found that his money would not pay the bill, he refused absolutely to go to the installment house. Instead, he went to the most reputable merchant in the town, explained the situation frankly, and asked for credit, agreeing to meet the promised payments promptly. Then he told Maud to go and select her things.

The results were beautiful, though a critic might have said the little house was overcrowded, and the furnishings suited to a stately mansion. But the bill was appalling.

When the time for the first payment came, they found it would take pinching economy to meet it.

To Maud's troubled eyes Joe appeared quite stern as he went over her accounts.

"I don't like to make you feel that you must save every penny," he said. "But we must do better next month. We must not fail to meet these payments. It would mean the loss of my credit, and that might be a serious thing."

It was along in that troubled second month that Maud met an old school friend in the street one day. Clara Wayne was plainly delighted to see her, and to Maud a familiar face looked quite heavenly in this strange place.

"Do you live here, Maud? Why, how lovely. We do too. Mother will be so glad to see you. She is in the carriage over there. You know she fell in love with you that summer you visited us. Oh! we shall see so much of each other. Do come over and speak to mother now."

Mrs. Wayne greeted Maud as warmly as Clara had done.

"Are you busy?" she asked. "Of course not. A bride in a strange town has plenty of time. Come and drive with us and we can talk. We're going to call on a friend, but you will be quite welcome, and I think, too, it will be lovely for you two to meet. She is a bride too, and has just settled down in her new home. I'm almost sure you will like each other!

"And oh, she has the loveliest home that ever fell to the lot of a bride!" Clara broke in. "But there, I must not say that until I have seen yours. I know yours will be just as sweet."

Maud was rather surprised to find that this much-praised home was on a side street of plain cottages, much like the one on which she lived. But after she was inside the house, astonishment held her speechless after her first greetings to the smiling bride. This the loveliest home! Oh, dear! What would they call hers?

"Why, there isn't a thing here that cost anything!" she said to herself. "And how homey it all is!"

They were so busy with each other that they did not notice her silence, and she looked about. She could see into the dining-room and bedroom through open doors, and there were matting rugs on the floor. They cost just nine dollars each. She knew, for she had seen them when she was buying her carpets. The living-room, where they sat, had a rug made from worn-out carpet. It was just like one Aunt Lucy had given her, and which now lay in ignominious retirement in her attic. A plain little serving-table took the place of her costly buffet. The bookcases were a set of home-made shelves, stained to match the chairs. Instead of a stately davenport such as she had bought, this bride had a steel couch with a mattress and a home-made cover. The chairs were not upholstered, but there were plenty of gay cushions about. Straight muslin curtains hung at the windows, and Maud had a sudden distaste for her heavy silk and lace draperies.

The call, which was almost a visit, was over at last, but it was one that Maud would not forget.

"I'm coming to see you next week," Clara told Maud.

"And please let me come with you," said the new bride. "It was so nice of you to come and see me today. And we'll have oceans of things to talk about that can not concern mere girls like Clara."

Maud gave them both a warm invitation.

That afternoon, when she got home, she sat down and made some serious plans. She saw her way quite clear at last. Though it was a serious thing she set herself to do, she was resolute about it.

"It certainly serves me right for being such a silly," she said severely to herself.

Two evenings later, when Joe came home, he thought at first he had got into the wrong house. But no, there was the best girl in the world waiting to kiss him.

"Do you like it?" she demanded, following his wondering gaze.

"Yes, but what has happened?"

Then she told the story of her visit to the other bride.

"And do you know," she said, "I was just ashamed of the expensive things in our little house? I knew they were actually vulgar. And with Clara and Mrs. Wayne, and little Mrs. Alden, coming—I just couldn't endure that they should see them. For you know that the Waynes are very rich, and have perfect taste besides. What would they have thought of me? So I just went to the man, and told him I thought the things were too dear for us, and asked him if he wouldn't take them back. He was awfully nice about it. When the man came and looked them over he said they were not damaged at all, and they took them all back. I sent all the furniture from the spare bedroom. We don't need a spare bedroom yet. When company comes we will use this couch and give them our room. And I sent the buffet, and I took a cheaper table. And I sent the rugs, and the davenport, and the curtains, and three of the chairs. And here is a present for you."

She held out a slip of paper. It was a receipted bill for the whole amount.

Joe read it with misty eyes.

"We're not in debt any more," he said slowly, looking at the smiling little wife in the circle of his arm.

And then he told her what he thought of it.—*Zelia M. Walters, in Christian Standard.*

A GAME THAT EDUCATES.

GRACE WOOD CASTLE.

Five dollars put out at interest, the income to be used in the education of your children, would not yield enough to be worth while; but five dollars used in the way I suggest will surely help them to acquire proficiency in figures and also an understanding of their use in every-day life. It is the concrete as opposed to the abstract, and even the dull child who "just hates arithmetic" will enjoy and profit by it.

You remember that the old recipe for cooking a hare began: "First catch your hare,"—so I'll begin directions for this game with the advice: "First catch your five dollar bill." Having succeeded in this, have it changed into coin as follows: One dollar, two halves, four quarters, ten dimes, ten nickels and fifty pennies. Take charge of this yourself, keeping it in a box or bag entirely separate from other money and counting it carefully each time after using.

Duplicate your daily transactions with the grocer, butcher, baker, milkman, etc., allowing each child to be buyer and seller by turns. Always play with them yourself or have some other competent person do so lest errors creep into their calculations. Allow them pencils and paper, but insist that as much as possible of the work be done mentally.

You will shortly find that they are unconsciously learning the real use of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and decimal and common fractions and

incidentally a great deal about prices and values. The knowledge and practice thus gained will be of inestimable value to them in after life where so many are handicapped for want of it.

Try it a few months, little mother, to give it a fair test. At the end of that time you will still have your five dollars, your children will have profited as a result of this play of "Making Change," and I feel sure that I shall have your thanks for a practical suggestion.

FROM AN EPICUREAN'S NOTE BOOK.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Lemon Soup.

MAKE a strong hot lemonade; thicken slightly with cornstarch or arrowroot and serve very cold with a bit of preserved ginger or a cherry in each glass. Orange soup is made in the same way. Also pineapple, grape, cherry, currant and red raspberry.

Cantaloupe Frappe.

Mix well together three pints of cantaloupe pulp, add two cupfuls of sugar (powdered preferred), strained juice of three or four lemons, according to desired tartness and then freeze.

Peach Puree.

A very pleasing dish for warm weather dessert is peach puree. Press canned—or better yet—fresh peaches through a sieve, measure, and to each pint, allow a pint of water, the juice of a lemon, and a half teaspoonful of bitter almond. Bring to a boiling point and thicken with a teaspoonful of arrowroot moistened in a half cupful of cold water. Stir until smooth, and thick, then set aside to cool. When ready to serve, pour into tumblers filled with cracked ice or put in small bowls set in saucers of ice and send to the table.

Left-Over Soup.

This is just the thing for the economical housewife. Take a cup or a cup and one-half full of vegetables left over from yesterday's dinner, either all of one kind or several kinds, as it may happen to be, heat until hot, rub them through a sieve and mix smooth, with one and one-half pints of thin cream. Add a little red pepper, allow it to simmer, and season with celery or parsley according to taste.

Mint Jelly.

This is easily made, and mint at this time of year is easily found and is also good for digestion. Chop enough tender mint to make one cupful; cover with two cupfuls of boiling water and soak for half an hour; then strain, pressing hard. Dissolve two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine in half a cupful of boiling water. Strain to the mint, add one tablespoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar or strained lemon juice. Tint slightly with a few drops of green coloring (listachio) and pour into wet molds, placing on ice till firm. This jelly is usually served with lamb. Rather hard to make, but patience always has its reward.

Einlauf.

This is a German soup and not generally known here. Make a pan-cake batter with two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and water (milk is better) to make the right consistency. Have ready three pints of boiling water, then let the batter run into it, stirring all the time. Add the yolk of one egg, with a little sugar and butter. Sprinkle a trifle of nutmeg. Then set aside to cool.

Bread Soup.

Another favorite German soup is made out of stale crusts of rye bread, cooked in plenty of water to cover them. When soft strain and put the liquid back over the fire. Add a little butter, a handful of dried currants, sugar to taste, a piece of stick cinnamon, and a sprinkle of salt. Sometimes a little vinegar or lemon juice is added. The soup should be but slightly thickened, not so much as porridge. Judgment should be used in the amount of bread and water used. The stick cinnamon may be removed after cooking a few moments, and can be rinsed off and saved to use again. This soup can be served either hot or cold.

Creamed Hamburger Steak.

Put one pound of Hamburger steak into a frying pan with one medium-sized onion, cut fine, cover with one-half cupful of water, salt and pepper to taste, and let cook until water is boiled away. Add butter the size of an egg and brown. Sprinkle one tablespoonful of flour over this and add one cup of milk and stir until smooth. Add a sprinkle of parsley, chopped fine.

Almond Soup.

Scald, peel and pound about a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds. Boil in fresh milk, press through a sieve, sweeten to taste, cook again until the soup is thickened sufficiently, strain; add the juice of an orange, chill and serve.

Cocoanut Balls.

Cook together for eight minutes one cupful of sugar, half a pound of desiccated cocoanut, the beaten white of one egg and a few drops of almond extract. Take from the fire and when cool make into very small balls; dust thickly with powdered sugar and they are ready to be eaten.

Mint and Orange Salad.

Peel whole oranges, slice thin, place on lettuce on individual plates. Cover with one teaspoonful mayonnaise over which is sprinkled finely chopped mint. Serve with roast lamb, or lamb chops.

SIMPLIFYING THE WORK.

It pays to take stock, now and then, of one's household ways and means, to find out whether each piece of work is being done in the best and quickest way. Often it is not; and, in tasks that have to be done over and over, every useless stroke counts. Simplified work means more leisure for reading, visiting or doing whatever one likes best to do; and to keep in good condition physically and mentally, everybody needs to do for a part of the time what they enjoy doing. Ironing can be simplified in some families; and time can be saved in dishwashing by having a pan of water in the sink, and when preparing a meal or clearing a table, slipping soiled dishes into it to soak, so that when ready to wash they need little done to them. Many very good housekeepers, after putting away the food left at supper, and washing the silver, leave the dishes soaking till morning, when they can be easily washed while the breakfast is cooking; and thus it is practicable to dress before supper, and to have the whole evening free. Look around to see where you can economize work without loss to your family, and you will find the work more interesting if you vary your ways in the effort to learn better ones, and by the thought you must give to do this.—*Selected.*

"If your hot water bottle has a small puncture, do not throw it away. I prolonged the life of mine a long time by sticking a piece of court-plaster over the puncture. Have the spot quite dry and cut the court-plaster large enough to allow a margin."

The Children's Corner

A GAME FOR TWO.

While their mother was sick, Ted and Jimmy were spending two weeks in the country at Uncle Joe's. He was a fine uncle, they both thought; but much of the time he was busy with his writing, and then the hours hung heavy. The novelty of the little farm was worn off; there was no place to fish; and the only horse on the place was Uncle Joe's own saddle horse, too powerful for small boys to be trusted alone with. Uncle Joe knew all this, and he was not surprised on the third morning to be roused from work by Ted, who entered and sat down with a gloomy sigh.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I want to play baseball, Uncle Joe."

"Why don't you?"

"There's only Jimmie and me, and two can't. There's more fun in places where there's a lot of boys, don't you think, Uncle Joe?" Ted spoke delicately, for he did not wish to hurt his uncle's feelings; but Uncle Joe understood. He always had a way of understanding the boys. "You might play wallball," he suggested.

"What's that?" inquired his nephew.

"You need," said Uncle Joe, "a ball, not too hard, four barrel staves, a shingle, and the back of a woodshed."

Ted's eyes opened wide. "Sounds like a funny game!"

"You get the barrel staves, and I'll come out and show you," replied his uncle.

When the staves, the shingle and Jimmy were collected, Uncle Joe sharpened one end of three of the staves and stuck them in the ground edgewise in a row a foot apart about five feet out from the woodshed. Then he laid the shingle across their tops. The fourth stave he shaved down nearly for a third of its length, and then wrapped the cut part in cloth.

"That's the bat," he explained, "and the cloth is put on so that it won't hurt your hands."

"We've got a good bat, Uncle Joe," said Ted. But Uncle Joe laughed.

"Not so good as this for wallball," he said. Then he stationed Ted, with the bat, a yard in front of the three staves and the shingle.

"Now," he explained, "Jimmy shall pitch to you; but he must stand back of this line." He marked a line about forty feet from the shed. "If you miss the ball, and it knocks off the shingle, you are out, and Jimmy bats. If you hit it, in any direction, you must run to that tree and back, and you count as many runs as you can make trips before Jimmy can either throw the ball so as to knock off the shingle, or can stand on the home base with the ball. But if he catches it on the fly, or reaches the home base with it, or knocks off the shingle while you are still running, you are out."

"How about fouls?" asked Ted.

"A foul is as good as a fair ball in this game; only the woodshed is on the pitcher's side, remember."

"Sounds more like cricket than like baseball," objected Jimmy, who had read books on games and was well posted, "but I think I'd like to try it."

"You may call it woodshed cricket, if you like," answered Uncle Joe, his eyes twinkling.

He returned to his writing, and was interrupted no more that morning. But two hot and red-faced nephews met him at luncheon.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"I'm ahead!" cried Jimmy. "Five runs."

"He's got sixty-two, and I've got only fifty-seven," said Ted, soberly. "But we're going to play all afternoon, and I wager I beat him! When is the game over, Uncle Joe?"

"Not until the woodshed is tired," said Uncle Joe, again with the twinkle in his eyes.—*J. W. Linn.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The entire Castro family apparently has been ousted from Venezuela. A dispatch to the State Department from the American legation at Caracas states that forty-six relatives of former President Castro had been expelled from Venezuela and sailed for Porto Rico, Aug. 19.

Secretary of War Dickinson, who is visiting the Philippines, has been asked to use his influence for the immediate independence of the Filipino people. The request was made when he visited Lucena. He replied that the subject could not be properly discussed by any government official outside Congress.

Plans are being completed for a tour of the West by 20 social purity speakers. Under the direction of President Steadwell of the American Purity Association they are to start in Canada the last of September and work to the Pacific coast. Thence they are to proceed east by a southern route. They will expose white slavers' methods.

Delegates from 24 countries of Europe and America have arrived in Brussels to attend the third international congress of home education, which will have its formal opening in the Palais des Fetes at the universal exhibition. Mrs. J. Scott Anderson of Pennsylvania will present to the congress a message from President Taft and also an invitation to meet next year in Philadelphia.

During the quarter ended June 30, the Buick Motor Company, a subsidiary of the General Motors Company, built 8,697 cars and paid the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers in Selden royalty fees an aggregate amount of $93,855. This is the largest amount ever paid the association by any single maker for one quarter's royalties. For the previous three months 6,478 Buick cars were made, upon which a license fee of $66,154 was paid.

As having possible bearing on the future of the Panama canal, the government has obtained from Consul General J. L. Griffiths of London figures showing the result of the investment made by the British government in Suez canal shares. The government invested $19,352,037 and, according to the consul, was severely criticised at the time for so doing. From January 1, 1895, to January 1, 1910, both inclusive, there has been received in interest and dividends from this investment a total of $66,661,718.

National rejoicings upon an unusually extensive scale Aug. 18, marked the eightieth birthday of Emperor Francis Joseph, the venerable sovereign of Austria and Hungary and dean of all the European monarchs. Te Deums were chanted throughout the dual monarchy in honor of the aged monarch; military reviews were held, and dinners for the poor were given by the municipalities and villages. Large sums were contributed to charity, the emperor having signified his desire that the funds which would otherwise have been spent on formal celebrations should be employed in this way.

The Eighteenth National Irrigation Congress will be held this year in Pueblo, Colorado, from September 26th to 30th. It will be the greatest gathering in the history of irrigation development in the West, many thousand accredited delegates being present. There will be an exposition of machines and appliances for the development of power in irrigation and drainage work; of methods and devices for the transmission of this power; of machinery for raising surface and ground water for irrigation and drainage and distributing the same, and for the economical cultivation of the land so reclaimed.

The Soo Canals are the busiest artificial waterways in the world, and the traffic grows apace. The last report of Col. C. McD. Townsend of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, shows that the total value of freight passing through the canals during the season of 1909 was $626,-104,173. The total freight traffic for the year amounted to 57,895,149 net tons, an increase of no less than 40 per cent over the amount in 1908. The average number of vessels per day through the Poe lock of the American Canal was thirty-five. Through the Weitzel lock of the same canal it was twenty-two, and through the Canadian lock, twenty-seven per day. The whole of this immense traffic was confined to a season of navigation of seven months and twenty-seven days.

The conference of the governors of the far western States, called at Salt Lake City to consider a proper representation at the conservation congress at St. Paul, adjourned Aug. 19, after adopting a resolution declaring the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States would take active part in the convention The demands to be presented by the West were set forth in a platform of principles including these: That National and State governments should co-operate and within a reasonable time the State governments be conceded complete administration of conservation laws. That existing national conservation laws have tended to intrench monopolies. That the early elimination from the national forest reserves of all homestead and untimbered grazing lands is expedient.

Before this reaches our readers in all probability the State Department will have had official announcement of an arrangement for Japan to take over the Empire of Korea, as forecast by Ambassador O'Brien in a recent dispatch to the department from Tokio. The Associated Press dispatches describing the unusual activity of officials in Korea and of the war ships controlling the Korean coast are interpreted as substantiating the information conveyed to the department by the American ambassador. The American government thus far has made no protest concerning the Japanese domination in Korea. The United States, however, has a number of favorable treaties with Korea which would be affected by the taking over of that country by Japan and which would require adjustment.

One week's cholera record for Russia shows 23,944 new cases and 10,723 deaths, bringing the total number of cases in Russia this year to 112,985. Of these 50,287 have died, the mortality percentage being 44.5. The figures are those furnished by the sanitary bureau, covering the week from Aug. 7 to Aug. 13, inclusive, and are, therefore, fully official. Reports from Red Cross sources indicate that the actual figures are somewhat greater, as it is a practical impossibility to register every case in an epidemic of such proportions. The epidemic in St. Petersburg shows a considerable decrease, only 265 cases and 138 deaths having been reported for the six days ending at noon Aug. 21, in comparison to the 577 cases and 233 deaths reported the previous week.

Forty-one nations have appointed leading penologists to represent them at the most important criminological congress ever held in the history of the world. It is to convene in Washington under the title of the International Prison congress, from October 2 to 8, inclusive. This will be the eighth yearly convention of this gathering of scientists. Its opening will be marked by an address by President Taft in the famous Smithsonian institution, where all of its meetings are to be held. The most distinguished penologists of the world will participate in the discussion. Prior to the assembling of the congress the delegates will be the guests of this country on a ten days' trip, during which they will inspect the principal prisons in the eastern, central and western parts of the United States.

General Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A., commanding the department of the East, gave out a statement recently of his experience with the workings of the prohibitory canteen law at a recent encampment. "I believe the canteen is better left out of the army," said the general. "Many people have the idea that because there is no way under the present law for a soldier to get liquor within camp limits, dives and low saloons about the outskirts of the camp must thrive. Such is not the case. The other night I made a round of all the outside grogshops and I found that the customers were generally civilians. Wherever I found a soldier he was almost always a militiaman, and not a regular. The fact that many of these places have gone out of business purely because they could not get customers enough shows that my inference is correct."

The Pan-American Congress in session at Buenos Ayres has unanimously approved a convention on patents, covering inventions, designs and industrial models, according to which an inventor taking out a patent in one of the signatory states will have the same protection for his rights in the other American republics. A convention relating to trademarks was approved, according to which any trademark registered in any of the Americas is to be considered as registered in all the Americas. The congress also adopted a resolution recommending a uniform system of consular customs documents. On the suggestion of the Brazilian delegation, supported by the delegation from Venezuela, the congress voted by acclamation to send a telegram to Senator Root expressing its high estimation of the work done by the former Secretary of State.

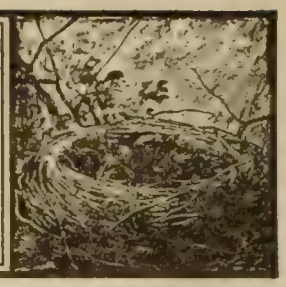
Luxuries valued at $250,000,000 were imported into the United States during the fiscal year 1910, according to figures just issued by the government. This exceeds the value of such importations in the record year of 1907 by $25,000,000. Diamonds, laces, jewelry, embroideries, furs, feathers, beads, perfumery, cigars, tobacco, wines, liquors, automobiles, art works, decorated china and bisque, musical instruments, toys, orchids and palms contribute to the total. Diamonds and laces, imports for women, run a close race for first honors with tobacco and liquors. Some of the figures follow: Laces and embroideries, $48,000,000, tobacco and cigars, $37,000,000; wines and liquors, $23,000,000; uncut diamonds $10,250,000; diamonds, cut but not set, $14,250,000; furs and fur skins, $26,500,000; art works, $21,000,000.

In order that forests may be protected against fire, the department of agriculture is advocating that the number of forest rangers be materially increased. At present forest guards cover an average of about 100,000 acres, whereas, it is claimed, in most places there should be at least one guard for every 10,000 acres. Prussia has a guard for every 1,700 acres. The department estimates that only about 60 per cent of the private forests of the country have adequate systems of fire protection. There are three classes of forest fires: Surface fires, which burn the surface layer of leaves, dry grass, brush and small trees; ground fires, burning the deep accumulation of vegetable mold, and crown fires, which accompany surface fires and burn the crowns of the trees. Surface fires are the most common and may start under ordinarily dry conditions. They kill seedlings and young trees, but in many cases do not kill large trees. Ground fires occur only when the vegetable mold has become thoroughly dry. They burn slowly, but with intense heat, and are exceedingly difficult to extinguish. They have been known to burn all winter, creeping along under a deep layer of snow. Ground fires usually destroy all trees, killing the tissues of the roots, and the trees die and are blown down. Crown fires almost invariably accompany surface fires and occur only when the woods are very dry and there is a high wind. Usually all trees are killed.

The United States is the largest producer of phosphate in the world. But it happens that approximately 50 per cent of the phosphate rock produced in this country is shipped abroad to fertilize the worn-out soils of foreign countries. So firmly convinced are the scientists of the government that a phosphate famine in this country is more than a possibility, that all of the public land known to contain phosphate rock has been withdrawn from any form of entry. This embraces an area of 2,551,399 acres in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. The original withdrawal occurred in December, 1908, following the meeting of the governors at the White House, in which the matter was agitated. The order of withdrawal included 4,541,300 acres. Since that time other deposits have been found, and it is estimated that there are upwards of 60,000,000 tons of phosphate rock on the public domain. Congressmen representing the States in which withdrawn lands lie have been inclined to resent the proposed limitation of exports, which, of course, would mean a limitation on development of their respective States in this particular. However, under recently enacted conservation law, President Taft has rewithdrawn the phosphate lands and they will not be disposed of under any conditions until Congress provides for leasing them under contract and agreements not to export the product to foreign countries when it is so much needed at home.



NATURE STUDIES



THE FOREST GREETING.

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the North winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And ah! we are bold and strong
But our triumph-call through the forest hall
Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
Panther and bird and bear,
Man and the weakest that fears his face,
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding on;
Brothers, the way is black.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

NATURE AND PEOPLE.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

NATURE, as a rule, is not cruel but kind and helpful. Of course, man is one of the chief members of nature, but I mean to speak of the lower types of nature in relation to man and to each other.

It is true that the birds seem to be the greatest friend of man. They are pleasing both to the ear and the eye. However, the flowers seem to speak to us with invisible tongues and a language readily interpreted by the least appreciative person.

It is quite certain that the plants were created for the herbivorous animals and it is also true that the animals to a vast extent were created for carnivorous animals. This is true of the insect and lower life.

Except where man offers protection, this means survival of the fittest. Of course there are various means by which plants or animals are banished from a locality. The clearing of the forests means the destruction of the home of some of our admirable flowers. Often weeds will crowd out useful plants.

Friend, there are a few things in particular to which I wish to call your attention. I am sure that you are not tired yet and that you will be willing to take a little walk with me to a few points of interest. Be careful to take with you a pair of seeing eyes and hearing ears. We shall walk half way across the lawn and sit down underneath the shade tree. Ah, there is a robin just alighted on the grass. What does he want? Ha! ha! he found a ground worm (angleworm) part way out of the ground. Look! he firmly catches it and tugs and pulls till he has it pulled out. Away to the nest he goes to feed it to the young birds. Now he is back on the grass again. Well, how funny he acts. He runs a short distance and stops suddenly to listen. He picks up something and then runs again, stops and catches something. Yes, he has keen ears and hears the bug or fly which he catches.

The insects are food for some of the birds. The little insect bird is hoping about among the vegetation nabbing the insects as they appear. Indeed, trees would not thrive and many of them would be destroyed, were it not for the insect birds. Here you see in this back yard the little bird picking in the bushes and trees.

We shall now walk to the apple orchard to see what of interest we may find there. There he is. It is a sapsucker. Why is he boring a hole in that tree and injuring it? Ah, my friend, he is only protecting the tree. Now he moves and listens. He hears a worm underneath the bark and then pecks a hole and gets the worm which is injurious to the tree.

Over there is a cornfield where the corn is beginning to make itself visible. We might find something of interest there. Surely that corn looks promising. Perhaps you would like to sit on the fence and rest a while. I don't believe that the worms did much damage to this corn, it looks so regular. Halloo! that is a quail (partridge) we hear, which is saying, "Bob White." Ah, there are several of them. Look! they are getting worms and protect the farmer and his corn. The quail is very fond of worms and makes vast researches for them.

May we not draw the conclusion that the wise Creator created everything for a purpose? All these things die and decay and through a chemical change become food and nourishment for plant life. This is the round of life.

I am glad that you enjoyed your walk and I shall be glad to have you go with me later. Good bye!

Roaring Spring, Pa.

HAWKS AND CROWS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

ONLY two kinds of hawks are destructive to poultry. The others are a great benefit to farmers, as they prey on mice and other small creatures that destroy crops and gnaw trees.

Netije Blanchon says that even the despised crow has as much right to a share of the corn as the horse that plows the ground. You wonder why, for you have always regarded them as great depredators, but really they save a good deal of corn for the farmer by eating a great number of insects, grasshoppers, cut worms, caterpillars, army worms, June bugs, etc.

Chinook, Mont.

BLACK AND WHITE CREEPING WARBLER.

IN the latter part of April and the whole of May, and again in September and October, even the casual observer of birds notices a little black and white striped fellow creeping nimbly up the trunks and along the branches of the trees. The beginner takes courage, for here is a bird about which there can be no mistake. He enters him in his bird record as "the black and white striped creeping warbler" with all the assurance of an expert and devoutly wishes that all his entries might be as indisputable. One wonders how this bird can travel all day and day after day over the trunks of trees that we cannot touch without smutty fingers and yet remains so immaculate. He never looks soiled or untidy; on the contrary, his gown always looks as though it were just back from the laundry.

The nuthatches hunt over the tree trunks and greet you with a cheerful and frequent "ank, ank" as they go; the downy woodpecker occasionally utters his rollicking snicker; even the sedate brown creeper deigns to lisp his faint little peep as he wings from one tree to the next, but the black and white creeper on his migration, works and flits with no greeting to bird or man save a "zee, zee, zee" so rare as to be scarcely known. When the mating time comes this thin, wiry note is repeated six or eight times and constitutes the warbler's song.

In the economy of nature the warblers seem to have been assigned to the care of the small parts of the trees. No part is too small for them to examine with care. In the spring they give painstaking attention to the swelling buds and the open flowers; in the summer and fall they spy out the plant lice on the under surfaces of the leaves and pick them off with untiring zeal.

But while the warblers as a whole are devoting themselves to twig and bud and leaf, our black and white creeper, by his actions, seems to say, that to be worthy guardians of the trees, some of the family must look after the bark of trunk and limb; so he has assumed this unwarbler-like method of finding his food. He seems to have taken lessons from the nuthatches rather than the brown creeper, for, like them he does not confine himself to the trunk and large rough branches. Over all he goes, peering into the crevices, finding the small moths and caterpillars that have hidden there, but giving special attention to the eggs that many an insect has hidden in their depths.—*By the Wayside.*

A TOUCH OF GREEN.

A touch o' green in the city street,
A touch o' green where the fences meet;
A touch o' green by the wayside there
In city alley or thoroughfare;
A touch o' green—it will help so much,
That yard o' bloom, with its country touch!

A touch o' green and the roaring street
Fades off in a garden cool and sweet,
Where the blossoms bend and the bright day beams
Till the touch o' green brings a touch o' dreams;
A touch o' green—it will go so far
Where the dead brick walls and the fences are!

A touch o' green, and the heart will know
The childhood spell of the long ago,
Brought through the dust of the steam-baked town
Like visions of fairyland drifting down;
A touch o' green—it will make you leap
Like a sudden call in a dreamless sleep!

A touch o' green in the old backyard,
And life grows easy that seemed so hard;
And other eyes than your own are there
Its bloom and beauty and joy to share;
A touch o' green—it will pay so much,
That yard o' bloom, with its country touch!

—Baltimore Sun.

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

SOME time ago the New York Assembly passed a bill prohibiting the sale or use of heron feathers for hat trimming. The bill was violently opposed and, we understand, defeated in the Senate by New York milliners and feather dealers, through political pressure brought to bear. The saddest feature of the agitation is the revelation it makes of feminine hard-heartedness, not to call it brutality.

The subject has been so long and so widely discussed that no woman can plead ignorance, and each must know that her prized aigrette, or Bird of Paradise plume, means the slaughter of breeding birds and the consequent death by starvation of the nestlings. Yet mothers who profess devotion to their own children will buy these feathers. The men who slaughter the birds and sell the feathers should be severely

punished, but the whole thing would be stopped, and legislation made unnecessary, if women would put common humanity above vanity.

Protection of our insect-eating birds, whose destruction causes considerable crop loss to the country every year, will be made a campaign issue throughout the nation. Backed by the granges, orchardists, ranchmen, and planters in every section of the land, the National Association of Audubon societies is preparing to obtain from representatives of every State in the Union definite declarations as to their stand on the conservation of the bird resources of our country. Broadway milliners and feather dealers succeeded in defeating a bill for the protection of insect-eating birds, behind which agricultural interests worth more than half a billion dollars were solidly arrayed.

In spite of the united efforts of 83,000 farmers and Audubon workers, political influence legalized in New York for another year traffic in property that belongs to the State; but we believe that all patriotic Americans who would preserve their country's agricultural wealth will join in demanding from their representatives a pledge to prevent milliners from further profiting by the killing of insect-eating, non-game birds.—*Farm Journal.*

REAL TEST OF CHARACTER.

You cannot read a man so well during his busy hours as by what he does after supper, or from the closing hour of business to bedtime. You cannot gauge his character so well by the money he spends for necessaries of the living of his family, as by that little overplus of money which is left after the necessary expenses are paid. What does he do with his spare money, that margin left over from business and from living expenses? What he does with that margin will throw a wonderful light upon his character.

The largest part of every active life must be devoted to getting a living, attending to one's affairs, and this is done by most people in a routine sort of way. You cannot tell much about the real man during these hours, because he has a system, his regular daily routine, and he does very much the same thing every day. But the moment he is free, he is quite a different man. Then his real propensities come out. People are not natural until they are free from restraint.

Watch the boy and the girl when they are free from their regular duties, and see how they spend their evenings, what society they keep, what companionships they form, what they do. This will be a pretty good test of their character.—*Success.*

READ THIS TO THE BOYS.

Young man, I notice that you are not in school any more. What's the matter? Think you have received enough education to carry you through the world? Or do you stay out just because you do not like to go? Didn't like the teacher, eh! Well, let me tell you that you will find the meanest teacher on earth now a dream of love beside some of the bosses you will work under in the cold and unfeeling years you will plow into when you have to get out and hustle for yourself.

Education is the most valuable thing in the world to a man, but to a boy it comes the cheapest. It costs you nothing now to get that for which many a man in town would give all he has to possess. You have the winning number in the lottery of education if you play it now. Loaf around a few years and you will always be on a blank. It is true that any man can make a living, but you will notice that the fellows who do it with their brains have an easier time of it than those who are compelled to do it with their muscles. At the present stage of the game the choice jobs are not held by physical strength. Education will not crawl into your head while you are asleep. The thing for you to do is to hike off to school tomorrow morning and stay there. Your holidays will come later when you need them.—*Rocky Mountain Educator.*

Between Whiles

A little girl who is very fond of milk visited with her mother in the country where she saw the farmer milk. At the table her mother urged her to drink milk while she had it plenty, but the little girl's appetite for milk was absent. The more the mother urged the less she drank. When they went home they scarcely got into the house when Rhoda called for a drink of milk. The mother was vexed and took her to task. She replied: "Well, mamma, I don't like milk that comes from cows."

A juvenile writer in describing his favorite author, chose "Longfellow" for his theme. The closing words were, "He wanted to be a poem."

"Has anyone a selection for this morning's exercises?" asked the teacher of a day-school as she opened a song book.

A bright eyed boy of seven summers timidly raised his hand. "Please, teacher, Let's sing 'Bringing In the Cheese.'"

Small Willie: "My pa's awful smart." Little Elsie: "What does he do?" Small Willie: "He's a mechanic and makes locomotives." Little Elsie: "That's nothing. My pa's a commuter and makes two trains every day."

Foolish Tears.—There is no use crying over spilled milk. The probabilities are that it did not contain a proper percentage of butterfat, anyhow.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?"

"Merely telegraph them: 'Examinations over. Nothing new!'"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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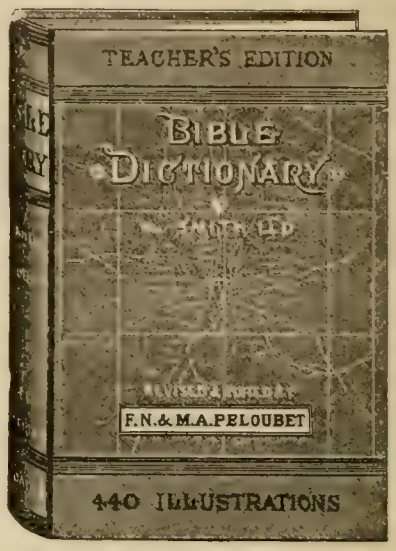
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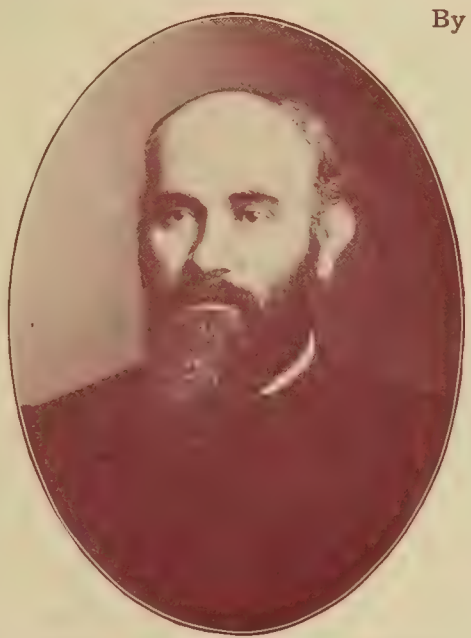
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"In money value alfalfa is considered worth 45 per cent more than clover and 60 per cent more than timothy."

"Alfalfa is absolutely sure to make farming a success. It fertilizes the soil, as does clover in the East. On it we graze our horses and colts; it fattens the horses and makes the colts grow. On it, while growing or in stack, the hogs feed. On it hundreds of thousands of sheep are fed. On it milch cows are fed, increasing the quantity and richness of their milk. It is



the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

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"One hundred and sixty acres of irrigated alfalfa will maintain 1,600 sheep one year or 160 steers, and prepare them for market."

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  Can say thou hast not done aright,
Thy soul in righteousness will then
  Be guided by the Father's light.
True justice is the only rule
  Which does not carry any sting,
To meet the soul in future years,
  And with it, deep repentance bring.



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 6, 1910 Price $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 36

Homeseekers' Excursions

VIA

Union Pacific

HOMESEEKERS' FARES

Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the **First and Third Tuesday** of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

TO ☟ FROM ☞	Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Omaha and St. Joseph	Chicago	St. Louis	Peoria	St. Paul and Minneapolis	Des Moines	Sioux City	Milwaukee
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Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
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Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

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FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
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St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
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Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

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The following table will show how it ranks as an agricultural State:

IDAHO IS FIRST

Average Yield Per acre for the Years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, According to the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
St. Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. September 6, 1910. No. 36.

Blocks of Stone

E. E. Eshelman

LIFE is a vast gallery in which are seen the carven images of past generations. Glancing down its dim vistas, we see some that rise on high upon their fellows, some that rise midway, and some lying in ruins at the feet of the great. Those that are highest are of perfect workmanship, carved and hewn into most beautiful forms. In their features can be seen expressions of nobleness. But those that lie about the feet of the high are rude, misshapen, illy carved and sometimes shattered and almost broken in twain. Turning we look into the shadowy galleries of the future. All along we see rough unbroken blocks of stone waiting the touch of the sculptor's hand. Within these blocks lie dormant angels and demons, either waiting to be called forth as the sculptor directs.

These blocks of stone are characters. Those of the past are finished and complete; those of the future, untouched by the sculptor's hand; those of the present, assuming, under the steady application of the artist's touch, forms of beauty or of homeliness.

Each one is given tools with which to carve, and carve we must.

> "Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
> With our souls uncarved before us."

Our carving begins with life. In our early days carving is largely directed by others; our thoughts moulded by other thoughts. But as we grow older this in a measure ceases and we later take up our mallet and chisel and begin to carve out our ideas. When we begin carving, the soul is as a writer has said, "Like a piece of uncut Parian marble ready to be cut into—what? Its possibilities are limitless. You are the sculptor. An unseen hand places in yours the mallet and chisel and a voice whispers, 'The marble waiteth, what will you do with it?' In this same block lie sleeping angel and demon. Which will you call to life? Blows of some sort you must strike. The marble cannot be left untouched. From its crude form some shape must be evolved. Shall it be one of beauty or deformity; a seraph or a devil? Will you shape it into a statue of beauty which will enchant the world, or will you call a hideous image which will demoralize every beholder?"

In an age of hurry and bustle like ours, we forget our better selves, our lofty aims, our high ideal. Wealth, honor, and power are on all sides beckoning the youth with eager hands. But at what cost? That we can realize only when we see the money-slave daily scourged to the market, the ambitious, forgetting country, home, friends, self, God, in the mad rush for supremacy. In such a sphere how can character be moulded with perfect symmetry? Only by keeping in touch with the divine life.

Today society is beset with a host of pressing problems which men are trying to solve. These difficulties arise not from society but from the individual. So long as man will sacrifice self for the attainment of his own desires; so long as he will force men to toil for a mere existence in order to satisfy his insatiable desires for wealth; so long as nations war for supremacy; so long as selfishness is the keynote of action;—that long will society be burdened with wrongs. Reform can be accomplished only as man's nature is elevated. In the victory of love over selfishness is the victory of society over the evils that beset it. In the victory of love over selfishness is the glory of character.

Are you desirous of honor, of a grand career in life? Get then manhood, for "Manhood overtops all titles; character is greater than any career: It must stand back of everything,—the sermons, the poems, the pictures, the play. Each are worthless without it."

Do you want to influence those with whom you associate? Seek then to possess a grand character. For "Character is power,—is influence." Do you wish to possess great wealth? Seek then that perpetual wealth, character, which by the side of him who possesses it, the millionaire who has it not

seems a pauper. It is a precious thing, above rubies, gold, crowns, kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest labor on earth. Listen to the words of one who has studied life, one who has felt the beauty in all about him: "Life is not mean, it is grand; if it is mean to any he makes it so. God made it glorious. It is paved with diamonds; its banks he fringed with flowers. He overarched it with stars; around it he spread the glory of the physical universe,—sun, moon, worlds, constellations, systems,—all that is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude and grand in order and obedience. God would not have attended life with this broad march of grandeur if it did not mean something."

Then what will we carve out of the blocks given us? Profit by the experiences of those who have carved their forms already and those who are now carving. Look at that easy-going pleasure-loving youth as he takes up his chisel and mallet and strikes with thoughtless and careless blows. As years go by his hands become less steady and with blurred vision and shattered nerves, he still carves, cutting a crooked line here, a deep gash there until the marble has lost all traces of its original beauty and has become a figure hideous to look upon, from which all turn away with a shudder.

Not far off is another youth with a block of similar outline and with the same kind of tools as the one just named. With face glowing with enthusiasm he begins to work out his ideal. Years go by and the patient sculptor is still at work. Time has given greater precision to his touch, until when he has finished his work, he has a form so beautiful, so imposing in the majesty of its purity and strength that the beholder involuntarily bows before it.

The marble waiteth. What will you do with it? Will you carve

"Angel or demon? Choose and do not err!
Fortune follows as you shape the mould
And finish in marble, stern and cold,
That statue of the soul, the character.
By wordless blessings, or by silent curse,
By act and motive,—so do you define
The image which time copies, line by line.
For the great gallery of the Universe."

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

THE MISTLETOE.

JOHN WOODARD.

EVERYBODY has heard of the mistletoe. It is so much used for Christmas decorations that one can hardly find a Christmas story that doesn't mention it. But everybody does not know that the mistletoe is a parasite. This will shock some people, for no one likes a parasite. It is a pity that such a beautiful plant should be a parasite, but it is and we cannot help it.

The dodder is a parasite. This pernicious weed sends out a slender, leafless stem. If this stem finds no support it dies, but, if it touches another plant, it twines itself about the plant. Then it sends out suckers from the stem which penetrate the tissues of the other plant. It is through these suckers that it gets its food instead of from the ground as other plants do. In this way it lives off the other plant and gives nothing in return.

The mistletoe secures its food in the same way but it becomes attached to the other plant in a little different way. Birds carry the seeds and drop them where they lodge in trees. The seeds sprout and send out branches, but, instead of roots, it sends out suckers which penetrate the trunk or limbs of the tree and draw food from the tree.

The mistletoe is a vigorous-growing plant and this often leads to its death. It often draws food from the tree upon which it lives as fast as the tree can supply it. It takes so much that the tree has nothing left for its own growth, so the tree or limbs on which the mistletoe is dies. This cuts off the supply of food and so the mistletoe must die also. I have often seen healthy-looking mistletoe growing on a limb which was sickly. I have seen others where the limb was almost dead and the mistletoe was getting yellow. Again I have seen dead limbs with a bunch of dead mistletoe at the end. I remember quite well a large bunch of mistletoe growing in the top of a maple tree. It was probably eight or ten feet in diameter and the dark green of its foliage made a striking contrast with the lighter green of the maple. When I first saw it the part of the maple above the mistletoe was dying. When I last saw it all the maple above it was dead and the mistletoe was getting yellow. That was eleven years ago and the mistletoe is likely dead by this time.

There is an organization in most nations that is a great deal like the mistletoe. It includes the army and navy, and we shall call it the military force.

Like the mistletoe and the dodder the military force is a parasite. The soldiers in our armies and the sailors in our navy must live. They are consumers but are not producers. They raise no crops, they manufacture no goods, and they do not transport goods from one place to another, but they have to be fed just the same. The nation supports them in idleness for fear a war will catch it unprepared.

The military force like the mistletoe is beautiful to look at. Soldiers make a bold display when on dress parade and "dreadnoughts" and "superdreadnoughts" appeal to our pride but they do not add to the wealth of the country.

The mistletoe kills itself by killing the tree upon which it lives and the military force will kill the na-

tion that supports it. Germany is struggling under the load of its military force. England is in the same condition. They are hardly able to bear the load of war preparations. The United States is not in quite such a bad condition, but bad enough. Our military expenses come from indirect taxes, so many people do not realize that it hits them. If the tax was direct it would be better, for the rich would have to pay more. But a large part of the revenue comes from the tariff, and the tariff is on goods which we all consume. About one-fourth of the goods on which there is a tariff is imported, the rest is produced in this country. The importer pays the tariff and adds it to the selling price so the consumer has to pay the tariff after all. But goods produced in this country sell as high as the imported. We have to pay the tariff on them, but this tariff goes to the manufacturers and not to the government. In short, we have to pay for the army and navy and all other expenses of the government, besides paying three times as much to the manufacturers. We can save this latter expense by abolishing the tariff. That would be a good thing, but we would have to pay the military expenses in some other way. The relief would only be temporary. It would only give the nation a little longer "lease of life." England is a free trade country and her war burden has almost reached the limit of endurance. At the rate we are increasing our war expenses we will soon reach England's condition even under free trade.

The only way to do is to get rid of the parasite. The tree cannot get rid of the mistletoe. If it could it would. We can get rid of the military force if the people will only take a sensible view of the question. But the trouble is the people haven't got rid of the idea that we are living in mediæval times and too many like the glitter of the military.

Now is the time to act. Now is the time to teach the people that war is unnecessary. Everybody is talking about the "high cost of living." It is a good time to show them that the trouble is there are too many consumers in proportion to the producers. Suppose all the soldiers and sailors were taken from their idle life and placed in productive industry. Suppose the men engaged in building war ships and armament and fortifications should turn their labor into productive industry and the money now used for war preparation should be used in peaceful industry. Do you think that would affect the "high cost of living"? Most assuredly it would.

But some one is afraid another nation will conquer and enslave us. That is a great "bogie" in the lives of many grown-up children. Even if there was some danger, would we be justified in bankrupting the nation in an attempt to prevent it? But the danger is very distant. The most peaceful period of our history was when we made the least preparation for war. Every war the Americans have fought was unnecessary. The Spanish-American war was precipitated by the destruction of the Maine and it is quite probable that the Spaniards had nothing to do with it. The Civil War was the result of misunderstanding. Both the North and the South were to blame. If men on both sides had not been too hot-headed to reason, the war would have been averted and slavery would have ceased in due time anyway. It was a relic of the past and would soon have come to an end because it was getting unprofitable. Then the race troubles which have followed would never have appeared. Even the Revolution might have been averted if the Americans had not been so individualistic. If they had been willing to meet the English half way the trouble could have been settled.

Despotism is the government of war. It is founded on a large military force. Militarism tends toward a despotic government. Democracy is the government of peace. Let us retain Democracy and prevent Despotism by getting rid of the military force.

Columbia, Mo.

BACK TO SCHOOL.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

It will be only a few weeks until thousands of children will rejoice because they again have entered upon their school work. I say they will rejoice because a few weeks before school opens they are anxiously waiting for the time to come when they can start. Perhaps, a great deal of the conversation is concerning school affairs. Indeed, everything is in readiness before the first day. The previous night is a strenuous one for the children can scarcely sleep. They are awake early in the morning and ready for breakfast unusually early. They are at a high tension and somewhat restless. Seven o'clock arrives and the children are ready to go, but it is too early. Finally it is eight o'clock and they can now go. Soon there is a host of children on the playground and part of the desire is satisfied.

All are anxious to greet the old teacher or to see the new one. Many of the scholars form an opinion of the teacher the first day. Some who are not so wise in their actions begin at once to test the teacher. Unless the teacher is very firm the scholars will be managing the school in a very short time and I must say that this is a compound of confusion. Scholars expect to be governed and usually are disappointed if they are not. The teacher who is too lax in discipline is the one who worries and loses his appetite. I do not grant that teachers should be rough and mean but I do mean that they should be kind but very firm.

Teaching, as I understand it, is the proper disciplining of the mind of the pupil. Therefore, in a disorder-

ly school there is an evidence of poor teaching. In fact, the teacher fails largely because he did not begin with well-defined plans which were properly carried out.

The scholars with their immatured minds do not realize that they are losers in the end. Hence they delight in confusion.

Another teacher begins well. He is in the schoolhouse early and has everything ready to begin. Every boy goes quietly to his seat and the girls do likewise. The teacher at once commands their respect. He opens the school and begins his work with a workable system. The scholars go home in the evening and praise the new teacher. The parents then, too, admire the new teacher.

Later I shall develop other phases of the public schools.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

"Mark Twain"

Dallas B. Kirk

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS was born in the village of Florida, Missouri, in 1835. When he was only a few years old his father failed in business, and died, leaving his son only the wide world in which to seek his fortune. Young Samuel early in life had dreams of becoming a filibuster in Central America; however, he became a river pilot instead of a sea pirate. From the village school he went to work in the village printing office. He worked as a compositor in Philadelphia and in New York. While he did not get a college education, he graduated in the school of experience.

He went to New Orleans where he became an apprentice pilot on a steamboat on the Mississippi River in 1851, but the career of this bold navigator was cut short when the American Civil War started.

But Mr. Clemens liked to write better than to work on the river. In writing he used the nom de plume "Mark Twain." The meaning of this assumed name is, "Mark two fathoms," which was a term often heard on the Mississippi River.

Captain J. D. Simms said, "A good pilot was spoiled when Mr. Clemens turned newspaper man and writer."

When his brother was appointed lieutenant-governor of Nevada Territory, he made Samuel his private secretary. Serving here a while, he left this post of duty, and went into the silver mines. He also worked a while in the Calaveras gold mines.

In 1862 he became editor of a local newspaper in Virginia City, Nevada. Then going to San Francisco he reported for two years on various newspapers.

After the Civil War he visited southern California and the Sandwich Islands, as a newspaper correspondent. His reputation as a writer was now well established, and entering the lecture field he came to the Eastern States.

For a time he was regularly employed on the San Francisco press. Later he edited a paper in Buffalo, N. Y., and finally he married and settled in Hartford, Conn.

His most important works are: "The Jumping Frog," which appeared in the spring of 1867. This celebrated article sold well in America and very well in England. This same year he joined the Quaker City European and Holy Land Pleasure Excursion, being gone six months. On his return he published "The Innocents Abroad or the New Pilgrim's Progress." This book set all America in a roar. "Roughing It" is a picture of life on the plains which came out in 1872. The following year "Tom Sawyer" was published; it is supposed to be largely autobiographical. There also appeared this same year, "The Gilded Age," whose authors were Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain. This was a burlesque on the speculation and extravagance of Americans in general. "The Prince and the Pauper" was printed in 1878. It shows a glimpse of life in England in the time of Edward VI. in the seventeenth century. "Life on the Mississippi" (1874) is an account of his early experience on the "Father of Waters." "A Tramp Abroad" shows in the humorous vein his European tours; it appeared in 1880. "Huckleberry Finn" was published in 1885. His story of the "Maid of Orleans" is sympathetically told. He also wrote "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

Mark Twain wrote an autobiography which he expected to live for many centuries. He claimed it would be a model for future generations, since he had not followed the usual beaten track.

Such characters as Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Nigger Jim and Aunt Sally are not easily forgotten. It would be hard to find an author who for clean and pure humor could surpass Mark Twain. He is indeed well known as a typical American humorist—one of a new style.

In American literature he belongs to a period which could be called "The Later Activity," and ranks with such writers as Joaquin Miller, James Lane Allen, Edward Eggleston, Joel C. Harris, William D. Howells, Lew Wallace, Bret Harte, Frank Stockton, and many others.

That American humorist, W. L. Alden said: "To my mind, the most striking quality in the writings of Mark Twain is his marvelous skill in the creation of character. He could give us a man, woman or boy, sharply individualized, and photographically true to life, in a few lines."

Mark Twain entered into the book-publishing business, and for a while was successful, but later he went very deep in debt. Following the example set by Sir Walter Scott, he used his pen still more vigorously in spite of his advancing years. Not to be discouraged by thus losing his fortune, he made a tour of the world in 1896-97, giving lectures and readings. In this tour he also visited Australia and India. The result of this gigantic effort was that he satisfied in full the claims of his creditors, Feb. 7, 1898.



Mark Twain. From a Photograph Taken a Year Before His Death.

He had made much money with his pen; probably more than the earnings of any other writer of America, if not in the world. And when he died April 21, 1910, he was worth close to a million dollars.

Aside from Mark Twain's humorous works, he sometime dwelt upon the pathetic side of life, often causing the unbidden tear. He stood firm against all forms of corruption, hypocrisy and sham. It was Mark Twain's warning note which caused the entire civilized world to demand the bettering of the conditions for the natives of the Kongo, Africa.

Rockton, Pa.

GOOD JUDGMENT. No. 1.

S. Z. SHARP.

JUDGMENT is that power of the mind by which facts are weighed, comparisons and deductions made, and conclusions reached. Some have naturally better judgment than others, but like every other faculty of the mind, it can be cultivated. An excellent means of cultivating this faculty is the study of Latin. One Latin word may have from five to ten English equivalents and the student must use his judgment in selecting the best and thus he is trained to make nice discriminations. In agricultural colleges the students study the many qualities of a good cow, a horse or a pig and exercise their judgment and improve it. The more complete the number of facts brought before the mind, the better able one will be to judge correctly. The reason why some judges sometimes make mistakes on the bench, is because the facts on one side are not all brought out and that side loses in the case.

It is of the utmost importance that young people train their minds to notice facts and take in the situation quickly. It may save many a life. A case in point is that of a pioneer, in Continental days, by the name of Smith. Mr. Smith was often in danger of being captured by hostile Indians, but his quick judgment and unerring rifle always saved his life while many an Indian bit the dust. One time while Mr. Smith was out in the woods splitting rails an Indian chief and three braves stealthily crept up to Smith who was not aware of their presence until they stood before him and the chief said, "We got you, Smit, we got you, Smit." Any one who did not have his mind so well trained to take in facts quickly and reach a conclusion would have given up everything as lost. Not so Mr. Smith. Quick as lightning, he took in the whole situation and formulated his plan to escape, so he coolly replied: "All right, if you will help me to split this log I will go with you, but if you won't help me you will have to carry me." They asked how they could help. He told two to go to one side of the log and two on the other and pull while he was driving in the wedge. They inserted their fingers

into the crack and began to pull. He kept on striking the wedge, and the crack opened wider, when he called out to "pull harder," they inserted their hands and began to pull with all their might, when with one blow on the side of the wedge he knocked it out, the two sides of the log snapped together and the hands of all the Indians were held as in a vise and the captors were in the hands of the captive.

Concerning the Ideal

Richard Braunstein

THE effort to adjust men's actions and imaginings to a wholly material plane thrives spasmodically, then rouses a reaction. Men in whom the sense of beauty is dormant, or non-existent, regard the opposition to a commercialized Niagara and the stripping of timber from the White Mountains with a puzzlement as genuine as it is pathetic. There is so much palpable gain going to waste when the water is allowed to flow and the trees to grow; therefore, what objection can be valid that allows the waste to go on? Grandeur, splendor, color, power, charm, loveliness, mystery—what are these things, and what rating have they in the markets?

That one can pay too much for light, heat and propulsion is unbelievable to the men who trade in these commodities, and who find in Niagara a superb opportunity, because it costs them nothing, except public regard, which is another property as indeterminable in its value as are sublimity and beauty.

If we seek another token that materialism is unremitting in its effort to supplant the ideal, we have only to survey the dramatic stage, with its multitude of singers and dancers, its paucity of plays and actors, to discover the intellectual atrophy in such of comedies and melodramas as find representation; or to scan the libraries, and find what pabulum is sought there. Still the continuance of the theatre and the library is a continuance of the ideal, just as the green and purple pictures of our Sunday papers instance the survival of an instinct for art, and the ragtime ballads in the streets are notice that the gift of song will not be wholly despised.

This hardening, this seeming loss of our emotions, has been wrought, in part, by science. It has changed our attitude toward the world of phenomena to one of question, rather than of confidence. We no longer view the spiritual world with wonder, because we have no expert permission to believe in a spiritual world. We no longer wonder at anything for that matter. We read no ghost stories; we see no plays that are excursions out of the domain of realities; we do not often go to church. Yet, when the world has broken its teeth against a quantity of irreducible facts, it may like some emotional pap again, for the acceptance of anything irreducible is token that we can grow no further in that direction.

The best proof that we have not resigned our illusions is our sanctifying of high principles, when we find them in embodiments. We preserve names that represent great truths, liberations and achievements, but simple truths withal, and so we honor Luther, Darwin, Lincoln. When we have bruised ourselves long enough against the actual, as these men had to do, we will seek new exits for our hopes in illusions that overtop those restraints. Men whose feet and souls are tied by material advantage lose a thousand gains of the spirit that were free for the poorest in the day of scholarship and imagination; for then life was seasoned with romance, poetry was alive, and the nymphs sang in the woods and the sea. When we have heeded the ideal, we discover in looking back on a completed life, that we have largely owed our happiness to illusions, and that our greatest comfort in the life that may be lived hereafter is in its realization of an ideal.

Nor is the ideal far above our heads, for it finds a crude, but strong, insistence among those who live close to the earth; not in the moneyed class, not among scientists and exact thinkers—naturally; for exact thinking is limited thinking—not among people who have leisure to pursue ideals, but among farmers, peasants, lumbermen, quarrymen, hunters and savages. The truest poetry because it is unconscious, is that of our Indians and the Japanese mountaineers. The most religious man is not the Pope, but the Italian laborer, marching in procession behind an image of the Virgin and praying her to stay the ravages of Vesuvius.

At Ravello, when the evening chimes of Sant' Antonio ring on Thursday, and the bells of Majori and Minori answer them lights begin to twinkle down the valley, for on that night Christ returns to the world he saved, and the peasants set their lamps and candles in the street, that he may not stumble as he passes. Has fact ever dwelt so sweetly with imagination as these ignorant people deal with it? Is the symbol of righteousness on earth, brief and personal, coming, as it is, so much of an offense to logic and learning that they cannot abide it? How precious this garden of the world if every fact could be made to yield a bloom of fancy.

Ideals are of the open. Joan of Arc, Peter the Hermit, Mahomet—idealists of this stamp, who give worth to their visions because they shape their actions on

them, and influence thousands by their promise, are not the products of the school, nor of society, but of rough hills and free skies. The great painters are country bred. Even that vulgar, if dazzling, ideal that we call money finds its ablest devotees, not among the cultivated class, but among coarse-grained, self-willed, not quite scrupulous men who have been at the anvil or swung a pick—the very men who are able to profit least from the riches that they gain.

The unconscious effort toward the ideal, in men whose materialism discloses the poverty of its substitutes, marks the rebound from prescribed conditions, and the insistence of self and racial-enlargement is a characteristic of humanity, as is the wearing of clothes, hairlessness, care for the aged, cooking, mechanisms, our construction for the future, or any other of those qualities wherein or whereby the wise explain how men differ from other animals. The ideal as it exists among those whose lives seem to doom them to hard realities, is a token of that admirable compensation that enables us to yield to fate, whatever form or urgency she takes toward us. It lights the stars for the blind, it fills the city streets with gentleness, it causes the snow to bloom as roses. It is the reach of a body for a soul. It is the reach of a soul for range, for power, for beauty. It is a lamp, set at the end of the vista of human experience, proclaiming, *There is God.*

SOME SCHOOLROOM ANECDOTES.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

This world is full of joy and sorrow, of happiness and grief, of sunshine and shadow. And the schoolroom certainly has its share of each. But it is best to admit the sunlight and banish the clouds, to absorb the sunbeams and shut out the rain.

Some of the incidents below related happened in my own school, and some were a part of the experience of fellow-teachers.

It was in the fourth grade language class. The boy was telling the story of Washington and the colt: "No one before could ever ride the colt. But Washington got the colt in a fence corner, put a bridle on him, and jumped on his back. The colt was so frightened that he stepped on a blood vessel, and it killed him."

The little boy in the bird-study class wrote: "The kingbird lays two broods a year."

Teacher:—"Give an illustration of address."

Pupil:—"The girl's dress was torn."

"Augustus Cæsar was a Roman emperor" was the copy for the writing period that day. One of the girls wrote it thus: "Augustus Censor was a Roman export."

Harry Houck, for many years deputy superintendent of public instruction for the State of Pennsylvania, and the most popular and best beloved man in that great commonwealth, has a fund of stories with which he enlivens every institute and rests and refreshes the teachers. This one has in it a fine bit of humor. "A teacher had been worried all the long day by a mischievous boy and his many and versatile pranks. At length, goaded beyond endurance and catching the urchin at a more than usually provoking trick, the teacher exclaimed, 'There it is again, Martie, you are not fit to sit with decent folks; come up here and take this seat by your teacher' 'Twas a minute or two before it dawned on the teacher why the pupils were so amused."

And another one of Mr. Houck's stories of a somewhat similar nature is this: "An idle boy in school had discovered a weary mate overcome by the soporific influences of a warm afternoon, and with a feather was making life a burden to the sleeper, much to the amusement of a goodly number of pupils whose attention was attracted, not forced, by this past-master in the art of securing a much desired power. The teacher, placing her finger on that part of the geography lesson which was just then being droned out by the class, looked up to ascertain the cause of the ill-suppressed merriment, and at once grasping the situation said solemnly: 'The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Craig, come up here and work these problems that I give you.'"

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship; the upward strokes heavy, and the downward ones light."

A little boy with an inquiring mind asked: "Teacher, what makes you wear looking-glasses on your face?"

Mr. Goldstein:—Ikey, let me see vot you bin learnin' in school. How much is two and two?

Ikey (deliberating):—Two and two is seven, fodder.

Mr. G.—Dot's wrong, Ikey; two and two is four.

Ikey (smiling knowingly):—I knew it all the time, fodder, but I thought you was goin' to Jew me down.

A girl's composition on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself: 'Well, I guess I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been born more women than men since. Boys are a trouble. They are wearing on everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be little girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

The little folks in the kindergarten were playing an animal game. Each child was representing a little bird

just flying from the nest of recently hatched eggs. One little fellow failed to go, and on being asked why he did not fly with the other little birdies, replied: "Oh, I'm a bad egg, and didn't hatch."

"Use the words defeat and debasement in a sentence so as to show their meaning," said the teacher. The little Hollander replied: "He fell into debasement and wet defeat."

"A skeleton," said a little tot in school, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his insides out and his outsides off."

Teacher—"Name five animals of the frigid zone."

Pupil—"Four polar bears and one seal."

A primary boy came up to the door the first week of school. "Open the door, teacher, open the door." "Why don't *you* open it?" "I can't,—I got my hands in my p-o-c-k-e-t-s."

A kindergarten opens each session by singing a hymn. Each child is given his turn to choose the hymn. One little fellow, on being asked what he wished sung, replied: "While shepherds wash their socks by night."

The boy in question invariably confused "breastworks" with "breakfast." In relating some of Washington's maneuvers in the French and Indian War, he said that after the English had been driven from Fort Duquesne, they encountered a detachment of French soldiers and won the victory. Washington at once threw up his breakfast, and called it Fort Necessity.

A teacher who was trying to instruct her class about the mysteries of addition and subtraction, explained that one cannot subtract or add unless the numbers are of the same denomination, when a little girl said: "Teacher, can't you take six peaches from four trees?"

"Henry," said the new teacher to the boy who persisted in calling him "ma'am," "when speaking to a lady, always say 'yes, ma'am'; but when answering a man, you should say 'yes *sir*.' Will you remember that?" "Yes, ma'am!"

Henry Houck tells the following story: The school was jogging on its usual way, serenely, placidly, and freely. Mary, the biggest girl in school, sat as usual chewing gum, her body sprawled out on the seat, her feet protruding into the aisle. Company came. As the teacher was ushering her distinguished visitors to a seat, she caught sight of Mary. The uncouthness shocked her now, and she hastily said in a low but very emphatic voice: "Mary, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in." Entertainment had already begun for the visitors.

"Johnny," said his father, who is the laziest boy in school?"

"I dunno."

"Why, surely you do. Who is it that, when the rest are studying, sits and gazes idly about the room?"

"The teacher."

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor what the man bought was soon drank."

Bright pupil—The man who bought the liquor was soon drunk.

From a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's the mas that make you mind."

Teacher—What's a fort, Tommy?

Tommy—A place for soldiers.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, can you tell me what a fortress is?

Johnny—A place for soldiers' wives.

A big girl, who had just returned from gathering flowers in the grove, gave one of the little boys a piece of stick candy. He took a couple of bites, and then looked at her enquiringly. "Do them things grow over there where you was?"

GOOD THOUGHTS.

SELECTED BY HATTIE DELL.

"As a man thinketh so is he."

A GREAT thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked. Then he who is the first to utter it, and then in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.—*Bovee.*

"The pleasantest things in the world are pleasantest thoughts, and the greatest aim in life is to have as many of them as possible."

"They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Guard well our thoughts. Our thoughts are heard in heaven.—*Young.*

"What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God."

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner."

"It is not how much we have but how much we enjoy that makes happiness."

"It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us."

"Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others."

"Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace, when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles."

"A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles."

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. —*Wordsworth.*

"To live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills it, to go on cheerfully

with a petty round of little duties, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching—who does this, his works will follow him. He is one of God's heroes."

"Suppose that a man would advertise to take photographs of the heart, would he get many customers?"

"To Adam paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is paradise."

"Where home is ruled according to God's Word, angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element."

"Home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

"A good home implies good living, which is also a means and token of true culture, since without good living there can be no good thinking, and —I speak it reverently—no good praying; for mind and soul must have something to go upon."

"Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

"Humbleness is always grace; always dignity."

"They that know God will be humble. They that know themselves cannot be proud."

"The best and noblest lives are those which are set toward high ideals. And the highest and noblest ideal that any man can have is Jesus of Nazareth."

"We all have daydreams of what we wish to be, or have, or do; and the high imaginary standard, like the good resolutions we form, aids us, often, to a higher and better life."

"Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks invisibly, except to God alone."

"One may smile and smile and be a villain still."

"Saint abroad and devil at home."

"Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness."

"His heart was as great at the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

"He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass if he would reach heaven, for everyone has need to be forgiven."

"Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever."

"Man's happiness consisteth not in the richness of his land nor the fatness of his cattle, nor the length of his purse, but in the richness of his thoughts."

Sleep and Death

Two wandering angels, Sleep and Death,
Once met in sunny weather;
And while the twain were taking breath
They held discourse together.

Quoth Sleep, whose face, though twice as fair,
Was strangely like the other's—
So like, in sooth, that anywhere
They might have passed for brothers;

"A busy life is mine, I trow;
Would I were omnipresent!
So fast and far have I to go;
And yet my work is pleasant.

"I cast my potent poppies forth,
And, lo!—the cares that cumber
The toiling, suffering sons of earth
Are drowned in sweetest slumber.

"The student rests his weary brain,
And waits the fresher morrow;
I ease the patient of his pain,
The mourner of his sorrow.

"I bar the gates where cares abide,
And open Pleasure's portals
To visioned joys; thus, far and wide,
I earn the praise of mortals."

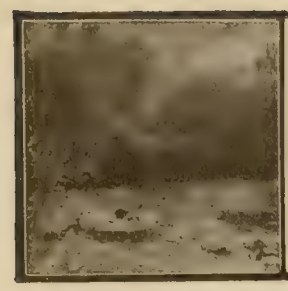
"Alas!" replied the other, "mine
Is not a task so grateful;
Howe'er to mercy I incline,
To mortals I am hateful.

"They call me 'kill-joy,' every one,
And speak in sharp detraction
Of all I do; yet have I done
Full many a kindly action."

"True!" answered Sleep, "but all the while
Thine office is berated,
'Tis only by the vile and weak
That thou art feared and hated.

"And though thy work on earth has given
To all a shade of sadness;
Consider—every saint in heaven
Remembers thee with gladness!"

—John Godfrey Saxe.



THE QUIET HOUR



The Right Proportions

PAUL MOHLER.

HAVE you ever thought how much the success of any combination depends upon its proportions? Just think what a wreck the finest cake would be if you put in two cups of baking-powder and two teaspoonfuls of flour. Just a matter of changing the proportions, but what a difference it makes in the cake! Or think what a time we would have if lions were as plentiful as rabbits and hens were as scarce as humming-birds. Every farmer wants the rain to fall, and the sun to shine, but he wants them in the right proportions. And by the way, do you know that regulating all those things is a very delicate task? I wouldn't have the responsibility of managing the weather on my shoulders for a good deal. And I should not be willing to see it turned over to any other man I know. I want God to manage those things as long as I have anything at stake.

Every boy should be allowed to play. He ought to be taught to play if he doesn't know how. Play is absolutely essential to his proper development, and so is work. There is no trouble about that; the problem is to find out just exactly how much of each he needs. And I suppose that all depends upon the boy; but it can't be left to the boy to decide, not to most boys, anyhow.

Did you ever try to make out a course of study, for yourself or for your school? Do you know how much time to spend on arithmetic, how much on history and geography? Do you know that many schools are failing today to do the work they ought to do because their work is not in right proportion? They have some eminent specialists in their faculties. Each of these specialists insists on having the school's curriculum strong in his own special line of work. If the school is fortunate enough to have a strong aggressive specialist in each department, its work may be well balanced. But the chances are that the school is strong on several lines of work and very weak on others. Students go out from such a school lopsided; is it any wonder that they fail in life?

What is the difference between a wise man and a fool? Merely a difference in proportions. The wise man has much wisdom, an important though small ingredient of which is humor. The fool has much folly which would never be really funny if it did not contain a little wisdom. It is all a matter of proportion.

Do you know what a genius is? Just a man out of proportion. It is a great thing to be a genius—if you have a good wife to take care of you; but any man that can do only one thing well, is a very helpless creature. The world may need a few great specialists, but what it needs the most is men of great adaptability, men that can master any situation, to whom can be committed any kind of task with full assurance that it will be done.

Do you know what poise means? It is the hardest thing in the world to find. Splendid men are ruined for life by overbearing tempers. Men of great ability are failures for lack of self-assertion. Some men cannot endure a little opposition, others cannot take an interest in anything in which there is no struggle. It is a great thing to have just enough of every moral quality to balance every other. And therein to a great extent lay the excellence of our Lord. His shrewdest enemies never caught him off his balance. The rudest opposition never shook his calm, strong, loving attitude; no smooth-tongued flattery ever bought release from his rebuke. In all things truly he was the perfect man.

We measure deeds and gifts not by their intrinsic value but in proportion to our obligation. A gift that is most generous when given to a stranger, looks almost paltry as a gift to Mother. Service that would be beyond reproach if rendered to a chance acquaintance would be the scantest courtesy to offer an invited guest. Letters that would seem too warm to send to any but old acquaintances, would strike a chill if sent to one with whom your life is closely tied.

Think and act, preach and practise in the right proportions. Don't be a simple theorist. The world is full of men that think enough, but looks in vain for men enough to put these thoughts in practice. Men serve their God in thought, perhaps confess in words, but fail to do the things he asks of them. Fine theories never by themselves can save a single soul; they must be crystallized in action. And on the other hand, there can be no true worship that does not contain the thought of God. Blind, senseless drudgery in grinding out empty ceremonies can never please a loving, heavenly Father. Not even can a life of hardest service to God's own needy children please him, if there

be no heart of love within and back of every action.

Be perfect; be in right proportions, growing thus by God's own Holy Spirit, looking unto him who is our perfect model. Unhindered normal growth as God would have us grow will make a perfect character. May God give grace to every one that looks to him for growth and excellence, who is our only hope of excellence.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

FINE PREACHING WITHOUT SPIRITUAL POWER.

THE men who are saving souls today are not they who tell men that the Bible is full of myth and allegory and incorrect statements; but they who have searched the Scriptures to learn what the Spirit of God has to say to men about their estate both here and hereafter. They are the men who have less to say about science, evolution and sociology, and more about man's sinful estate in the sight of God, his need of repentance, his need of grace and justification, and his hope of salvation in the blood of Christ that was shed on Calvary.

The chief difficulty with the Church today is that too many of its leaders and teachers know a great deal about everything else except the one thing needful—how may I be at peace with God? They can furnish you with an array of learning on almost any subject that touches the circumference of God's truth, but do not grasp the meaning of Paul's words: "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." They can preach many nice and new things about this life and this world; but have no uplifting message about the other world and eternal life. And yet these are the themes around which the Word of God revolves.

They dissect the Scriptures; the fathers searched them. They weigh the Scriptures in the balances of man's thinking; the fathers weighed them in the balances of God's thinking. Their range of knowledge about things in general is wider; but the knowledge of the fathers went deeper and touched the marrow of the Gospel so that it became the power of God unto salvation.

The truth is, there is an amount of loose thinking and teaching about the Bible today that is appalling.

There is one remedy against the doubt and uncertainty that is so common, and that is the prayer that the Gospel may become a living power within our souls. When we once grasp the truth, then there is no power on earth or in hell that can take it from us. We prove the truth of God's Word as we prove that water quenches thirst or food satisfies hunger. We do not analyze it; but we drink it and feed on it until it becomes a veritable manna from heaven, or a well of water within us bubbling up into everlasting life.

When the Bible becomes that to our souls, no power under the heavens will ever destroy it for us.—*Christian Advocate.*

HEART POWER.

To follow Jesus fully requires a whole-hearted conversion at the start. Half-way converts make half-way Christians. Some men's boughs hang over on the church side of the wall, but their *roots* are on the world's side. Such bear nothing but leaves. "Many lay false and bastard foundations," said quaint old Rutherford, "and they get Christ for as good as half nothing, and never had a sick night of sorrow for sin. *This maketh loose work.*" True enough; and, unless the conversion is radical and thorough, unless the submission of the soul to Christ is without compromise and conditions, there will be half-heartedness and halting to the last. Caleb, we are told, "had *another* spirit within him."

But there is prodigious power in singleness of love for Jesus—in the doing "just one thing," and that is to live solely for the Master. A man of very moderate talents and endowments becomes a leading mind as soon as Christ gets complete hold of him. I can point to more than one plain, modest, moderately educated Christian who has attained to a great *propelling* power in the church simply from the momentum of his godliness. He follows Jesus so heartily, so projectively, that he carries others along with him by his sheer momentum. And that is not brain-power, or purse-power mainly, but heart-power.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

OPPORTUNITIES.

THE issues of life concentrate themselves into a few special points of opportunity. The success and failures of life depend upon whether these opportunities are not like the great ships which sail from the chief ports of the world, which sail and come again and sail at stated intervals from the same ports. The great chances touch once at the pier of our lives, throw out the planks of opportunity over which our feet may pass, ring their signal bells in our ears, and then sail out of the harbor and away into the eternal sea and never come again. The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go and never come again. . . . If with illuminated sight we could look back over the lives of the people by whom we are surrounded, how many great and rich opportunities would we see that they have permitted to drift by them unimproved!—*J. T. McFarland.*

"A SENTENCE from Charles Kingsley," says a successful worker, "was posted for many years over my desk: 'Have thy tools ready, God will find thee work.'"

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Another week has gone into the unalterable past.

Have our words and deeds in this short period been such as we would willingly commit to records that cannot be effaced?

You say, "No use crying over spilled milk"? We are not so sure of that, the glib tongues of numberless apt quoters to the contrary.

The man who takes time to think over a mistake long enough to be truly sorry for it is on a fair road to improvement. Indeed, much of real advancement comes only in this way.

"Crying over spilled milk does no good," of course, if that particular amount of milk is the only thing to be taken into consideration. But it isn't, and that is why we object to the wholesale use of the saying.

Paul says to the Corinthians concerning a certain matter, "Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing."

"For behold this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal."

Let us, therefore, think about the record of the past week, irrevocable though it may be. People naturally and with reason judge our future by the past. And if to this they are able to add our present attitude toward that past, they may with greater certainty reckon our future course.

A song writer, recognizing the good that may come from a sober review of past deeds, puts the thought into these words, found in one of our song books:

"How have we lived, how have we prayed?
Toiling for Jesus, or thinking of self?
Oh, will the years of eternity tell
Of time well spent, work done wisely and well?"

IDEAL HOUSE-CLEANING.

It has come to be a general practice for cities large and small to have a house-cleaning day—a day when the greatest possible effort is made to have all rubbish carted away and all unsightly places and things improved or removed. The city beautiful is the slogan of the campaign against dirt, and old and young join in the endeavor to bring about its realization.

This is a good beginning along the right line and if it receives the proper encouragement is sure to result in permanent good. Neatness and cleanliness in a city will as truly exert their elevating influences over the inhabitants as they do over the dwellers of a household. Besides, there is the matter of health with which cleanliness has so much to do and which can not be left out of the account.

But the idea of a periodic house-cleaning, either in the city or the home, while it is to be encouraged as a commendable movement, should not be looked upon as the sum total of progress in that field. As a rule the majority of our cities have been so much occupied with growing that the matter of beauty and cleanliness has long been neglected. In this case it is perhaps the best policy to bring about a reform by the periodic house-cleaning way. The people should be given an occasional taste of what a really clean and beautiful city is, but along with these occasional glimpses of the ideal city should go some effective teaching on the subjects of loyalty, public-spiritedness and the economic value of cleanliness.

The whole aim of the campaign should be to reach the condition of permanence—a permanently clean city, a permanently beautiful city. This will not be half so hard to accomplish as would at first appear if the leaders in the movement ever keep in sight the end to be obtained. With a number of interests in common, it is not a difficult matter to arouse in a people the spirit of loyalty. And with this spirit at work there is scarcely any limit to be placed on what may be accomplished for the common good.

What may be said of house-cleaning in the city may also be said of house-cleaning in the home. The house-cleaning seasons tend to refine one's tastes and desires. And while it may be impossible to do away altogether

with this periodic house-cleaning because of the climatic seasons, our manner of living is coming to be such that there is less and less need of a periodic upheaval and overhauling of the household effects for the sake of the family's health and its claims to decency and civilization. This means that the conditions that are conducive to refinement and the elevation of our ideals are coming to be habitual. Add to this permanent good that of the improvement of the family's health and we have reason to be encouraged with the promises of progress.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

Notice is herewith given of the opportunities offered by the Philadelphia School of Nurses for the securing of training in the profession of nursing. The institution is purely benevolent and has at its head men whose names must give it a very high recommendation. Speaking of the work done at this school, the Superintendent says: "It is hoped that not only the young women students will be benefited but that through them practical nursing knowledge and assistance may be supplied to the remotest neighborhoods of the entire country."

Speaking particularly of the school and its advantages, the Superintendent says:

"The Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2219 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, announces that enrollment for the Fall classes will shortly begin. This institution is recognized and endorsed by leading physicians everywhere. Free scholarships in the Two Year Course are available and provide room, board, laundering, incidental expenses and railroad fare home on completion of the course. A Home Study Course and a resident Short Course are also provided. The School provides full instruction under safe and wholesome conditions and opens the way to almost immediate financial betterment for those who need to increase their earning power.

"A Special Short Course Class opens October 5th. This class is formed at the request of leading physicians who are anxious that some provision be made to meet the increasing demand for nurses in all sections. This is an opening which will be appreciated by those who need to quickly prepare themselves for self-support and nursing duty. An illustrated number of the School Bulletin, which is sent free to interested persons, gives all the details."

In connection with this notice we desire to urge any of our readers, who are thinking of taking up the profession of nursing, to read the article, "A Nurse?" which appears in the *Gospel Messenger* dated August 20. It is the part of wisdom, in taking up any work, to be sure of ourselves and of our course, and this is as true of the work of nursing as of any other profession.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

No doubt there are worse things than the Sunday newspaper, but the latter is bad enough. It is not only un-Christian, but anti-Christian. It is a direct antagonist of that central Christian institution—the Sabbath day.

Granting that the amount of labor involved in the production of the Sunday newspaper is no greater than required in other forms of Sunday business, like railroading, mail transportation, milk delivery, etc., nevertheless, the Sunday newspaper has no right to a place in the same category with these other evils.

The plea of necessity can be maintained in most cases of Sunday traffic with a validity which cannot apply to the Sunday newspaper. No necessary end is served by these Sunday sheets. They convey no indispensable information. Quite often they work injury to their readers by displacing more substantial reading.

The Sunday newspaper is wholly a mercenary affair. It is a movement on the part of an enterprising press to turn the current of liberalism and the protest against religious restraint, to a profitable use.

The Sunday paper is by far the most profitable issue of the week. Its advertising patronage is immense, often serving to float from ten to twenty pages of reading matter.

The Sunday newspaper is the greatest single hindrance to church attendance, especially in cities, that we know of. Walk out on any residence street on Sabbath morning and note the people seated on their verandas, under the shade trees, or near their windows, poring over the pages of the mammoth Sunday daily. From two to four hours are consumed each Sabbath in reading these sheets, and as people generally rise late, and plunge into their newspapers as soon as they get up, the church-going hour arrives and passes before they have finished their stimulating Sunday repast of murder, scandal and funny stories. These do not quicken a desire to hear the preaching of the Gospel. And so, in hundreds of cases, where people would otherwise have sauntered to the house of God, and listened attentively to the sacred message, they are detained by the product of the Sunday press, made up generally of stuff that would better be not read at all, even on a weekday.

The Sunday newspaper enfeebles the conscience. It is the little sin that ever makes way for the larger sins. There are Christian merchants who used to close their places of business on Saturday night and rest on Sunday, who now carry on a booming business on the Lord's day. To be sure, the doors of their business houses are closed, but their wares are exposed to public inspection all through the Sabbath in the columns of the Sunday newspapers. If they flatter themselves

(Continued on Page 864.)



THE HOME WORLD



AUNT DIANTHA.

MAUD HAWKINS.

WHO is she? Well, who isn't she? She's just *our Aunt Diantha,* that is the sum and total of it all and tells it all. What is she? All that is kind, good, lovable and loving. We used to ask in our young, rollicking, childhood days, "What are girls like?" And the answer always came in the old jingle,

"Sugars and spice and everything nice."

We suppose that Aunt Diantha claimed that composition when she was young, but the sugar has changed—not to starch but to sympathy, the spice to love and the rest of the ingredients to kindness, thoughtfulness and industry.

Our Aunt Diantha is ever eagerly watching for an opportunity to help some one over the rough and rugged path of life. When she reaches heaven it will be incomplete and she will be unhappy if there are none for her to cheer and comfort. She is an ever-ready companion of the little children of her hamlet. When they come to her with their little woes and trials she can turn backward about forty years and become a little child again, and sympathize with them as a child, and at the same time advise them as a mother.

The young come to her with their successes and failures, and she is instantly young again and can encourage and strengthen them in the course they must pursue, always spurring them on to something better.

Sad? No one ever saw her sad. She has a faculty of looking on the bright side of everything. No pessimists are allowed around her. If one should accidentally cross her path she would immediately contrive through some kind of trickery, best known to herself, to convert him into an optimist.

The old always receive consolation and comfort, and come away from her hospitable home feeling younger, their sad hearts gladdened and cheered.

The homeless are invited to spend a few days with her, and they never suspect that it is done as an act of charity. They go away feeling confident that they have been giving *her* a great treat while enjoying her hospitalities.

The sick are never neglected; they wait patiently but eagerly till "Aunt Diantha" shall come with her bunch of sweet peas, cheerful, consoling face and encouraging words, with perhaps some dainty dish to tempt the appetite. She never intrudes, stays too long or acts the role of a physician. She is sure to go just soon enough that she may leave the wish behind that she will come again soon, and in the time of death, she is to be depended upon for any help that is needed. Flowers are never scarce with her, if she has to make innumerable trips to distant neighbors to add to her store. Then her letters of condolence have helped to heal many broken hearts. "Aunt Diantha wrote me such a good, comforting letter after my bereavement and I felt so much better after reading it," is the general expression.

What children think of a person is usually correct. They have quicker perception and keener discrimination between good and bad principles. To illustrate: A company of ladies were discussing the merits of people and what constituted a really good person. Each gave her views on the subject and one stated that she considered a person who could do the right thing at the right time, give help when it was needed and in the way in which it was needed, and could understand just what one wanted done for him or her and was willing to do it, was a good person. Aunt Diantha's little five-year-old son who was playing unnoticed on the floor suddenly looked up and said, "That's ma every time."

Aunt Diantha has her hobbies nevertheless, the same as all of us poor mortals, but *her* hobby is a good one, not bad at all like some of the hobbies people ride. Hers is a great propensity for making scrapbooks of all sizes, kinds, shapes and description on all subjects imaginable. Religion, patriotism, temperance, birds, flowers, photography, fancy work, home making, Christmas and for every other holiday. Of noted men, she has her Washington book, her Lincoln book, and her soldiers' book. She also has a mothers' book, and one containing the writings of her mother, another of the writings of friends, and also an obituary book in which are the clippings of the deaths of her friends, neighbors and relatives, many of which are her own composition,

for who else is so reliable as Aunt Diantha to write the closing record of a dear departed?

If any one is in doubt about any subject they have only to suggest the fact to Aunt Diantha and in a very short time she comes forth with a book that will tell you all about it.

A lady while recently visiting her casually inquired about certain facts at different times. Each time Aunt Diantha had only to bend one knee and reach down to a pile of books or papers and forthwith came the desired information and more, the subject completely exhausted. She laughingly inquired if Aunt Diantha carried all her scrapbooks pinned to her skirts, that she had only to reach down and lo, here was the right one. Every book speaks for her and is a silent proof of her likes and dislikes and a portrayal of her splendid character.

Aunt Diantha is no laggard. Besides all this she has found time to be an active member of the W. C. T. U. for twenty-five years, and a county president for twenty years. She also finds time to superintend a Sabbath school, and organize and preside over a Junior Nature study club for the bright ideas of her vicinity, in which they are taught plant and animal life. She also is secretary of her family reunion which has a large membership. Besides, she puts her noble thoughts in form and sends them abroad through several publications for others to read and profit by.

Neither does she neglect her household duties or forget that she is a sister and a mother to all. She is ever ready to help the lone schoolteachers in her locality and often takes them under her protection and shelter for the season. The lonely in a distant land are made to forget their homesickness by her long, cheery letters.

Did Aunt Diantha ever have any real trouble, we often wonder? No, she would not let anything trouble *her*. She is as content with the cloud as with the sunshine that God sends. If she ever *did* have any great trouble she never tells of it. No one is saddened by a recital of her woes although she can weep over the misfortunes of her friends. She is always good natured and her countenance beams with a happy smile. She must sometimes have read and profited by Helen Hunt Jackson's expression on Cheeriness:—

"Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next to spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it is not an hereditary gift."

Although her ancestors were brave soldiers in both the Revolutionary and Civil wars, none of them have fought braver battles than she, or stood by their cause for liberty and freedom more faithfully than she has for the redemption of slaves from intemperance and vice.

If there were more Aunt Dianthas in the world and less frivolity and wasting of time, what a glorious world we would live in. And why not? It looks easy to be an Aunt Diantha and we will try it. Meanwhile we hope some day in the spirit world she will be assigned a niche among the saints.

Chinook, Montana.

GLADYS.

SADIE BRALLIER NOFFSINGER.

Into the bosom of God
She entered one day;
Into his bosom from ours—
Her bosom was clay.

Deaf were her ears to our cries,—
Our cries long wild,
Allured by the tender salute;
"Welcome home, O my child!"

"Lo, glories," the comforters said,
"To her are revealed!"
We pleaded: "Love, give us the sign."
Her eyelids were sealed.

"Oh, her voice soundeth sweeter," they said
"Than minstrel or lute!"
We listened in vain for one note;
Her white lips were mute.

"Her hands lave in fountains of heaven
And glow in the sheen!"
We gazed: they were folded so still,
A lily between.

"She treadeth through cycles and worlds,
Her feet shod with gold!"
We touched the white slippers, ah me!
So stark and so cold.

"Oh, joy—the unspeakable joy
That God hath conferred!"
"Speak, Gladys—our gladness—art glad?"
Only weeping was heard.

* * * * *

Ay, anon faith looks up through the gloom,
Though lone is our way;
Into the bosom of God
She entered one day.

Johnstown, Pa.

"KEEPERS AT HOME."

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

DEAR old Paul, the beloved apostle to the Gentiles, was one of the greatest *teachers* this world has ever known. Perhaps no greater instructor ever learned lessons of truth and wisdom at the feet of the All-Wise Master. Among his wise teachings we find the faithful, homely instructions which apply to the home life, and affect the entire world through all time and eternity. The elderly men were to be so faithful yet charitable

and patient, setting a godly example before the young who were so easily influenced. The elderly women, also, were to be quiet (not gossips), and to so live the pure holy life, becoming a child of God, as to be faithful teachers for the younger women. These young women must be taught how to live holy, becoming Christian lives, in order that they in turn might bring their children up to live the pure and holy life, thus accomplishing much good in the cause of Christ and not dishonoring his dear name in this world. In regard to the influence of the older women, he says in part: "That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home." Titus 2: 4, 5.

Probably the instructions alluded to, were never more needed than at the present day. There is now a tendency upon the part of young women to regard home duties as irksome and to think of the husband as a provider only—the one who pays the bills: while children are regarded as a nuisance to be shunned or a calamity to be avoided. Such wives and mothers are inclined to neglect the common household duties, and leave to others or to the possibilities of chance, the care of their children (poor unwelcome souls!), while they spend much time upon the streets, among their neighbors and at every sort of public entertainment. So shallow do they become that it seems useless to try to teach them what the results must be. They would be shocked and offended should any one suggest that they might become the mothers of tramps, harlots, and common thieves. Yet they are casting forth upon the street those precious young souls to learn in the school of sin and vice.

The present tendency to divorce shows how little respect is accorded the life-partner with whom the daily life is spent. This is because *love* has grown cold—lifeless. The life companion,—wife or husband, must be *loved* to make the daily residence a *home*. And *children* have a right to be loved. No woman is worthy the name of mother, who does not love her children and care for them better than any one else. If this shall reach the eye of any young wife who has begun to grow careless of home duties, let me ask who among all the people met on the street, at the neighbor's door or in the public place, is more worthy or really more dear, than the inmates of the little home? Who is *half* so dear? Why, then, do we not love the home more and devote more time and effort toward making it an ideal place for the precious souls who belong there?

Really, there is no happier life on earth than that of the faithful, loving home-maker and home-keeper. It is the *ideal* life. Those who are faithful in the duties of the home which God has given them, lead the most tranquil, beautiful and peaceful lives, besides earning for themselves a crown of life which eternity alone will reveal in all its brightness and glory. They also have the indescribable joy of being the parents,—the ancestors of the good and great men and women who adorn the pages of Time, and who glorify the Savior throughout eternity.

Home on earth is a symbol of heaven. Let us love the home, and make it the loveliest and dearest place on earth to those who may abide therein. Let us not allow it to be a mere stopping-place where we halt when we can't go elsewhere. It is our highest privilege, and the most blessed occupation, to make and keep home the sweetest, dearest and best place we may ever occupy this side of heaven. "Keepers at home!" It is coequal with that of the gospel ministry, which is the most glorious vocation ever accorded man. Thanks be to God our Father for the faithful wives, mothers and home-keepers who have graced our land and blessed our lives with their benign influence of love, patience and fidelity.

A MAN'S MOTHER.

SELECTED BY T. H. FERNALD.

MAN, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted hands.

Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all of your bouquets on her grave; make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an

impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I can not say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgets you."

Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, overworked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and overstrain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not on the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what your life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in her old age!

Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother-love.

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong.

Would it not take away from you the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she has raised and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect; her devotion, her labors, her sacrifices forgotten.

Remember them now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.

Go home and put your arms around the shrunken old figure. Kiss the drooping mouth with a real, live, warm kiss instead of giving her a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

It will cause her soul to leap with joy, and make the world a place of circling joy, and life itself will swim in a rosy mist of bliss for her—if she doesn't drop dead with surprise.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

LET THE CHILDREN HELP.

Too much cannot be said about teaching children the necessity and value of work. There are very few children who do not want to help with the work almost as soon as they are able to walk. Instead of helping however, it really hinders to have them "help" until they have tried a great many times, but it is the natural and proper way for them to learn and they should be encouraged.

When you dust give your two-year-old a small cloth and let her do likewise. When you wash dishes let her have a little cloth and wipe the spoons at least even though you have to wipe them again. As she gets a little older and learns how, see that she does her tasks thoroughly and she soon will not wish to do them in any other way. In this manner gradually she learns all the tasks that go toward making a home. And if the two-year-old is a boy let him learn the same things, in the same way. Boys ought to know how to wash dishes and make beds and the girls should know how to drive nails and split wood.

I often find myself telling my busy two-year-old to "run and play" that I may hurry with my work; but when I remember my own childhood and the consequences therefrom, I repent and give her a chance to help even though the floor is not swept when it should be.

I am the youngest of a large family and consequently none of the work fell to my lot. I very plainly remember asking repeatedly to help and being told to "run away and not bother" until gradually I grew to think the work always would be done by some one else. When I was married I knew practically nothing of the care of a home or of children and the work therefore has been doubly hard. I have had to learn almost every thing and my husband, who was taught to help, knew much more about some things than I.

Thus it is that I am in full sympathy with a child who

wants to learn. And I say again, and repeatedly, "Let the children help." Let them try to do whatever will develop a working instinct. Children are never children but once so don't let them have to learn to work after they are grown.—*American Motherhood.*

RECIPES FOR REVISED COOK BOOK.

Red Beet Relish.—Take 1 quart of chopped red beets, 1 quart of chopped cabbage, 1 cup of grated horse-radish, 2 cups of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of pepper. Pour on vinegar and mix thoroughly. Can cold. None of the ingredients is cooked except the red beets which should be cooked before they are chopped.—*Sister John D. Clear, Rockford, Ill.*

Canned Baked Apples.—Cut apples in halves and core, place in baking pan, sweeten and season to taste. Put enough water on them to make a syrup to cover them when placed in jars. Bake until done and seal while hot.—*Sister Lottie Miller, South English, Iowa.*

Quickly Made Salt-rising Bread.—Pour boiling sweet milk on a heaping tablespoonful of cornmeal and stir to a smooth paste, then set this snugly covered in a real warm place over night. The next morning this should be swelled up light. Heat half a cupful of sweet milk and cool to a good warm temperature, not scalding, with a cupful of water. Into this stir a pinch of salt, a pinch of soda, a level tablespoonful of sugar, the light cornmeal and flour for a smooth batter. Set this in a vessel of warm water snugly covered till it foams up twice the size of first quantity. Next take a deep pan or bowl and a cupful of sweet milk, a pint of warm water, the light sponge and flour to make a smooth, stiff batter. Sift over this one inch of flour, set contents in warm water snugly covered, and when the sponge breaks through all over and at the edges, sift a pile of flour on the moulding-board and pour out on it the light sponge, catching it up and kneading it up into a soft mass. Pinch into three loaves and put into greased pan, allowing an inch for rising; grease top of loaves with butter. When risen to top of pan bake forty minutes in a quick oven.—*Sister M. M. Cooney, Enders, Nebr.*

Potatoes With Dressing.—Pare as many potatoes as you wish and put into a kettle to cook with plenty of water to prevent burning. Boil a few minutes while you prepare a dressing, the same as for chicken. Make in balls and drop into the kettle with the potatoes and cook briskly for one-half hour. Prepare a cream gravy and pour over all when done. Let come to a boil and serve.—*Anna Zimmerman, Mt. Solon, Va.*

Chicken Pie.—Sauce: Three tablespoonfuls of butter, and 3 tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed together, 1 cup of milk and 3 cups of warm broth. Crust: Two cups of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 teaspoonfuls shortening, 1 egg beaten light and 1 cup of milk. Put all together and beat with a spoon. Cook the chicken until it falls off the bones, then put it in a pan, pour the sauce over it and spread the crust on top with a spoon. Bake in a quick oven.—*Sister Effie Coffman, South English, Iowa.*

Creamed Onions.—Prepare as many onions as are wanted, slice them, cook in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Then make a white sauce of 1 cup of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, and a pinch of salt. Mix butter and flour together stir into the milk and cook till thick; then add onions.—*Sister Pearl Weimer, St. Elmo, Va.*

Caramel Pie.—One cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 egg, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, and butter the size of a walnut. Stir till thick, then take from the fire, flavor with vanilla and pour into open crust that has been baked. Use the white of the egg for icing. This makes one pie.—*Sister Ida Younce, Goshen, Ind.*

Potato Pie.—Line a pudding dish with good pie paste. Pare about four potatoes, slice them into the pudding dish, add parsely, salt, pepper and butter. Bake about ½ hour. Then heat milk and butter to pour over this when you eat it.—*Sister Jos. H. Johnson, Royersford, Pa.*

Pear Butter.—Take six heaping buckets of pear snitz (our bucket holds fourteen quarts even full) and four buckets of water. (This is the way we make it of harvest pears.) Boil the pears till mushy, then put in forty or forty-five pounds of brown sugar. The light-brown is best, as it helps to give the butter a nice color. Now boil till it gets that peculiar bubble which apple butter also gets when it is done. Of course, do not boil it too hard. A little experience will tell you how fast to cook it. This gives a nice amount and it is good. We boil this amount in about five hours.—*Sister Mattie Weaver, Ephrata, Pa.*

Sunshine Jam.—Take 1 pint of berries or any kind of fruit you wish, mash as fine as you can, then take

2 pints of granulated sugar, mix thoroughly and boil 5 minutes.—*Sister Emma Fisher, Baltic, Ohio.*

To Dry Green Pod Beans.—Gather the beans in the evening, and string them. In the morning wash them, and boil them about twenty minutes, or until well heated through. Then remove from the fire, drain all the water off, and dry in the sun. When cooked with meat they are nearly as good as fresh green beans.—*Sister Mary E. Ritter, Crescent, Okla.*

VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Skim milk has two separate and distinct values which should be constantly kept in mind. The first is its food value, the second its manurial value.

Its value is so great, compared with food materials in general, which people buy, as to justify constant and repeated efforts to increase its use as human food, both raw and in household cooking. Bakers might use much more than they do, with profit and advantage to themselves and their customers. Next to human food, the best use to make of skim milk is a food for young and growing animals of all kinds. If the growth and increased weight (to say nothing of the general thrift) obtained in chicks, calves, pigs, colts, etc., by feeding skim milk, is carefully compared with that resulting from other food materials, the milk will be found to have a much higher animal value than generally believed; so high that no farmer can afford to sell it for any price less than that realized in a good milk market.

The manurial or fertilizing value of skim milk is too well known to need explanation. Every quart or ton of it removed from the farm carries off just so much actual and available plant food and reduces the productive capacity of the farm which loses it. This is all saved—or at least it can be and should be—by using the milk on the farm. No farmer who has any regard for maintaining the fertility of his land, will sell milk or skim milk at all, unless it be at a price which enables him to restore what is thus taken from his soil, by the systematic purchase of fertilizers, or of feeding stuffs having special manurial value. Arguments are thus furnished for butter dairying rather than cheese making, or milk selling (except under restorative conditions), and in favor of the farm separator, unless all the skim milk is hauled back from the creamery to the farm which produced it.

It is evident that skim milk is worth too much as food for man or beast, and for the farm itself, to justify its sale at the low prices usually paid for making dried casein and similar products. Skim milk is too good and worth too much to be used as a substitute for cheap fish glue. With proper care, every producer can make his skim milk yield twenty cents per hundred pounds at home, and often much more. No farmer should sell skim milk for less than twenty cents per hundred weight, and I incline to placing the minimum price (or farm value) at twenty-five cents.—*Dairyman.*

It is not luck, but labor, that makes men. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies abed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labor on character. Luck steps downward to self-indulgence; Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.—*Cobden.*

The Children's Corner

NUMBER ONE.

"He is a 'Number One' boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play; and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is certainly," returned Uncle John; "but what a pity it is he is blind."

"Blind?" exclaimed grandmother, and the "Number One" boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John! what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the 'Number One' himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he was so busy reading!" apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind and deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said "Number One."

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amuseing 'Number One,' better run out and play with other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."—*Youth's Evangelist.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Inoculation for typhoid fever is one of the latest contributions of the medical profession to a world of disease and suffering. Dr. Yesley Spooner, a Boston physician, has refined the process and demonstrated it in general practice as well as in special cases.

There has arrived in Washington from Mexico City, under heavy guard, a special car containing gold and silver bullion valued at $1,265,000. The bullion comes from the Mexican government and constitutes Mexico's interest payment on a loan made to that country by Uncle Sam.

The national shorthand reporting championship has been won by Clyde H. Marshall of Kingston, N. Y., who wrote an average of 268 words a minute. W. B. Bottome, holder of the title and therefore ineligible to compete this year, broke the world's record by writing an average of 269 words a minute.

The British admiralty has decided to build a motor-driven battleship which will render the Dreadnought obsolete, according to an announcement just made. The mightiest vessels in the world will be unable to cope with the new design in speed or fighting power, according to the plans laid out. Experiments with motor-driven boats have already been made.

A dispatch from Yasnaya Poliana to St. Petersburg says that a veritable flood of congratulatory messages was received there in remembrance of the 82d birthday anniversary of Count Leo Tolstoi, who was born August 28, 1828. The advices state that the health of the famous novelist and social reformer is somewhat improved, though the advance of age has made it necessary for him to curtail his work to a considerable extent.

Proceedings to test the constitutionality of the corporation tax law in Massachusetts have been begun by the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company, which has filed a petition in the Supreme Court asking that the state treasurer be compelled to refund the tax of $200 which the company paid under protest. The company contends the tax is illegal and the law is unconstitutional. It is understood that the case will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary.

Contractors at Roosevelt Dam, Salt River irrigation project, Arizona, are busy finishing up the great dam and accessory structures. Stored water has been used during the past month to augment the natural flow of the river, and about 76,000 acres of land have been supplied with irrigation water. Two of the pumping plants have been in operation on the Gila Indian Reservation, and a third is nearly ready for use. The Indians are preparing to plant over a thousand acres of corn upon the lands to be supplied from these wells.

During the four months ended June 30 last the United States Motor Company showed a surplus available for preferred dividends equal to 20.3 per cent on the $8,885,000 of stock outstanding. Furthermore, officials report that the present earnings and the future outlook are excellent, and that for the full twelve months gross business should total upward of $50,000,000. The company's dividend requirements at present amount to $621,950 per annum.

The movement to obtain $10 extra pay for each of the 10,000 census enumerators will not be successful, according to Census Director Durand. The director has a copy of a circular sent out by the National Association of Census Enumerators in which enumerators are requested to send $1 each to help pay the expenses of prosecuting the claim before the court of claims. The extra compensation is demanded on account of work done in distributing advance schedules of population, but the director says that it will not be allowed.

In view of the fact that critics of the proposed method of building the Gatun dam by the use of suction dredges claimed that the material could never be transported and lifted through the necessary distances and heights, it is gratifying to note the excellent work now being done in prosecuting this work. The 20-inch suction dredge, known as No. 83, lifted from one of the old channels and deposited in position during the month of June no less than 197,000 cubic yards. This material was all transported through a distance of from 1,700 to 2,000 feet, with an unaided lift of 25 feet.

A beautiful clay butterfly, indicating that at one time the ancient inhabitants of Mexico followed a more æsthetic form of worship than that of the Aztecs, has been found in the ruins of a teocalli at San Miguel Amaxtla, recently discovered. The object is fashioned of burnt clay, is finely tinted in glazed colors, and bears the emblems used by the ancient Mexicans to represent the sun god, immortality and disinterested love. The head of the butterfly is distinctly human and its entire surface is covered with hieroglyphic characters. A Mexico City scientist is now trying to unravel these.

According to recent statistics published by the Government, the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States in the fiscal year just ended was 82 pounds. Our sweet tooth now demands more sugar than at any time in the country's history. There was consumed in the twelve months 7,500,000,000 pounds, of which the United States, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands each contributed larger quantities than ever before. Foreign countries supplied about 51 per cent of the sugar consumed in this country during the year, the sugar fields of continental United States about 24 per cent, and noncontiguous territories 25 per cent.

Minnesota is leading in the demand for postal savings banks. More than 10 per cent of all the applications received at the Treasury Department have come from there. The bulk of all the applications comes from the territory west of the Mississippi. While the West is leading in the demand for postal banks, the East is leading in applications from other banks that want to be depositaries of the funds. For every postal savings bank which has been asked for in the East there are two private banks asking to be named as depositaries of postal money.

Persons who have been fortunate enough to be possessors of telegraph franks must now join the great army of the common people who have to pay for their messages. From now on the use of the telegraph frank will not be permitted except by employés of the companies. This new rule is only one of a number of similar restrictions which have gone into effect as parts of an amendment to the interstate commerce law passed by Congress last June, but which did not receive much attention at the time. In addition to the abolition of the franks the amendment provides for the publication of all telegraph rates by the companies, and although the companies will be permitted to establish rates for night and day, for boards of trade and other lines of special business, all tariffs, when made, will be subject to revision by the interstate commerce commission.

"Six million six hundred and twenty thousand and twenty-four copies," is the report of the British and Foreign Bible Society's sale of Bibles for last year. Moreover, the same organization estimates that during the 106 years of its existence it has issued no less than 222,000,000 copies of the Scriptures—a record that undoubtedly stands unequalled in the history of book publishing. And the sale of the Bible, according to this interesting report, is steadily growing. Thus, the sales last year were 685,000 in excess of the output in the previous year and constitutes a record in the history of the society. When one remembers that these figures represent the activities of only one Bible society and that a work of similarly immense proportions is carried on by organizations of the same kind in this country and elsewhere, the vitality of the Bible as a "best seller" becomes sufficiently apparent.

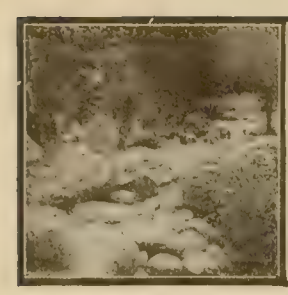
Gen. Juan J. Estrada is now president of Nicaragua and Dr. Madriz and the members of his family are at Corinto, from which point they intend to sail either for Europe or the United States. Such is the tenor of private advice received at New Orleans from Managua. Estrada's revolutionary army is said to have occupied the capital, as well as many important cities and towns between Bluefields and Managua, and Generals Chamorro and Mena, insurgent leaders, are in actual control of practically the entire republic. It was their opposition that prevented Jose Dolores Estrada, brother of the insurgent chieftain, from being made president by Madriz. The latter, in leaving, turned the presidency over to J. D. Estrada, but when Chamorro and Mena protested, he resigned in favor of J. J. Estrada. It is announced at Managua that Estrada will shortly issue a proclamation calling for the election of a new president of Nicaragua. He declares, according to dispatches from Bluefields, that since Zelaya has been completely overthrown he no longer cares to retain leadership. This city surrendered to Estrada's generals without a fight and he is now in complete control of the entire country.

A dispatch filed at Hammerfest by the captain of the steamship Oceana, which is on a pleasure cruise to Iceland, states that the vessel recently sighted the island of Jan Mayen, which is composed largely of glacial ice. This is the first time the island has been seen in 50 years and the first time it has ever been seen from a passenger vessel. Usually it is enveloped in thick fog, so that although vessels pass close to it, sight of it is not obtained. The island was discovered by Hudson in 1607.

Several earthquake shocks were felt at 3 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 30 throughout the broad zone of Calabria, Italy. Panic-stricken crowds rushed into the streets of Reggio, Palmi, Monte Leone, Catanzaro and Messina. Shrieking women ran in every direction and many persons took refuge in the churches. It is reported that material damage has been done in several villages in the Province of Reggio, but this does not seem to be very serious. Late dispatches announce that quiet has been completely reëstablished in the panic-stricken districts and that the population has resumed its normal occupations. These seismic shocks are the most severe experienced in Italy since the great earthquake of December, 1908.

The longest fence in the world and the queerest artificial boundary established between two countries anywhere will in the near future separate the United States and Mexico. According to the Mexico Record, a final agreement to that effect has been drawn between the two governments and the fence will be built in the very near future. It will be constructed of stout posts, possibly re-enforced concrete, and five-strand, steer-tight barbed wire. In all places where the United States government owns the land the fence will be set up about 60 yards to the north of the true boundary line and where the ground is owned individually the fence will stand on the exact border. Mounted Mexican rurales will patrol the fence on the south and United States rangers will do the same on the north. About 1,000 miles of fence will be erected.

On September 1 three laws passed by the last legislature of New York on recommendations of the employers' liability commission, went into effect. A system for reporting all industrial accidents is established by one. Another amends the employers' liability act by greatly increasing the liability of employers and making provision for agreements as to compensation for injuries sustained by employés in place of such damages as they can now sometimes obtain by litigation. The third makes such compensation scheme mandatory in certain specified dangerous employments. While the amendments to the liability law greatly increase the injured employé's chances of recovering damages, the most important change in the law consists of the provisions which attempt to inaugurate a new system of compensation under which all injured employés will receive compensation. In case an employer or his workmen consent to adopt the compensation plan any workman so consenting who is subsequently injured is entitled absolutely to the compensation and has thereby waived his rights under the liability law. The scale of compensation under both the mandatory provisions and the optional scheme consists of four years' wages, not to exceed $3,000 in case of death and half wages, not to exceed $10 a week, during the continuance of total disability, benefit not to extend beyond a period of eight years.



NATURE STUDIES



INSECTS THAT ARE EATEN.

Probably few people are aware that insects, as a group, constitute a source of food supply for the races of mankind. Yet insects have been eaten from time immemorial, sometimes figuring as luxuries, at others as a staple article of diet. Perhaps the chief food insect—and a very important one, too—is the locust. It furnishes the favorite food of many numerous African tribes, some nations living almost exclusively upon its teeming hordes. Locusts have been regarded as luxuries from the earliest times of which any records remain to us. In the British Museum there is a Nineveh sculpture showing men carrying different kinds of meat to some festival, and among them are some who carry long sticks to which locusts are tied. In Athens of old, locusts and grasshoppers were sold in the markets, and they were then preferred as dainties above the most succulent quails or the best figs. In the law of Moses, as set forth in the book of Leviticus, we find locusts permitted as food to the Jews; and to the present day, in Palestine, these insects are fried in sesame oil and eaten. In Arabia Petrea locusts are dried in the sun and ground into a kind of flour for



Larva of the Stag Beetle, Perhaps the "Cossus" of the Romans.

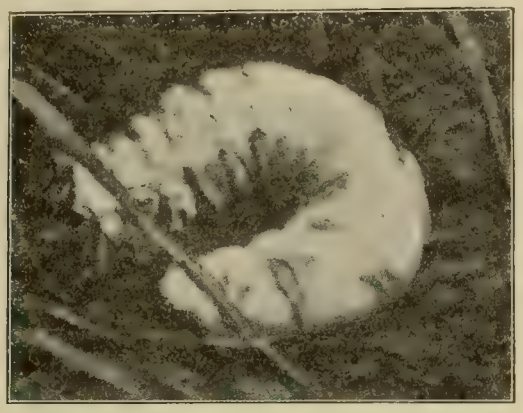
cake-making. In Central Africa certain tribes make them into thick brown soup. In Madagascar they are baked in huge jars, then fried in grease and mixed with rice. In Algeria they are simply boiled in water and salted to taste. The Arabs grind and bake them as cakes, roast them in butter, or crush them with camel's cheese and dates; but it is said that they only resort to this fare in years of famine. In southern Russia, where locusts are still extensively eaten by the serfs, the insects are usually smoked in the first instance like fish. When required for consumption, the legs and wings are broken off, and the bodies are then boiled, roasted, stewed, fried, or broiled.

According to Mr. P. L. Simmonds, who made an exhaustive study of strange kinds of animal food, the flavor of locusts, while strong and disagreeable when raw, becomes mild and readily disguised when cooked. In fact, from his own experience, and that of several of his friends whom he induced to partake of the fare, he assures us that a broth made by boiling the unfledged *Calopteri* (a Rocky Mountain species) for two hours in the proper quantity of water, and seasoned only with pepper and salt, is quite palatable, and scarcely to be distinguished from beef broth. From the same authority we learn that locusts, fried in their own oil, and with the addition of a little salt, have quite a nutty flavor, and are by no means unpleasant eating. Indeed, the flavor very quickly becomes an "acquired taste," and the experienced locust eater grows very fond of it. That a judicious course of locust fare is wholesome and nourishing cannot be doubted, for locust-eating tribes invariably grow fat when the food is plentiful. Moreover, it has been suggested that these insects, nicely cooked and served, would prove beneficial in cases of wasting disease.

Apart from locusts, the most popular insect food consists of grubs and caterpillars, of which many species are eaten with avidity in different countries of the world. Few people realize that the grub of the common cockchafer (*Melolontha*), when properly dressed, forms a nutritious and actually dainty food. Yet such is unquestionably the case. Twenty years or so ago, a banquet was given at the Café Custoza in Paris for the special purpose of demonstrating the excellent qualities of the *ver blanc,* as this grub is called. The insects were fried to a golden brown color in a paste of flour, milk, and eggs; and of the fifty guests present, the majority called for a second helping. A receipt for cooking these grubs, which is still extensively employed in certain parts of France, is as follows: "Roll the *vers blancs,* which are short and fat, in flour and bread crumbs, with a little salt and pepper, and wrap them in a stout piece of paper, well buttered inside. Place it in the hot embers, and leave it to cook for twenty minutes, more or less, according to the de-

gree of heat. On opening the envelope a very appetizing odor exhales, which disposes one favorably to taste the delicacy, which will be more appetizing than snails, and will be declared one of the finest delicacies ever tasted."

That the ancient Romans were very partial to a large wood-boring grub as a dainty is certain, but exactly what insect this was has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. The Romans called it "Cossus"; but the *Cossus* of our day is the grub of the large goat moth, at times so destructive to fruit trees. This insect possesses a very objectionable odor, which seems



The "Ver Blanc," Occasionally Eaten as a Delicacy in France.

to indicate an equally unpleasant taste, so that it seems unlikely that epicures of the past can have found in it any attractions. Some naturalists are inclined to regard the grub of the Stag beetle as the original "Cossus," and certainly its larva is sufficiently large to make a juicy mouthful, while there is no reason to suppose that it would prove less appetizing than the *ver blanc*. On the whole, however, the larva of the large wood-boring beetle known as *Prionus* seems most likely to have been the Roman dainty. It is found all over Europe in half-decayed oak trees, grows to a great size, and unquestionably possesses culinary possibilities.

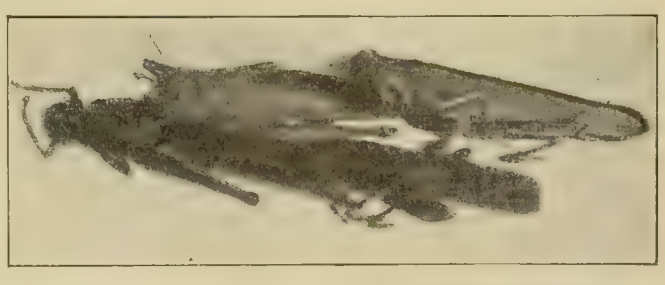
So far as the writer is aware, the only butterfly distinguished by supplying food to mankind is an Australian species called by the natives "Bugong." Regularly every year this insect congregates in vast swarms on the rock slopes of the Bugong Mountains, and it is said that the natives light great fires beneath the trees upon which the butterflies have settled for the night, thus suffocating them and bringing them to earth. When a sufficient quantity has been collected, the fire is cleared away, and the insects are spread upon the heated ground and raked about until their legs, wings, and feelers are singed off. The bodies are then pounded into a pulp in a wooden vessel, and afterward made into cakes.

Among the insects that are eaten it is necessary to include the famous grugru, or palm grub, of the West Indies, with the allied species found in Java. These grubs, when roasted on tiny spits and richly spiced, are said to surpass all other kinds of animal food in flavor. This, however, appears to be an acquired taste, for the traveler Leblond, who ate them in the Isle of Réunion, says that at first he thought them disgusting, but that after a little time he grew accustomed to them, and found them excellent.

Many other insects have been, and are, used as dainties. The ancient Greeks were very fond of cicadas or harvest flies—insects of a very wide geographical range, whose shrill note is a familiar country sound throughout the Southern States during the summer season. Cicadas are also eaten today by certain African tribes. The Greeks also were eaters of crickets; nor are these insects neglected at the present day, for the natives of a large portion of southeastern Africa dig up a large subterranean species, and roast it over a bright fire for food.

In China, where almost every kind of animal food, whether predisposing in aspect or the reverse, finds a ready market, the chrysalids of silkworms are regarded as a luxury by the lower classes. They are sold in the streets—after the valuable cocoons of yellow silk have been removed from them—and find willing buyers at a price equal to about ten cents per pound. As to their edible qualities, nothing can be said, for no civilized being has proved bold enough to taste the dish. The mere fact that the chrysalids are relished by the Chinese goes for nothing, it being impossible to place any confidence in the national palate of a race which actually raises the grubs of blue-bottle flies in heaps of putrid fish near the seacoast, and values the produce more highly than the facility of obtaining it would lead us to believe.

It is related by M. Daguin that French peasant chil-



Locusts, as Offered for Sale in the Moorish Markets.

dren are in the habit of catching wild bees for the purpose of squeezing from them the minute store of honey which each has collected. This reminds one of the use made of the Mexican honey ant. Those who have paid any attention to the natural history of this remarkable insect will be aware that certain individuals in its colonies have the power of drinking in an enormous quantity of sweet nectar, until they become converted into veritable honey pots. They are used, in fact, as honey pots, to which the other ants bring their

surplus store of sweets, and from which they draw a supply when they are pressed by hunger. Now these ants, distended with sweet juices, are sold by measure in the Mexican markets.

In conclusion, it may be said that all civilized races are insect eaters unconsciously. There is a small beetle, known as the corn weevil, which infests grain to an enormous extent. It has been known to damage hopelessly a cargo of wheat worth $80,000 during the voyage across the Atlantic; while even the cleanest and best wheat, after it has been stored for a period, is almost certain to harbor at least a few of these pests. And when this wheat is converted into flour, the beetles are ground up with it, and thus become a part of our bread, cakes, and confections.—*Scientific American.*

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

(Continued from Page 853.)

that they have suspended business for the time, they are greatly mistaken. Their business is going splendidly all through the Sabbath. The newspaper is like a herald going up and down the streets telling in flaming headlines what bargains these men have to offer in the morning, and really the Sabbath is one of their most profitable days. A business man with a quick conscience will have no difficulty in perceiving this, but unfortunately the general conscience has been greatly calloused. Many things are winked at which would formerly have been regarded as flagrant desecrations of the Sabbath. For this, in my opinion, the Sunday newspaper is largely responsible.

But what do we propose to do about it? They say the Sunday newspaper has come to stay. Suppose it has; that is no reason why it should stay in a Christian house or in a Christian's hand. That is no reason why we should patronize it, or patronize the men who advertise in it. Contagious diseases are likely to be prevalent at any time, but we are not bound to catch or foster them. Whatever the world does, it is the business of a Christian to do right; and whatever the world may say sneeringly about Puritanism and sanctimoniousness, it really expects the Christian to live up to his convictions. For such as profess to follow Christ and keep his statutes, the whole question is briefly summed up in the words: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Selected.*

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Between Whiles

Ready Relief.—Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

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Woggs.—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son. He must be a very remarkable youth.

Boggs.—He is. Judging from the papers, I think he is the only twelve-year-old boy in the country who hasn't invented a perfect wireless telegraph, submarine boat or aeroplane.—Puck.

Agent.—"I have a book you should buy for your son, telling how to become a politician, statesman, president of the United States, banker, broker—"

Mrs. Hennessey.—"G'wan, did your mother buy wan for you?"—Brooklyn Life.

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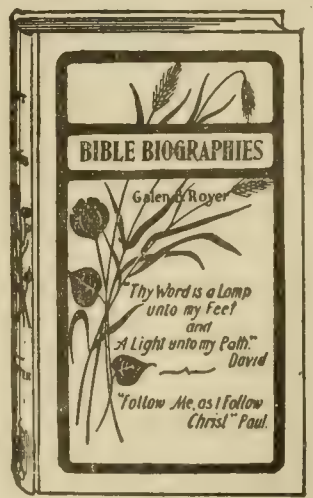
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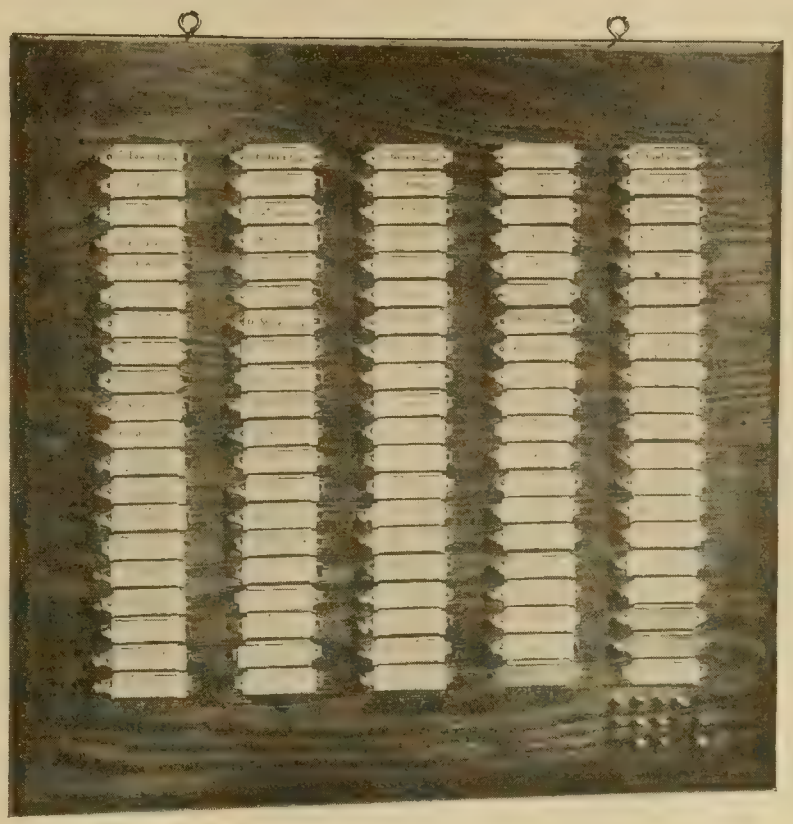
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And fills the spacious bin.

Our fathers always welcomed
The harvest days that came;
They praised the God of harvest,
And thanked him for the same.

What means this time of reaping?
Why reap this golden grain?
Ah, long it was protected,
But now it dies with rain.

Soon comes the time of sowing,
The circle is complete;
All nature makes this cycle,
This is the thing we meet.

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Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
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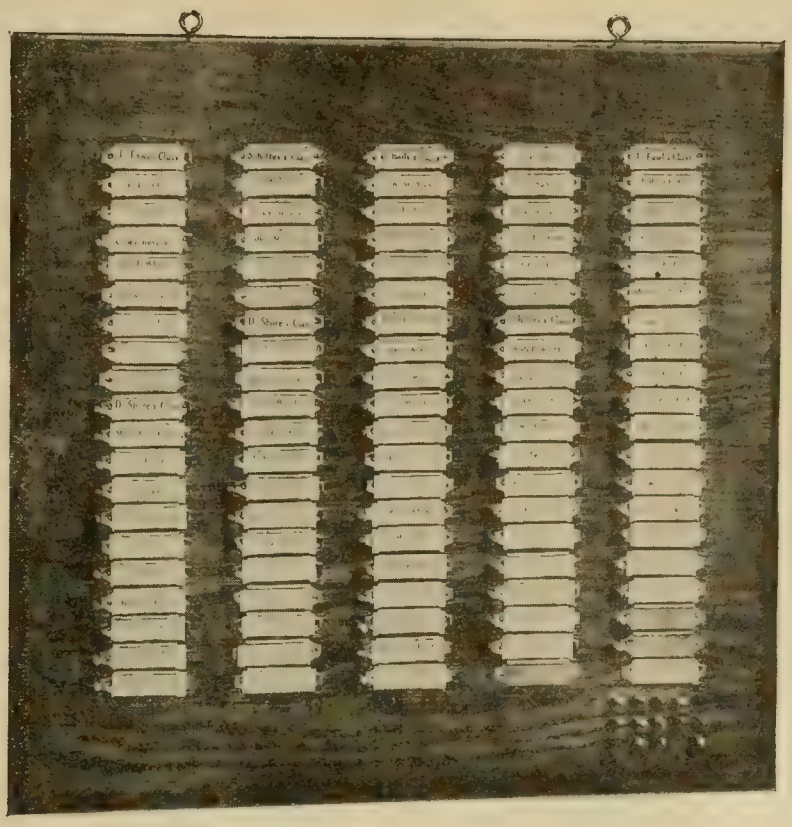
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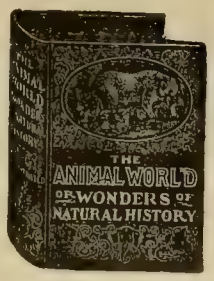
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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. September 13, 1910. No. 37.

Psychotherapy: Its Theory and Practice

William T. Sanger

Part 1.

IT is the purpose of these papers to set forth untechnically and yet critically the theory and practice of psychotherapy. The grounds for such a science, viewed historically as well as in the light of psychology and physiology, will be considered first, followed by a study of its place in ancient medical practice and superstition,—of its role in mediæval therapy and miracle-working and of its relation to medicine and healing cultism of the modern age.

The province of psychotherapy (*psyche,* soul or mind plus *therapeia,* treatment) is the treatment of "functional neuroses"* or lighter nervous disorders influencing the mind—the moral and psychic life. As a science it is of recent development; as a practice it is as old as reflective man. Individuals of all generations, whether priest, magician, medicine man, witch doctor, or hypnotist, have cured their fellows by powwowing, "passes," mysterious formulæ, amulets, rubbing, etc. Recently such healers as Greatrakes, Gassner, Quimby, Mrs. Eddy, Dowie and others have come forth with a supposedly new propaganda. In the Middle Ages the clergy undertook this work. Kings in the past also entered this field, and cured by "Royal Touch." Chief among these were Solomon (Josephus), Pyrrhus, king of Epirus (Pliny and Plutarch), Edward the Confessor, and the Stuarts; many French kings, withal, were considered to have inherited this power from Louis the Saint. By all these, cures were unquestionably performed. This, it is no longer necessary to doubt. Scholarly research has resulted in its explanation, and, furthermore, has made clear the way for a similar therapy, divested of superstition and reduced to a science.

As indicated at the outset the psychotherapist undertakes the treatment of functional neuroses or lighter forms of nervous disorders. Diseases are broadly classified as functional and organic. Functional distresses are commonly considered those in which there are no anatomical changes in the organism, that is, the microscopic cells of which the body is constituted do not suffer appreciable loss of functional power. In organic ills, on the other hand, anatomical changes or lesions are present. Dr. Richard C. Cabot (Harvard), however, disagrees somewhat with this view of disease, and upon seemingly good premises. He holds that disease is a "vicious circle," involving the whole personality, including its mental and physical phase. When the heart or any organ becomes affected, it in turn disturbs the normality of the whole organism in a self-corroding circle to at least some degree, though this cannot always be discerned by our present methods of examination. Disease has not one cause but many. Any disorder which experience shows can be cured by breaking into the vicious, self-corroding disease circle at the psychic gate is functional, and those that cannot be cured thus are organic.

Because there is but relative consensus of opinion concerning which are functional and which are organic disorders, we have medical men disagreeing among themselves in regard to what diseases will and will not yield to psychotherapeutic methods. Dr. Paul Dubois* (University of Berne, Switzerland) has found "neurasthenia, hysteria, hysterical neurasthenia, the lighter forms of hypochondria and melancholia and finally one may include certain conditions of very serious disequilibration bordering on insanity" as more or less amenable to psychotherapy. Furthermore, says Dubois,† "Nervousness is a disease preëminently psychic, and psychic diseases need psychic treatment." "These psychoneuroses are more frequent, they are often more serious, and much more than organic troubles they can disturb the happiness of individuals and families."

In his "Nervous States," just from the press, Dubois distinguishes these psychoneuroses: 1. neurasthenic states; 2, psychasthenic states; 3. hysterical

*Dr. Paul Dubois prefers the term "psychoneuroses."

*Dubois: The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders, p. 26.

†Ibid., p. 27.

states; 4. hypochondriac states; 5. melancholic states. He now objects to the terms neurasthenia, hysteria, etc., without "states" included, since they make too nice discriminations and do not take into account the varying degrees of these functional distrésses and borderland phenomena. Accompanying many of these "states," of course, are besieging fears of manifold sorts,—fears of crowds, individuals, objects, death, sin, and the like. Fixed ideas, worry, the seeming unreality of everything, despondency, uneasiness, inability to make decisions, insomnia, continued introspection, the milder forms of insanity,—these constitute other considerations in diagnosis. Psychotherapy, besides, undertakes the correction of such vicious habits as alcoholism, drug habit, onanism, etc.

The majority of practitioners in this field agree in the main with Dr. Dubois' classification of the distresses open to psychotherapeutic treatment. In this, too, as in other divisions of medicine, specialists may be found. Dr. Freud (Vienna), for instance, devotes most of his time to hystericals. Moreover, in case any one of the five types of distress already mentioned, through moral and physical causes, progresses to a delirious insane form, the psychiatrist (specialist in *mental* diseases) most likely undertakes the treatment. No doubt in years to come we shall see greater specialization in the cure of psychoneuroses as experimentation points the way, until psychotherapy becomes as well differentiated a science as chemistry or mechanics.

Already sufficient has been said to emphasize the fact that functional disorders (psychoneuroses) are ills often painful in the extreme. The general health is frequently good, body sound, appetite and sleep normal, as in psychasthenis; and for these reasons the person enjoying mental and physical well-being cannot appreciate the condition of the psychoneurotic. Sympathetic interest is denied him and consequently his distress is thus markedly increased.

Psychoneuroses, besides being highly annoying, are ofttimes widespread, more so than is generally known. In times past they have been variously diagnosed and treated with drugs, massage, baths, douches, etc., alone, to which they are almost, if not quite refractory. Even in America today the average practitioner is unfamiliar with psychotherapy as a science and only in the last two or three decades has the nerve specialist of Europe resorted to its almost miraculous possibilities. Hence psychoneurotic patents, naturally failing to secure relief from physical diagnosis and treatment, have been glad to resort to the unscientific methods of Mental Science, Christian Science, Divine Healing and many kindred therapeutic systems that have appeared at different times to satisfy the passion for something new. All of these often charlatanic systems have embodied a measure of psychotherapeutic truth. They represent for the most part an honest striving to discover ways and means of treatment that will supplement or quite supplant the inadequacies of physicotherapy, to which by sheer necessity the majority of physicians have been confined. But all the proposed divine and mental healing cults, including Christian Science, have claimed and attempted to cure all manner of disorders without discrimination. This impossible feat has brought one system after another into disrepute and final disaster. Organic ailments, such as cancer, tuberculosis, curvature of the spine, Bright's disease, etc., cannot be cured in this way, although psychotherapy beyond question is a surprisingly valuable adjunct to their regular physico-diagnostic treatment; the flow and ebb of psychic influence is yet fully to be calculated.

One may now pertinently inquire how treatment by mental means avails in psychoneuroses. At present psychology proceeds upon the assumption that there is no psychosis without neurosis, that is, there is no mental activity without neural change, functional change of the brain cells, of which it has been estimated there are 200,000,000 in the average normal individual. This means that every time we think the nervous system is affected to some degree. Physiology, on the other hand, holds that perhaps there is very little neurosis without psychosis, very few neurological brain changes without influencing or producing consciousness. Whether these are the exact, all-inclusive facts or not, it is safe to say that the parallelism between mind and matter is very close; as now constituted they are mutually interdependent. Experimentation shows, for example, that thought affects blood pressure, digestion, and secretion; blushing, paleness, tears, and often perspiration, are the commonest of these manifested physiological changes. By mental processes the pulse has been reduced from sixty-five to forty beats per second and held there for days. Again, physical fatigue normally arouses the emotions, these accentuate the fatigue, and it in turn intensifies the emotions and so on in a never-ending spiral. In just this way neurasthenia, sometimes described as *accumulated fatigue*, often arises; and out of neurasthenia the more distressing psychoneuroses may develop.

How somatic stimuli affect the inner life daily experience teaches; mind is not at all independent of bodily influence. If blood temperature is increased in fever, far-reaching psychical confusion frequently results; "if hashish is smoked, the mind wanders to paradise;" a small quantity of wine may lend remarkable mental optimism; a cup of tea makes for sociability, a dose of bromide may blot out mental irritation; and consciousness wanes and fades entirely with the inhalation of ether. It is here unnecessary to multiply illustrations of the intimate, vital relationship between

body and mind; every one can do that for himself.

The relationship exists; the task is to utilize it from the psychical side in working health, fundamentally impossible by other means or more easily possible by this new therapy.

Many are the specific forms of procedure in psychotherapeutic practice. They may, notwithstanding, be subsumed in a very general way under suggestion, psychoanalysis, and work. Perhaps suggestion of multitudinous sorts plays the leading role. Psychology affirms these three postulates: Consciousness in all its states is motor; every percept tends to be accepted as true; belief is accompanied by an emotional element. Suggestion,—defined by Moll as a "process by means of which an effect may be produced, even when the necessary physical conditions are absent, by arousing the notion that the desired effect is about to be produced,—operates in terms of these three postulates. Whether in waking or in profound hypnotic suggestion, the idea of health, substituted for the idea of disease, tends to be accepted as true. Emotion follows belief, right motor processes are initiated in the organism and a cure ensues. "Levers of the mind," so to speak, when set to work in cases of functional distress and vicious habits, bring to pass miracles of restoration.

Mr. Goddard* states this law: "The idea of health tends to produce health in proportion to the strength of the idea, or inversely as the opposition to be met." One sees the truth of this law substantiated on every hand. A mother's kiss heals the child's bruise or cut; he dries his tears and runs to play. The excitement of many a game has put the toothache to flight. We often drown our ills in an absorbingly interesting book. Great relief results from the cheerful words and consolation given by the confidant. Confession is, indeed, most helpful to the soul. Suggestion, it must be impressed, forms infinitely more the warp and woof of social and professional intercourse than is thought without analytic study. A clerk's suggestion, for instance, at the psychological moment in the sale that a certain fabric is an unusual bargain induces belief and a purchase follows which may be regretted upon sober consideration. To get rid of a demon substitute an angel,—this is the leading feature of a healthy-minded and health-bodied program of life.

Dr. Sigmund Freud (Vienna) has discovered and worked out what he calls psychoanalysis. The disagreeable ideas in experience are suppressed. We try to blot them from the mental slate, but this effort fixes them—the possibility of their recall under certain circumstances—in "complexes." Unknown to the individual after a time they prey upon his mental life like so many parasites. In persons inherently disposed to functional troubles disease often results. Through observation, the dreams of the patient and his replies to skilfully put questions the character of the "complexes" is discovered and analyzed. The mind is then led to express the summated energy represented by the "complexes" and the distress worked off through normal channels. The "complexes," having found associative elaboration, a cure results.

The thought life of the psychoneurotic frequently revolves in a circle with himself and his afflictions as the center. In order to give the sufferer ultrapersonal interests, so necessary to recovery, he is induced to begin some kind of more or less inviting work. Thought soon begins to take a new direction, continued reflection upon disease ceases,—the patient, indeed, discovers interests in living, and he is well on the way to convalescence: for the idea of disease the idea of health is gradually substituted. The work treatment is a valuable supplementary measure to the other psychotherapeutic practices set forth herein.

How Psychotherapy has been practically, and often unconsciously applied across the years of human suffering will be discussed in subsequent papers.

South Bend, Ind.

*American Journal of Psychology, 10; 34.

A THIEF OF HEALTH.

It is an acknowledged fact that no boy who is given to the habit of smoking cigarettes can attain to physical or intellectual strength. There is in the cigarette a poison that affects injuriously, the nervous system of the smoker and produces early decay. "It is only those who are ignorant on the subject who underestimate the consequences of cigarette smoking," says Mary L. Cummins. Continuing, she says, "The cigarette is like an insidious stream, gradually undermining the masonry of will-power until it crumbles entirely away, leaving room for the waters of every known vice to rush in. Cases without number could be cited—three out of one household—of moral and physical ruin, all traceable to cigarette smoking." The poison strikes at the vital organs. It acts upon the brain, hindering its activity. It affects the action of the heart. It retards the growth of the victim. It renders the moral sense dull. It produces an unnatural thirst, which is likely to lead the smoker to the use of intoxicants. Boys delight in physical strength. They are eager to excel in feats of strength and endurance. If they indulge in the use of the death-dealing cigarette, they cut themselves off from physical health and vigor.

Employers condemn the cigarette, in that they do not care for the services of boys and young men who use it. Teachers condemn cigarette smoking, in that they know that the cigarette fiends are not good students. Physicians condemn the cigarette, for they know that its use undermines the health.

If the truth were fully proclaimed regarding this poisonous roll, every cigarette would bear the label, "A Thief of Health." Therefore, let every boy declare himself an enemy of this health thief.—*Selected.*

Methods of Child-saving

John Woodard

THERE was a time when no efforts were made to help orphans and neglected children. They either starved to death or became the slaves of people who cared for them only because of the future services they might render. Now this is changed. All thinking, civilized people agree that something should be done for the neglected children. The only disagreement is in regard to the method of child-saving.

Those who are engaged in child-saving are in a great work. No work gives promise of greater good if properly conducted. But in no other work is the danger from mistakes greater. Here is the child placed, through no fault of its own, in abnormal conditions. We attempt to improve those conditions and give the child a chance to develop properly. If we succeed, the child becomes an honored and respected citizen—a Christian man or woman. If we fail, the child is not only lost to society but is very liable to become a force for destroying others also. So it is important that we choose the best method in child-saving. We dare not accept any method until we have made a careful investigation and are unable to find a better. If the orphan asylum is more efficient in training the children for the duties of life than any other method of child-saving, then we must have orphan asylums. But, if any other method results in more of the children becoming well-trained, God-fearing men and women, then we must abolish the orphan asylum and use the other method. The welfare of the child must be our criterion.

There are two general methods of child-saving: the institution and placing out. The first gathers a lot of children—anywhere from a dozen to a thousand—together in an institution where their material wants are supplied and religious and secular instruction given. The other places the child in some good home where it will be cared for as one of the family.



Some of "The Boys."

The proper place for the child is in the family. The family was created for the purpose of raising children and it is useless to think any substitute can be provided just as good. Even a bad family is better than no family. Charity workers say that the home must be very bad before it is advisable to remove the child. If the child has one or both parents living, it is generally best to improve the family life and have the child with its parents. Only as a last resort should the child be removed. It is also found that the largest per cent of juvenile offenders have no home or are from homes which have lost one parent by death or divorce. The proper place for a child is in a home where he has a father and mother to take care of him. The so-called "Children's Home" in which a large

number of children are herded together is not a home. It is an institution. The only home is the real family home. Of course, there must be a place to receive children and take care of them until homes can be found. These, however, are merely stations where the children change cars on the way to their future homes. Such is the State School at Coldwater, Mich., and also the receiving stations of agencies managed by churches or private individuals. The one at Stillwater, Okla., is familiar to some of my readers.

The only danger in the placing-out system is that the child will not get in a good home. If we are going to take the trouble to place a homeless child in a home, we ought to see that he gets a good home. When the placing-out system was first tried, this was not done. Children were shipped out in the country and turned over to any one that would take them. Some got in good homes but some did not. Now more care is taken. The home is investigated before the child is placed. Some attention is also given to the child after it has been placed.

The placing-out system has been the means of reducing the number of dependent children. In 1874, when Michigan adopted a system of placing out under State management, there were six hundred dependent children supported by public authorities, one for each 2,223 of population. About twenty years later the number had been reduced to three hundred in spite of increase of population. This made one dependent child for every 7,256 inhabitants. In New York where the children were placed in institutions at public expense there was one to every 200 inhabitants. Part of this difference may be due to differences in regard to conditions which cause dependence, but some of it must be due to the difference in the method of caring for the dependents.

The great trouble with an institution for babies—those under two years—is that they die. Warner says, "A death rate of 97 per cent per annum for children under three years is not uncommon." This in spite of the fact that the institutions often have the very best of physicians and well-trained nurses. This only shows how foolish it is to try to provide a substitute for the home. The children need the care of a mother and one woman cannot be a mother to very many babies at once.



Prospective Americans—Each One Adding to Our Responsibility.

For older children the great trouble is they do not learn independence and self-confidence. Consequently, they are helpless when they leave the institution. Other children who have had to shift for themselves in the streets easily outstrip them. The superintendent of an institution which is as successful as any says that the critical time is when the child leaves the institution. His institution uses great care in selecting homes for its immates when they leave. They select places that will usually be homes to the children. We may well

ask why it wouldn't be better to place the child in a home at the start and save it from the deadening influence of an institution. Perhaps the chief reason the institutions persist, is because there is a good deal of money invested in them. If they were not used as orphan asylums the owners would not know what to do with them. Churches which have no money invested in orphans' asylums may be thankful, for they can now put their money into finding homes for the children and paying their way to those homes.

So far we have been considering children capable of developing into normal men and women. In the case of defectives it is different. They need the care of expert physicians and nurses until cured or until death if incurable. The only place for them is a hospital. There are some who are capable of developing under proper conditions but they have become incorrigible or wanderers. Nobody wants them and, under the present laws, the only thing that is done is to send them to the reform schools. In general this is not a good thing. The reform school is liable to make them worse. We believe Judge Brown of Salt Lake City has solved the problem.

The Judge found some bad boys whose homes were so bad that it was necessary to remove them. He did not want to send them to the reform school so he told it to the women and the women got after the legislature. As a result a farm was purchased and the boys placed on it. The boys governed themselves and managed the farm. Some time later the Judge sent three of those boys off to school. The principal wrote back saying, "Those are the finest boys that have ever come to our school. I wish we had more like them." One of those boys was an anarchist from Russia. He was so bad the teachers could do nothing with him and they wanted him locked up so he would not contaminate the rest of the children. Another was a boy from the slums. His mother was immoral and he was raised among vicious people. His own mother wanted him sent to the reform school.

This school farm of Judge Brown's was not like an institution, for the boys learned self-dependence by managing the farm. They also learned self-government by governing themselves. The number of boys was small and some of them were old enough to manage affairs, so it was in some respects like a family al-



Not the Best of Soil for the Raising of Children.

though parents were wanting. For boys of some age who are not wanted in any homes a similar place would be the proper thing.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.

THOSE that expect family blessings must make conscience of family duty. If our children be the Lord's they must be nursed for him; if they wear his livery, they must be trained up in his work.—*M. Henry.*

"THE advantage of study is not in the number of things we learn by it, but simply that it teaches us the one thing worth knowing—not what, but how, to think."

"SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS may be truly defined as a person's inability to get out of his own way."

"THE 'Man Without a Country' is the city fellow who never has a vacation."

IN MILD SEPTEMBER DAYS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

In the mild September days
Sweetest memories fill the heart,
As from shore or mountain side,
We reluctantly, depart.
Leaving friends we've liked so well,
Each to go their homeward way,
Not, perhaps, to meet again
Till another summer day.

And when sails the harvest moon
Through the mild September skies,
How to thoughts of summer days,
Tender memory then flies,
Longing for the loving words
And the smiles of one so dear,
Whom the heart would always love
To be having ever near.

Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD JUDGMENT.—No. 2.

S. Z. SHARP.

THIS number treats of good judgment as a factor of success in life. We must keep in mind that judgment consists in observing facts quickly and exhaustively as well as making deductions and forming conclusions accurately. The reason why so many people work hard all their lifetime and never get anything ahead, is not because they are not as well favored as others or because they do not have as good luck, but it is simply because they do not exercise as good judgment. There may be two boys in the same family, under the same parental training, and having the same opportunity to make a success in life, yet one will rise to a position of honor and wealth and the other remains a day laborer. The difference is not owing to good luck, but to good judgment.

All who have arisen to positions of honor and made life a success, commenced to develop their judgment in early youth. For example, a lawyer of our acquaintance in one of the cities in Kansas, took his nine-year-old son with him to the court room to listen to the pleadings of the lawyers as the cases came up for trial. The little fellow became greatly interested and at mealtimes he questioned his father about the different points in the cases as they came up and the law that would bear upon those points. Later he began to read up the law himself and discuss the merits of both sides of the cases. This was an admirable training of his mind to notice and gather the facts, compare them and then form his conclusions, or judgments. At twelve years of age he accompanied his father to Topeka, Kansas, where his father had a case in the State Supreme Court. When the case was over and the judge was at leisure, the father asked the judge to examine this boy upon his qualifications as a lawyer. The judge was greatly astounded and ordered a certificate to be granted to this twelve-year-old boy, to practice law; perhaps the only case in the United States where a person was admitted to the bar under twenty-one.

Not long after this the father received an order from a man in the East to collect a debt, and the father turned the case over to his son. The lawyer on the opposite side failed to deny the debt, but harped on some informality in the case. The boy lawyer quickly caught this point, and plead that inasmuch as the debt was not denied, judgment should be granted in his favor and he got it as well as a twenty-five dollar fee. This boy rose to distinction as a lawyer, because he trained his judgment early.

Thomas A. Edison, the great American inventor who has taken out more than three hundred patents, was a poor boy and the odds in life were very much against him. He began his career as a newsboy on a railroad. He was always on the lookout for something by which he might improve his condition. In other words, he was gathering facts. He not only sold newspapers on the train, but at every station where the train stopped, on the Grand Trunk line in Michigan. When the great battle was fought at Gettysburg, Pa., on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, where the Confederates lost over 18,000 in killed and the Union army over 16,000, the news flashed over the wires and the whole country was in the utmost excitement to learn the details. Edison went to his publisher and asked for a thousand extra copies of papers, but the manager would not let him have them, so he boldly pressed his way to the proprietor and plead so earnestly, that the latter at last said, "Let the young Arab have them." With this extra supply he boarded his train and telegraphed to each agent along the line to let the people know of this extra supply of papers. At ever station the people were frantic to get them and he readily sold his stock at twenty-five cents each. With this capital in hand he turned his attention to telegraphing and to electricity in general and to study and collect facts, which enabled him to invent the stock indicator, the phonograph, duplex telegraphy, aerophone, megaphone, incandescent electric lamp, kinetoscope, storage battery for street railways, and hundreds of other inventions. Not only our government, but the French and the Italian governments, as well, have decorated Edison with the highest honors, because he studied facts, made his deductions and materialized his judgments into inventions. What boy or girl who reads this will go and do likewise?

We could tell you such an interesting story about Louis Agassiz, the father of original scientific investigation in America; how he taught his pupils to observe facts and from whom the writer obtained many valuable lessons and methods which he practiced in his forty-five years of teaching. We would also like to tell you about the late Mr. Harriman and the reason

why he became the greatest railroad king on earth in his day, but that would make our article too long. Next article will be on finance.

The Farmer of the Future

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

OUR land has been a land "flowing with milk and honey," a land exceedingly blest with the riches and beauty of nature. Diversity of climate, marvelous fertility of soil, variety in land surface, and above all a hardy and industrious people—all these have united to make the United States the granary of the world. The American people have devoted themselves almost entirely to the developing of this wealth and thus far we have been a nation of material things. The coffers of European monarchs dwindle into insignificance alongside of our boundless wealth. Every four years our wealth doubles and each descending sun sees us thirteen million dollars richer. But nature, however prodigal, may become bankrupt through man's greed and waste. It is opportune to ask whether we as a nation are beginning to face such a situation.

The early settlers found a soil that needed only to be "scratched" in order to bring forth. Land everywhere was absolutely free. Not the least care of the soil was taken and after a few years of "butchering," they moved on to new lands, there to repeat the process. Cultivation of the soil and the simplest rudiments of "scientific" farming were unknown.

To a great extent this state of affairs has continued up to our own day. Its results can be seen in the many ruined farms in every section of the country. Too many so-called farmers, while not abandoning their farms, really do not farm them. Past methods must be discarded and a new leaf turned.

In a few years the richest soil can be worn out and rendered worthless until nature "recharges" it. The two things that will avoid this—they are the two things that will distinguish the American farmer of the future—are rotation of crops and intensive cultivation. Heretofore farming has been *extensive*, covering wide areas; now, when most of the land has been taken, the era of *intensive* farming must begin.

There is no alternative; the change is absolutely necessary. At the present rate of increase we can count on double our population by 1950, or 200,000,000 people, and they must be fed. A few years ago the United States supplied herself and the rest of the world with wheat. No longer does she export this product because she consumes all of it at home. And yet the price of flour continues to rise. *The present high cost of living can partly be attributed to the fact that our agricultural products have not been increasing in proportion to the population.*

Thomas Malthus, the English economist, propounded the famous theory bearing his name, that the world's population is increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence and finally dire distress would prevail. The doctrine is not wholly false. That it should be true in this country is unnecessary and easily avoidable. He has always and always will have sufficient of this world's goods for all—it is only a question of proper distribution.

It is interesting to compare the American farmer with his European neighbor. Our population in 1900 was 25.6 people per square mile; France had 189.5 persons for the same area. An old civilization and a thickly-settled country have obliged Europe to cultivate intensively to the extreme. Every available inch of land is put to work. The steepest hillsides of sunny Italy bring forth their bounteous harvests of grapes. Garden methods rather than farm methods prevail. Land is well utilized but labor wasted. The opposite is true of us. They farm by hand—we by machinery. The ideal is a combination of well-utilized land and the minimum labor.

That anyone can be a farmer, muscle being the only requirement, has been a very common opinion. Brains will be more essential than brawn in the coming era of farming. Agriculture is just as much a profession as anything else. The government bureau of agriculture and the many excellent agriculture schools throughout the country are working on that principle and doing incalculable good.

The best land in the country has been taken. Government lands to be opened for settlement will soon be a thing of the past. The frontier disappeared in 1880. Farms will henceforth become more valuable. Illinois and Iowa are witnesses of the butchering methods of farming in the past. Once so fertile as to yield upon the least cultivation, their fields must now be stimulated by costly fertilizers. The seeker after free and fertile land must seek elsewhere than this country. One hundred thousand farmers are crossing the boundary line every year and settling in the Canadian Northwest, a veritable garden spot.

The coming era will see smaller farms and better cultivation. Rather fifty acres wisely husbanded than double the number half cultivated. The value of the annual farm products is approximately eight billion dollars. There is no reason why it cannot be increased fifty per cent without difficulty and doubled by scientific cultivation. It must be done in order to feed the rapidly growing population.

The farmer above all others enjoys economic independence and the contented life it makes possible. Hard times and strikes do not affect him. There is no manual labor more preferable when we consider the

healthfulness, the independence, and the profit in the farming life. With the price of his products soaring high, he can laugh the world in the face and grow rich in the meanwhile. "Back to the farm" is both a popular and a profitable cry. But the farmer of the future will be a new being. Butchering, tickling, and scratching of the soil will be no longer allowed. His own material welfare and the great public welfare demand that he adopt intensive cultivation. Then his land will bring forth fully a hundredfold and our country will contine to "flow with milk and honey."

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

WHAT CAN PARENTS DO TOWARD IMPROVING THE CONDITIONS IN OUR RURAL SCHOOLS?

MAUD HAWKINS.

We will take it for granted that this question does not imply the furnishing, or the financial part of the school, for that is very easily answered, for we all know the better a school is equipped, other things being equal, the better will be the success of the school.

If parents wish to better the conditions of the school, after a good building and apparatus have been supplied, especial attention having been given to ventilation, lighting and sanitation, and good wages paid to the teachers, they should visit the school; not merely call at recess time or on some special program day, but during the everyday routine of the school and not *once* but very often, and make long visits.

They can then judge what the school most needs from them, and whether it lacks in discipline, preparation of methods, and whether good or bad reports are true.

But above *all* other things they should not openly censure the teacher. Rather be on the watch for something that they can commend in her work, and give her an encouraging word occasionally. The praise that she deserves and that would do her so much good and lighten the great burden which she carries is often withheld. Alas, she more often receives censure than praise.

If she has helped *their* child in even one thing, tell her so, and do not complain of the things she has not done, for teachers are but human. They are only girls grown tall. How can they take extra interest in children whose parents are always nagging, finding fault and opposing whatever she may do, however well? No teacher can succeed, no matter how hard she may work, with the home influence pulling in the opposite direction. And how she will brighten and take a firmer grip when she is told that she is doing well and her work is appreciated.

Then, again, invite her to your homes and show her that you have an interest in her and you consider her as your co-worker and friend. Give her your support and aid in whatever she undertakes. No school can succeed with the parents and teacher opposing each other. A long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together should be the motto of parents, teacher and pupils. Divided we fail, united we stand.

Speak well of the teacher to others whenever an opportunity affords and try to create a good sentiment in the neighborhood for her, and do not ever allow children to hear one word of criticism against her from you. If she be in the wrong or you *think* she is, go to her in a friendly frame of mind and have a quiet talk with her, and invariably as soon as she sees wherein she is doing the school an injury she will thank you for the advice.

But, do not be too quick to believe all the tales that come to you from the schoolroom, even if they come from your own idolized little darling who has always been a pattern of our noble George W., for even those young truthfuls soon acquire the habit of artfully coloring a story, equal to any grown-up. And the truth half told is the most harmful kind of falsehood. At any rate he may have been mistaken or misinformed, as the little boy was when he told his father that there were four turnips in a bushel, and would not be convinced otherwise because the teacher had told him so that very morning. The teacher when taken to task for teaching such foolishness remembered having told the pupils in the singing class that there were four *beats in a measure.*

Give your children to understand that you have full confidence in their teacher and that she must be obeyed to the letter, for when a child has lost all belief in the teacher, her usefulness as far as *he* is concerned is at an end.

Other things a parent can do to better the school is to see that their children are prompt and regular in attendance, provided with necessary books and supplies, and sent to school dressed comfortably, neat and clean. Teach them manners and morals and encourage them to study at home, giving them what assistance they need, but not so much that they do not have any work to do themselves. Some parents are *so* helpful (?) that they even write out the exercises for the children and do their problems for them.

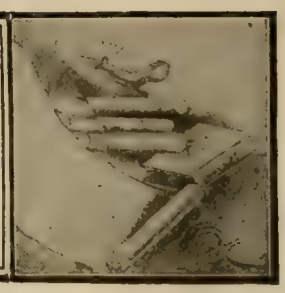
Consider yourself in the teacher's place and do just what you would have *her* do for you if conditions were reversed. Then if your teacher succeeds and proves herself worthy of the trust placed in her, pay her a good salary and retain her as long as she will stay. If she fails under all these conditions, send her away as soon as possible and try to get the best teacher possible to fill her place.

Chinook, Montana.

Love and death are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.—*Hayden.*



THE QUIET HOUR



Our Call

J. O. BARNHART.

To Peter once upon the housetop kneeling,
There came a wondrous vision from the skies
To show to him God's mighty power of healing
All sinsick souls, though humble and despised.

Though rich or poor, of high or lowly station,
There is none that his mercy can not reach,
And this was God's command—"Unto all nations,
Go forth and all my holy Gospel teach."

But Peter did not comprehend the meaning
Of Jesus' words and only told the story
Unto the Jews—on his own wisdom leaning,
He still was throwing darkness on the glory.

So God sent him the vision that believing
The wondrous truth he would not turn away
The humblest soul that came to God believing
And seeking all his precepts to obey.

For food and drink while he with hunger waited,
Upon him once again the Spirit fell,
And in a trance as he the tale related,
He saw such scenes as tongue could scarcely tell.

A mighty sheet full of all living creatures,
All kinds of beasts and birds and creeping things,
Of every form, of fierce or timid features,
Walked, leaped or ran, or heavenward spread their wings.

The lion and the leopard and the beagle,
The serpent and the lizard and the toad;
The fox, the wolf, the vulture and the eagle,
The night hawk, and the osprey;—all that God

Before had called unclean, now he assembled,
And said to Peter, "Rise and slay and eat."
Though God said, "I have cleansed them," Peter trembled,
Until God thrice the vision did repeat.

While Peter wondered what might be the meaning,
Of such a glorious vision, Lo! behold,
Cornelius' servants at the gate were spoken,
And Gentile lips the truth divine unfold,

Thus oftentimes hath God revealed his glory,
And still in sundry ways doth wisdom teach,
And though we tremble when we read the story,
We still are slow of heart and slow of speech.

The last command on earth by Jesus spoken,
"Go ye to all the world and tell the news,"—
By thousands of believers still is broken,
And Christians still the sacred word refuse.

With folded hands we sit at ease in Zion,
Content to read, or hear or sing or pray.
And if God calls us out we fear the lion,
Which we imagine lurks around our way,

Or say the call was not for us but others,
For heathen lands must leave their homes and go.
The Jews looked not on Gentiles as their brothers
And we are worse than they, for now we know

The truth that frees all men of every nation,
And know that all have felt God's saving grace;
We know that he respects not any station,
But calls his children out of every race.

For Christ hath cleansed them from the first transgression
Of Adam when the human race was young,
And from all contrite hearts he accepts confession,—
His ear inclines to praise from every tongue.

Then no more let the Pharisee's petition
Rise from hearts filled with arrogance and pride,
But like the Publican in deep contrition,
Trust in the fount that flowed from Jesus' side.

Who shall not say that God protects this nation,
For all the wanderers over distant seas,
That they might come to us and find salvation,
And worship him with mind and conscience free?

And when we share with them we are but lending,—
The bread we give will come to us again,—
For on them our salvation is depending,
And we can not withhold for "to all men

We are great debtors" and God has been waiting
To see how we their righteous claims will pay;
And while the vital question we're debating,
Some one may bear our starry crown away.

* * * * * *

Oh, hear ye not the cry from Macedonia?
Again it comes but from this side the sea,
And if ye hear the burden's laid upon ye,
And no one from its weight can set you free.

But we who confess Christ and say we love him,
Pass by the wounded stranger every day,
Like priest and Levite count ourselves above him,
And leave him dead in sin beside the way.

O Christian, through two thousand years of trial,
Hath God preserved the church unto this hour,
And yet by our dead lives we give denial
To all his matchless mercy and his power.

Oh, see you not each day and all around you,
The thousands still in darkness and in woe,
And weighted with such fetters as once bound you?
It is to these that Jesus bids you go.

To Africa some one must go in kindness,
And tell the story of the Father's love;
But Africans are here in heathen blindness,—
They pass our door each day, and we can prove

Our faith by works and tell the gospel tidings,
That whosoever will may come today,
And still continuing in faith abiding,
May wear a crown that never fades away.

Thousands of needy sinners throng the highways,
Hungry for God but no one will impart
Nor food nor clothes, in every street and byway,
The dead in sin lie pierced by Satan's dart.

In hovels and in prisons we may find them,
In factories and shops they toil for bread;
They know not they are slaves, for Satan binds them,
God bids his shepherds feed them, but instead,

For bread they give them husks, with rags they clothe them.
A tattered Gospel do they make God's Word;
They do not love God's sheep but rather loathe them,—
The cry of lost ones reaches them unheard.

But we who have the light, shall we withhold it,
And then of rest in heaven fondly dream?
No, we will bear the truth to all who will enfold it,
And let its beacon from our window stream.

To all wayfaring ones who homeless wander,
We'll tell how God prepares a home above;
To prisoners in darkened cells who ponder,
We'll tell of Jesus, harmless as a dove.

Where mariners pursue the trackless ocean,
We'll sing of mercy, boundless as the sea;
To "toilers of the rail" we'll teach devotion,
And warriors too shall learn to bow the knee.

Where northern pines in winter winds are sighing,
That soon the woodman's ax will lay them low,
We'll bear the story of a Savior dying,
To save the world from misery and woe.

And having found the Pearl no wealth can measure,
We'll still increase its beauties every day,
By telling others of the priceless treasure,
And turning weary souls from sin away.

Who seek it for themselves at last must rue it,
God bids us share the precious diadem,
None that would bar the door can enter through it;
The Flower from the Rose of Sharon's stem

That bloomed so long ago is ever sending
Its fragrance to all corners of the world,
And we will go, Jehovah's help attending,
Till everywhere Love's banner is unfurled.

And till on every hill there is a steeple,
That points its tapering spire to the skies,
And there as brothers joined shall every people
Kneel to the Lord and King of Paradise.

The lion-hearted and the meek shall own him,
And we with them before his face shall fall,
And inocence and wisdom shall enthrone him
As Prince of Peace and crown him "Lord of all."

Kemp, Ill.

FIVE FACTS TO PONDER.

1. In non-Christian countries taken as a whole there is but one medical missionary to every 2,500,000 persons. In the United States there are four thousand physicians to the same number.

2. It took modern missions one hundred years after the time of Carey, or until 1896, to win one million converts out of heathenism; the second million were won in twelve years, from 1896 to 1908. They are now being won at the rate of a million in six years.

3. In China in 1842, after the first thirty-five years of foreign missionary work, there were only six converts; in 1860 there were 960; in 1877, 1,300; in 1890, 37,500; in 1906, 191,000. Conservative figures now place the number at 250,000.

4. The Bible has been translated into 470 ancient and modern languages and dialects. This is perhaps the greatest literary achievement in history. It enables the missionary to touch all the nations of the world with the living truth, which is the power of God unto salvation.

5. There is a group of churches in Africa where one out of every ten is definitely set aside to carry the Gospel to others. With a standard like that in the churches of America, what could be accomplished in five years? —*Exchange.*

"THE PEACE OF GOD."

How many thousands of lips have lovingly lingered over those sweet, strong words: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your heart and thought in Christ Jesus." It is God's peace. It acts as an armed guard drawn up around heart and thoughts to keep unrest out. It is too subtle for intellectual analysis, but it steals into and steadies the heart. You cannot understand it but you can feel it. You cannot get hold of it with your head, but you can with your heart. You do not get it. It gets you. You need not understand in order to experience. Blessed are they that have not understood and yet have yielded and experienced.—*S. D. Gordon.*

A YIELDING OF SELF.

We have need of all our crosses. When we suffer much, it is because we have strong ties that it is necessary to loosen. We resist, and we thus retard the divine operation; we repulse the heavenly hand, and it must come again: it would be wiser to yield ourselves at once to God. That the operation of his providence, which overthrows our self-love, should not be painful to us, would require the intervention of a miracle. Would it be less miraculous that a soul, absorbed in its own concerns, should, in a moment, become dead to self, than that a child should go to sleep a child, and wake up a man?—*Fénelon.*

THE INGLENOOK

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THE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.

For a week or more hundreds of parents have been listening to the story, made new every year, of school and its many interesting happenings. Some have been hearing the story for years and they know exactly what to expect as soon as they catch sight of Johnny's or Mary's face. Some are hearing the story for the first time, as parents, and it is so interesting that even the absorbing daily is neglected while they listen to some account of the wonderful teacher and wonderful school.

It is right, we think, for the parents to listen to these school stories, for the interest of the children is thus fostered and the parents are in a position the better to direct that interest and at the same time turn the stories into the right channels. No parent should encourage the retailing of irrelevant things or the disposition to criticise, but no true parent will wholly repress the desire of the child to give some expression to the impressions he is receiving daily.

When we pass from the child to the youth there is a difference in the outlook and so there must be a difference in the character of the school story. With the child the aim of the parent is to direct and foster his interest and help him to a true understanding of what this schooling is. With the youth who already has some idea of the object of education the main effort of the parent should be to help in the development of the right ideals and to note the tendency of the boy and girl toward this or that field of activity. To do this he needs to keep in close touch with his child's school life, including the teachers.

There is a cry going up all over the land that our boys and girls are coming up through the schools with scarcely the faintest idea of what life should mean to them as well as a lack of actual fitness for any of the real work of the world. Some are laying the blame for this state of affairs at the door of the schools, but a few who have made themselves well acquainted with conditions claim that the greater blame lies with the parents. It is charged that many parents have shouldered the work of their children's education, if not their whole upbringing, onto the schools, while they devote themselves to business or society and its pleasures.

We do not make this serious charge against the parents of the Nook family, but we repeat what is being said by those who are deeply interested in the coming generations so that our parents may know how far they come inside the line of parental duty. What are you *doing,* parents, toward preparing your children to take their place—an honorable and useful place—in the world? Is anything else coming in for more of your attention and interest than this? Should anything else come first?

THE CRIME OF SMUGGLING.

Somewhere along the line of our teaching on the subject of mine and thine a link has been dropped. Among the "For Examples" important examples have been overlooked or disregarded and as a consequence we have a people with an apparently good understanding of the general meaning of honesty falling down over the plainest cases that could be found to illustrate the meaning of the word.

It may be there are those among our readers who can recall people whose dealings run through all the variations between honesty and dishonesty, depending on the one with whom they are dealing. What we have to say now is on that phase of dishonesty known as smuggling. The crime of smuggling is not a new one,—it has been perpetrated ever since we have had nations with any laws governing the exchange of commodities with other people. One reason the subject of smuggling is of particular interest now is because of the detection of the sugar-weighing frauds and many other forms of smuggling at the port of New York where under Collector William Loeb, Jr., the dues collected have increased by an average of $1,000,000 a week.

Franklin Clarkin, writing in *Everybody's Magazine* for September puts the crime of smuggling before his readers in the ugly form in which it ought to be viewed by all and tells what class of people is generally found guilty. We quote several paragraphs from his article:

"In times of war, in blockades and sieges, there may still be something big and appealing about smuggling, something to palliate and excuse it. You may be saving the lives of brave people who are holding out for a splendid idea! But in times of peace and prosperity it has come under control of the well-to-do, and has sunk to miserable levels. Instead of a crude means of equity and justice, smuggling now is another method of shifting burdens from the rich.

"Courage is no longer a factor. No honor in the rogue now, no gallantry! From ranking with buccaneers and bandits, when his wild, free life had romance in it, and "natural economy," and he shared his plunder with the poor, the professional has become a wharf rat, slinking under slimy piers in the night to take contraband from the hand of some ship's steward stretched through a porthole; or else he is a peddler-like person stealing across a border with opium in his satchel; or else he is one of a band of go-betweens who make a business of corrupting inspectors by giving them half of the money saved by fraud. The present American practice is based on no idea that is not selfish, greedy, unpatriotic. That must have been plain in the Senate discussion of the new tariff bill, and in the recovery of about $3,000,000 from the Sugar Trust for underweighing. But if not, it is plain in the artifices and subterfuges of individual evasion at the gate of entry.

"Of these I got customs detectives, examiners, and appraisers, and also importers to tell me. They were quite frank. And out of their 'declarations' it would be a pretty puzzle for you to find some act or person to which or to whom might be attached a respectful sentiment. One hears no anecdote, nor is there described any transaction, that is not utterly sordid.

"No honor, no gallantry, no chivalry, no sense of patriotism is disclosed."

Speaking further of the statement that smuggling is now another method of shifting burdens from the rich, the writer says:

"When the new collector came in the first curiosity he met with was that 'those who had made fortunes by reason of high and protective tariff' were most unscrupulous in evading on their own luxuries or necessities the tax imposed. Tariffs were made for their profit, not their loss. Pittsburghers, he found, residents of the greatest of protection-built cities, were the worst offenders.

"It is a mocking spectacle—swollen tariff-born fortunes in skulking evasion of the mother that coddled them!"

Mr. Clarkin describes, with particular examples, a number of methods used by the would-be smuggler—artifices that would never come to the mind of an honest man. One thing that may at first astonish the reader is the fact brought out that women are especially addicted to the crime of smuggling. Of their attitude toward the crime the writer says: "Whether or not with men there exists some consciousness that smuggling 'once stood as a political protest,' with women it is not at all a political protest. It's a game. Morals enter into it about as much as into bridge. Getting things through is just a variety of bargain hunting, not in the least the same—seemingly—as abstracting so much cash from the till of the postoffice."

The writer also speaks of the smuggling that goes on through the mails and states that the New York postoffice yearly collects about $250,000 in duty assessed. Books are used to conceal much contraband. Even considering the great amount of smuggling that is done at the port of New York one inspector there declares that those who serve at the port of New York do not see the great smuggling, but claims that that goes on along the Canadian border. "Canada's border indeed is the last remaining smuggler's paradise. Customs agents could not hope to cover it. Only seven per cent of all duties are collected there."

In conclusion Mr. Clarkin says: "From all the incidents, one gathers, the primary fact, the indisputable thing about smuggling in its modern manifestation is that it is not alone a poor-souled ducking of civic responsibility but a niggardly stratagem of avarice, in which appear the ugly elements of lying, cheating stealing, treachery. And the wages of these all together is now penal servitude."

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE

SUGGESTION forms infinitely more the warp and woof of social and professional intercourse than is thought without analytic study.—*William T. Sanger.*

THE family was created for the purpose of raising children and it is useless to think any substitute can be provided just as good.—*John Woodard.*

ALL who have arisen to positions of honor and made life a success, commenced to develop their judgment in early youth.—*S. Z. Sharp.*

THE farmer above all others enjoys economic independence and the contented life it makes possible.—*William L. Judy.*

No teacher can succeed, no matter how hard she may work, with the home influence pulling in the opposite direction.—*Maud Hawkins.*

Oh, see you not each day and all around you
The thousands still in darkness and in woe,
And weighted with such fetters as once bound you?
It is to these that Jesus bids you go.
—J. O. Barnhart.

A LOT of people who are very prosperous, financially, miss some of the best times they are entitled to because they don't know how to find them.—*Barbara Mohler Culley.*

NEVER be guilty of discouraging a backward child.—*Amanda Fetter Bjelkstrom.*



THE HOME WORLD



A MOTHER BELIEVED IN HIM, LONG AGO.

Time-worn, weather-beaten, with dim, bleared eyes,
His face like a map of the Country of Sin;
Knowing no hope and winning no prize,
Callous without and hardened within—
Room for him still on the great highway!
Comrade of shame and companion of woe;
Look where he staggers, and softly say:
"A mother believed in him, long ago."

A wee little babe, on her bosom he lay,
And gently she chanted an old, sweet song:
"Hushaby, lullaby; ever, alway,
His white angels guard thee from error and wrong."
And his lips were pure as a thought of God,
And his eyes were bright, that are heavy and dim,
As the sleep-angels bore him, o'er fields untrod,
There where the twilight was singing its hymn.

Time-worn, weather-beaten—and yet she dreamed,
With love in her eyes, as a mother must;
And she saw where the sunlight over him streamed,
And the prayer in her heart was the prayer of trust.
A mother believed in him, long ago—
This is his passport to heights of peace
Where we walk no more with error and woe
And the pain and the travail forever cease.

Only a wreck, 'mid the wrecks of men,
Crushed in the battle; lost, forlorn,
Staggering on, through mire and fen,
Yet to hope's heritage he was born.
Make room for him, then, on the great highway!
Whither 't will lead him we may not know,
Out of the maze of doubt and dismay,
Since a mother believed in him, long ago.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Success.

Aunt Tirzah's Way

BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

IF I knew Aunt Tirzah's age, I would not tell it, because that is a matter she never speaks of, and she is such a mixture of up-to-date independence and old-fashioned delicacy that I suspect she clings to the old-fashioned idea of a woman's age being a forbidden topic of discussion. I guess she is ten years my senior. That is pure guess-work—no, it is mixed with a little calculation, but her life, as I see it, has taught me so many lessons that it seems to me she must have lived a long while to accumulate so many experiences, with wisdom.

Perhaps she is a natural philosopher. At any rate, a lifelong habit of close observation, added to the faculty of ready reasoning from cause to effect, amounts to about the same thing. She has a history, but I am forbidden to dwell on that, or to reveal her identity, for be it known Aunt Tirzah is a real character and the things I am telling about her and her ways are true.

She is not really anybody's aunt. She has neither chick nor child, and her only near of kin are a very elderly maiden aunt and an unmarried cousin of uncertain age. However, it is her belief that when a woman is left without "folks" of her own it is the part of wisdom and philanthropy to adopt folks, so as to have some one besides herself to live for. She says the world is full of folks who haven't any folks, and they go through life pitying themselves and giving society no adequate excuse for their existence unless something wakes them out of their selfishness and turns them into the way of right thinking.

It was quite by accident that I discovered one of her ways of spending the money she does not use in making an elaborate spread when she gives herself the pleasure of entertaining.

In a Home for old ladies, where all the material comforts and some of the luxuries of life are provided, she has a good many friends. In fact she has paid her membership fee, so she feels that she is sure of the benefits of the place when the time comes that she cares to claim them. That may account in some measure for the special interest she takes in these old ladies and their little pleasures.

Aunt Tirzah says the world is as full of good times as of people. The trouble is in the distribution, and a lot of people who are very prosperous, financially, miss some of the best times they are entitled to because they don't know how to find them—because they fail to see their greatest opportunities.

Now, life is more or less monotonous for the old ladies in the Home. A lot of people who own horses and carriages and automobiles are missing the pleasure of giving them an occasional good time because they are too much absorbed in personal pursuit of enjoyment to have thought of it.

If Aunt Tirzah had all the horses, carriages and automobiles she could drive none of them, but the

young wife of a certain young minister loves a good horse and is fond of driving. So for two and a half dollars Aunt Tirzah hires a horse and a two-seated carriage for a whole afternoon, and Mrs. Minister takes the old ladies out in relays, three at a time. She gives them a great pleasure that Aunt Tirzah says belongs to them, spends a most delightful afternoon in the open air, and Aunt Tirzah has her money's worth in her happy consciousness of their benefit. She treats herself periodically to this indulgence, as she calls it, and she positively asserts that it is better for all parties concerned than the same expenditure in meat and drink.

Elgin, Ill.

SUGGESTION IN THE HOME.

AMANDA FETTER BJELKSTROM.

Our suggestions are not confined to our words; our actions and even our thoughts are suggestive agencies to those among whom we dwell. And it is usually in the home that we are the least thoughtful about this most important way of helping others.

This should not be so. Home is a most sacred institution—an establishment wherein new creations "In the image and likeness of God" are being brought forth—the place where is realized the first birth of the "joint heirs with Jesus Christ" and should be also the place where is realized the second birth—the life and joy in the spiritual.

Do you think of your children as such or are they merely your own possessions, to be used for your own material profit? Upon this will depend greatly what you will suggest to your child and upon your suggestions depends largely what your child will accomplish —what place in the world he will occupy.

Your child is good, and when you tell him so you impress the idea of goodness on his subconscious mind and what is impressed on this wonderful storehouse will manifest itself in the personality of the child. When the child does that which in your estimation is wrong, instead of impressing that wrong on his little life by telling him how bad he is, show him what he should have done, what would have been the right thing to do. and nine times out of ten the wrong will be forgotten and what you suggested to him will be done. We so often misjudge a child's motive. He naturally wants to be good—a fact we often forget. A mother on putting her little girl to bed was saying what a naughty, disobedient child she had been all day. The child between its little sobs said she asked God in the morning to help her be good and tried to be good but somehow everything went wrong and it just seemed she couldn't.

The mother had not thought of such a thing as the child trying and wanting to be good and could now see its deeds in a different light. A suggestion in the right direction where a child is undecided or starting the wrong way will so often put him in the right. When asking our little daughter (who is just past two) for something, even though she is making a move to hide it behind her, if I say, "Thank you! that's mama's good little child," she invariably hands it to me.

We who are experienced know how much easier it is to decide when some one *expects* us to decide right and tells us so by words or actions. I found her one day pulling out the threads in the ties of a couch mattress. Without thinking I said, "You must not do that!" The look in her eyes plainly said she found it fun and would do it as soon as I was gone, as a little friend had done a few days before, even after being slapped by his mother. I bethought myself and told her we wanted them there, her papa liked to see how nice they were, and she began patting them and saying, "Nice!" This she associated with them and always when near them says they are "nice."

To tell a little child point blank *he cannot have* a thing makes him want it all the more and without the power to reason he determines to gratify his desire. By suggesting to him it belongs where it is and to some one else and that there are other things he would rather have he usually is satisfied. When he is old enough to reason it will not be hard to teach him to respect others' rights and that he can not always be gratified. The more one aggravates a little child the worse his temper will be.

I have always kept telling our child she likes to be washed—even when she began showing an aversion to it—and she came to believe that she does like it. If we fully understood the mind actions, we would know better the value of suggestions.

Never be guilty of discouraging a backward child. Teachers and parents have kept children down just by continually telling them they were stupid, lazy and too dull to remember anything. How can we ever atone for dwarfing the mentality of one of God's children and how often can the failure of such an one be traced back to this very source. "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," says the Great Teacher.

The greatest wrong I ever witnessed in a child's life occurred in a home where I stayed two weeks to help prepare to move. The youngest child appeared to most people as she did to her mother who told her a dozen times a day "she was the meanest child she ever saw," etc., and usually impressed the statement with a slap or shaking up. How could she be otherwise? She never heard anything about the good within her, how could she bring it out? She brought out only what was impressed on her child mind. She was a bright, active girl, and had her mother ignored her tendencies toward the wrong and encouraged her to bring out the good within her by praise and kindness,

she would have been a blessing to her parents instead of a curse. These impressions will follow her all through life and bring her no end of trouble if not replaced by their opposites.

If instead of continually fighting this "evil" we forgot it and "overcame it with good," we would make much greater progress in our Christian life. See and speak of only the good about you—all that God created is good—all that shall eternally last is good,—so why not fill our minds so full of this good that all else is made to pass into nothingness.

If some member of the family looks tired or discouraged, look deeper than the surface, ignore such a look, and give him a suggestion of praise, an uplifting word; it will act like magic. Many a wife has lost the love of a husband by taking up a little neglect or mistaken deed and thinking and saying he did not love her, until it became a reality. If every day she would have thought and said he loved her, regardless of these little things, it would have been impossible to lose his love.

Hayes, S. Dak.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

SELECTED BY MRS. EMMA ANDES ZOBLER.

Some women constantly keep their husbands in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; others keep them in a stew by their irritating words and ways; others roast them and some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It is not to be supposed that husbands treated in this way *can* be tender and good; but they are *really delicious* when properly treated.

In selecting a husband do not be guided by the silvery appearance as if you were buying mackerel, nor by the golden tints as if you wanted salmon. Do not go to the markets for them, as the best are always brought to the door. It is far better to have none unless you patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is necessary for the best. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended and the required number of buttons sewed on.

Tie him in the kettle with a silken thread called love, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. He is liable to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty about the edges; as crabs and lobsters, he is cooked while alive.

Keep a clear, steady fire of *love* and *cheerfulness* and *neatness* and get him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters, fizzes, etc., do not be anxious; many do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses. Put in no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir gently, lest he lie too close to the kettle and become useless. Treated in this way, he will agree nicely with you and the children, and *keep* well unless you become careless and put him in too cold a place to cool.

Lancaster, Pa.

THE MOTHER HEART.

When Mrs. Artman first began to arouse from her stunning grief after the death of her only child, well-intentioned friends urged her to adopt a little one. There were several cases of need in the little town. The children would have to go to the County Farm, as there was no home to which they could be admitted. The county institution then took imbecile and insane patients, and was entirely unsuited as a haven for children. Some kind-hearted people thought it too bad, and mentioned the matter to Mrs. Artman.

"It is quite impossible for me to adopt a child," she said almost sharply. "You do not know what you are asking. To put any one in Clara's place! Why, it would be sacrilege to me!"

So the big, comfortable house was kept for a shrine for grief. Mrs. Artman was too deeply hurt by life's experiences to ever look for happiness again. A widow and childless, she felt that for her all the light had gone out.

She was driving one day along the country road, when she came upon a child crouched in the wayside bushes weeping heart-brokenly. Mrs. Artman had been one of the tenderest of women, and she left her carriage to find out the cause of the grief.

"I darsent go back," wailed the child. "She called and called, and I'm afraid. She said she'd whip me if I wasn't there to help pare the potatoes. I wasn't going to run away. I just wanted to see if I could find the pot of gold. The rainbow came down in the meadow and Granny O'Neil said there was one."

Mrs. Artman understood. This was one of the children from the County Farm.

"I'll take you back," she said, "and I'll ask Mrs. Warne not to whip you."

She put the child up into the carriage, but she sat on the seat across from it. She could not bear the touch of its brown, clawlike hands. With a sick heart she saw a vision of Clara's clinging, dimpled hands. She did not want to caress any other child, now that she could not have her own. She gave the child only the impersonal kindness that she would have shown an animal.

At the sight of Mrs. Warne, the child in the carriage began to whimper again.

Mrs. Artman stated the case briefly. The child had not meant to be naughty. Would Mrs. Warne oblige her by not punishing her this time?

Mrs. Warne was not a cruel woman, but she had

neither the time nor inclination to go into the subtleties of child psychology. She had promised the child a whipping if she ran away again, and in the interests of discipline she would inflict it.

Mrs. Artman was astonished and indignant. People usually heeded her requests. She looked at the immovable Mrs. Warne, and at the weeping child.

"I think," she said, quietly, "I will take the child home with me. This is no place for her."

"You're right, ma'am," said Mrs. Warne. "It isn't any place for young ones. But when they're here I do the best I can for them. I teach them to work, and I make them mind. That Ellen, there, wouldn't be a bad child if she had some one to look after her."

Mrs. Artman was well enough known that no formalities were necessary. She asked Mrs. Warne to lift the child back into the carriage, and drove away. She hardly looked at the little one on the way home. On reaching the house she turned Ellen over to the good-natured cook, with instructions to give the child her dinner and then let her play about the yard.

"She's so young that I am afraid she will be more bother than help," said Mrs. Artman.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mina, "but I won't mind having her around."

"Can you fix up a cot for her in your room?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Her clothes are dreadful. If you have time tomorrow, will you go to town and get her some. You may get ready-made ones. Get well-made, strong ones."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And I suppose I need not warn you about not giving her too much to do. I want her to learn to be helpful, of course, but a young child like that needs plenty of playtime and liberty."

Mina looked a trifle indignant over even a suggestion of that kind. As if she would overwork a child!

So little Ellen found a home in Mrs. Artman's kitchen. She was left much to herself, for Mina was a busy person. But she enjoyed the new liberty. Here no one whipped her if she ran into the meadow lot to see where the rainbow came down. She could pick violets in the orchard all day if she chose. The big barns were delightful playhouses. The stableman sometimes let her ride on the horses.

In her heart she adored the quiet, black-clad lady, whom she sometimes saw. But she had been warned by Mina, so she never spoke to her. When Mrs. Artman saw the child she purposely avoided her. She told herself she would do her duty. The child should be properly educated and taught to earn her own living. She should be fed and clothed and kindly treated. But she could not take her to her heart. At times the thrill of childish laughter coming from the kitchen was almost more than she could bear.

But as the months went on the irritation of the child's presence grew less. In the autumn when school began it was decided that the public school was too far away for Ellen to attend, and Mrs. Artman made arrangements for her to attend the little afternoon class made up of small children of the neighborhood. She took the child in her carriage the first day, and made the necessary arrangements about paying her tuition and other expenses.

Perhaps that was what emboldened Mina to ask a favor a few weeks later. Mrs. Artman was going to a neighborhood celebration in the town hall, and Mina asked if she could not take Ellen with her.

"You see, ma'am, she's heard the children at school talking about it, and she wants to go about as bad as a child can want anything. She thinks it's going to be a wonderful entertainment."

Mrs. Artman said yes, and a little later a silent, but radiant, child, was put into the carriage by the smiling Mina.

At the hall Mrs. Artman gave the child some money to buy sweets at the candy booth, and then forgot her in a pleasant chat with the minister's wife. When it was time for the entertainment to begin, she thought suddenly that Ellen ought to have a chair in front if she was to see. She went in search of her. She came upon a group of children in one of the cloakrooms. A childish dispute was in progress. Ellen, flushed and terrified, stood against the wall, and the others surrounded her.

"No, you ain't got any home," said one child. "You belong in the poorhouse. And Mrs. Artman can't bear the sight of you. My mama said so. She is not your mama."

"She is, too, my mama," said Ellen, desperately.

One child having spoken, the imitative instinct in the others led them to badger also.

"That's an awful ugly dress. I wouldn't come to an entertainment in such a dress."

"She ain't got no dolly."

"She ain't got no gold ring."

"She's a poor little girl, and we ought to be kind to her," ventured one.

"Why, we are kind to her," said the first. "But Mrs. Artman ain't her mama, and she don't b'long in Mrs. Artman's house."

Ellen began to weep the agonizing sobs of a deeply hurt child.

Mrs. Artman stepped in through the door.

"Come, my little girl," she said, gently.

Ellen looked up into her face wonderingly, and then ran and threw herself into her arms.

Mrs. Artman took her up in her arms, and Ellen was not hard to comfort. She sat on Mrs. Artman's knee through the wonderful entertainment, and afterward she was carried out half asleep to the carriage. It was

such a nice shoulder to rest upon that she fell quite asleep, and was only aroused by the lights at home.

"I'll take her in with me tonight," her new mother was saying, "and tomorrow you may get the little room next to mine ready for her. Poor little, heart-hungry child!"—*Zelia Margaret Walters.*

HIGH PRICES AND THE GODDESS OF GAUDS.

That the glittering vanities of women have a distinct bearing upon prevailing high prices, has not been widely indicated, but may this not be a legitimate deduction? So extravagant have become the fiats of the Goddess of Gauds, that women who are in the set of which she is Dictator have a choice only between following her whimsies or limply retiring from her wicked world.

Today not only is one handsome gown of ceremony required of a woman who is swimming socially, or one who wishes to be known as a model of "sartorial perfection," but a dozen equally handsome frocks, with accessories in keeping, each suitable in fabric and cut to its occasion and to the taste and figure of the wearer. More gorgeous must she be at after-dark functions than Sheba of old—she must twinkle and glitter and gleam, though not too obviously. She must no longer rustle stiffly, as was the vogue five years ago; her gowns must be softly rich, her lace must be real and supplemented by superb embroideries over cloth-of-gold, or silver; these embroideries, enriched in turn by jewels, sometimes "mock," oftener real. And over all is thrown a veil of chiffon that adds to the mystery, softens the shimmer, and notably increases the expense. Thus she expresses herself through her gown. Briefly, she is dress-made. The chronicles of the fifties have much to say of women's wit and charm; comparatively little of their frills and furbelows; nothing of barbaric splendors. Verily, all normal women wish to look well—to wear good-looking clothes that are well cut, and worthy of ten thousand eagle eyes; but few are there among worth-while dames or demoiselles who would feel elated at being cited as a "Fashion Doll" or a "Clothes-Tree." If the gold, silver, and jewel craze in dress-fabrics continues, contented minds in drawing-rooms or office will be at a premium. Only trillionaires can stand the metallic pressure of superfine raiment. Few wealthy moderns have the courage to be "original" in dress, unless in extravagance or in cut; yet, scattered like dew-drops upon a parched earth, we occasionally find serene-eyed young wives and mothers with whom dress is not an obsession. When prices soar, such women prefer one yester-year's frock for ceremonial occasions, aye, even sans glitter, to the family stomach yearning for accustomed strength-giving food. One solemn fact must now be faced, to-wit: that there are women galore whose barbaric adornments are stolen in part from the "house-money," and who say me, "Nay." The credulity of husbands on this score is matched only by the fond belief of wives regarding their husband's "meagre" lunches, down-town, so perhaps this evens up matters maritally.

Granted the cost of high living has about doubled, is it not true as well that the cost of high dressing has trebled? Extravagance is on her High Horse these days, en route for the Devil, it would seem. While Dowdiness is both a blunder and a handicap, Cleverness is not so rapid as to make that error, nor is she likely to sink her individuality to the extent of being known by the glory of her gowns. When prices soar, she does not blame the Meat Lords entirely, nor the Egg Barons. She decides that so long as the Goddess of Gauds makes women her puppets, husbands—Messrs. Meat and Egg included—must pay, and in order to pay, prices must and will tower along the entire devouring line.—*Minna Thomas Antrim, in Lippincott's for September.*

PICKLE RECIPES.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Nancy's Pickle.—1 gallon of cabbage, chopped fine, 1 quart of chopped onions, 1 gallon green tomatoes chopped. Place in separate crocks, sprinkling salt between the layers, using a teacup of salt to a gallon of vegetables. Let stand over night with a plate over each, for weight. Next morning pour cold water over each crock of chopped vegetables and leave them an hour or more, then drain thoroughly. Heat to boiling (in porcelain vessels) three quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. Into this pour the chopped vegetables, all together. Boil ten minutes, then drain well. Throw away the liquid and place over the stove, 1 gallon of vinegar, and 1 quart of brown sugar; let boil, then add the chopped mixture, allowing it all to boil one-half hour or until tender. While this is boiling, prepare the following ingredients: Mix with a little cold vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of red pepper, 4 tablespoonfuls of mustard (ground), 1 dessert spoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger, and 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. Add this mixture to the boiling vegetables, stir well and boil 2 minutes longer; put away in three gallon jar with cabbage or grape leaves and weight on top. Cover, and keep in the cellar.

Cucumber Pickles.—Wash the cucumbers in cold water, and sort, placing those of uniform size in piles by themselves. Use the larger ones for brine pickles, the medium sized ones for sour pickles in open stone jars, the smaller ones for either sweet or sour pickles in glass jars. Brine Pickles (will keep two years): Place a layer of coarse salt in the bottom of a barrel,

keg or large jar: then a layer of pickles and a layer of salt alternately until the barrel is full. As the pickles remain in salt they form a brine; put cabbage leaves (or heavy white cloth) on top, then a plate or wooden cover, upon which place a large clean stone or other suitable weight, to keep the pickles under brine. When pickles are wanted for table use, the covers and weight must be removed and washed (in cold water) being careful to remove with them all mould that may have collected. Then take out as many pickles as desired and soak them in water (either cold or warm), changing frequently, until fresh. The covers and weight must be replaced upon the brine pickles. The freshened pickles may now be put in vinegar with a little whole mustard seed, or pepper or horse-radish as desired for flavoring. Place a plate or saucer on top to keep them under the vinegar. Medium-sized and small cucumbers should be placed in jars or crocks in salt water over night, using a small cup of salt to a gallon of pickles: next morning rinse in cold water, and replace in the empty jars, pouring over them a mixture of boiling water and vinegar, about two parts water to one of vinegar. Place the weight on top and let stand till next day. Then place the pickles in the jars you wish to keep them in, using glass fruit jars for the smaller ones, and any kind of jars for the larger pickles, sprinkle a little whole mustard or a few bits of horse-radish, and a few grains of pepper (or pieces of red pepper) among them; some like a few celery seed also; heat to boiling enough good vinegar to cover the pickles and pour over them; seal the small ones; cover and weight those in open jars—put away for use at any time.

ABOUT SULPHURIC ACID BURNS.

I HAVE read often of horrible burns by sulphuric acid and was especially shocked by the accident recently in Philadelphia, where some children riding on a truck were seriously burned by the breaking of two carboys of the acid which were being carted on the same wagon.

Just remember that plain water, lots of it, must be poured on the victim of a sulphuric accident at once, even to throwing the party into the water if possible. This acid on the skin feels like fire.

With water quickly applied in great quantity, this acid is rendered harmless. I have been burned with it repeatedly without harm, through a knowledge of this proper antidote.

If not treated promptly the most horrible disfigurements result. The police department in Paris exhibit wax figures of faces of victims of the foreign practice of throwing this acid in one's face. A prompt treatment of water would have rendered the acid harmless.

A few years ago a man in my employ carrying a pitcher of this acid stumbled and spilled some on his clothing. In less than a minute the cloth touched by the acid was completely decomposed, and the man stood there with his trousers almost burned off. While we were laughing at him he said "my feet hurt." We immediately removed his shoes and found that some of the acid which had penetrated them burned the stockings to a pulp. A prompt application with our garden hose removed all the acid and the man was absolutely uninjured by the otherwise serious accident.

Just remember, for sulphuric acid, the antidote, "lots of water." This should be known generally, as the acid is commonly used everywhere, and while of great usefulness, is always dangerous.—*Jules Doux, in Scientific American.*

THE BETTER WAY.

IT is always better to help others to criticise themselves than it is to criticise them. They will believe themselves; they are not likely to believe you. The way to bring about this healthy and helpful condition of self-criticism, with its accompanying desire for improvement, is to show by our lives, silently, the better way, while resolutely refraining from urging it on others. It was a high tribute paid to a Christian man, who is not now living, when one who had known him intimately said: "He never told me that I ought to do better, but I always came away from any conversation with him wanting to do better." If we would do this for others, let us seal our lips to criticism, and incarnate the better way in our lives.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

THE CROSS SQUIRREL.

ONCE, it is said, there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold, and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers, and so was wise—besides which he would shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel: "My dear, as you do not like your home, there are three sensible things you could do—leave it, or change it, or suit yourself to it. Any one of these would help you in your troubles."

But the little squirrel said: "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I would rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—*Unidentified.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Moving pictures of the brain, heart and stomach in action are the latest achievements of science. According to Dr. Max Baff, psychologist of Clark University at Worcester, Mass., a scientist in the Argentine republic has accomplished this feat by the use of the X-ray and cinematograph.

The initiative and referendum bill passed the upper house of the Colorado legislature Sept. 1, after previously having passed the lower house. Thirty votes were cast for it, those voting against the measure being Gove, Democrat, and Frye, Republican. Two senators—Meyer and Carpenter—were absent.

Superior General A. Fiat of the Congregation of the Mission, which rules the Sisters of Charity throughout the world, has issued an order dividing the government of the sisters of charity into two divisions. The western province will have headquarters in St. Louis and the eastern headquarters will remain in Emmettsburg, Md.

President Taft is contemplating, and probably will issue soon after his return to Washington, Sept. 21, an executive order putting all assistant postmasters and the permanent clerks at money order postoffices, under the civil service. Postmaster General Hitchcock recommended this step to the President some time ago and he has been considering it.

Sir Duncan MacDonald, a traction expert of Toronto, recently left Canada for the international street car convention at Brussels. He will continue his demonstration of American street car systems begun a year ago. Sir Duncan took with him a pay-as-you-enter car. He will operate this car in Brussels and show the Europeans how it helps to make traffic faster.

In a final report made Sept. 1 the Licking County, Ohio, grand jury places the responsibility for the lynching of Carl Ethrington, a "dry" detective, on July 8 on the then mayor of Newark, the sheriff of Licking County, and the chief of police at Newark, all of whom have since resigned or been deposed. A total of fifty-eight indictments was returned by the grand jury in connection with the lynching.

Another complaint in the movement against the express companies has been filed with the interstate commerce commission. It comes from the Ohio Brick Manufacturers' Association and includes practically all the express companies in its charges. It is stated that the express companies charge full merchandise rates on bricks transported as samples, which is declared to be unreasonable. It is alleged that the present rates are in violation of the interstate commerce law and a reduction of one-half is demanded with a minimum charge of 20 cents.

Bids for new subway construction which will give to New York City about $125,000,000 worth of additional underground transit facilities were advertised for recently by the public service commission. Replies of the prospective builders must all be filed by Oct. 27, and the work, which altogether will cover forty-one miles of track, must be completed within four years after the awarding of the contracts. All of the new lines are grouped under the general title of Triborough Subway, as they are to be built in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Coinage of gold in the United States will be suspended for an indefinite period if plans now forming in the Treasury Department are carried out. The idea is to issue gold certificates for all gold bullion and foreign coin turned into the mints instead of coining them into eagles and double eagles. It is understood that Treasurer McClung in his annual report will indorse the plan, which was originated by A. Piatt Andrew, now assistant secretary of the treasury, when he was director of the mint. The reasons are to save a large sum in mint expenses and to stop coining gold at the expense of the United States for the convenience of foreign money markets.

An interesting and decidedly practical letter regarding postal savings banks reached the Postoffice Department recently from Hawaii. The postmaster at La Haina, urging the designation of depositories in the Hawaiian territory, tells what was accomplished by the system there before annexation. The banks were established in 1886, King Kalakaus being the first depositor. When they were discontinued in 1898 there were 10,555 depositors, with deposits of $914,047.43. The large number of foreigners in Hawaii is given as a reason for part of the system's success, and is urged as a reason for their establishment. Most of the foreigners now send their savings to their native countries for deposit in the postal banks there.

While the "sane Fourth" agitation resulted in a material decrease in fatalities this year, 2,923 persons were injured in the national holiday celebration, of which number 131 died. Sixty-seven of the deaths were due to tetanus, while sixty-four were the direct result of injuries. Of the latter, nineteen persons were killed outright by firearms, eleven by explosions of powder, bombs or torpedoes, six by cannon and other causes, while twenty-six persons, the majority of them little girls, were burned to death by fire from fireworks. These were the figures made public September 2 by the Journal of the American Medical Association. They show the appalling cost of the "insane" method of celebrating the Fourth of July. Startling as the figures may seem, it is the best record for the country since 1903, when the Journal first began to record the injuries. In that year, 4,449 persons were injured, of whom 466 lost their lives, 406 dying from tetanus.

The annual conference of the Interparliamentary union, a gathering of peace advocates from the world over, formally opened in Brussels, August 31 and continued in session one week. The American delegation, of which Representative Richard Bartholdt of St. Louis is chairman, had a conspicuous part in the proceedings. The delegation presented several resolutions looking forward to the establishment of permanent peace among the nations of the world. The most important of these resolutions was one asking the conference to request governments which are signatory to The Hague peace conference and the London naval conference to sanction the American proposition that the international prize court be invested with the jurisdiction of an international court of arbitral justice.

The appearance of Asiatic cholera at Spandau, Prussia, has greatly alarmed German authorities, who are taking active steps to prevent the spread of the disease. Physicians have been assigned to duty at all railroad stations along the frontier and the Red Cross society has prepared for a possible epidemic by the enrollment of a large force of physicians and nurses. Precautionary notices to the public have also been issued. The people are warned to beware of cholera drops and tonics, and are urged to immediately summon physicians if the digestive organs are disturbed. Vegetable salads are declared to be possible agents for the transmission of bacilli and the people are asked to avoid the use of them for the present. They are also urged to boil drinking water and to exercise great care in the use of cold food and fruits. Assurance is given that cholera can not be contracted through infection from the air and that it is only through direct or indirect contact with victims, or through introducing bacilli into the system with food, that the disease is likely to spread.

By an official proclamation of the emperor of Japan, now also the emperor of the kingdom formerly known as Korea, the territory annexed is named Cho Sen. The new governor-general, representing the Japanese government, has also issued a proclamation decreeing amnesty for prisoners sentenced for slight offenses and relieving poor people of their unpaid taxes. It is also announced that the new administration will advance $8,500,000 to encourage industry and education in Cho Sen and to build hospitals and asylums for paupers. Religious freedom is guaranteed, except where religion is used as a cloak for political intrigues. Under the terms of the annexation agreement, which has been made public, Japan's treaties are all extended to Korea insofar as they are applicable. Korean duties are proclaimed continued for a period of ten years and open ports are ordered continued open. Respecting the Korean royal family and certain other Korean interests, the following provisions are made: "His majesty, the emperor of Japan, will accord to their majesties, the emperor and ex-emperor and his imperial highness, the crown prince of Korea, and their consorts and heirs, such titles, dignity and honor as are appropriate to their respective ranks, and sufficient annual grants will be made for the maintenance of such titles, dignity and honor." Other members of the imperial house of Korea and their heirs are to be "accorded appropriate honor and treatment" and are to be allowed annual grants, and, in addition, the emperor of Japan agrees to confer "peerage and monetary grants on those Koreans who on account of meritorious service are regarded as deserving such special recognition." Japan also agrees to employ Koreans in the public service of Japan and Korea.

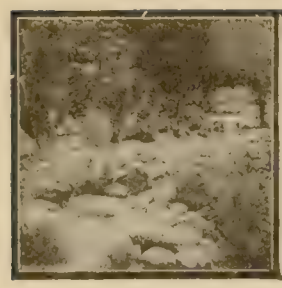
Lands reaching the grand total of 1,737,000 acres in California and Nevada will be opened to settlement on Nov. 21, and to entry one month later. This area was restored to entry by Acting Secretary of the Interior Pierce. Approximately 679,555 acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico, eliminated from the national forests by President Taft as being chiefly valuable for agricultural purposes, have been opened to settlement under the homestead laws by authority of the secretary of the interior. The lands will become subject to settlement Nov. 23, but not to entry until Dec. 21.

Buyers for commission houses in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other large distributing centers, traveling in the northwestern Pacific States, estimate that 15,000 cars, or from 9,500,000 to 10,000,000 boxes of apples suitable for eastern markets will be shipped from commercial orchards in Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Utah this season. It also is estimated that between 3,000 and 4,000 cars will be required to supply the local and European trade. The market value of the crop in the several States is placed at from $27,000,000 to $29,000,000.

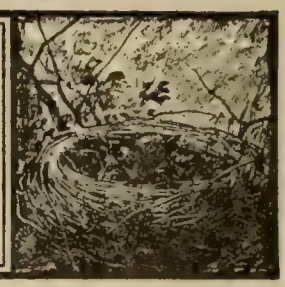
Roman Catholics are looking forward to the first national conference of Catholic charities which is to be held in the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., September 25 to 28, inclusive. Among those who will participate are Mgr. Diomede Falconio, apostolic delegate to the United States; Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans, Cardinal Gibbons, Cuno Rudolph, chairman of the board of commissioners of the District of Columbia; Judge O'Doherty of Louisville, Ky.; David Dilley of Boston, Paul Fuller of New York, Rev. Dr. John W. Melody of Chicago, Rev. P. Mueller Simoni of Strasburg, Germany; Joseph Brooks of Baltimore, Mrs. James Ryan of Baltimore, and Judge Michael F. Girten of Chicago.

Archbishop Farley, of New York City, is accustomed to visits from pilgrims of every clime, but he has just been waited on by a delegation unusual in its character. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Woo and their two little daughters, the Misses Lucy and Mary Woo, called to pay their respects. All are from China, although Mr. Woo for a year has been catechist under Rev. Vincent H. Montanar, the French priest in charge of the Chinese Roman Catholic Mission, 103 Park Street, New York City. Mrs. Woo and the two little girls arrived from China only the day before their visit to the archbishop. Mrs. Woo's ancestors for 400 years have been loyal Catholics, having been converted by St. Francis Xavier. Mr. Woo's progenitors have been of the faith for 200 years.

Chairman F. Deverall of the British empire agency, who is now touring this country and Canada in the interests of British farmers seeking homes in the Dominion and other British colonies, says that it is his "earnest belief that the emigration of the better class of British farmers from their old homes into Canada and other parts of the British empire will become a very serious question in the old land within the next two years. Already England has lost thousands of substantial successful farmers, men with money and a practical knowledge of agriculture, and the indications are that the movement of this better class of farmers is but beginning. Canada has received a very large proportion of them within the past year, and will receive many more."



NATURE STUDIES



THE CORN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

O! the rustle of the corn
On a cool September morn!
The tassels whisper to the leaves
Of mysteries unborn;
And the wind that softly blows
Through the arching sylvan rows
Breathes a greeting from the woodland
Where the crimson sumac glows.

O! the drowsy, noonday corn,
When the distant dinner horn
Winds faintly 'cross the stubble fields
All brown and newly shorn;
When the dreamy autumn sky
Seems to shimmer with a sigh
And the noonday heat has hushed to sleep,
The cricket's rasping cry.

O! the rustle of the corn,
When the moon's ethereal form
Bathes the peaceful fields in dimness
That is misty and forlorn:
In a leaden blackness gowned,
Lie the shadows on the ground,
And the stalks, grim phantom guardsmen,
Stand in solitude profound.

NATURE'S AIRSHIPS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

EARLY in autumn we are often impressed with the vast numbers of small craft sailing through the air, each freighted with the life-germ which is so necessary to the perpetuation of its species. Some of these come from the dandelion, others from the thistle-heads, prickly and wild lettuce, milkweed pods, clematis and cat-tails. The sails of these diminutive airships are built on the plan best suited to the individual craft.

The approved plan of the dandelion is to attach the sail to a long "beak" or stem which extends from the tip of the ovary. After the seeds have been fertilized, the inner row of sepals close up, enveloping the seeds, while the outer row turns downward. The seed head remains in this condition until the seeds are ripe. While the ripening process is going on, the beak lengthens, and the stem pushes up amid a tangle of grass and weeds until it reaches up above the obstructions, where it opens out into a globe of white, silken parachutes, ready to set sail for parts unknown.

Vast fleets of these tiny airships are turned loose on every autumnal breeze to take their chances in the world. One often wonders at the prodigality with which nature provides for the future. Yet, when we remember the various ways in which her progeny may come to grief, we see that it is the part of wisdom to furnish lavishly in order that enough may survive to save the family from extinction.

In the wild lettuce and prickly lettuce, the beak that holds the sail is much shorter than in the dandelion. Otherwise the seeds are much alike. The plants grow almost as plentifully as the dandelions and while the seed-heads are smaller than they, they make up any lack in this respect by the great numbers borne by each plant; and nature sees to it that each little airship meets with a chance to launch upon a breeze to be carried away and dropped in some sheltered place, there to remain dormant until the next season's warmth and moisture shall call forth the hidden life; and the life-cycle of the lettuce is repeated.

The milkweeds build airships galore. This is a large family, and each member uses this method of sending out its children. The common roadside milkweed bears large, rough pods packed full of seeds. The orderly arrangement of overlapping seeds reminds one of the scales of a fish. Upon opening a pod nothing is visible except the layer of brown seeds, but soon the silken hairs are discovered neatly folded down like an umbrella. These hairs are attached directly on the end of the seed, and like the cotton surrounding the cotton seed, is called coma.

When a pod bursts open lengthwise a mass of flat, brown seeds, attached to tufts of this coma appears. As the hairs dry they open out into white parachutes, so light and airy that the wind easily lifts and bears them away.

The thistle has made special arrangements with the wind for scattering its seeds far and wide. The seeds are borne in heads somewhat after the fashion of the dandelion. The spring flower-heads open out as the seeds ripen and dry out. On the top of each seed is an aigrette of white silken hairs which spread more and more as the heads dry, until the hairs open out into a tiny parachute.

In this condition it is an easy matter for the wind to catch up these little airships and carry them away to deposit their freight at the foot of whatever ob-

struction stops their flight. Many thistle aeronauts are prevented from setting sail by the goldfinch whose appetite for thistle seeds is hard to appease. Lightly poised on the rim of the cup-shaped thistle-head, a goldfinch will soon make great inroads upon its supply, and sometimes will swallow the last one before his hunger is satisfied.

Running over brush piles, climbing over shrubs in thickets is seen the clematis or virgin's bower. This shrubby vine is quite as handsome in seed as when in bloom. Each seed is provided with a long plume-like appendage that causes them to take a spiral course through the air to the ground. These clusters of plumy seeds are interesting from the moment the calyx falls (the clematis has no corolla), when the seed-clusters resemble long pointed buds of a greenish-gray color. As the seeds develop, the plumy parachutes lengthen until they are ready to loosen their hold upon the parent stem and set sail for other parts.

Every one who has gathered cat-tails from the edges of swamps for winter decoration, and had them turn loose a spike of seeds in a warm dry room, has some idea of the numberless tiny ships, unpacked from the solid brown terminal spike or spadix. Each small seed stands on top of a slender stem which has many white hairs along its surface, and lying parallel with it. This stem is the stalk of the seed and the sails are borne beneath the seed instead of on top as in the case of the dandelion and thistle.

The cat-tails furnish food for many seed-eating birds which visit the habitat of these plants in winter and pick the seeds from the dense spikes until they present a ragged appearance. After a break has been made in a head it is easy for the tiny aeronauts to escape and fly away to other swamps or the banks of slow-moving streams and gain a foothold.

As mentioned before, not all the seeds find suitable conditions in which to grow, but when they are produced in such great numbers, enough of them are certain of finding congenial surroundings in which the spark of life is nourished until it is enabled to mature other plants of its kind; and thus the cycle of each kind of plant life goes on through the years.

Spiceland, Ind.

ODD FACTS ABOUT TURTLES.

It has been said the turtle, like the whale, has no other enemy than man, inasmuch as both the little creature and the big pursue their various ways in practical immunity from harm and the fear of sudden death.

In many ways the turtle is one of the strangest of living things. Whales must come to the surface frequently to breathe, and it is pretty well known what they feed upon.

The seal cannot remain beneath the sea nearly so long as the whale, and his food is very well known; but the turtle, in all his varieties, in all his ways, is a most mysterious animal. It does not, indeed, seem to matter to him whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or for a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises.

Your turtle is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Eating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel, with the bung out, and emerge, after his long fast, apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from food, from light, and almost from air.

In the whole category of animal organisms there is none so tenacious of life as the turtle. Injuries that would instantly be fatal even to fish leave the turtle apparently undisturbed, and his power of staving off death is nothing short of marvelous.

Just as soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg, off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish; and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf-weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea-turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of 25 pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells, intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—*Harper's Weekly.*

NATURE STUDY EXCHANGE.

Some time ago a writer in this department suggested a plan by which those making collections of any kind for nature study work, might help others and be helped themselves by exchanging specimens of which they have an ample supply for others that are difficult to obtain in their locality. All that is necessary, to put one in the way of this exchange, is to send his name and address to the Inglenook, stating that he desires to join the nature study exchange. Below are the names and addresses of those who thus far have expressed

their willingness to help others and their desire to receive help in the collecting of specimens:

No. 1. John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
No. 2. Benj. R. Curry, R. D. 3, Box 33, Greenville, Ill.
No. 3. Arvel Landes, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
No. 4. Wm. H. Horner, R. D. 1, Canton, Ohio.

THE BLUENESS OF WATER.

STRANGE as it may seem, the precise color of chemically pure water is still a matter of controversy. Common as water is, it comes so near to being a universal solvent that there is always a matter of doubt whether its color may not be due to minute quantities of some dissolved or suspended impurity. In *Nature* (London) W. N. Hartley, writing from the Royal College of Science, Dublin, gives reasons for supposing that the color of perfectly pure water is blue. After noting the fact that "optically pure water can not be obtained by distillation," he says:

"Pure water was prepared by Tyndall by melting clear block-ice in a vacuum. Its color was blue when seen through a tube three feet long.

"The color of a hard water which has been softened by Clark's process may be seen at the Colne Valley water-works, visible from the train on the up-line just south of Watford Station, and at Joynson's paper works at St. Mary Grey in Kent. When the members of the Society of Chemical Industry visited these works some years ago, they were much struck by the very beautiful blue of the water. It was even suggested that it had been purposely colored with a very pure blue dye. Water of similar purity, containing very little mineral matter, being remarkable for its softness, comes from the Greensand below the London clay. Such blue water I have noticed in the bedrooms and bathrooms of the Euston Hotel, the supply coming from an artesian well.

"There are two natural sources of extremely pure water with which I am acquainted, and I can not believe that the water from the second source receives any color or appearance of blue through the reflection of light by fine particles in suspension. The first is in the Fairy Loch beside Loch Lomond, situated on a little promontory south of Tarbert. It is difficult to see that there is any color in the water except at a point where it wells up from a fissure in the rock and passes over a vein of milk-white quartzite which crosses the bottom; here it exhibits a beautiful blue color.

"The second source is the Wells of Dee, situated in the Larig (Learg Gruamach) at the foot of Ben Macdhui, and between it and Braerlach, about half-way between Deeside and Speyside. It is a small tarn or pool with a bottom like that of three miles of the pass—nothing but large pieces of splintered red granitic rock. It stands about 2,700 feet above the sea. The water, according to my recollection, passes down underneath broken rocks in a narrow rift in the mountain side, and is derived from the melting of snow on its northern slope near the summit, which is 1.598 feet (1,500 feet by my aneroid) higher and above all vegetation. The pool is too small to be shown, but the stream which runs out of it appears on the river of that name. The bottom of the small pool is visible everywhere, and its apparent color varies in proportion to its depth, being dull red near the sides, to a brownish-purple where it is apparently deepest. The pure blue color of the water was only seen on putting a white object, such as a piece of porcelain, into it. The effect of the blue color of the water on the light reflected from the red rock at the bottom is to give it a purple tint.

"It is evident that the blue is wholly due to the absorption of rays of complementary color, because if it were not, the reflection of blue rays by suspended fine particles would be seen against a dark ground on looking into the water. As a matter of fact, the water when undisturbed on the surface was not visible; it was very difficult to form any idea of its depth, everything on the bottom being sharply defined. These observations were made under a diffused and subdued light in a very clear atmosphere, the light being of uniform intensity over the whole sky, which was entirely covered with small grayish clouds, no direct sunlight or blue sky being anywhere visible. A fact adverse to the view that the blue could be reflected light is that the light which escapes reflection has a reddish-golden color. In a hazy atmosphere when the sun is low and we look toward it, we see the golden color; in the opposite direction we see the blue opalescence. The white light from the sky traversed the water in two directions to the bottom, and then, by reflection, back again, and it is safe to say that these two opposite colors would neutralize each other."—*Literary Digest.*

Between Whiles

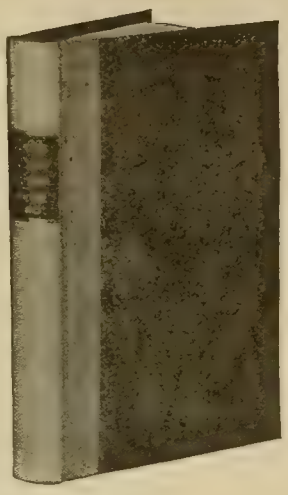
Vindication.—Some people think they have vindicated themselves when they have called other people liars and then managed to get away without fighting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

This is an extract from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Lagoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh, fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

Visitor—"So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Corntossel?"

Farmer—"I can't say exactly. He's in ther ball nine, in the rowin' crew, an' in the jimnayzeeum, an' in the dommytory, but whether he's ever in ther college is more'n I kin find out by his letters."

Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren



This book contains the twenty addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, June 1908. The first large edition was soon exhausted and we have not been able to fill orders for some time. The second edition is now ready and will be in demand, as several thousand of our readers neglected to purchase during the life of the first edition.

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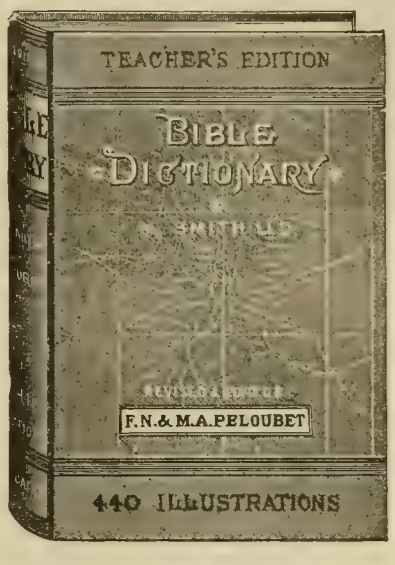
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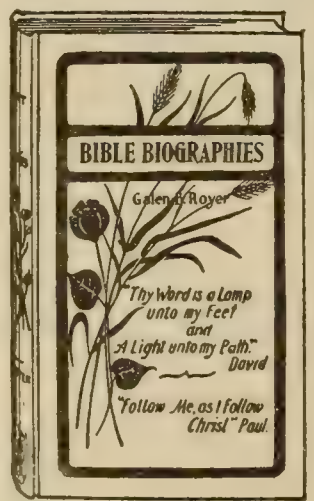
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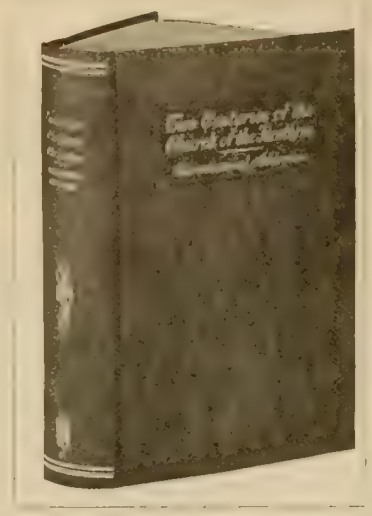
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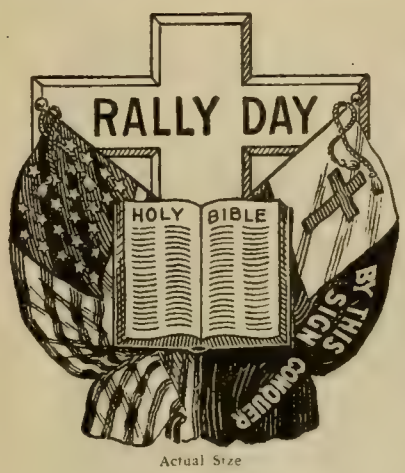
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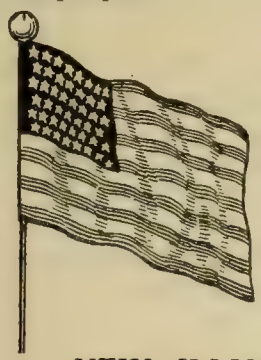
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These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or $2.00 a 100, postpaid.



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For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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St. Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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The Problem of Life

John H. Nowlan

In Two Parts.—Part One.

A PROBLEM is something to be solved. Logically we begin with the known and proceed to the unknown.

In geometry we have certain axioms which we do not attempt to prove. We must have a beginning and from that we may reason to the conclusion.

There are also in the problem of life what we may term primary truths which no one would attempt to prove. We believe in our personal existence. No one would pause for an instant to attempt to prove that he exists; and as he would not attempt to prove his existence, neither would he try to prove his personal identity. The farmer, standing in the doorway and looking at his fertile fields rich with waving grain, the orchard bending low with fruit, and pastures where his herds are grazing, knows full well that he is the same person who, twenty years ago, entered the forest with his ax on his shoulder and felled the first tree.

The soldier, who recounts to his children and grandchildren the exciting times of his youth, doubts not for an instant that he is the same person who witnessed the thrilling scenes which he delights to describe.

Then, if we admit that we have an existence which has been continuous for a portion of time, when is it to come to an end? If it is to change states when will the change take place, and what will be its nature?

What is life? Many attempts have been made to define it, but all fall short of the mark. We may say, "Life is the vital force that causes and maintains organism in protoplasm," but that is not satisfactory, even to the one who gave the definition.

Life cannot be comprehended by any of the senses. The chemist separates the various combinations of nature into their elements, but life cannot be thus analyzed. Life is like electricity—we can see its effects, but know nothing of its origin.

The scientist has traced life to the cell, but there he is as much baffled as ever. He can see no essential difference between a living cell and one that is dead. Protoplasm within the body is essentially the same as protoplasm without the body, yet if introduced in an unusual way, as for instance by injecting it into the blood, it will be expelled.

One scientist several years ago claimed to have discovered a means of causing certain chemicals to exhibit the symptoms of life; but they were no more alive than the locomotive which does the same. Man cannot *create* life. The All-wise Ruler has set a bound for finite man and said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

In the natural world we find two kinds of life—vegetable and animal. The action of the cell is the same in each, but other points make the difference. Man has animal life. How, then, does he differ from the animals? The wise man of old after much thought says, "*For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?*" (Eccles. 3: 19-21.) The difference we cannot see—we must look elsewhere for that.

For years the scientific world has been puzzling and delving and searching for some clue to prove the origin of man. "Whence came he, with the many thousand species of animal life upon the earth?" "Had all life a common origin and then did the variations arise by gradual changes?" or "Was each made after a special pattern which has to this day remained unaltered?" Many such questions are today being asked and the answer as diligently sought as the philosopher's stone, the fountain of youth or the elixir of life.

Emerson, I think, compares life to a man awaking from a dream and finding himself ascending a stair. Below him are stairs which he must have ascended. Above him are those he must ascend. The beginning and the end are veiled. Then, we may sum up our knowledge in a few words. We came, we know not whence. We go, we know not where.

While the fascinating question of the origin of man is being discussed another question is passed unnoticed, or given only a passing thought, save by a few. The all-important, and what should be the all-absorbing question is not our origin but our destiny. If we have had an existence in the past, where we spent it is immaterial. If we are to have an existence in the future where we are to spend that is the question of greater moment. The steps we have made are not as important as those we shall make. True, we may profit by the experience of the past, but it is of no importance except to direct our coming steps.

The portion of duration which we spend here, which we term our life, is but a brief period. The poet asks, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" which is but a faint, far-off echo of the sacred writers of old, who, commenting upon human life tell us "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." (Eccles. 1:4.) "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." (Isa. 40:6.) "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40:8.) "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth forever." 1 Pet. 1:24-25.

Should we, by reason of strength and the blessings of providence, live out our threescore and ten years, yet they are but a brief period compared with the ages gone, and they in turn are but an infinitely small measure for eternity.

We have only a small part of our lives at our command. The past is past—gone beyond recall. The future is unknown. Between these two we have a small link—the present—which we can improve. We know not what a day—an hour—may have in store for us. When Ingersoll was asked by a friend how he felt he answered, "Oh, better," and was dead.

Amid all these thoughts—no, above all—is this: Life is what you make it. Man is a creature of his own creation. God made the child but the man is self-made. The smith from the metal can fashion a sword to destroy life, or a plowshare to preserve it—a spear to end the days of man or a pruning hook to produce food to support him. From the farmer's corn may be made bread to satisfy his normal appetite or liquor to create an abnormal appetite.

True, the prophet tells us that the time will come when the instruments of war shall be changed to implements of peace, but that time is not yet. Thus, as the hammer of the smith changes the metal, and the work of the miller and the distiller changes the corn, so man's own actions and environments change him. The man forms habits and then the habits form the man.

General experience proves the truth of Pope's intimation that education gives direction to character in after life, much as the inclination of the tree follows the bent of the twig. Children and youth adopt, almost implicitly, the opinions and manners of those with whom they must associate or under whose care they may be placed, be they parents, teachers, or others.

Therefore, let us remember that passions, both good and evil, will rise up and gain strength which it will afterwards be found difficult to subdue. At that period moral and intellectual operations may be developed, which if then neglected, in after life can never be called forth effectively. Habits and associations may be formed at this period which will follow the subject to the grave, beyond all earthly power to eradicate.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6), says the wise man. Therefore, it is reasonable to expect parents and instructors to attempt to eradicate bad passions from the minds of the young, and nurture that which is good.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S REFORMS BY JUVENILE COURTS.

I. J. ROSENBERGER.

JUDGE LINDSEY'S idea is that the effort with a child, a person, in the formative period, should be to prevent that child from repeating the crime. This is more important than administering the punishment for the misdemeanor. It is clear that in the case of an actual vicious criminal, that is guilty of repeated offenses, the best thing for him and society is to put him in close confinement. The purpose of imposing punishment on such a one is to induce him not to repeat the offense. History of prison life, however, shows that prisons are not good reformatories. They are resorted to out of dire necessity. My own experience in the schoolroom has satisfied me that kind, private talks, with gentle appeals, will often win the worst of boys and girls from their wayward course. As I sat in the court, and saw Judge Lindsey call up those rude boys and girls, closely by his side, and appeal and reason with them, I fancied I could see myself forty years ago, sitting close by the side of some of *my* bad boys and girls in the schoolroom after school hours and reasoning and appealing to them relative to their conduct. Like Judge Lindsey, after my talk I would bid them good-by for the evening. I was often surprised at my own success.

I said that jails and prisons were poor reformatories. As a proof of this, I need but remind you of the fact, that the number of inmates in our jails and prisons is on the increase, to almost an alarming extent. I noticed with interest that Judge Lindsey did at no time address or allude to the children brought before him,

as criminals. He would tell them that they were bad, or had not been obeying the law, and if possible get them to admit it. He would make those little folks a juror of one, on their own cases.

It will not at all surprise you, when I tell you that all the boys and girls I saw brought into Judge Lindsey's Court were children from rudely-governed families. These children did not know how to obey. They need to be taught to obey. They must learn to respect authority, and the rights of others. They need to be shown, and that clearly, too, the necessity and advantage of doing so. The state must supply what the home lacks. All this it will be seen at once requires time, patience and care. They have in Denver, as well as in other cities where juvenile courts are established, detention homes to which the court sends the boys and girls whose own home does not provide the necessary healthful influence. There was a girl about twelve brought before Judge Lindsey. It seemed that the girl had been in that court before. The Judge I saw was not well pleased with the care given the girl. He decided to send her to the detention home in the city. And the parents with quick step passed out of the court, the mother kissing her girl. I pitied that girl in her tears.

The routine method is, they appeal to the boy or girl personally, by securing promises out of them. They often make them promise to personally report to the Court's secretary, say once a week, bringing a report usually from their teacher as to their attendance at school. If this fails, the Court places the parent summoned in court responsible for the proper conduct of the child. If that fails, they are taken from their homes and placed in the detention home in the city. If this fails, they are sent to the State Reformatory, which is now given the mild name of industrial school.

It is very apparent that the Juvenile Court, unaided, can do but little. The most important help is the teachers of the different schools, working with the courts in what they call, "The Reporting System." There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the teachers in Denver and Judge Lindsey. Any delinquents in the Denver schools that the teachers could not mend in conduct and in attendance, they would report to Judge Lindsey and he would send for them, and how wisely and kindly he would inquire into their cases, the teacher being present to give all necessary information. These children would be notified in a mild and inexpensive way, through the parent, or teacher. Lindsey has at different times told the boys reporting cases of misconduct to notify those boys that Lindsey wanted to see them. Then I noticed that Lindsey had three or four persons as assistants to keep watch and help oversee those whose cases were kept under the notice of the Court. These are called truancy or probation officers, who make visits in the homes that need it. The Court at Denver had 250 boys reporting to the Juvenile Court every Saturday morning at nine o'clock.

The result of this system has been that it encourages boys to assist the Court in helping other boys to reform. The Judge himself relates the following: "One evening five boys came into my court chamber. One of the boys I had met, the others were strangers. The boy I had met was what might be called a bad case,—a street boy. This boy proceeded to state their case. 'I told these kids that I knew we had come to where we would be caught sure. And I told these kids that the best thing we could do would be to come and consult you, that I knew we would get a fair deal.' The four strangers looked very suspicious; they did not have the confidence in their efforts that their spokesman did. I at once opened up a clever social chat that made the boys feel safe, and that I was their best friend. I advised them how to escape the snare, assuring them that I would stand by them. They confessed to their deeds, and I found that they had thirteen bicycles to their credit—or rather their discredit. I made probationers of them and they have caused me no trouble."

Covington, Ohio.

DO NOT BE A FRETTER.

THERE is one sin which is everywhere underestimated and quite too often much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other which most probably everyone in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble "as sparks fly upward." But even to the sparks that fly upward, in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all "time wasted on the road."—*Herald of Peace.*

"THERE is no intrinsic merit in merely reading books—even good books. What matters is what you get out of them."

A Modern El Dorado

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

OF the number of people from the North who yearly go to Florida to spend the winters, the greater part go to the eastern coast, and the time will probably never come when there will not be a steady flow of travel to Jacksonville, Orlando, Palm Beach and Miami, which heretofore have constituted the Florida known to most tourists. But of late years the west coast—the Florida of romance—has come into more general notice. The west coast is very different in many respects from the other side of the peninsula. Tampa itself is an interesting city with its cosmopolitan population, and its air of American thrift and enterprise. Ybor City, a part of Tampa, is inhabited almost exclusively by Cubans, and the life of the people here is identically what it is on the island.

Into Tampa Bay, at its southern end, flows the Manatee River, the most beautiful, the most historic, stream in Florida. It was up this stream that DeSoto sailed in 1539 in search of his El Dorado. The reason he did not see that he had found what he was searching for was because he had not realized what men now know, that their golden apples have to be cultivated and cannot be plucked in a wild state. Besides, the



Horse Ford Bend, Twenty-five Miles from the Mouth of the Manatee River.

Indians, who naturally disliked to give up a good thing, told him that El Dorado was "a little farther up the creek."

The Manatee River gives character to this whole section of country. Towards its mouth, where it empties into Tampa Bay, it may more properly be called a bay than a river; for here it is a broad sheet of water, from one and a half to two miles wide, flowing with the tides. On its banks grow the tall cabbage palmetto trees under which grows a wild grass that meets the white sand of its gracefully curving beach. From this broad, majestic stream, the river gradually narrows until, miles up, the branches of the pines and grand old live oaks on either bank meet and form a dark green arch over the dusky, lazily-flowing water.

Three steamboats run regularly from Tampa to up-river points, the "Manatee," "Favorite," and "H. B. Plant," the latter a sister boat to the "Manatee." The "Favorite," and the "Manatee" often race from Tampa to the drawbridge, two miles above Braidentown. The tides are noticeable ten miles above Horseshoe Bend, which is twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river.

A number of pretty legends have been built around a most mysterious natural phenomenon that to the present time is unexplained. Some of these are Indian and some are Spanish stories. The occurrence in question is known as the "Mysterious Music of the Manatee." It is a musical humming that is heard at many points on the river. It is like the sound of wind whistling through telegraph wires, or more poetically, something like the music of an Æolian harp. A pole thrust through the water to the river bottom will generally produce the sound.

On the south bank of the Manatee River is Braidentown, the county-seat of Manatee County. On the north bank opposite is the town of Palmetto. Both are commercial places, and are the center of a population that dots both banks of the river with villages for several miles, and they are also the shipping points for one of the most important and prosperous orange-growing and truck-gardening regions of Florida.

Weekly bathing parties go by launch from Braidentown to Anna Maria Key, just off the mouth of the river. A walk of less than a quarter of a mile brings one to the gulf side of the key, where the fine beach, the gently rolling surf, and the warm, heavy water—the saltiest on earth—form ideal conditions for a sea bath. The river, the bay, and the palm-covered key completely realize one's expectations of the picturesque beauty of the far South.

The neighborhood is full of reminders of older civilizations—Indian, Spanish and American. Numerous Indian mounds of great size on the banks of the river and the shores of Sarasota Bay, just to the south, tell their own story. The Natchez and the Seminoles inhabited the country, and there were frequent wars between them and the whites. There are many evidences of the Spaniards in the ruins of old houses, and in some of the legends of the country. But the most interesting relics are those left by Americans, who set-

tled there in the early forties, and became sugar planters on a large scale. Thewardestroyed their industry and there is little left even of the ruins of the work of these enterprising people.

An interesting old house, now a complete ruin, is



Mr. Messer and Turnout in Front of Mana Vista Hotel.

Braiden Castle, situated at the junction of Braiden Creek and the Manatee River. It is a substantial, two-story, square house, with a wide hall running through the center. The building is of shell, lime and cement, like many of the older houses of the neighborhood. The walls are still perfectly sound, but the wood work and the brick chimneys have fallen to pieces long ago. The house was built by Dr. Joseph A. Braiden, who was an early settler from Georgia. The substantial character of the house doubtless gave it the name of the "castle," together with the fact that it withstood a severe assault by the Indians in 1855. The grounds about the castle are wild and picturesque. Live oaks, cedars, palmettoes and hickory trees grow around it, with wild grape and other vines climbing over them, and an undergrowth of shrubbery speaks of what once was an ornamental garden.

But it is below the castle, on the banks of the river and the creek, that the picturesque beauty of the forest causes exclamations of delight and surprise. One can not see this labyrinth of palmettoes and oaks, and fail to recognize the inspiration of Moorish architecture that made such a place as the Alhambra possible. There are long, cool vistas formed by the trunks of tall palmettoes, fretted by stems of the dead leaves of many seasons, from which spring arches that roof the ground. The leaves of the live oaks form a delicate lattice work, and tapering masses of hanging moss form graceful pendants from the arched roof. The ground is nearly clear of underbrush, and one catches glimpses of the shimmering water of the creek or river gently lapping the white sand of the banks.

Below the mouth of Tampa Bay is a series of bays, usually calm and blue as a lake, with a line of keys separating them from the Gulf of Mexico. The shores of the mainland are white, curving beaches, very different from anything seen on the east coast. Among the tall palmettoes, noble old live oaks, hickory and pine trees, now and then a patch of bananas adds to the tropical appearance of the country, while everywhere groves of oranges, lemons, great golden grape-fruit, and all the citrus family dot the landscape. It is indeed a golden region—an El Dorado.

The packing and shipping season is a busy time. Many thousand boxes of grape-fruit are shipped from Braidentown annually. The fruit is run through a wedge-shaped hopper in the rear of the packing room, and is carried forward over two belts of double chains that, widening as they go, allow the fruit to drop through into bins arranged along the sides of the room, according to size.

At Sarasota Bay, a hotel has been built for the accommodation of fishermen. The tarpon, king fish, Spanish mackerel, mullet, and the red fish are here in such numbers as to attract the sportsman as well as the man who earns his living with the rod and line.

Many quaint characters yet remain in this part of Florida. Mr. Joel Messer and his son make an annual trip to Braidentown from their home thirty-five miles



Northwest Corner of Braiden Castle.

distant. It takes from two to two and a half days to make the trip in their ox-cart. They rarely remain in town more than a few hours.

To the tourist who wishes to escape the cold of a northern winter, who delights in natural beauties, quaint characters and delightful climate, the western coast of Florida offers rare advantages.

BEAUTIES OF SOLITUDE.

JAMES R. REED.

To the average man this is a life of activity, and he is well termed an active being, for when he is at rest physically his mind lingers in contemplative operation.

As the faithful workman, whose ambitious zeal rivets him to his bench, closes his eyes in refreshing slumber, when all his features bear the appearance of languid submission, his mind is still loth to leave its duties.

The naturalist as he is deeply involved in exploring the microscopic world, displays his longing desire to know. As the poet pours forth the riches of his overflowing soul in melodious strains of rhythm, he speaks to us in positive language that all is in action.

Amid the hurrying footsteps and busy conversation of the great throng, mingled with the gentle sighs of the breezes bathed in the trickling raindrops, one is lost in the great labyrinth of confusion. It is to a person thus wearied by the struggling, ever-moving masses, a great source of recreation, and indeed soul development, to absent himself from this writhing chaos and enjoy the refining influence of sublime solitude. This is found beneath the old oak at the back of the garden or it may be under the spreading boughs of the beach, whose carpet is nature's own gown.

'Tis here where there is no sound but that of the merry brook, where there is no roof save heaven's darkened dome, beautified by many a sparkling jewel; it is in these places of resort we find those, whose souls yearn for the beautiful.

The study of ancient language is gratifying, science is indispensable, art and society wield their influences, but there is no place so soothing, soul-inspiring—thrilled by the immensity of nature's domain—as that which one finds when he steals awhile away from earth's fatiguing toil and gives himself up to close communion with the beauty of God's own hand.

* * *

MAKE the best of everything; think the best of everybody; hope the best for yourself. By so doing you will be lifting yourself and those about you to a higher plane of living.—*Great Thoughts.*

* * *

I CANNOT contentedly frame a prayer for myself in parficular without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my social disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbor.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The Last Day of Summer

Martha Shepard Lippincott

(Air, "The Last Rose of Summer.")

'Tis the last day of summer,
And fall now is here;
Soon will flowers be fading
And winter draw near.
We would rather have summer,
With flowers so sweet,
Than the cold winter weather
With ice, snow and sleet.

In our parting, dear summer,
We heave a sad sigh;
For we're loath to be bidding
Thy pleasures good-bye.
Oh, thy days were so merry,
And filled with such bliss,
And the joys of the summer,
So much, we shall miss.

Will the winter be bringing
Us pleasures untold,
So we will be forgetting
To think of the cold?
Ah! the bright, cosy fireside
Has charms of its own,
And for all of our losses,
Will something atone.

Philadelphia, Pa.

AND "BOARDING AROUND."

MAUD HAWKINS.

HAVING read so many interesting papers in this magazine on teaching school, I will add my mite, with some of my experiences twenty-five years ago.

The teachers of this period have a hard struggle with opposing elements, and they will have twenty-five years hence, as they had twenty-five years ago when "boarding around" was the custom. A teacher usually left her "belongings" at one of the directors' where it was said she "made her home," and with her little grip, containing toilet articles, and extra clothing, started out to she knew not where, for often there was no invitation to "go home" with any pupil and she was in sore perplexities as to where she would lodge the coming week. But often if she happened to be a favorite she was "engaged" a week and sometimes several weeks ahead. If no invitation came she had to ask the privilege and often be refused as, "Ma is housecleaning or this is butchering week."

Sometimes if a teacher had a good deal of audacity she went right along without an invitation from headquarters, but she often must pay for her presumption by meeting a cool reception, even to the point of freezing. Then again it would be taken as all right and she would be made welcome, or they would bear their misgivings in silent endurance, taking it for granted that teachers were necessary nuisances and the sooner boarding week was over the better. They took it as one would a dose of medicine—something undesirable but very necessary.

If they were not prepared they were not slow in telling her that she could not come as they were not "prepared for her" this week. Sometimes this preparation took on the form of a great renovation. House must be cleaned from top to bottom, cakes, pies, cookies, doughnuts and pastry of all kinds in store as though one little schoolteacher was going to eat them out of house and home. When Johnny comes home on Friday night on a fast trot, his hat in hand, hair standing straight, with eyes bulging out with importance and delivers the startling news, "Teacher is coming next week," there is consternation on every face. Something must be doing tomorrow, all the baking and scrubbing must be done in the short interval of time.

Then there was often an air of not-at-homeness about the members of the household. On one occasion a teacher ventured to a patron's without first "sending word" as was the custom, from sheer necessity, having waited in vain for the invitation that never came. She was well received, but the next morning the good dame made it pleasant for her by telling her that she felt real sorry last night when she came, but it was all right now, as she observed that she did not care for sugar in her tea, but had they known that she was coming they would have bought some. One can imagine with what anxiety they watched the seasoning of that cup of tea.

At another time the teacher sent word that she could be expected the next week. After some hesitation and much consideration on the part of the parents, who by the way were well to do farmers, the generous (?) "come along" was sent by the children. She was well received and the mother tried to make appearances indicate that they always lived in the neat and orderly fashion that they appeared to at that time. But, when supper was announced their three irrepressibles commenced their tirade on their tired mother's nerves and dignity, with exclamations of wonder and delight. "Ma, what you got the potatoes fixed that way for?" "Oh, I know," and a shy glance at the teacher. "Say, ma, what you got napkins on for *all* of us for? 'Cause teacher is here?" "Ma, when did you polish the teapot that way, today?" "Ma, I thought you said you couldn't board the teacher 'cause ———," capped the climax for the despairing mother, till the father came to the rescue and told them to just let their victuals stop their mouths or he would attend to them after supper.

One patron told the teacher to come next week, as she supposed one time was as good as another. But she evidently did not intend that the teacher should care to stay more than one night, though she felt that she must ask her for fear of the speech of the people, for it was considered a dishonorable act to shirk the great responsibility. She had formulated a scheme whereby, the teacher being very young and rather timid appearing, she thought she could frighten her away.

When time came for retiring the teacher was told that she could occupy the best parlor as a bed had been put in there, the room not being used much any more except on special occasions, as of deaths and funerals, which had been quite frequent of late. Grandfather and Grandmother Brown had both been "laid out" there, as were her parents and a daughter recently; also a peddler who had seen fit to depart this life while staying with them and sleeping in that very room.

She then proceeded to relate the death-bed scenes and funerals of each one in detail, as to casket, shroud, watchers, etc.

It made the cold chills creep over one, but there was another and stronger feeling. Having divined the cause for all this, the teacher was determined to stay by her till the end of the week if the whole departed family, his majesty, the peddler, included, kept her company.

As the hostess bade her good-night, she said with a satisfied, victorious smile, "Ye hain't afraid, be ye?"

"The dead are more harmless than the living, Mrs. Soper," was the reply. And if she did not find her rest very refreshing that week, no one was the wiser for it.

But all patrons were not like the one just described. Most of them were kind and well-meaning, but thoughtless. Their idea of the honor and respect due to the teacher of their young hopefuls would not allow them to think of giving her any room but the very best "spare bedroom." The bed probably had not been occupied since the previous teacher had shivered through a few nights in it a year before, and had been made up in readiness ever since, consequently the cotton sheets were cold and slippery. No fire having been built in that part of the manor, the bed had a chance to collect all the moisture available. The contrast was even more noticeable if the teacher had the previous week a bed close to a coal fire, a bed, too, in which one would sink from sight in soft feathers, tucked up warmly between thick home-spun woolen blankets, the housewife being so solicitous for the comfort of her guest that she would come in quietly after she was all settled and well sunk from oblivion, with two heated flat-irons and slide them in the foot of the bed.

Those who were least able to have an addition to their family and had the poorest accommodations for a boarder were often the ones to send the most urgent invitation, and were usually offended if it were not accepted, feeling that they were slighted. The writer has a vivid remembrance of going to a place where there was a large family and not a surplus of this world's luxuries; but the invitation came and she had to go or forever be branded a "stuck-up" and too good for her position. The rations for that week consisted mostly of tough beef and sauer-kraut. Ever after sauer-kraut is left out of her menu and studiously avoided.

The teacher was invariably invited the week succeeding butchering, while the sausage making, trying out lard and like work were in progress. Often the lunch was sent in a rusty pail, out of which the teacher, and any number of children of as many degrees of cleanliness must share. The "apple sauce" pie was usually put in the bottom of the pail, but when the running, jumping, bounding, leaping boys reached the school with it, it was generally on top, unless it had reached the height of its aspirations and started on its journey downward again.

It was often considered a great task to board the teacher and if the patrons were less than the number of weeks the school was in session and she ventured back a second time, woe be unto her. In one neighborhood was a family who made the teachers a present every year of two dollars if they would stay away.

At one home an undesirable appendage to the family,—a waif who, being a near relative, had a claim on their hospitality—was secreted in the wood-box while the teacher was in the family kitchen eating her meals. She was unaware of his presence at the time but learned the fact afterwards from gossiping neighbors. The wood-box was a high old-fashioned affair that could easily hide several undesirables.

But this is the disagreeable side of "boarding around." There was also the bright side to it, including the rollicking fun, and the sleighing and coasting parties, to which the teacher was always invited as a guest of honor. The good places generally out-numbered the inconvenient ones, and there were always several good souls who gave the standing invitation to "come whenever you like."

Chinook, Mont.

HOW TO FIND JOY IN TOIL.

SELECTED BY GRACE E. MOATS.

"THE world is very unequally divided," said Margery, as she was contrasting "the easy life," as she called it, of the rich, with her own day-by-day drudge and toil.

"But, Margery," said Mrs. Grant, "would you be willing to exchange with any of the rich you have known, and take all their care and trouble—that is, put yourself in just their place?"

"No," said she, "I would not change places with them anyhow, but I'd like some of their money, so that I should not be obliged to scrub and scour and wash all the time."

As it was with faithful Margery, so it is in every department of life. Very many persons, in view of their own cares and discomforts, feel that the world is very unequally divided. They see their neighbor in possession of something which they have not,—something for comfort or convenience; it may be a luxury, and they feel at once that there is inequality in the distribution of blessings; not realizing that at some other point there may be a wider difference, making the sum total of their own happiness the greatest. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and makes the rough field of our neighbor look smooth and verdant.

"The world is very unequally divided," says the farmer, as he drives through the streets of the city and looks at the stately dwellings, the crowded warehouses, the show of merchandise, dress and equipage. But let him for a few days feel all the discomforts of city life, and the restraints which the forms of society would throw around him, and would he exchange his broad fields, with their broad freedom and pure air for the situation of any merchant or broker "on 'change"?

"The world is very unequally divided," says the city woman, as she rides through some delightful part of the country on a summer afternoon. She looks with admiration at the house of the thrifty farmer, as she espies the matron in some shaded retreat, enjoying

with her children the deliciousness of the scene, free from the trammels which fashion imposes, and contrasts with it her pent-up house in a crowded street, her constant subjection to the forms of fashionable life from which her feelings for the moment revolt. But can she exchange with the mistress of the farm, and perform all the mysteries and actual labor of the cheese and butter, and prepare the food for all the laborers, and with her own hands do the witchery that makes that long row of pans so shining, and that great kitchen floor, and those pantry shelves so white—those very things that make the farm-house so inviting? Oh, no, it is the romance, without the reality, for which she sighs.

The young farmer or mechanic thinks "the world is unequally divided," as he looks at the son of the millionaire, sporting his thousands in jewels and gold, who knows not the fatigue of labor, or the pressure of a single unsatisfied want. But will he exchange, and take his chances for utter ruin of soul and body, that lie concealed in those unemployed days, which Satan gloats over as his tuition days—those midnight revels, at fashionable suppers, where wine, and strong drink and cards, are mingled? Say, young man! will you exchange your plough or anvil for these?

So in every department and sphere in life, discontent seeks to wither the flowers of peace and joy. But perhaps no class of individuals have to battle more with the risings of disquiet than mothers. Their cares may be small ones, but their name is legion, and their claims never ceasing. The same routine of duties, if well performed today, must be performed tomorrow, and on and on. No variety, no leisure, especially for that class of mothers who perform all the domestic labor for their families. The old adage that "woman's work is never done," is a verity. To lay aside, or throw off cares she cannot, for nature itself demands the labor at her hands every day. Food, clothing and cleanliness, must be heeded. No wonder then, that they who are obliged to be sole dispensers of these to the family, feel when they see those who can, or do, employ other hands to assist them that "the world is unequally divided." But let these, for a time, come under the shadow of the vexations, trials, and increased cares of many of those who are under the necessity of employing such hands, they would shrink from the exchange, and be rather grateful that their circumstances allow them to be able to serve themselves.

It is a great attainment to obey the injunction, "be content with such things as ye have;" and, discontented one, did you ever think that this is a command to be obeyed in order to secure what you pine for,—happiness? Not that we are to sit down in listless, idle satisfaction, and never hope or seek to make any progress in our condition or circumstances; but we are to feel that our present situation, with its cares, its labors, its perplexities, its sorrows, its joys, is the allotment of Providence, and that the most perfect fulfillment of its relative duties which we can perform, is the work which God requires at our hands. The father, the mother, the son, the daughter, the servant, who enters upon the duties of each day with this thought fixed in the mind, looking to God for grace and strength, cannot fail to be content.

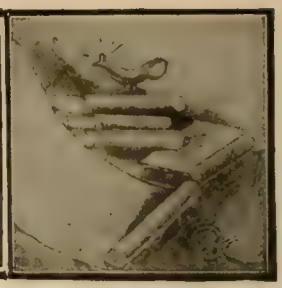
We are prone to regard our everyday work—the pecuniary affairs of life,—as so many hindrances to our serving God, and to feel that when we have gone wearily through with our household duties, or whatever of labor or social intercourse in which we have mingled, that the fragment of time which may be left, is all that we have for the service of God, and we sigh over our worldly spirit and cold indifference. We think if we were missionaries, or were not so loaded with cares—if we had leisure time in which to serve God, we should not be guilty of such departures from him. Ah, we lose sight of the fact that the labors required at our hands, are the sacrifices which with a meek and quiet spirit should be offered to him—that these are the very crosses which we are daily to take up and bear after Jesus—that the annoyances and disappointments which disturb and break our peace, and excite perhaps angry feelings, are a part of the warfare in which the Christian is engaged with Satan and his hosts, and that we should meet them girded with the whole armor of God.

Let thoughts like these, care-worn, discouraged disciple, cheer you in your toils, though they may be heavy and the veriest drudgery of life. Whatever Providence places before you for performance, that do, as work for your Master. Whatever your situation, regard it as one assigned you by a Father who is wise, and loves you with everlasting love, and occupy it with cheerful fidelity, assured that its responsibilities and honors are equal to your capacities and powers, the improvement of which will one day be required of you with usury. But you will never be responsible for talents that you have not received; you will never be condemned for not laboring directly for the conversion of souls abroad, when your duties have confined you and your exertions within the limits of home—but, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these." "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." Does not this include the whole routine of the busiest one among us? and if the faithful discharge of these, elicited the commendation of one who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, shall we be discontented and aspire to something beyond our reach?

Polo, Mo.



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD IS NOT DEAD.

IRA FRANTZ.

ONCE when Martin Luther was despondent because everything seemed to go against him and he was not accomplishing much, his wife tried in vain to cheer him up. Finally she appeared before him in deep mourning. "Why, who is dead?" he asked. "Oh, haven't you heard? God in heaven is dead."

"Why, Kathy," he said, "God is immortal. He cannot die." And then he went on to show her that the very words were a contradiction of themselves. His wife listened with a sort of half-doubting expression and then said, "Can it really be that I was mistaken? You seemed so hopeless and despondent, I was sure God must be dead." It was all she needed to say. Luther saw the folly of his despondency and went at his tasks with a new hope.

God is not dead! God is life and light—and power. Have things seemed to go all wrong? Did you think it was because God had lost control of affairs? Did you think God was dead? He hasn't lost control: He isn't dead. Maybe if you could see things from his view-point—maybe if you could see ten years of the future—aye, it may be if you could see even just tomorrow you would realize that things have not gone wrong after all.

Discouragement is disbelief. It is dishonoring God. For the child of God to become despondent is almost the same as if he were to acknowledge that truth has been defeated by evil and God overcome by Satan. This cannot be. Instead, we might truthfully say that Satan is dead, for his doom has been sealed from the time of Eve. Courage, then, brother! The devil is dead! God rules in his heaven! His will shall yet be done on earth. Have a care for nothing if you are on his side. Failure is impossible. Success is certain. Only be *sure* you are on his side.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND." PSALM 31: 15.

Father, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
  I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thankful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great things to do
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
  And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
  While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space
  If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to thee—
More careful than to serve thee much,
  To please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
  That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
  And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lonely heart that leans on thee
  Is happy everywhere.

In a service that thy love appoints
  There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
  That makes thy children "free";
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

—Anna Letitia Waring.

IT was out of the common thing that the precious thing was brought; and it is out of the common things of daily life, presented obediently to Jesus, and laid at his feet, that he brings his own glorious gifts, so that our whole lives become one great sacrament.—*Hay Aitken.*

THE PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

SELECTED BY C. J. HARRIS.

In every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that God appeared unto Moses, when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the word of the Lord was precious and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when, among the mountains of Bethlehem, he fed his father's sheep. It was at that age, also, "that they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch them: And his disciples rebuked those that brought them: But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!—rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms; and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

If, already, devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures; if, when nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the Hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows, with astonishment, the glories of his path, and pours, at last, over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth, on the wings of faith, into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high," and seeth the "society of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song which is sung before the throne:" if such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys.

The world which is before thee,—the world which thine imagination points in such brightness,—has no pleasures to bestow which can compare with these: and all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of heaven, as this pure offering of thy infant soul. In these days "the Lord himself is thy Shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul to repose." But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;" and as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, "his spirit shall be with thee," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds thee, "he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when, at last, "the silver cord is loosed," thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Greenville, N. C.

OUR MERCIFUL GOD.

"Blessed are the merciful." The unmerciful man excludes from his own soul thereby the mercy of God. It is not that God will not have mercy, but it is true that man cannot receive mercy unless he himself be merciful.

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

The forgiveness of others is the condition upon which God forgives us. The exercising of mercy towards others brings God's mercy to our own souls.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." I am glad that it does not read, "Blessed are the great in intellect," or "Blessed are the rich in this world's goods," but, "Blessed are the pure in heart." This brings the vision of God within the reach of all; for if all may not be rich or great, all can be pure.—*Robert Forbes, D. D.*

THE SOUL'S REFRESHING.

It is impossible for us to make the duties of our lot minister to our sanctification without a habit of devout fellowship with God. This is the spring of all our life, and the strength of it. It is prayer, meditation, and converse with God that refresh, restore, and renew the temper of our minds at all times, under all trials, after all conflicts with the world. By this contact with the world unseen we receive continual accesses of strength. As our days, so is our strength. Without this healing and refreshing of spirit, duties grow to be burdens, the events of life chafe our temper, employments lower the tone of our minds, and we become fretful, irritable, and impatient.—*H. E. Manning.*

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—*R. Venning.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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ABOUT PRINTING RECIPES.

One of our housekeepers has given us a suggestion in regard to printing recipes which, while it may not be carried out literally, may lead us at least to make an improvement over our present practice. The suggestion has reference to the printing of recipes in the home department. This housekeeper would like to cut out some of these recipes and preserve them with others of their kind, but when they appear where they generally do, she hesitates to cut them out because she is just as desirous of preserving the other side of the page. Her suggestion is that we print the recipes on a page which contains advertising on the reverse side.

There are two or three reasons why this idea is hardly practicable. In the first place we do not like the idea of mixing the advertisements and the other reading matter. And the plan of carrying the recipes alone over onto an advertising page does not strike us as the best because not every issue contains recipes and their irregular appearance—and that in an isolated corner—might result in some housekeepers missing them altogether. In considering the suggestion of our interested housekeeper, this idea has come to us: Since the first news page appears on the reverse side of the last home department page, would it not answer the desire of our housekeepers if we were to print on this last home department page such matter as in our judgment housekeepers might wish to clip for ready reference or preservation with similar material? While in the news pages we aim to give only those items that are of real information to our readers, most of them are of a fleeting nature—they are of value now, but may not be in the future. In reading the papers the housekeeper can mark the ones from which she wishes to make clippings and a few weeks later, when she may be sure that the news items are no longer of value to any member of the family, she can cut out the recipes. Let us know, housekeepers, what you think of your sister housekeeper's suggestion and also what you think of our plan.

And in this connection let us make a general appeal for suggestions as to the improvement of our magazine. We have not spent very many years in magazine making and have yet many things to learn. It may be that not all of your suggestions will be adopted—in some cases that would be impossible, for sometimes one reader objects to a thing that another especially favors,—but your suggestion may lead us to something generally acceptable and helpful. At least it will help us to know that you are interested and that will be worth a good deal to us and to the Inglenook.

THE EXPRESS COMPANIES.

There are strong indications that one of the early tasks of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be the investigation of the express companies on the matter of their rates, classifications and discriminations. Four years ago when the express companies were ranged in a defensive fight against the people, some of the latter cherished the hope that the struggle would result in the cutting down of excessive charges of these carriers. But the fight at that time, while it had something to do with rates, etc., was not particularly directed against the excessiveness of the charges but was concerned principally with having the express companies come under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That fight the people won and the companies are subject to the regulating power of the commission, but for one reason or another—perhaps mainly because of the great amount of work laid upon the commission—little or nothing has been done in this field.

Now, however, various influences are uniting to make it well-nigh imperative that the commission undertake an investigation. A strong force leading to this end is the recent action of the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission in reducing express rates on shipments within the State. The *Chicago Record-Herald,* commenting on the action of this commission as well as the probable action of the Interstate Commerce Commission, says:

"The State commission has carefully investigated the subject and reached the conclusion that the rates are excessive, unfair and in many instances discriminatory. Its order is in no sense unexpected, and the national commission is practically certain to take similar action. The briefs of the shippers are strong, and there are unchallenged facts and figures in them which speak louder than any general complaints.

"The time has unmistakably come to regulate and readjust express rates. Jurisdictional points may be raised, and time may be consumed; but where power

is lacking it is certain to be supplied or increased. Legal fictions aside, express companies are common carriers, as every sane man knows. Common carriers must accept impartial regulation and reasonable rate reductions when the truth as to their investments, receipts, earnings and 'water-melons' justifies reductions.

"The railroads are now endeavoring to establish their claim to an increase in rates, and the decision will be dictated entirely by the facts in the case. The principle that has been imposed on the railroads applies to express companies, and the period of fancy-free rates is over for them as well as for the former. Just and competent control of public utility corporations is good for all, including the corporations themselves, whose greatest asset is good will and greatest need security and stability."

The writer above states that the facts and figures in the shippers' briefs "speak louder than any general complaints." It may be added, however, that general complaints of a most stubborn nature are not wanting. Among the organizations which have filed petitions for an investigation are the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Merchants' Association of New York and the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Altogether there are about one hundred and fifty petitions from associations, great and small, which make it appear very much like a concerted plan of action. However, these petitions are not considered complaints, as that term is generally understood. The petitioners express their belief that express rates are far too high and urge the "commission to exert its power of acting on its own motion, under the railroad act of 1910, to ascertain the reasonableness of the charges."

It is expected that the express companies will fight against investigation, as it is reported they propose to combat the move to regulate in Illinois. But to fight the investigation will in a sense be an acknowledgment of unjust rates, and we believe the time has come when the sentiment for fair and square dealing is too strong to be successfully silenced even by the combined force of the money-strong express companies. The spirit of justice,—broad and practical—is growing and many people are willing to sacrifice a good deal—even to the point of compelling those who do not have it to dispense its fruits—in order that it may rule unrestrained.

ATTENTION, CORNSTALKS.

The green brigades are fine, are fine,
With their stalks in a tasseled rally,
As they stand on the hill in a stately line,
As they reach to the fertile valley;
The green brigades of the ripening corn,
With the tall corn captains glowing;
The dew in their caps in the glowing morn
And the flutes of the blackbirds blowing.

—Baltimore Evening Sun.

THE TEACHER AND THE FACTORY.

It is natural for children to take an interest in what older people are doing. In their games, children are constantly imitating their elders—playing at keeping house, driving horse, and what not. Cannot this natural inclination of children be utilized in teaching? Our agricultural courses are attempting to do this for the country children. Can we not find something similar in the towns? Practically every city and village has a manufacturing industry of some sort, about which all the children know something and usually want to know more. Is there not an opportunity here?

But, "isn't a lesson of this sort a good deal of work to get up?" and, "is it really worth all this trouble?" are questions which immediately suggest themselves. If the sole object of going to school were to learn to read, write, cipher, and perhaps to speak correctly, this article would hardly be worth considering, but of course no teacher believes this nowadays. For one thing, children are to learn to think. But children, like other people, are not fond of thinking. It is too hard work—unless the result is intensely interesting. A boy never minds thinking hard when he is getting up an amateur circus or planning a clever practical joke. It is when the teacher gives him a book of problems and says, "now think," that he rebels.

Suppose for a change we show him the under side of a saucer and call attention to the three scars there. Let the children go home to dinner and look on the dinner plates and, if they like, on the butter dishes, the gravy dish, in the pantry—and all the crockery they can find. If they look sharp enough they will usually find them. How did they come there?

Every one knows that clay is soft and can be moulded into various shapes. How is it hardened? How are bricks made? They are hardened clay, too. Dishes are made the same way, but how came those scars on the bottom? Dishes made this way are porous and won't hold water. They are called "biscuit ware." Broken pieces to show the class can easily be obtained. They will not hold water. They must be dipped in a fluid, called "glaze," which when heated becomes glassy and gives the plates their familiar glossy appearance.

But what about the scars? This glaze must be sticky if it clings to the dishes dipped in it. If two sticky dishes were set one upon the other, what would happen? How can this be prevented? How would it do to have three pegs, with something between them to hold them upright, between each dish and the next? What sort of marks would this leave on the dishes? The pegs or stilts can easily be obtained and should be shown to the class.

Not every one has a pottery nearby, but your own nearby factory has its possibilities, and will serve as

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THE HOME WORLD



The Passing of a Mother

OLIVE A. SMITH.

THERE are certain words which, through association, have acquired an unpleasant meaning. To the mind of the young, especially, they convey unwelcome suggestions. For example, when one speaks of advice, of admonition, or of warning, there may be aroused in the mind of the listener a slight feeling of indifference, even of rebellion. Why? If we consult our own experience we will have the answer. It is because we may feel that the advice or admonition has no root in personal experience. It may come from the kindest of hearts and be founded upon the soundest of logic. But unless the person who speaks has traveled a road similar to ours; unless he has felt the joy or sorrow that we feel, the soul does not involuntarily open to the message.

On the other hand, we are always ready to hear the simple narrative of a personal experience which is like our own. When, in the spirit of love and sympathy, a friend comes to us and says, "I know how it is because I have passed through it," we are ready to listen to his words. We can be taught, guided, almost controlled, by one whose experience has given him the ability to feel deeply with us.

Why are the pages of our books worn and penciled? Those markings are the mute tributes to the teaching, leading ability of their writers. They say, as plainly as words could say: "Here is an echo of my thought, my feeling, my earnest prayer. In my own mind it was latent, unformed. But here it is expressed so beautifully that I must follow wherever it shall lead me." Thus, and thus only, do we learn, through sympathy. As Emerson expressed it, "Truly speaking it is not instruction but provocation that I can receive from another soul. What he announces I must find true in myself, or reject."

Only a few weeks ago the writer of this article had a mother on earth. Now she has only a host of memories. There is nothing unusual in the experience, nor in the character whose passing has made such a vacancy in our home and hearts. She was only a poor, obscure woman, one of the hundreds who sink daily under the burden of years and disease. Her circle of friends was small, for she had none of the instruments of power which the world could use. Why should any words concerning such a life be given to those outside of her own small world? There can be no reason, and the only excuse is the blind human instinct which leads us to reach out to those who have traveled, and are still to travel, the way of sorrow. This instinct is as universal as life itself. It is sacred because it is the fountain from which flow all the waters of human sympathy.

You who still have your mothers, may not be interested in the experiences of these weeks. But some day you will be, because, unless you are utterly selfish, your own sorrow will cause you to feel the universal sorrow of this loss of mothers. And you who have passed over the way can recall every incident of the journey.

You remember when she was stricken with that fatal sickness. You could not believe that it was fatal. If there is ever a time when we judge the present and the future by the past, it is in the time of sickness. She had always recovered before, and of course she would recover again. And then the seeming impossibility of Death coming to her. It seems natural to think of the fatal sickness of a friend or neighbor, but for our own mother it seems out of the question.

She would get well, I thought. It might be a slow process, but soon she would be able to sit in her big chair with the pillows around her. Then we would talk it all over and glory in her strength, and the skill of the doctor who brought her out of so serious a sickness.

And what of this doctor? I do not know how it was, or how it will be with you, but to me the doctor's visits were bright spots in that awful week. He never told us that mother would recover, and he never told us that she would die, until the week was almost ended. Something kept us from asking the question. But he was more than a dispenser of medicine and medical advice, although he was probably unconscious of it. I have often wondered whether he was conscious that he was doing more than making professional calls; whether he realized that those visits brought a comforting, sustaining power which made the way easier for her and for us.

I do not know what church he represents. Indeed,

it seems to me now that he holds no church membership. His Sundays are largely spent by the bedsides of the suffering, for there is where he is wanted and needed. I know that human judgment is often erring. But when I recall the faithfulness, the skillful tenderness and reverence with which he dealt with that frail life, I pronounce him one of the closest followers of the Great Physician.

What did I think about as I sat by the bed during those long nights? Probably of the same things that you thought about. I was glad that I could be there. Sometimes I was forced to notice that she was a little weaker every time she moved or spoke, but I drove the thought back, for I am a firm believer in the influence of mind upon mind, and I was determined that no wave of doubt should reach that subconscious brain. I thought of all the unfulfilled plans, the things I had neglected to get and to do for her. Then I made more plans for the future when she should be well again. I built air castles. It is a pleasant way of spending the dreary night watch,—building air castles about the future of the life for which you are fighting. It was a short week, but how much had been crowded into it! I never realized what a tenacious quality hope is until after the doctor's final visit. His words, "It is only a matter of a few hours," struck me dumb. She was falling asleep then as sweetly as a tired child, and I had not the slightest desire to prolong the struggle. Perhaps we had already done wrong in holding her back by our selfish will power. When I felt in vain for the feeble pulse, I was glad.

But your next chapter, beloved. That was, or will be, the hard chapter. No more plans, no more chances to do the undone, neglected things. No more air castles to build. Only one consoling feature,—work.

You may be a model son or daughter, but you must live this chapter unless—God forbid!—you are one of these self-satisfied persons. Then, perhaps, you will never think of the little attentions you might have given her, the small favors that she asked of you, and you forgot to grant, the careless word that hurt her, the thoughtless selfishness that showed itself in a thousand little neglects, because "you were so busy."

There will be a long list of these memories which will come trooping into your mind, and, if you have not yet traveled the road, I beg you, for your own sake, if not for hers, to make it as short as possible. For you are making the list, day by day, and you cannot change it, any more than I could change mine after it was too late. It may be too late any day, any hour.

As I sit here, memory brings me the tender, unobtrusive sympathy of friends and neighbors. Mingled with the odor of flowers, I hear the voice of the preacher who stood at the foot of the casket and spoke to us. I think of him as I think of the doctor. I wonder if he knew that he was doing more than a professional service for some careless church members who, in a business sense, had not the slightest claim upon his attention. I often wish that I could have more faith in the military aspect of the religious life, for it is worn by hundreds of good people. Their attitude says, as plainly as words could say: "I am here to do you good, and I want you to take it." But their presence always makes me think of the sublime unconsciousness of the righteous who, according to the parable, were called to receive their reward. I may have read into it a meaning which was never intended, but it seems to me that the righteous were entirely unconscious of having done good deeds to anyone.

We blessed this preacher for his message, and we wondered too. He had never seen mother; he knew her only through her children, and to them he was almost a stranger. But, as we told him, he seemed to have known her all her life. And when, in closing, he gave us that beautiful poem of Joaquin Miller's and said: "This is the poem I want to have read at my mother's funeral," it was the best of all. He had sympathetic insight, this man of God. He had not yet traveled the road which we were traveling that day, but he had the prophetic instinct to know what it would be, and he gave to us the gem that he was holding in store for his own.

During these quiet weeks, I have asked myself this question many, many times: "What is it that I long for most of all, in connection with her?" To wish her back would be gross selfishness, for the body bore a heavy burden of weakness and disease. I think the longing is the same as yours; the same that was expressed by the questioner of old, "If a man die, shall he live again?" I want to know that she is living personally, consciously living; that the door to that life is open on the temporal side, so that she knows, and feels, and cares, just as she used to do.

It may be the longing of a crude, unformed age; I do not know. I have talked with men who say that the wish for a conscious, personal life is a selfish feeling which the race will outgrow. They believe that future generations will find it as ridiculous as are the burial customs of the Indians and ancient Egyptians to us. But it is the universal longing still, and we cannot believe that it is wrong or foolish.

You have often gone back over the years of your childhood, and thought of a hundred incidents which showed your mother's peculiar traits of character. In vain I have tried to recall certain experiences which are supposed to be a part of every child's life, viz.: verbal lessons and punishments. I know that it seems like a strange statement to make, but I cannot recall a single verbal moral lesson or a punishment of any kind. They may have been given before I was old enough to remember. I have often heard my brothers

laugh about the little penalties which mother inflicted upon them, and I know I was not one of the angelic children who are beyond the need of reproof or discipline. Perhaps, as I was the youngest of a large family, mother had simply grown tired of teaching and governing, and consigned me to Topsy's mode of development. But I have thought and wondered about it, as her character has appeared to me in many new phases.

She was preëminently a wife and mother, and when death made her wifehood a mere memory, every thought and care was centered upon her children. But she was never a coddling mother, maudlin in her sentiment, or the least demonstrative in her affection.

Her life had been hard; "too hard" the world said, just one long struggle with poverty, sickness and disappointment. But the world must always chatter about something which it knows nothing about. I may be wrong, but I believe that if she stands today in the possession of all knowledge and were given her choice of another earthly journey, she would choose the lot she had before. For, as the preacher told us, there were many compensations.

As I see all around me the women who plan their lives so carefully, and carry their plans to such perfect execution, being so careful to spare themselves the experiences which made her life "hard," as they would say, I cannot help thinking, "How many of them will live to the age of three-score-and-nineteen years? How many of them will have the strong, clear mind which she enjoyed almost to the end? How many will have as long a term of physical health, active work and devotion to others, as she had? Time alone can determine."

We keep her room just as she kept it. She was always scrupulously neat about her person and her house. It is a simple room, but on her table are the articles that she loved because they were gifts from her children and grandchildren. There is her favorite vase, and when we have some flowers we place them in it. Her picture is there,—the only article which has been placed on the table since she left the room.

For several years her youngest son had remembered each of her birthdays by sending her a box of beautiful cut flowers. How she loved and cherished them! Every one was preserved as long as there was the slightest life or fragrance left and it was a real grief to her when they had to be thrown out.

She never talked much about her children, but she had a deep, secret pride in them; a foolish pride, perhaps, for they are the most ordinary of mortals. But she was extremely modest about taking to herself any credit for their supposed virtues. I remember, when I was quite a child I overheard a conversation in which a neighbor was congratulating her upon her success in rearing her family, and she replied: "Oh well, I don't feel that it is my work. If there is any great amount of good in them it is because they inherited it from their father."

As I said before, she was only one obscure mother, but I believe that she was one of a type which should endure. I love to go into that room and sit by the window where she used to sit. It may be imagination but it seems to me that there is more than memory, that there is a real presence there. Have you ever thought of it that way, you who have traveled this road? Why should it not be so? Why should that staunch, devoted soul leave her children alone in spirit when they long for her, and when her whole life was devoted to meeting their needs? Echo answers, "Why?" but faith, in the heart of one of her children at least, is planted firmly, and will not die.

Emporia, Kans.

BE TENDER TO THOSE WHO ARE OLD.

Let us ever be tender to those who are past
The glory and joy of their prime;
Whose strength and whose vision are weakening fast
'Neath the shadowing touches of time.

Let us ever be tender to those who are old,
For once they were happy and young;
And when the bright future before them unrolled,
They merrily frolicked and sung.

With strength and with hopefulness life was enjoyed,
And gaily they went on their ways,
Undreaming of hopes to be baffled—destroyed:
Undreaming of sorrowful days.

The years are fast speeding; they soon will be gone,
The aged ones with us today;
Their feet are approaching eternity's dawn,
Make haste to be kind while we may!

—Selected.

KEEP THE GIRLS ON THE FARM.

How to keep the boy on the farm is a question that has been receiving wide attention among *Farm Journal* folks. One phase of the question that has been disregarded is the fact that at the age of decision the normal boy wants to be where the girl is. For five boys who want to be farmers it would be hard to find one girl who wants to be a farmer's wife,—unless it has narrowed down to one particular farmer for her.

The farmer's daughter should have all the education her father can afford to give her, but it should not be given with the idea that it is to put her above the farm. My greatest quarrel with the present school system is that its one absorbing object is to urge every one, boy and girl alike, into business. From the time she enters the kindergarten until she graduates from college, the girl does not receive a lesson intended for a future homemaker and mother, unless she should take a course in domestic science. To the educators the girl is not an embryo woman, but a commercial factor.

Yet the great facts remain that girls grow to be women and, in spite of their schooling, marry and rear families. But how much better they might perform the duties so assumed, and how much happier the new homes might be, if their education had been toward this probable culmination instead of always away from it, and if marriage had meant to them a last graduation instead of an occasion for a grand reconstruction of their plans and ideals!

It is not necessary to segregate the sexes nor to introduce new and different school work. Simply injecting a little femininity into the work as it is now done would accomplish a great deal. Lessons should be conducted so as to appeal to the girl as well as to the boy. Arithmetic need not be all marbles and tops, nor history all biographies of great men. There have been great and good women who deserve their share of note. Bookkeeping is always taught as an adjunct to mercantile business, but it has just as good a place in the home. The average girl who has done creditable work in her bookkeeping at school would scarcely be able to keep account of her mother's egg and butter money. Civics, geography, physiology, all should give as much to the girl as to the boy,—but they do not.

Visit school some day—you don't go half so often as you ought—and see if it is any wonder that your girl is not interested in helping mother as she used to be, when all about her the idea is prevalent that she must get an education to escape the life of a drudge,—that is, of a housewife. Then take a look around the kitchen. Maybe a few dollars invested in new and labor-saving machinery would add wonderfully to its interest for both mother and daughter. Educate the girl to be womanly and to appreciate feminine things. Teach her the value and beauty of farm life, and she will be proud to be a farmer lady. When the girls want to live on the farm, much will have been done toward keeping the boy there.—*P. E. Clement, in Farm Journal.*

TWO MILES OF SOCIABILITY.

Half the barriers to both happiness and usefulness are of our own imagining. There are at least two or three good points beside this one in the scrap of a story below which John F. Cowan writes in the *Interior*. A man may go through the world like a genial comrade to everybody, argued one man. The other said, "That depends":

"Sociability is all right," admitted Bugbee, "for those that have time. I'm too busy a man to indulge. A fellow that's driven all day by business hasn't a minute to be sociable."

"Let's see about that," persisted Wixham. "You still take your constitutional from Massachusetts Avenue to the office every morning, don't you?"

"Bound to; I'd be too nervous to sleep. There's the rub; if I took time to cultivate my fellow-man, as you urge, I'd have to give up that walk."

"I'll prove that you can get the walk and the sociability, too. First, you'll meet the man mowing the lawn on the Commonwealth Avenue Parkway. You can manage to say: 'The top o' the morning to you!' as you pass. He's a jovial Irishman, and his pithy reply will keep you chuckling to yourself until you come to the cabmen of the Vendome.

"You take off your hat, as though you might be going to wipe your forehead or maybe make a salute, and you say in a hearty tone: 'Aren't you lucky dogs to be able to ride everywhere, while common people like me have to walk?' See if they don't warm right up to you. You'll still be rolling their juicy retort under your tongue when you come to the old man who scrubs the bases of the monuments of William Lloyd Garrison and Alexander Hamilton, every morning. You sing out as though you had known him all your life: 'Keep 'em looking like Spotless Town, eh?' and then stop and ask him, confidential like, why he does it. You'll laugh at his reply.

"As you cross Charles Street buy two peaches for a nickel of the salted-peanut and fruit man and pass a cheery time o' day. Wave your hand to the children in the swan boats and in the public garden, feed the doves and squirrels on the Common, jolly the newsboys at Park Street; and let me know how it comes out."

"Say, Wixham," the glum man who hadn't time to be sociable, informed his friend, as eager as a schoolboy, when they met for lunch: "I had two miles of sociability and got to the office on time. That's a great recipe of yours. Say, the old codger said he doesn't know why he scrubs Garrison and Hamilton, but s'posed it is just to plaze the boss."—*Wellspring.*

LONG-WEDDED LOVERS.

It was a very old couple who drove up to the station. They were dressed so plainly as to show their poverty, which was revealed also by the rickety buggy and ancient horse. But the quality of courtesy shown by husband to wife was a shining example to all humanity.

"Don't git out o' the buggy, ma, till I hitch old Ned an' help ye," said the old man. She was very heavy and he almost fell over backward trying to help her out, and she came down rather rudely.

"Didn't hurt ye, did I ma?" said he with tender solicitude. "I don't see what made me so clumsy and careless!"

He led her carefully into the waiting-room, found her the most comfortable seat available, and then said: "Now, you set right here, and I'll see to things." He secured her ticket and hastened back again. Then he

began: "Don't feel skeery 'bout goin' alone, do ye, ma? I've wished a hundred times I was a-goin' with ye, but ye know we can't both leave at this time of the year. I think you'll get along all right. Aaron 'll be sure to meet you at the train when you get there, and he'll take care of ye."

Seeing a lady sitting near by, he said, politely: "Where be ye a-goin', mam?" "I am going to M——," was the answer. "Ye don't say!" he cried, gleefully. "Why, that's where ma's a-goin'! Maybe ye wouldn't mind lookin' after her a bit. Suddent sickness of our daughter Harriet is a-takin' of her down there. She ain't never traveled alone none, an' I feel right guilty lettin' her start alone, now. I know it ain't but forty miles, but I'll feel a heap easier knowin' some one will tell her when to git off and maybe help her off the train. She can't see so very well and her hearin' ain't a mite good."

When the train arrived he kissed her good-by several times, put her on the car with the most lavish tenderness, and as the train moved off waved his bandana handkerchief, while her white one fluttered from the window in return, until the train had passed into dim distance.—*Unidentified.*

A CHAT WITH GRANDMOTHER.

To grow old gracefully, is to grow old happily. Happiness is implied. The greatest obstacle is the persistent desire to dwell upon the past until every feature of the face is set like stone, while our mind rambles back from year to year, decade to decade, catching up a thread here and a thread there and weaving them into the deepest regret. When we come back again to the present, we find our faces rigid, every muscle tense and every wrinkle accentuated. It startles us and we realize the utter futility of such thought; yet, childlike, we often wander over this forbidden ground.

Truly, with age we must mellow and soften. We must develop and broaden till the very last breath if we would truly "grow old gracefully." If you have the character to choose only the bright spots in life, the spots that bear no tinge of regret and that, when calling them to mind, every line in your face is lax and there is a gentle glow of softening light in the eye and a lingering note of pleasure in the poise of the lips, then your thoughts may safely ramble over years that have gone.

Another weakness we have to fight, we girls of threescore years and over, is burdening others with a recital of our bodily ills. I overheard a dear old lady in gray, with the sweetest voice, say to a rather youthful matron: "Why should I remember, this week, pains that bothered me last week?" And so now, when I catch myself starting to tell of my own ailings or complaints or any weakness of the flesh that old age should accept as a matter of course, I say to myself: What right have I to burden another or even myself over a pain that is dead and gone? What good can come from its recital, or how can I or you or any one benefit in any possible way? Hasn't the world enough of sorrow now? Why should I step forward and, solemnly and with sorrowful mien, add my tithe to the world-wide moan of sorrow and pain? Rather, by silence, lessen its power over myself and all others with whom I come in contact. Rather by ignoring it, save that strength to meet the next care. Dwelling upon our aches and pains takes our strength; talking about them imposes upon the strength of others; and soon a habit is formed which in time becomes chronic. It is just as easy to radiate sunshine as sorrow, if only we force ourselves gradualiy to keep back the unpleasantnesses of life and dwell at length upon every bright thought, experience or cheering influence we feel.

What, though the prevailing tone of life be gray, need we darken it more? And, by darkening it for others, we encircle ourselves in gloom, just as, by brighening the hours and days for others, we let ourselves down in the midst of a flood of sunshine.

All these thoughts are well worthy of frequent meditation and some very frank questioning within our own selves, for there is no standing still till the very last day. Either our life is a comfort and blessing to those around us, or else many would be given a welcome freedom if our life were a thing of the past.—*The Household Journal.*

HINTS ABOUT LITTLE HOME ECONOMICS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL

Floors.

SUPPOSING we are unable to have polished floors and plush rugs—have linoleum on the kitchen and dining room floors. It will outwear wood and so save all it costs and more: but get a good quality. If linoleum is beyond our means, have the floors well oiled,—kitchen, dining room, pantry, bath and hall; then have them painted. A woman can do the work herself, if necessary, only they must not be used until thoroughly dry. And the paint more than pays for itself in the saving of doctor's bills, druggist's bills, and loss of time because of sickness and colds obtained by occupying a damp room, recently scrubbed by a tired woman. Besides, the paint saves the floor. If kept painted it will last very much longer.

Save the Old Rags.

We never know what may happen to some member of our family or a near neighbor,—an accident, a lingering illness, a stubborn sore, may necessitate the use of *bushels* of old rags. Old sheets, pillow-slips, towels and tablecloths should be carefully hoarded for use in emergencies. Every old garment should be washed and put away where it will be easily found when

needed. White rags are better kept by themselves. Old woolen cloths should be washed and put away by themselves, where one can find them at a moment's notice in the dark. In case of croup, severe colds, pneumonia, severe pain and many sorts of ailments, they are useful to wring out of hot water and apply to the afflicted part, covered by several folds of dry flannel. They are good to use dry and hot where moisture is undesirable. Good also to use with camphor, lard and turpentine upon the chest in early stages of la grippe or severe cold; to allay cough, and good to use with liniment and other external remedies for pain.

When the writer was called to care for a relative during a lingering illness, we found many old rags necessary. Applying to our nearest kinswoman, we were disappointed in not being able to obtain so much as enough for a wash rag. We understood what had become of the rags during the sixteen years of the rearing of a family, when we heard the mother remark to her daughter whose elbows were peeping through the sleeves of her white waist. "I'm going to burn that old waist up the first time I catch it off of you; it isn't worth washing another time."

Dear, good neighbors would call and say, "Isn't there something we can do? Do you need anything we could let you have? We'd be so glad to do something for dear G—." Assured that old rags were needed, they would kindly send all they could spare—about a pocket handkerchief full.

At last we remembered about an old friend of our family—a good but fashionable woman who always delighted in giving away old clothes because she was so fond of buying new ones. Going to the phone, we asked if she could spare some old rags. To be sure! As soon as she could gather them up. So that evening brother went to her residence, returning with a bundle that looked like a peddler's pack for bigness, and the kindly assurance that more would be in readiness when needed. Bless her soul! They were all clean, soft rags, just such as we needed and such as any woman's wisdom ought to teach her to save for future use. The woman who throws away or burns the old clothes of her family, will always be poor, and she deserves to be.

Money is made from old rags.

Easy Way to Clean Silverware.—No housework is harder on the hands than the cleaning of silver in the old way. I have used the following method with perfect success: Pour into a tin dishpan one and one-half gallons of boiling water, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of soap powder, and washing soda twice the size of an egg; let it boil; then lay your silver in a square cloth, retaining hold of the corners, dip into solution, covering all parts of silver with the same; hold it there from two to five minutes; then remove and wash in soapy water; wipe dry.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

ONE AND ONE.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best,
Two little ponies must go to a span,
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears, one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes, on two little feet,
Two little lips, and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a nose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all the day long.

—Unidentified.

LEGEND OF THE DANDELION.

THE angel of the flowers came to earth long ago and wandered in the field and forest and garden to find the flower she loved most. She came upon the gay tulip, all orange and red, standing stiff and proud, and the angel said: "Where should you like most of all to live?"

"On a castle lawn in the velvety grass," said the tulip, "where my colors would show 'gainst the gray castle walls."

But the angel turned sadly away and spoke to the rose.

"Where should you like most to stay?" she asked.

"I should like to climb the castle walls," said the rose, "for I am fragile and delicate, and not able to climb of myself."

The angel turned sadly away and hurried on until she came to the violet growing in the forest, and she said: "Where should you like most of all to live?"

"Here in the woods where I am hidden from every one," said the violet. "The brooks call me, and the trees keep the warm sun from spoiling my beautiful color." But the angel turned away and went on until she came to the sturdy, yellow dandelion growing in the meadow grass, and asked her.

"Oh," cried the dandelion. "I want to live wherever the happy children may find me when they run by to school, or romp and play in the fields. I want to live by the roadside, and make every one glad of my bright color."

"You are the flower I love the most," said the angel. "You shall blossom everywhere from spring until fall, and be the children's flower."

That is why the dandelion comes so early and pushes her head up everywhere—by hedge, and field, and hut, and wall; and has such a long, sweet life.—*From an Old Legend.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Joseph E. Ralph, director of the bureau of engraving and printing, thinks it would save the government $1,000,000 a year if the $5 notes were about one-third their present size. He is asking the opinions of bankers, and if the scheme is favored the change probably will be made.

Farmers and cattle raisers generally are interested in the efforts of Prof. C. F. Curtiss, dean of the Iowa College of Agriculture, to establish a distinct American type of draft horses. After an inspection of the great horse breeding establishments of Europe he has undertaken to blend the shire and Clydesdale.

Judge E. E. Porterfield of the Kansas City, Mo., juvenile court has announced he will appoint an investigator to determine the welfare of children before divorce suits of their parents will be heard in the district courts. Six judges have agreed to allow him the privilege of intervention in any case where children are involved.

The Russian council of ministers approved a plan to extend to the Jews the right of residence in eight overgrown villages in the provinces of Vitobsk, Volhynia, Mohiley, Poltava and Kherson, and the matter will now be presented for imperial sanction. The localities specified have strongly petitioned for the admission of Jewish residents in order to improve local business conditions.

The bulletin of accidents on steam railways in the United States for the first quarter of the present year is very discouraging. The total number of persons killed was 1,100, and of injured 21,322, an increase of 466 killed and 6,110 injured, as compared with the same quarter in 1909. These figures, be it known, do not include trespassers, but only passengers and employés engaged in the discharge of their daily duty.

Harvard University Library has come into possession of the magnificent Lefferts collection of the works of Alexander Pope, which consists of upward of 500 volumes of books and pamphlets. The gift is an important one, as the collection is the most extensive brought together by any student, and includes some volumes not in the British Museum Library. While the name of the donor is withheld, it is understood that it is J. Pierpont Morgan.

A report from Paris states that George Chavez broke the world's record for height Sept. 8, rising in a monoplane 8,792 feet. The best previous record was made by Leon Moraine, whose mark was 8,471, made on Sept. 3 at Deauville. Chavez's flight was made at Issy and occupied forty-one minutes. The record was officially adjudged by the French Aero Club. Chavez, who is a young Peruvian, used a new racing Bleriot machine, equipped with a fifty horse power motor. He intends to enter the cross-the-Alps race with this machine.

Last month the first of the large caissons for the new foundations of the Quebec Bridge was launched from the temporary works adjoining the bridge site. The new superstructure will be 30 feet wider than the old one, and the new center line of the bridge has therefore been moved 15 feet up stream. The caisson measures 54 feet by 180 feet and weighs 1,700 tons. The caisson of the south pier, 79 feet by 180 feet, will be the largest of its kind ever built.

There is likely to be a new sort of bread used by the United States army instead of the hardtack, if the tests that are being made by Gen. Sharpe at the Washington barracks plan out satisfactorily. The proposed substitute is yeast bread. The new bread has been kept more than a month and remained in good condition. When moistened and dried over the fire it has the appearance and flavor of fresh bread. The commissary officers are also experimenting with a new can, in which will be placed corned beef and corned beef hash.

Unless remedial measures are taken, it is possible that the famous leaning tower of Pisa may ultimately collapse as did the Campanile at Venice a few years ago. Measurements taken by an English engineer in 1829 showed the tower to be 15½ feet out of the perpendicular. Measurements taken recently show that the divergence has increased to 16½ feet. It should be within the resources of modern engineering to excavate below the tower, bring it gradually back to the vertical, and place beneath it an absolutely secure foundation.

The tariff board will meet in Washington Sept. 21 and lay the foundations for the beginning of a scientific investigation of the three most important schedules of the Payne-Aldrich law. The now famous schedule "K", the woolen schedule which has been sharply attacked and strongly defended, will have first consideration. The cotton schedule and the metal schedule will follow in the order named. Two others may be added to the immediate task. It is generally accepted as a fact that another revision of the tariff will be one of the subjects discussed when the cabinet meets at the same time the tariff board does.

A strong movement in protest against the high prices of meat has been begun in many German cities. A number of meetings held recently brought out a sharp arraignment of the government's policy in restricting the importation of live stock and the maintenance of high meat and animal duties in the interest of farmers. A number of Saxon municipalities appealed to the government to use its influence to reopen the frontiers to cattle and meat. It replied that prices have risen equally in other countries and that, although the laws allow the importation of 80,000 hogs from Austria yearly, only 350 were imported so far this year.

The bank guaranty bill, which is copied after the Texas law, was passed by the lower house of the Colorado legislature by a vote of 48 to 8.

A mass meeting was held at Monrovia, Liberia, recently at which resolutions were adopted thanking the United States for aid which is said to have prevented the negro republic from dismemberment at the hands of European powers.

What is declared to be the largest auction sale of lands ever ordered at one time will take place on the Crow (Montana) and Uintah (Utah) Indian reservations on Oct. 15 and Nov. 1 next, respectively. About 1,500,000 acres of land, suitable principally for dry farming and grazing, are involved in the sale.

The postal Progress league has issued in pamphlet form, and is now distributing, copies of resolutions which were adopted at the recent annual convention, at Rochester, of the Society of American Florists. The society indorsed the Sulzer bill, now pending in the house of representatives, and recommended the election of congressmen who are friendly to that bill and the defeat of congressmen who "are responsible for the continued limitation of our domestic postal express to four-pound parcels of unsealed merchandise at 16 cents per pound."

Since 1901 9,771,512 aliens have arrived in the United States. The races represented have been classified into forty sub-divisions by the statisticians of the immigration bureau. The southern Italians lead all in numbers with a total of 1,761,948, with the Jews second at 976,263. Polish home seekers were third in number, with 873,660. The average amount of money possessed by each alien at landing was $22, but some amazing individual differences are evident. The Spanish Americans were richest, averaging $104 each, and the Koreans were poorest, with only $7 each.

Telegraph and express companies in Ohio must pay taxes in 1910 on nearly double the valuations of last year. The Western Union Telegraph Company must now pay on a valuation fixed by the State tax commission at $2,982,-625, as compared with $2,000,103 a year ago. The Ohio Postal Telegraph Cable Company's valuation was boosted from $305,103 to $715,989. Of the seven express companies operating in the State, the United States Express Company, the largest, is increased from $290,113 to $700,-797; that of the Adams Express from $368,271 to $586,007, and the American Express Company from $361,201 to $524,956.

That the railroad systems of the United States are without a peer in the world is the declaration of Franklin K. Lane, a member of the interstate commerce commission who has just returned from the International Railway conference at Berne, Switzerland. "The conference established, beyond a shadow of doubt, I think, the supremacy of the American railroad from the standpoint of efficiency," declared Mr. Lane. "One of the questions in my mind is how the European railroads can pay 4, 5 and 6 per cent dividends with their small volume of traffic, compared with that of the United States. I have seen more freight moved in a single hour at Chicago, Pittsburg and Jersey City than I saw in the entire month in Europe. Pensions for employés is a matter in which Europe is far ahead of us."

The action of radium in changing the color of glass and precious stones is well known. The first practical application of this property seems to have been made by a London chemist, who has used radium to bleach brown diamonds, improve the color of soiled pearls, and deepen the color of emeralds. He has no great hope that the process will ever be of commercial value, because of the high cost of radium, and also because artificial stones are made so cheaply nowadays.

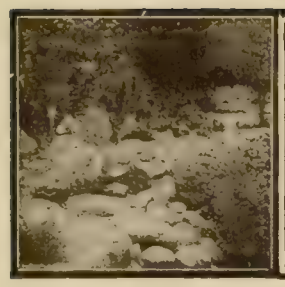
The Burlington railroad has issued an order cutting its operating department to the minimum and throwing out of employment several thousand workmen and clerks. The order includes clerical forces, car repair men, track builders and many other lines. General Manager Holdridge of the Burlington system west of the Missouri River minimized the effect of the order, but admits that such an order has been issued. Mr. Holdridge says such action is not unusual at this period of the year.

Surgeon General Walter Wyman, of the United States public health and marine hospital service, states that, from the report of the executive secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, it has been discovered "that there are in the United States 431 associations for the prevention of tuberculosis, 286 special tuberculosis dispensaries, and 393 special tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals, and that provision has been made for a total of 22,720 beds for tuberculosis patients."

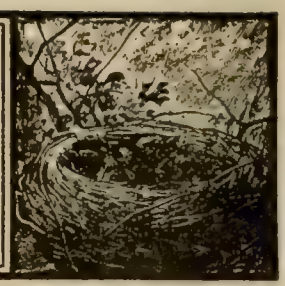
The management of the National Corn Association announces that there will be no sale of prize-winning exhibits at the fourth annual National Corn exposition, to be held January 30 to February 11, 1911, at the Ohio State fair grounds, at Columbus. At the last exposition, which was held in Omaha, Nebr., one sample of corn sold approximately at the rate of $2,345 per bushel, and a peck of wheat sold at a price that would make it bring $800 a bushel. The only samples becoming the property of the exposition this year are those winning the grand champion prizes.

According to the federal health department and Pennsylvania's State health commissioner eating unwashed fruit may and frequently does result in an attack of typhoid fever. Both of these authorities agree that "all fruit should be thoroughly cleansed before being eaten." Dr. Dixon, the Pennsylvania commissioner, says: "There is no shutting our eyes to the danger of eating unwashed raw fruit. Spoiled fruit, which attracts a great variety of insects, should never be eaten raw. The time and energy necessary to wash raw fruit is a bagatelle alongside of a case of typhoid fever."

The return from England of W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, is regarded by Canadians as of especial interest in view of the promised reciprocity negotiations with the United States. It is anticipated that the proposals between the American and Canadian governments will be taken up without delay. It is believed that the attitude of the Taft administration will be largely influenced by the outcome of the fall elections, in which the tariff issues will be predominant. President Taft's declaration in regard to further revision of the tariff on specific lines is viewed as indicating a retrocession from the stand-pat attitude, which has heretofore been an influence against reciprocity arrangements.



NATURE STUDIES



POTATOES.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

DOUBTLESS potatoes are as necessary as wheat and man has discovered the value. Of course, I refer to the Irish potatoes. Since the Irish people are so very fond of them, the potatoes are named after them. However, it appears to me that the English people are quite as fond of them.

Potatoes will grow in almost any kind of productive soil, but weeds must not be permitted to grow with them or the production will be lessened. I shall explain briefly why this is true. It is not only because the weeds take the fertilizers from the soil but also that they take the moisture. It is done in a simple way. The roots search for the moisture and then it is carried through the weed to the leaf by which it is given off to the atmosphere. This is true with all plant life. The moisture is given off by the part of the leaf which we call the top. When the ground is dry and the sun is hot the leaf curls up and prevents the giving off of so much moisture.

We do not plant the seeds of the potatoes and, in fact, many people do not know where to find the seeds. Not all potato stalks produce seeds. Perhaps you remember seeing the blossoms at the top of the stalk and then later little round things like small green tomatoes. These contained the seeds. Thus you understand that we do not plant the seeds but we plant the tuber which is a part of the root.

Sometimes the whole potato is planted and again just part of it. The part planted must contain an eye and enough of starch to nourish the plant until it has sufficient roots to furnish it with nourishment. Finally the old potato disappears or almost disappears.

The new potatoes grow on the roots. They are simply the enlargement of the root at certain places, and these enlargements are called tubers.

There is a definite plan for the eyes. They all look the same direction.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF WILD BIRDS.

CALIFORNIA has just established a State bird farm near Hayward, Alameda County. Its first object is to breed game birds for the stocking of the forests, ranges and covers of the State, for the benefit of sportsmen; but it promises to have other and more far-reaching effects.

The species at first to be propagated consists of pheasants, partridges, bob-whites and wild turkeys, but it is the intention of the State in time to breed song-birds as well.

As the State has an area of more than 153,000 square miles, and the bulk of this area being wild land, it may be plainly seen that the field is very large, and offers great possibilities in the line of bird culture.

Next to the sportsmen, the farmers of the State will become interested in the movement. In the first place it is the intention of the promoters of the scheme to have the game laws amended so as to permit the farmers to raise pheasants and other birds for commercial purposes.

But far and away beyond this interest comes that of a possible conquest of the insect-pest evils that afflict the State. By reason of its mild and equable climate California is a very favorable field for the rapid increase of insect life, and the wild birds being scarce the injurious insects have in the past become a host, and have caused millions of dollars damages to the fruit growers.

And in order to keep these insect pests under anything like reasonable control the State is obliged to maintain one of the most extensive horticultural quarantine departments in the world; to use vast amounts of sprays and fumigants and to maintain a parasitic system that is a wonder of modern industrial history.

Yet, with all the repressive measures employed, the losses from insect-pests are very large annually, and the propagation of wild birds should be hailed by the farmers of the State as a hopeful sign for the future.

Briefly, the bird farm is supported by funds derived from the State treasury, and is under the general supervision of the State Game and Fish Commission. It consists at present of forty-two acres, but will soon be enlarged to one hundred.

The breeding of young birds was begun last year, and it is expected that by another year the farm will be in a position to turn out from 4,000 to 8,000 annually. The young birds will be distributed over the State as evenly as possible, and will be given out to approved applicants, in bunches of fifty to one hun-

dred. No applicant will be given any birds until his reliability has been established and not before he has pledged himself to care for and protect the fledglings previous to becoming established in their new abodes.

The farm has been fitted up with necessary buildings, including superintendent's residence, barn, water tank, etc., besides fifty pens in which to keep the breeding birds.

The pheasants used for breeding purposes were all imported from Europe, and the bird that seems destined to become most popular in the State is the Hungarian pheasant. The wild turkeys used are obtained from Old Mexico and consist of two species, one a small kind, not much larger than a common grouse, and another of the ordinary size.

The breeding females of the various species under care lay their eggs in the pens quite promiscuously, and the eggs are gathered by the keeper and placed under



An Old Hen Mothering Wild Turkeys.

common hens for hatching. Of these hens the farm has a flock of 225, and they are of the white and Barred Plymouth Rock strains.

After hatching the chicks are allowed to run with their foster mothers for a period of two months. Then they are taken away and placed in pens by themselves until they are ready to liberate.

Great care has to be exercised in the rearing of these young fowls. At first they are fed on maggots, and the grubs have to be propagated on the farm, They are also fed on milk curds.

Brooders with outside runs are used and the brooders are moved every day in order that strict sanitary rules may be observed. The birds, both young and old, are given fresh water daily, and plenty of it.

But the California climate is very favorable to bird life and it is expected that the work of stocking the State will go rapidly on.

Possibly a few farmers and gardeners will get the idea that so many wild birds will be a menace to their crops, but when the benefits to be derived by the farmers and fruit growers at large, in the way of insect-pest control, are weighed against the possible damage, it will be found that the latter becomes comparatively insignificant.

This truth has been no clearer shown than by a paper read by W. R. McIntosh of Fresno during the session of a recent fruit-growers' convention. Among other things, Mr. McIntosh set forth that:

"Nowhere in the material universe do we find a more interesting and beautiful law of balance and harmony than formerly existed in the lives of insects and wild birds. Insects are justly regarded everywhere as the enemies of agriculture. Their destroyers—the birds—must therefore be the farmers' best friends. So long as nature held undisputed sway our friends kept our enemies in check, and small damage resulted to growing crops, and the husbandman was fairly secure in his calling.

"In the destruction of the home of wild birds—the forests—by ax and fire, and the wanton and cruel slaughter of birds in the name of sport, the relations and harmony of nature have been undermined and the balance destroyed. Wild birds are decreasing to an alarming extent in every part of the United States. Injurious insects, as might have been expected, are therefore on the increase in a similar ratio. So striking has been the increase of insect depredations on fruit trees and growing crops of late years that the appeal of the farmers everywhere for relief is constantly on the increase.

"Scientists are searching every part of the known world for insect-destroying parasites, while millions of dollars are being spent yearly in a vain attempt to check the ever-increasing ravages of these enemies of agriculture, horticulture, viticulture and gardening.

"The menace to successful agriculture is not comprised in insects alone. The rodents and noxious weeds must engage the constant attention of the farmer. Here again the feathered friends of the farmer find ample scope for usefulness to mankind. The hawks, owls, shrikes, and eagles live almost altogether upon the rodent enemies of the farmer, while the seed-eating birds—the sparrows, finches, buntings and grosbeaks—comprise more than one-seventh of the North American species of birds.

"Data gathered by the United States Department of Agriculture show that the annual tax paid to insect depredations exceeds the annual expenditure of the National Government, including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and navy. In one year a single species of insect—the cinch bug—caused a loss of $60,000,000 and the Hessian fly caused a loss of $24,000,000 in two States in one year.

"The average annual loss to apple-growers from the codling moth is $20,000,000 and millions of dollars are lost each year from attacks of boll weevil, corn-root worm, cotton worm, web worm, canker worm, bark beetle, plant lice, warble fly and hundreds of other

creepers and crawlers, each multiplying after its own kind and at the rate of millions a minute and every one of them hungry from start to finish.

"Practically, we are told, every kind of plant has certain insects that naturally feed upon it and tend to hold it in check, and as man produces more of a certain kind of plant, nature produces insects to destroy it. In many instances the withdrawal of the natural food of some species of insects forces them to take to another, which may be a cultivated crop.

"It is here that the birds if undisturbed come in to maintain the balance. To kill birds is to allow these insect pests to increase and destroy the cultivated crops to which they have been turned from their natural food."

Already the farm has received more applications for young birds than can be filled in years, and to show the benefits to be derived from them, in the anticipations of many of the farmers, a single instance may be given: Up in Marin County there is a big ranch company owning and operating 11,000 acres of land in a single body, and it is engaged in dairying, cheesemaking and apple growing. One man is employed to ride over the ranch constantly to see that all is running right.

This company was one of the first applicants at the State bird farm for fledglings and it pledged its good faith in caring for the fowls which should be placed under the special care of the overseer.

It is safe to say that this ranch outfit does not desire these birds as future food for the shotgun, but wishes them as friends and as protectors of its crop interests.—*Scientific American.*

THE TEACHER AND THE FACTORY.

(Continued from Page 901.)

a starting point. Then will come other industries, especially those relating to things we all wear and use. Besides the training involved, a great deal of valuable information is acquired, many principles of science can be brought out, and a healthy interest in the great throbbing world about us is cultivated. Of course the work naturally correlates very closely with geography.

No one can deny that such work presents difficulties, especially that of getting the necessary information and understanding of the subject. Clearly written books for amateurs are not numerous. Fortunately they are beginning to appear. Carpenter's "Industrial Geography," by the American Book Company, and best of all, two remarkably clear and entertaining books, "How It Works," and "How It Is Made," by Archibald Williams, Publishers, Thos. Nelson & Sons, New York. Of course the best place to learn is the factory itself, but the mass of detail and the hopelessly muddled explanations employés usually give makes it a discouraging place. It usually is best to go to the proprietor himself at his house in the evening and explain your object frankly. Such men frequently are out of sympathy with schools and teachers, but they are so because they think them impractical and theorists, and are pleased to find them taking an interest in what seems to them matters of such huge practical importance. Even if the clear understanding you seek does come hard, however, the joy when you at last succeed will be the greater. It will also have this effect. It will put you in sympathy with the young people in your care who are daily called to grapple with problems which seem just as hard to them as these do to you.

Don't be afraid to learn from your pupils. Some of them will be remarkably well informed on local industries and you will secure their eternal good will by letting them air their knowledge. Of course you must not believe all they tell you. But if you think they are wrong make sure of your ground before you correct and then do so by referring them to unquestionable authorities.

Lessons of this sort have sometimes been given and have been very dry. Several reasons suggest themselves. Teachers try to lecture to their students instead of drawing them out by questions. They do not have specimens enough to show. Exhibits from the different factories are not so hard to secure as teachers suppose. Business men are often very willing to give them and often get much interested in getting them up. The writer has never met with a rebuff in this field. We have received very elaborate exhibits from a glass factory, a pottery, brick plant, a silk mill and a woolen mill.

Perhaps the most important secret of all is to learn to emphasize the principles involved and not get swamped with detail. Take a woolen mill for example. No amateur can hope to understand everything, but the principles of the process are simple enough. After the cleaning and bleaching, the tangled hairs must be set in order just as a child's tangled hair is by combing or carding. Now these hairs must be made to cling together and make a strong whole. They must be twisted just as the wires in a cable are twisted This is spinning. Next must the threads or yarn be interlaced to make cloth, i. e., woven or knitted. The child is now ready for a visit to the factory, which will mean something to him.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

It is often said that one has the right to do as he pleases, not only with himself, but with his time and money. This is not true. No Christian has the right to minister wholly to his own pleasure. All are to please God above all others.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

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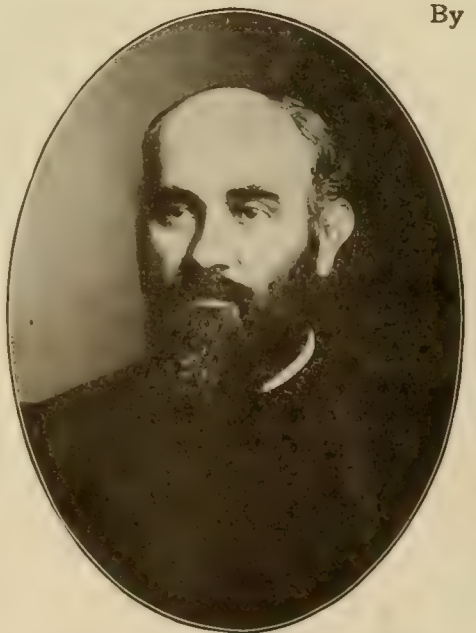
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I have in **NESS COUNTY, KANS.**, at prices ranging from $20 to $45 per acre, according to location and improvements, land that is a good proposition for either the homeseeker or the speculator. Five families, members of the Brethren church, have bought land in this locality in the last sixty days and others will follow, and we hope in the next year to have a church organized and a churchhouse built. Ness City is the county seat and has a first-class high school, 200-barrel flourmill, which runs day and night, ice plant, electric lights, three churches. It is a nice little city, with a lot of good land around it. The soil of Ness County is good and will successfully raise **WHEAT, CORN** and **ALFALFA.** Walnut Creek and its tributaries run through the county, and the land adjacent thereto is adapted to **ALFALFA,** with some now growing to show what it will do. I have one tract in a body, lying from two to seven miles from Ness City, two-thirds of which is alfalfa land, and about 4,000 acres of it at $25 per acre if taken soon. Can give good terms on this and other lands. To those interested in Ness County or in Pawnee County, where we have two churches organized, will say for such information as you want and for map of Ness or Pawnee County write to

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55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





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"Alfalfa, which is difficult to cure in the humid regions, goes into the stack as bright and green as sunshine and dry air can make it. When it is known that one rain on cut alfalfa, reduces its feeding value one-fourth, the advantage of an almost rainless climate at harvest time in the production of forage crops can be appreciated.

" The advantages of growing alfalfa are many; it enriches the soil instead of impoverishing it; returns to it those chemical properties so essential to continued productiveness, and for this reason makes an ideal crop to rotate with sugar beets. It is a splendid feed for stock, especially for hogs, and when so used brings much greater returns; it does not require replanting, but when once established will yield good returns year after year."

" In money value alfalfa is considered worth 45 per cent more than clover and 60 per cent more than timothy."

"Alfalfa is absolutely sure to make farming a success. It fertilizes the soil, as does clover in the East. On it we graze our horses and colts; it fattens the horses and makes the colts grow. On it, while growing or in stack, the hogs feed. On it hundreds of thousands of sheep are fed. On it milch cows are fed, increasing the quantity and richness of their milk. It is



the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

" One acre sown to alfalfa and irrigated will produce 10,000 pounds of hay.

" One acre of irrigated alfalfa will feed one steer 400 days.

" One hundred and sixty acres of irrigated alfalfa will maintain 1,600 sheep one year or 160 steers, and prepare them for market."

All domestic animals eat and thrive on alfalfa; it alone fits them for work, for dairy and for market. When ground it furnishes a splendid diet for laying hens.

Alfalfa Seed Yields a Net Profit of Over $100 Per Acre.

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THE INGLENOOK

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS.

The things of every day are all so sweet—
  The morning of meadows wet with dew;
  The dance of daisies in the noon, the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
  O! life—the whole life—is far too fleet,
  The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so dear,
  The waking in the warm half-gloom
  To find again the old familiar room,
The scents and sights and sounds that never tire,
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's laugh,
The crackle of the open fire;
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,
The opening door, the handclasp and the kiss,
  Is heaven not, after all, the now and here?
  The common things of life are all so dear.

—Great Thoughts.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 27, 1910 Price $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 39

Homeseekers' Excursions

VIA

Union Pacific

HOMESEEKERS' FARES

Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the **First and Third Tuesday** of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

TO ☟ FROM ☞	Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Omaha and St. Joseph	Chicago	St. Louis	Peoria	St. Paul and Minneapolis	Des Moines	Sioux City	Milwaukee
Biggs ..... Ore.	$52.50	$57.50	$55.00	$57.50	$52.50	$55.00	$52.50	$57.50
Boise ..... Idaho	49 50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Bosler ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30 00	31.20	33.40
Butte ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Caldwell ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51 50	49 50	54.00
Cheyenne ..... Wyo.	†	30.00	30.00	30.00	35.75	30 00	24.20	33.40
Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Denver ..... Colo.	19.00	30 00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Gooding ..... Idaho	41.90	46.40	46.40	46.40	43.90	43.90	41.90	46.40
Green River ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30.00	31 20	33.40
Helena ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Minidoka ..... Idaho	38.00	42.50	42.50	42.50	40.00	40.00	38.00	42.50
Mountain Home ..... Idaho	45.90	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ..... Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49.20	53.70
Ogden ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	38.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
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Pocatello ..... Idaho	34 50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs ..... Wyo.	27 50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
Salt Lake City ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Shoshone ..... Idaho	41.00	45.50	45 50	45.50	43.00	43 00	41.00	45.50
Spokane ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Twin Falls ..... Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
Umatilla ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57:50
Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

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CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa, ...	$50.00	$53.90	$66.95	$63.90
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St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	50.00	63.50	65.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois, ...	62.50	62.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado, ...	45.00	45.00	60.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

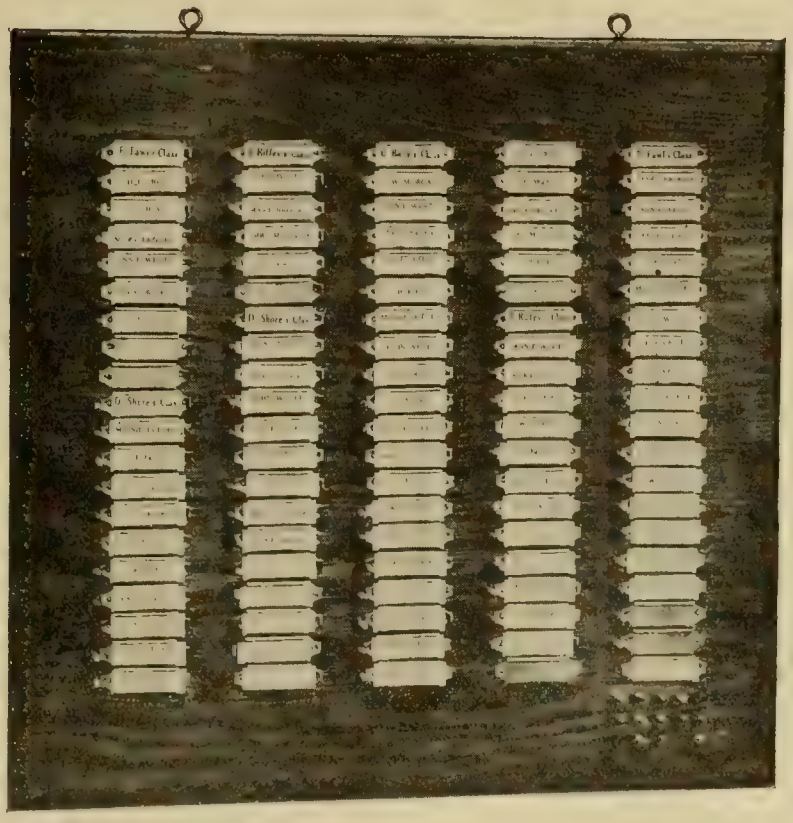
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Column 4, October 31, 1910.

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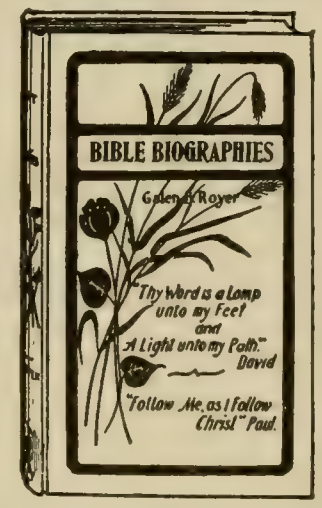
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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
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St. Lake City, Utah

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The Invasion of America

William L. Judy

THE history of the human race is in large measure the record of its migrations. Israelite, Tartar, Vandal, Goth, and Norman changed the world's history. Today there is taking place an invasion greater in number and just as great in its results. The Orient is invading the Occident! They come, a million strong a year! And there seems to be no end to their coming.

In the year 1790 there were approximately three and one-half millions of people in the United States. There are now ninety millions, an unprecedented increase, due largely to a never-ceasing foreign influx. The only racial American today is the red man, and he was an invader. The rest of us are also immigrants. "Scratch an American and you find a European." Some of our truest Americans weren't born in their own country.



New Arrivals.

The invading armies of the past have become peaceful Americans and good ones too. But what of the invading armies of today? The vital point in any discussion of present immigration is this: THE QUANTITY HAS INCREASED BUT THE QUALITY HAS DETERIORATED. Citizen Roosevelt well said: "We want all the good immigrants we can get and none of the bad." If this be true, then every bad immigrant, he whose coming adds nothing to the country but may even be a positive harm, must be debarred from its ports. The supreme law of public welfare demands it. "Self-preservation is the first law of nations as well as of nature."

These being the rules, do present conditions demand their application? Few there are who do not believe the statement that the immigrants of today are not as desirable as those of even a quarter century ago. The geographical source has changed. Eighty-seven per cent of the total influx in 1882 came from northern and western Europe, from peoples of the

same great Teutonic race; they soon became very good Americans. But since 1898 southern and eastern Europeans have predominated. Now come the Italian, Hungarian, Pole, and Jew in the order named, while Syria, Greece and Armenia are beginning to add an increasing quota. Last year, instead of eighty-seven per cent, only twenty-seven per cent of the total immigration came from northern and western Europe. Contrary to popular opinion, the population of Italy and these other countries has not been lessened in the least by the great outfluxes.



Some of the "Invaders."

What is the *quality* of present immigration? The immigrants are very poor. An average of but $23.00 was brought over last year. Only fourteen per cent had over $50.00. Thirty per cent had their passage prepaid by friends, or relatives. Poverty in itself is not bad but too often it is the mother of many evils.

They are very ignorant. Seventy-three per cent were unskilled laborers and twenty-nine per cent could neither read nor write any language. Ignorance in itself is bad. *The poor immigrant and the ignorant immigrant are often one and the same person.*

Ignorance and poverty, twin sisters, are bound to produce something. They have given rise to grave economic, social, and political evils. Statistics show that the poor and the ignorant immigrants crowd mainly into the cities. The reason is evident: the poor have not the means to go to the newer sections of the country, the ignorant have not the desire to do so. They blindly settle in the cities, among their countrymen, and there form colonies as foreign and exclusive as though they still continued to live in their native land. The undesirable immigrants have added to the city problem. They have gone into the most unfavorable environment.

Low wages and "hunkies" have become synonymous. Sweatshops are the awful penalty paid by immigrants because of an overcrowded labor market in the congested portions of our large cities. The curse of child labor to a large extent can be laid at their feet.

Socially and politically, they have given rise to crying evils. Coming here to save and hoard money, they spend only that which is sufficient to sustain an existence. Their standard of life is therefore very low. The shack, the ghetto, the slum, and the tenement are characteristic. NINETY PER CENT OF THE SLUM POPULATION OF THE LARGER CITIES IS FOREIGN. Moral degeneracy, lack of sacredness in the home, unsanitary conditions, crime, etc., are among the social ills. Politically they are a menace to our free democratic institutions. The "boss" thrives upon them. Anarchism and radical socialism have their hotbeds among them.

The problem is largely a city one. Seventy-five per cent of the large cities are of foreign parentage. Eighty-three per cent of the Italians are in our cities. Sixty-nine per cent of last year's crowd settled in the east instead of going to the south and west where most needed. *New York City alone contains twice as many Irish as Dublin, as many Jews as in Warsaw, more Italians than in Venice or Naples, more Germans than in any German city save Berlin.*



More "Invaders."

If the problems can not be solved within the country by assimilation, then the undesirables must be kept out in the future. Much prejudice naturally exists against the immigrant in this country, which only adds to the problem. Let no one infer that many present immigrants are not becoming good citizens. On the contrary there are many, especially in Pittsburg, who would be judged to be "old residenters;" their speech alone betrays them.

The American people need to free themselves from that characteristic easy optimism that things will work out all right of themselves. Too long have they been unmindful of this army that is peacefully invading their land. Some day, but too late, they may discover that it has become a dangerous and destroying army.

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

CONTINUED passing along a certain way wears a rut from which it may become difficult to extricate the vehicle. If you think along a certain line once it becomes easier next time, and at last it is difficult to think otherwise. Do a difficult task once it becomes easier, and each succeeding repetition increases the ability to perform, till at last the action becomes reflex; and what once required an effort of the will may be performed without conscious mental effort. The musician is a good example. At first all his attention must be centered on the task. Later he can play a difficult selection and carry on a conversation at the same time.

We sometimes speak of man as the most wonderful product of creation, and truly, but the mind, not the physical body, is the man. A man bereft of the exercise of his mental powers is no more responsible for his actions than the beast of the field.

The works of creation are sometimes referred to as proof of the wisdom and goodness of God. The remark has been truly made that "stars teach as well as shine." But it must be added that of all things created, whether in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, the human mind is that principle which evinces the most wonderful construction or discloses the most astonishing movements.

If the mind is the man, then it is the mind that forms the habits that count so much for weal or woe. We think along certain lines; from our thoughts spring acts, from acts habits, from habits character, and from character destiny.

If it be true, as I firmly believe, that our thoughts are the formative powers of our destiny, how important that they be *pure*. "Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." (Titus 1:15.)

Our thoughts depend much on what we see and hear.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We do not notice that to which we become accustomed. Constant association with sin blunts our sensibility to its hideousness.

Let us go to see only what is pure. "Abstain from all appearance of evil" (1 Thess. 5:22) is the verdict of Paul. From the thunders of Mount Sinai came the command to Israel, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil" (Ex. 23:2). Not only do not do the evil yourself, but do not give it the sanction of your presence.

Another great help is to read only what is good. We have plenty of literature that is elevating and ennobling without wasting time on that which appeals to the baser passions. "Modern authors seem to think the novel of the day must consist of a mixture of murder and vice attached to a slight thread of a story." Such is the declaration of a minister in one of our city pulpits, and no truth was ever more fairly stated.

What shall be our guide for the right? There is in the human breast a spark of light which we call conscience. While it helps to find the way, yet as objects which appear of the same color when viewed by artificial light are seen to be quite different when illuminated by the sun, so deeds which seem to be the same when viewed by the light of conscience are seen to vary greatly when viewed by the light of gospel truth. The Bible is the only true guide, and when we once learn our duty we should perform the same, regardless alike of the frowns and smiles of the world.

Many difficulties and discouragements may arise, but as the decree was promulgated in the days when the earth was young that the fruits of the earth were to be purchased by the sweat of the face, so it is with mental and moral benefits. It has never been ordered that the reverse should be true in any part of man's existence. No man can become learned without toil. No man ever accomplished any great and lasting good without much labor. And let it be remembered if there be many obstacles in the accomplishment of any particular result, that he who overcomes a multiplicity of difficulties deserves greater honor than he who has to contend with but few.

This physical body will soon moulder back to earth again, but the true man cannot decay. The immortal man will be young when the surf of eternity has ground the shores of time to powder, and hidden all in its bosom forever.

Nothing can exist that has not first existed in the mind of some person. The machine existed in the mind of the inventor before he began work on his first model. The musician heard the music before the first note was written. So in all lines of work. Nothing can be produced that has not had an existence in some mind. The great universe, with all its complexity of form and movement, existed in the mind of the Master Builder before the waters of the first sea were called together by his presence. He formed the plan and whether we will or no we are working out that plan in obedience to his laws. Let us do the work that comes

to our hand, doing it to the best of our ability, and trust to God who "doeth all things well."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HOW IMMIGRANTS CARRY MONEY.

ONE of the queerest sights, says an exchange, is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt around their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces. which can be removed very rapidly, one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube in which they keep paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung around the neck by a small chain or cord.

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocket-book, that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers, before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.—*Forward.*

A Journey to and from Flathead Lake, Mont.

Grace E. Moats

IT was a beautiful, sunshiny, hot day in the early part of July, 1910, that the writer and Florence (a little girl of six summers, a niece of the writer) started from Florence's home on this little journey.

I will speak first of Florence's home: It is situated in a little valley one-half mile straight west from Flathead Lake; this valley runs west about four or five miles to Lost Lake, which is at the foot of Black Tail Mountain. Baldy Mountain is on the west of this valley about two miles east from Black Tail. From those mountains flows a fine mountain stream called Big Creek, which runs along through the valley and empties into Flathead Lake.

The large number of black tail deer in and around Black Tail Mountain accounts for the origin of its name and Baldy Mountain is mostly rock with a few trees scattered here and there.

Lost Lake, which at one time was a lake about a mile long and one-half wide, at present, at the west end consists only of a few mud holes and a thicket, while the east part has been taken up as a part of a homestead and has two dwelling houses and barns, etc., on it, and fine hay that will harvest a large yield.

By the continual work of the beavers and man cultivating the soil Lost Lake comes to be in the present condition. Taking the work of the beavers that has been in progress for years and the change man is making little by little, one is forcibly impressed with the fact that it is not the large deeds in this life that count, but the small deeds in our everyday life that bring about the great changes.

From Florence's home to Flathead Lake the main traveled road runs down a winding foothill to the lake shore, which was the route we took, making it nearly a mile. The object of our trip was to get our mail. Mail is delivered by the stage from Somers (a lumbering town at the north end of Flathead Lake) down the west shore at different places to Dayton, situated in the southwest part. This lake being about thirty-five miles long, it takes some little time (two days) to make a round trip.

At the place where we got our mail there is a large tree on which a large hook is fastened. Each family that gets mail at that place has a sack of its own and they are all placed on this hook. This is only a few steps from the lake shore and as we had had a very hot, dusty trip there, to stand by that tree and look over an expanse of twenty to thirty miles or more and see the snow-capped mountains and forests mixed, and enjoy the fine and pure breeze of the lake made us feel we should be glad to cross the lake and come in contact with more of the beautiful.

Before we continue our journey homeward we will mention a little of the settlement from Somers down. Lots have been and are being sold and houses are being erected all along, mostly as summer resorts, and the place surely is delightful, after spending the hot summers in the Central States. These people are mostly from Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

Klondike and the *Montana* are the larger passenger steamboats on this lake. *Klondike* was just built in the spring of 1910 and is much the larger of the two.

Our homeward journey was over the same route taken in coming. We had our mail and as it was near the noon hour, we didn't cross to enjoy the scenery on the other side.

This time we had the foothill to go up instead of down and as Florence got very tired, we rested at several places under different trees. At one time she looked across through the beautiful timber and saw another road that looked very nice and cool beside the one we were taking. She remarked that she believed it would be better to take that road, but when I replied that that road did not lead home, she was contented to keep on the right road.

As I was leading her along almost at the top of the foothill, she said, "In a little while I'll see the gate, then I'll forget all about this long hill, won't I?" I questioned why. "Because when I see the gate I'll soon be home and when I get there I can look down and see my home." In a few minutes she saw the gate and with a laugh she exclaimed, "Oh! there's the gate," and broke loose from my hand and ran on ahead, singing to herself the balance of the way home.



"The Montana" Flathead Lake near Kalispell, Mont.

The thought came to me that in this life we are often prone to wander out on the wrong road, all because Satan has so many tempting ways. I thought, too, of the many that get on the wrong road and are lost entirely from God. And then at the end, which we will all reach if we have gone in the right road, we will be like Florence was when she got a glimpse of her home,—forget the crosses we have met along the pathway.

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
If the cross-tree road I miss.

Chorus.

The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home:
It is sweet to know, as I onward go,
That the way of the cross leads home.

I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,
The path that the Savior trod,
If I e'er would climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul's at home with God.

Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it never more:
For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
Where he waits at the open door.

Polo, Mo.

NO MINORS ALLOWED.

H. D. MICHAEL.

It was a busy little railroad town of Eastern Washington last fall that my work with carpenter crew called us to a building only about a block from the "underworld" district. There my work kept me busy only about half the time, while the other part I must wait with nothing to do.

Only watch the passersby. Near by were some six or eight of those places with the words printed above the door, "No Minors Allowed." It may be that, as the notice read, no minors were allowed; but along the street came a youth that a glance was sufficient to tell us he could scarcely be past sixteen or eighteen years of age. Some mother's boy. At one time he may have been her pride and joy,—one to whom she had expected to look for support in after years. Now he was,—well, should I say it? Yes, he was *drunk*. His good clothes had been spoiled by wallowing in the mud. With his eyes almost a fiery red and with that sad, dejected look they wore, what a picture it was!

It caused me to shudder when the thought came to mind, what, if his mother knew this? What pain and sadness it would cause her.

Then my mind pictured my home, mother and all the loved ones, I had not seen for upwards of a year. What would it mean if news were wafted there that I had been seen in such a condition? Oh! it seemed to me that that thought alone should keep all from touching liquor. Yet, that, and all the notices, "No Minors Allowed," had not prevented this boy from becoming intoxicated.

Fellow citizens, what are we doing? Are we trying

to save the boys from this curse? If not, let us "get busy." Every Christian should stand firm and pull hard for prohibition. Some years past a member of one of the churches that stands strongest against liquor was one of the councilmen of the town in which I then lived. In a conversation, he gave me to understand that he had voted for a "high license." Shall we do such? We then become accomplices in the crimes committed by those intoxicated. Oh! my dear friends, *never* shall we let our hands thus become stained with blood. God will not hold us guiltless, but will require their blood at our hands.

There are now, I believe, over four hundred inmates in the Washington State Penitentiary, at Walla Walla, Wash., ninety per cent of whom are there because of liquor; seventy-three per cent directly traceable to drink and seventeen per cent indirectly.

Now, my dear reader, picture seventy-three per cent of, say, an even four hundred, and you have two hundred and ninety-two. It is an oft-proven fact that few men commence drinking after passing the twenty-one-years' age mark. Here we have a hard fact before us, showing that the "No Minors Allowed" sign is a farce.

It is enough to cause the devil to laugh when he can get the Christian (?) to compromise this question with the liquor men by their agreeing to pay a "high license," and run a "clean house," or, in other words, enforce that sign and all rules as to law and order.

We know they will not enforce that sign, but are glad to treat any boy—unless it be their own—to "just a glass of wine," or "only a mug of beer," to get them started as customers.

And "High Liense"! Never can the dollars received balance with the boys required each year to keep up the business, let alone the cost to the State of keeping the criminally inclined in a place where they may be guarded. But think of the souls lost by those boys being dragged down by drink.

When we are asked, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" we see the worth of *one* soul considered more than all the world.

Then let us each and every one put our shoulders to the wheel and help save the boys. Help save our nation from the awful curse,—influence of drink.

"No Minors Allowed," as a sign to be seen but not enforced is not enough. Let us put the liquor out of reach of one and all. Surely a place where minors are not supposed to be admitted is not a fit place for older persons.

Myrtle Point, Oregon.

* * *

"A LIFE well spent is worth any number of speeches; it is a language far more eloquent than words; it is instruction in action—wisdom at work."

Tecumseh

L. U. Hulin

TECUMSEH, the son of a Shawnee chief, was born in 1770. His tribe was constantly fighting with the pioneers of Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana and Tecumseh, and his brother, had, as children, a white foster brother, one of the many captives taken by the Indians. His whole life was practically spent in warfare with the Long Knives, as the Indians called the Americans. It was a time of great cruelty and deep hatred on both sides and it is surprising that such a character, as his, was produced. Tecumseh's brother became the noted Indian prophet and used all his great influence to make our hero the leading warrior of the day. When the nineteenth century opened between three and four thousand braves, called him their chief and in 1811, he was one of the most dreaded opponents of the western settlements (Ohio and Indiana).

In 1812 when the war broke out between British and Americans, Tecumseh at the head of his tribe and allied Indians at once joined the British and proved of great assistance. He served with marked ability under Gen. Brock who at different times acknowledged his indebtedness to the Indian chief.

After Hull's surrender of Detroit, Brock returned to the Niagara frontier where he was killed at the battle of Queenstown Heights. Proctor, with six hundred British and the Indians under Tecumseh, was in control of the River Detroit and district, his headquarters being Ft. Malden at Amherstburg. All his supplies, both food and ammunition, had to be brought by way of Lake Erie and when after Perry's victory it was controlled by the Americans, he was forced to retreat to the East.

Proctor had only four hundred soldiers and eight hundred Indians with him, the others being on the supply boats and in small scouting parties. Gen. Harrison with four thousand troops followed him. The position was hard enough, but Proctor seems to have thought of nothing but his own personal interests, hurrying a company of soldiers ahead with his wife and baggage; these he rejoined when he fled from the battle. He apparently made no provision for those under him, gave no orders or else contradictory ones and quarreled with Tecumseh.

The Indian chief knew how important an attempted stand would be, as the Indians would be demoralized and at once disband if they lost faith in the British. At different points in their march up the Thames he tried to persuade Proctor to stop and fortify, especially at the forks where Chatham now stands. The British commander seems to have

thought of nothing but getting away personally without even so much as destroying the bridges behind him. Harrison caught up with the fugitives about seventeen miles above Chatham on Oct. 5, 1813. Proctor with his staff fled at the beginning of the battle; he was afterwards courtmartialed. The soldiers without leaders were quickly overpowered and made prisoners, but the Indians under Tecumseh made a stubborn stand. A large number, including their chief, were killed. The Americans boasted of mutilating his body but what was finally done with it or where buried, remains to this day a mooted question, so that now, nearly a hundred years afterwards, several places claim the memorial to him, which it is felt the country should erect. The space between the forks at Chatham is a military reserve and has been named Tecumseh Park after him.

And now for his character; "ever merciful and magnanimous as he was ardent and courageous, the voice of the supplicant seldom reached him in vain; and although war was his idol, the element in which he lived, his heart was formed to glow with all the nobler and more generous impulses of the warrior. His high character was no less esteemed by the British than reverenced by the various tribes over which, in his quality of brother of the Prophet, he invariably presided. General Harrison himself, a commander with whom he had often disputed the palm of victory, with the generous candor of the soldier, subsequently ascribed to him virtues as a man, and abilities as a warrior, commanding at once the attention and admiration of his enemies."

Tecumseh, we understand from his contemporaries, was a fine looking Indian, honorable and humane in all his dealings and preventing when possible the savage brutalities of his followers.

His death was a severe loss to the British, who soon recovered the country, but still bitterly regret the incompetence which cost the life of their brave and beloved ally.

Tecumseh Park, Chatham, Ont.

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS AND FOES.

JOHN WOODARD.

GERMS! Think of it. Germs everywhere. Millions and millions of germs. Germs in the air, germs in the soil, and germs in the water. We find them in the fruit that we eat and in the milk we drink. They are everywhere.

"Well," some one may say, "if that is the case, why aren't all the people killed?" They would be killed, very likely, if all the bacteria were harmful, as some people think. But they are not. Many of them are not only harmless but they are absolutely necessary. If it were not for certain bacteria, all the nitrogen would soon get where the green plants could not use it, and they would die. Then the herbivorous animals would have no food. So they would die. And the carnivorous animals would die, too, for there would be no food for them. Man would also have to die and the earth would become a barren waste.

When we say "germs" we usually mean bacteria. The bacteria are small plants, so small that they cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. Most people would not consider them plants for they are not at all like the plants we are used to. The plants we are most familiar with are the "green plants." These have green coloring matter in their leaves and stems. It is by means of this green coloring matter (chlorophyll) that they absorb the energy which they use in changing the carbon dioxide (a gas from the air) and water into sugar and starch. But the bacteria get their energy from other sources, so they do not need any chlorophyll. The green plant must have sunlight part of the time, but the bacteria do not need it. In fact they grow better in the dark. Strong sunlight is one of the best germicides there is.

There are three different shapes of bacteria: the spherical, called the coccus; the rod-shaped, called bacillus; and the spiral or corkscrew-shaped, called the spirillum. Some of the spirilla and bacilli have long fibres, called flagella, with which they swim apart. Others have no flagella and are scattered by floating through the air or water or are carried by insects such as the house fly. The largest bacteria are seen quite easily with a good microscope, but there are some which cannot be seen with the most powerful microscopes we have, but we know they are there, for we can see the work that they do even if we can't see them.

The bacteria are small but they are powerful. They make the vinegar and sour the milk. They decompose dead plant and animal remains and change it into soil. And they also cause diseases of plants and animals. Typhoid fever, tuberculosis, cholera, and leprosy are a few of the bacterial diseases among human beings. Hog cholera, glanders, and anthrax (charbon) are a few of the diseases of domestic animals caused by bacteria.

The bacteria are specialists. Some are parasitic, that is, they live on living plants or animal tissue. Others are saprophytic, *i. e.*, live on dead plant or animal remains. But each kind of saprophytic bacteria lives on a particular kind of organic matter and each parasite has a particular plant or animal on which it lives. When the doctors discovered the part that bacteria played in disease, so much attention was paid to these bacteria that cause

diseases that the other bacteria were temporarily neglected. That is why so many people think of bacteria as being harmful. But, although there are many bacteria that are harmful, their number is small compared with the ones that are harmless or beneficial. Not all the bad diseases are caused by bacteria. Texas fever among cattle and malaria among human beings are caused by protozoans (microscopic animals). The doctors are also quite certain that yellow fever is caused by a protozoan, although they have been unable, so far, to discover the animal that does the harm.

Everyone should learn all he or she can about the bacteria so as to keep away the harmful bacteria and make the conditions favorable for the growth of the beneficial ones. Everyone should know that the typhoid bacillus is carried around by the fly and that keeping away the fly keeps away the typhoid fever. The anthrax bacillus will live for years in the soil and then infect a horse and give it the charbon. Consequently, all horses dying of charbon should be buried immediately after dying. The nitrifying bacteria, which change the nitrogen in the soil into a form that the higher plants can use, must have air so they can do their work. So it is necessary to make the soil loose by cultivation and drainage so the air can penetrate to the bacteria. Thus we see that, while some bacteria do a great deal of harm, others do a great deal of good. In fact, the work of these microscopic plants is just as important as that of the large plants and animals.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.

WHY DISCIPLINE FAILS.

ASIDE from the natural ability to inspire respect for leadership, what are the reasons for the failure of teachers to get that hold on a class that is essential to all progress in system, teaching, and training?

1. The teacher gives precept without example. She uses theory and practice, but it is her theory and the child's practice. She should practice the thing herself, and then get the child to practice it and thereby learn the precept.

2. She attempts to give the child something she does not herself possess, as order, quiet tone of voice, self-control, studiousness, concentration, interest, attention.

3. She allows her discipline to consist in suppressing disorder, when it should prevent it. Any teacher can stop a fight on the playground, or punish a child for not knowing a lesson but it is the good teacher who by eternal vigilance prevents the fight and inspires the child to study the lesson. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and an ounce of inspiration is worth more than a pound of correction.

4. She starts her discipline from her own point of view, when it should be from the child's point of view. The child is negligent because he does not see right, and the teacher's duty is to get him to look at the subject from her standpoint, which she can do only by first looking at it from his. One of the questions asked a child who does wrong is "Why did you do it?" The teacher in all earnestness should get the answer to that question (though she cannot get it directly), and it will often be the keynote to that child's salvation.

5. The teacher does not understand the child. The gentle art of getting together is one of the greatest needs of the school. The teacher must study the child, or the child will understand the teacher better than she understands him, and therein have the advantage.

6. She demands that the children do right, and gives the impression that they must do right because she says so. The motive of righteousness is higher than that, and children appreciate its value when they know the teacher herself is subject to the same Supreme Being.

7. She accepts superficial work or order, and the child thereby is made to believe that the chief thing in righteousness is to escape detection, realizing in his own instinctive way that the teacher is not deep enough or strong enough to see through the pretense. —*Journal of Education.*

READING BIOGRAPHY.

THE reading of biography is one of the surest incentives to activity that young people can have. The youth who reads the life experience of the people who have achieved something in the special work which he is himself pursuing gains a sense that persistent hard work and enthusiasm were the chief means to the great man's ends. The story of long waiting for success, amid toils and discouragements, this alone is tonic to a kindred thought. Indeed at almost any stage of our experience the reminder of how men have toiled upward through the night is an awakening shock to the dulness and self-indulgence of human thought nowadays. For with the increase in creature comforts there is more to influence us all to a life of ease, to the line of least resistance. The electric cars are one such influence. The sturdy effort involved in a two-mile walk in the buffeting wind, for example, is no longer part of schoolboy experiences. There is the elevator to save the run upstairs, there are even adding machines to ease the mental effort of the bookkeeper. There are all sorts of books which offer what one might call pre-digested mental pabulum for all sorts and conditions of thought, while in old days the student must find things out by his own power of initiative in research and experiment. Doubtless all these contrivances are time-saving devices, but it is seriously to be questioned whether people make better use of

the time thus saved than folk did in the days of fewer conveniences. Of course the really earnest people work just so much the harder for these helps, and will find some means of self-denial and discipline if none offer in the mere physical activities. But for the mass of average folk, ready to turn to either side of the line between activity and sloth and follow their noses thereafter it cannot be said that modern comforts of living are wholly to the good.

And at any rate to read of the difficulties and triumphs of people who have shown themselves masters of their fate has many and many a useful lesson for boys and girls.—*Selected.*

FACTS ABOUT OREGON.

Oregon raises 50,000,000 bushels of wheat a year, consumes 12,000,000, and sells the rest. Total value of farm products this year estimated at $80,000,000.

There are only 450,000 acres of Oregon soil under irrigation out of a productive area of 10,000,000 acres.

To the national irrigation fund Oregon has contributed $6,000,000, a larger sum than any other State.

The fruit crop of the State is worth to its growers about $5,000,000 a year. Oregon apples, pears, and other fruits bring the highest price in the most exacting of the world's markets.

The city of Portland produces manufactures that it sells for $30,000,000 a year.

There is enough timber in Oregon to build a fence fifty feet high around the entire United States. It has one-sixth of the total timber supply of the country, more than any other State, and gets $12,000,000 annually for its timber products.

Oregon has 2,000 miles of railroad in operation, 1,042 miles of new roads now building, and as much more mileage projected for immediate construction.

Oregon has unlimited water power, vast deposits of cheap coal, and contains within its borders some of the most profitable gold and copper deposits in the world, in addition to other minerals. Much of the mineral-producing territory has hardly been scratched.

With a population of less than 700,000, and an area of 600,000 square miles, Oregon has room for 10,000,000 more people.—*Collected.*

ONE OCCUPATION GONE.

Because Lake Texcoco is rapidly contracting—shriveling up, as it were—the oldest industry on the North American continent is in imminent danger of extinction. Before long the lake fly-catchers must change their ancient and honorable calling for one of more modern origin. Even in the days of the Aztecs, Lake Texcoco was famous for its fly resources and tons of the insects were caught annually to be used as poultry food. In more recent years the product has become an article of export, large poultry raisers in Germany and the United States looking upon the self-embalmed flies from Texcoco as a choice tidbit for fancy stock.

Lake Texcoco flies pickle themselves, as it were. The insect has the habit of swarming close to the surface of the water and is caught with a large net. As soon as the catcher has spread the net over the flies he dips it into the water for the purpose of drowning the flies and curing them. Owing to the large percentage of alkaline matter in the water pickling is completed almost instantly. The insects are then spread over large sheets and dried in the sun. After this they are packed in sacks ready for shipment. It is claimed that as food for caged birds of all kinds and young fancy poultry they are unexcelled.—*Woman's National Daily.*

IT TAKES COURAGE.

To live according to your convictions.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To speak the truth, when by a little prevarication, you can get some great advantage.

To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

To be talked about, and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and is done in trade.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.

To throw up a position with a good salary when it is the only business you know, and have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your unqualified approval.—*Success Magazine.*

"Let us forget those things that were left undone and remember only what yet may be accomplished."



THE QUIET HOUR



THE TASK OF THE THEOLOGIAN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. 2 Corinthians 10: 5.

THE theologian has a multitude of tasks. His world has room for many a Hercules. In its vast fields there is a summons to infinite toil and there is opportunity for high and varied achievement. In his hand the theologian holds a book which he is to master and interpret. This is no simple achievement. The work enlarges and divides itself until this book becomes the creator of vocations.

Sometimes the theologian is a student of detail. With the microscope of his scholarship he applies himself to the mastery of the words weaving across the pages of the book. Nothing about their life or history is too small to claim his attention. For this work he needs large resources. In the Old Testament field, all the Semitic languages have aid to give him. In the New Testament all Greek literature may be laid under tribute. A grammarian with eye alert for the slightest shades of meaning, he toils with patience through the years. He builds libraries and grows gray—whole generations of him have grown gray—in accomplishing this task.

Sometimes the theologian is a student of the problems of authority, weighing the evidence of use of words, of point of view, and the historical background presupposed in particular portions of the Scriptures, and so rescuing buried documents from the Hexateuch or discovering the unknown prophet of the exile.

Sometimes he is a Biblical theologian in the more formal sense, studying the theological outlook of different periods, and scientifically setting forth the teaching of the various authors of the book. At his summons the prophets once more walk before us: *Amos,* with his passion for righteousness: *Hosea* the prophet of the suffering love of God; *Isaiah,* stalwart statesman prophet in the nation's crisis; *Jeremiah,* against whose bent, bare life the awful blasts beat in fury, and the sunrise prophet of the exile, with face aglow with light and heart athrob with his great message of vicarious suffering; these, with all the other figures, of that wonderful Old Testament life, and out of it all God, with his high righteousness and tender love engaged for generations in the training of a people—a great divinely guided history, pointing more and more clearly to a Coming One, who is to be at once its explanation and its goal. The ideas of the various men who spoke to the nation, the outlook of different periods, and the way of looking at life and the things of God which in a general way characterizes the whole Old Testament time, the Biblical theologian makes clear to us.

Then at last the New Testament life—the majestic figure of the Spotless One with the winsomeness of brother humanity and the awesomeness of the divine—the great Redemption Deed before which we hide ourselves—a deed in which infinite love, infinite woe, infinite righteousness and infinite hope speak forever to the world. Following Christ, the men with lives struck into flame from his, their words and work as redemptive, begin their conquests in history. Then, ere we close the pages of the book, a glimpse of the "light never seen on sea or land" from Jerusalem the golden. From all this pageant of great figures and great deeds with its one *supreme figure* and one *supreme deed* the meaning is extracted so that the teaching about life which comes from Jesus and which is given by the New Testament authors, is set systematically before us, and at last continued in such fashion that we come to see and appreciate the New Testament point of view.

Sometimes the theologian is a historian, tracing the life of the church through the burden-laden years, or the movements of its thoughts, as it has ceaselessly grappled with the problems of the faith. The ages become articulate through his toil and the past comes before us, flung warm from his pen.

There are great and necessary tasks, and master minds have been devoted to them. There are great tasks and stepping stones to a higher—the supreme task of all.

There comes one great demand to the theologian. When the wonder of the book shines out and the power of its teachings is felt,—as the past becomes real—then the present stands waiting. This past must be poured into the life of today. The Book—the Christ of the Book—the faith of the book—the message of the book—must be interpreted to the life of *now.*

And this interpretation is not to be a placing of

Christianity in some mere section of life. *Every thought is to be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.* Christianity is either the explanation of all life—the key to it—or it is nothing. And to show that

> "The acknowledgment of God in Christ
> Accepted by thy reason solves for thee,
> All questions in the earth and out of it"

to construct a vital, organic view of life, dominated by the essentials of Christianity, this is the superb work to which the theologian is called.

We need to face the fact that the world cannot permanently accept a religion which is smaller than life. To refuse, like the distinguished German theologian, Albrecht Ritschl, to relate Christian truth to scientific truth is to sign the death warrant of the faith.

Does it seem an ambitious thing to demand a Christ-dominated and a cross-dominated universe? Anything less means that when the fog has lifted from men's thoughts there will be a Christless universe and a hopeless universe. To take a metaphysically divine Christ, an atoning death, an actual resurrection, a trinity of rich and perfect personal God life, an actual salvation from actual sin; a new life for men, a great ultimate goal in Christ, and with these to unlock every door in this universe—this is the supreme task of the theologian.

What is to be his relation to men?

He is to be a student of all life and of all literature. He listens—oh so eagerly! to every voice of humanity. He studies intently its deeds in order to understand what they all mean. Thus he discovers that the very structure of life, as it is, demands what Christianity offers, and that without it life is a hopeless enigma. His great apologetic is that the closer you get to the center of human life, the closer you get to the need of Christ. The real in life and literature comes at last to one great yearning—sometimes an unconscious yearning, but a yearning still—for Christ.

What is the theologian's relation to Christian experience? This is the central fact of his life and thought. The faith has brought to him and to others salvation, and in the radiant light of that fact he interprets it to express in all its relations the philosophy of the total Christian experience of the church, is a brief way of defining systematic theology. This inner life of the church is a power in deciding the great problems of theology and a necessary guide in the interpretation of the Bible. The Theologian ever studies Christian consciousness that he may adequately express it.

What is his relation to the Bible? It has a vital but not a mechanical authority. The Bible is not his pope. It vindicates its authority as God's Word, as God's unique revelation, because it, and it alone, brings the message which gives complete peace and leads humanity to its goal. The theologian must be true to the whole Biblical message about Redemption. He must be true to it because it requires all of it to meet fully the needs of men. Reverent criticism has no terrors for him. He gladly accepts its justified results, but builds his own work far below all criticism on the great rock of certainty, the meet need of the race, which criticism cannot touch. A tentative criticism may seem to put in doubt some fundamental. The ultimate criticism will confirm them all.

What is the theologian's relation to philosophy? He accepts the philosophical system which seems most perfectly to explain the data of existence. But he demands that his philosophy be as large as all life—all the Christian facts, as well as all other facts of life. His passion for reality saves him from a one-sided adherence to any philosophical system at the expense of truth.

What is his relation to science? As a classification he accepts and uses it. When it presumes to call a classification an explanation, when it insists that what is merely a description of the method in which God works is a self-sustaining process, he parts company with it. He knows that science can classify but cannot explain. Explanation is the task of philosophy and theology.

How can we get a conception of the greatness of the systematic theologian's work? Christian experience, the Bible, human life, the best philosophy he can attain—these he relates, combines and fuses, and constructs a living world-view. "He sees life steadily and sees it whole." Phillips Brooks defined preaching as giving truth through personality. The interpreter of Christianity is to give theology through personality. All of it is to be passed through his own life—life of head, heart and will, and is to come forth as a personal message to the world.

Thus it is to be set on fire, and so blazing and shining with power it will secure the attention and eager interest of men.

The theology of the graveyard has no message for any age. A dynamic, living theology has a message for every age. Our own age is busy and brilliant, but it is doubting and sinning for all that. And when the theologian speaks in a voice ringing with reality, it will listen to him and will be guided to the Christ, who alone can give it peace.

* * *

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in everyday wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injures, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.—*E. B. Pusey.*

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THE WAGES OF WORKING MEN.

A meeting that ought to aid in bringing about the right kind of results in the working-man's field was recently held in New York City. Arrangements for the meeting were made by the Congestion Commission, or rather the committee on wages and labor of the commission. Representatives of the Central Federated Union, the Central Labor Union and of the various manufacturers' organizations were present.

It was the purpose of those calling the conference to have the participants "agree upon some plan by which labor differences may be properly adjusted without strikes, if possible, and to devise means for obtaining for the average working man such wages as will enable him to support his family in comfort, thereby relieving the city of its congestion, which term is held to be synonymous with povery."

"The members of the commission estimate that $900 a year is the minimum wage upon which a working man, with a wife and three children, can live on an American standard in Manhattan. The average wage is far below that amount, thousands of unskilled workers receiving $8 a week, while the average wages paid to 339,221 workers in Manhattan is $536.76 a year."

Considering the great difference between what a working man ought to have in New York City in order that his family may live decently and comfortably, and what the average man really gets, it is not difficult to account for the large number of hungry children or for the number of men and women who are driven to a life of crime and shame.

While we believe many of the charity organizations deserve great praise for the noble work they are doing in relieving some of the unhappy conditions of our fellow-men, it is our opinion that, as a rule, they are working at the wrong end of the line. The same amount of funds and consecrated service invested at the source—where the greed of men grinds the laborer's wage down to a mere pittance—would not only accomplish more in the way of relief from distress but in the ennobling of the lives now bound down in servile dependence.

The work of the Congestion Commission of New York City is, of course, only local, but we see no reason why so wise a movement as it proposes in the interest of the working man might not be copied by other cities with the best of results. We cannot get along without the working man—even the unskilled laborer—and how much better it would be for them and for *all* of us if their condition were more than that of mere existence. The comparative values of money, brain and brawn in the commercial world have as yet never been fairly settled, as present conditions prove. Could we, in this age, do more for the advancement of civilization in this field than to devote our efforts to an honest solution of this problem?

ENCOURAGING PEACE NEWS.

The lover of peace will find cause for encouragement in the review of recent events looking toward peace as chronicled by the *Review of Reviews* for September. Here is what is said on this subject by that magazine in its "Progress of the World:"

"There could be no better indication of the growth of a fraternal feeling among all the peoples of the civilized world than the increasing frequency with which international conferences are held, and the ever-widening scope of subjects, which they consider. This summer has been practically noteworthy for international gatherings. At Buenos Aires all the nations of the American continents have been for a full month debating subjects of common interest and concern. In the Dutch capital English and American jurists have been submitting to an impartial tribunal their arguments in the matter of the Newfoundland fisheries dispute. For the first five days of last month the International Peace Congress met at Stockholm. This assembly, attended by six hundred delegates from all over the world, enthusiastically adopted a resolution urging all governments to follow the lead of the United States in authorizing the President to appoint a commission to study the question of the limitation of armaments. The congress also passed a resolution requesting the United States to convoke a diplomatic conference with the object of proclaiming the inviolability of private property at sea. Another international peace association, the Interparliamentary Union, meeting at Brussels on August 29, is now considering, among other important subjects, the American proposition that the International Prize Court at The Hague be invested with the jurisdiction of an international arbitration court."

In view of all these peace-promoting events, it is easy to believe that we have been too pessimistic at times in denominating much of the "peace movement" as mere stage-playing. It is scarcely probable that so many able, serious-minded men would lend their efforts to a cause the consummation of which, with them, was only a dream. Present indications, strengthened by an eye of faith, bid us take courage and press on.

CORRECTION.

In last week's Inglenook, page 895, in some way the first line in the title of Maud Hawkins' article was dropped from the page before it went to press. It should be, "School Teaching Twenty-five Years Ago and 'Boarding Around.'" We are sorry for this error as we are for all that appear in these pages.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY ONES?

(Founded upon an incident reported in a newspaper.)

"Now, prisoner at the bar, stand up and say
What plea, if any, you may have to stay
The hand of justice, ere it hangs you dead,"
The judge in slow and solemn accents said.

In silence, such as that enwraps the tomb,
The concourse gathered in that fateful room,
Awaited breathless the prisoner's plea,
His last words ere bereft of liberty.

His head that bowed in shame and hopeless gloom,
When twelve picked men, his peers, pronounced his doom,
Was lifted now at mention of his name,
And his whole soul seemed suddenly aflame.

"Your honor, hear, I pray, my pleading through,
I stand convicted at your bar 'tis true;
Your witnesses have proved I killed my wife,
And I must pay the forfeit with my life.

"They say that worthless loafer, drunken sot,
Just home from long debauch, I fired the shot,
Which sent her suffering soul, with God to dwell;
I doubt not, 'tis the damning truth they tell.

"But of it all, no trace remains behind,
Ghost like to haunt the chambers of my mind,
The jury there have weighed the matter well
And found me guilty of this deed of hell.

"I plead no robbery of the holy law;
For crime so hellish ought to the halter draw.
But, may it please the court, I not alone
To justice must for this foul deed atone.

"Accomplices, in taking off this life,
Conspired to rob me of my sainted wife,
My bluntness pass! I face the judgment seat,
Where once again we who are here shall meet.

"And there before the Judge, whose judgment tell
For endless life, or else for endless hell,
This issue must be tried again and won,
So that at last full justice may be done.

"In yon saloon, in which your agent vends
That fatal poison which the reason ends,
Instead enthrones the greatest foe of man,
There, there, this monstrous, hellish crime began.

"'Twas there I first the direful lessons learned,
Which from the well-taught path of virtue turned
My youthful steps, to wend the path,
Which ends for me, in God's eternal wrath.

"Last spring, 'twas vainly sought, as ye know well,
To break the league this town had made with hell;
But ye to our remonstrance put no pen,
And sold the power to damn the souls of men.

"Save for that crime, mine never would have been,
Nor I, convicted felon, here been seen,
Those orphans never in their woe been left
Of mother-love and father-care bereft.

"Hence you, O Judge, and jurymen as well,
With all whose votes maintain that trap of hell
To catch unwary steps as weak as mine,
And smother reason in a cup of wine,

"My partners are in this most direful crime;
We face eternity to follow time;
Partaking with me of this deed of woe,
So, with me, guilty, to God's bar ye go."

—John Boyd Johnson.

SIGH NOT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Sigh not—sight not!
Though the flowers fade;
Bright things that die not
Never were made!
Each bliss, while fleeting fast,
Woo for thine own
'Ere to the cherished past
Fading 'tis flown!

Hopes meet us here below,
Charming awhile,
Bright gleams affection's glow!
Brighter Love's smile!
Fond hopes—alas! their power,
Dream—like they fly—
Friendship—how brief its hour!
Love, too, may die!

When joys glad waters meet,
Gemming life's path,
Taste thou each treasured sweet,
Fond pleasure hath;
Still hold each dearer thing,
Loose to thy heart,
Ready more close to cling—
Ready to part.

Sigh not, then sigh not,
Tho' the flowers fade
Bright things that die not,
Never were made!
"Leaves have their hours to fall,"
Storm-tossed they fly—
Nature! 'Tis changing all—
Time, too, shall die.



THE HOME WORLD



The Grants' Home-Coming

Jennie Taylor

"IS like a bit of heaven, father! I wish it were so that we could stay. It seems right good to see the old place again."

"We can come back next year, mother, if you wish. Blair goes away then. But we can't work as we used to. We'll have to rent part of the land anyway. So we might make arrangements to that effect."

"Good, father, I say that will be good! We will be at home again and among our old friends."

For the next few moments, the retired farmer and his wife paused in their conversation to pass through the great swing-gate at the entrance of the broad driveway. That road led up the hill to their old home-place, where they were to spend the day.

The house, coming suddenly to view, was a rambling structure with inviting windows and wide porches. A little wisp of blue smoke curled gracefully upward from the big red chimney. Although the month was May, the air was yet damp and chilly from the previous night's rain. At sight of that line of blue, Mr. and Mrs. Grant divined a cordial welcome awaiting them; for, in cool weather, smoke from the big red chimney, excepting on very cold days on the busy farm, always told when the best rooms were in readiness for guests, or for some holiday gathering of the family there.

Soon Mr. Grant and his host, Mr. Blair, were treating Black Prince to a feed of fragrant hay, while Mrs. Grant exchanged greetings with Mrs. Blair and her daughters, Bertha and Minnie.

"Now, Mrs. Grant, I want you to make yourself right at home and enjoy the day," said Mrs. Blair, in her most pleasing manner.

"You always do make it pleasant for me when I come out here," replied the visitor.

Soon the men entered, and Mr. Grant sat down in a stiff-backed chair.

"Minnie, bring out the big rocker for Mr. Grant. It's more restful than this."

Mr. Grant exchanged the plain chair for the comfortable rocker, declaring he was not tired at all, but wanted to run about over the farm before he went back to the city. "I want to see the river-bend, too. Any fish there?"

"We'll go down after dinner, and see," Mr. Blair replied.

After the bountiful mid-day repast, as Mr. Blair and Mr. Grant were starting out for a stroll over the farm, Mrs. Grant asked them to look for the foot-log that Joey had hung across the brook. Joey Grant was the little lad, who lived there only in memory. He had made that bridge for his mother to cross the stream on when they went to gather berries one day.

"All right, mother, though I suppose it's washed away long ago."

The women stepped out on the porch and descended the worn steps. A flowering plant lured Mrs. Grant farther into the yard. A bee buzzed in the clover, and Mrs. Grant's eye followed it. Its distant droning was soon lost in the gurgling and tinkling music of the brook at the foot of the hill.

"The honey-makers are very industrious today," she remarked to her friend.

"Industry is the order of Time, on the farm. Let me show you what all we have done this season," Mrs. Blair replied.

They visited all the places of interest—the garden, the poultry-yards, the dairy, the house. Mrs. Grant saw the many new ways in which the work was being done.

"It isn't like it used to be. I doubt if father and I could make it win any more."

"Well, we expect the farm to pay pretty well, this year," Mrs. Blair said as she showed the new machinery and explained the different appliances used by the progressive farmer of modern times, as time-savers and aids in money-making.

"It seems to me that everything is being done in a different way from what I have been used to. Why, for my part I should have to learn all over again," said Mrs. Grant, with a sigh. "I wonder if father notices the difference?" When she was living on that very place only a few years ago, she delighted in the long rows of shining pans and crocks from which she skimmed the yellow cream by hand. But modern times would compel the operating of a cream separator. Of course, that work would be out of the way in a very few minutes, each day; but the turning of the heavy

crank was entirely too much for father's trembling hands. She had always given the little chicks to the care of the hens; but, to be up-to-date, she must give her attention to incubators and brooders.

"No, nothing seems natural to me now," soliloquized Mrs. Grant. "I have always ranked with the best of them, and should I return I could not allow myself to be surpassed by any housekeeper."

That evening, as the two old people were driving home, Mrs. Grant asked: "Shall we come back again, father?"

"Not unless you want to, mother. Farm work is too rushing for us now, and I think we've done our share."

"I say, father, let's rent the whole farm. It isn't home any more after all. Too many new-fangled notions."

Tipton, Iowa.

WHAT ARE WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The right to wake when others sleep:
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right to soothe, the right to bless:
The right the widow's heart to cheer,
The right to dry an orphan's tear;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure;
The right when other friends have flown,
And left the sufferer all alone—
To kneel that dying couch beside,
And meekly point to him who died;
The right a happy home to make,
In any clime for Jesus' sake;
Rights such as these are all we crave,
Until our last—a quiet grave.

—Author Unknown.

THE RECORD OF A NIGHT.

THERE are dates which are precious to us because of their association with some memorable event. Such is the night of July 19, 1910.

Martha Wertz was born August 20, 1873, being the daughter of John A. and Susannah Strayer Wertz. In early girlhood she identified herself with the Church of the Brethren, to which, throughout life, she was devoted and loyal. September 18, 1903, she was married to Curtis Noffsinger, and was the mother of five little children,—a dutiful daughter, a loving wife, a devoted mother, a true friend is no vain eulogy, for to the full measure she was all of these. I think of her as the personification of that dear motto, which I traced so oft in my copybook, when I was a little girl at school: *"If you would be happy, learn to be good."* Perhaps it was her copy too.

It was a real solace,—or benediction would perhaps be the fitter word,— to feel that she was a type of the true home woman, in this age of grasp and greed of woman after fame and power and gold. She was the cynosure of domestic happiness and content, and it ought to be a comforting thought to her husband that her home, to her, was the dearest place on earth. His love and the presence of their babies made it so, and was a joy which transcended all other emotions. If we said she was unambitious, we should belie her nature; but her ambition had its trend, not in outer, but in the truer and diviner things. The intensity of her spirit was measured alone by the intensity of her patience and gentle behavior, and herein lay her charm.

The poor and sorrow-laden found a retreat within her home and heart, and she disregarded not the estate of any. She was humane in a marked degree. In connection with her death we recall that of Josephine of France, who left to her friends the imperishable and outspoken legacy of peace and good will, by calling them to witness that she had never caused a single tear to flow.

Thus lived Martha Wertz Noffsinger, whom the church of Johnstown and the group of friends around her home at Walnut Grove knew simply as "Mattie." How truly she was beloved was made manifest in the united heart-throbs, which responded to the tidings anon, during her fatal illness. We hoped she would get better, and prayers were sent heavenward from God-fearing souls, whilst she made the battle for life. She desired to live, if it were God's will, for the husband and little ones. Yet, in that safe harbor whither she was hastening, one child had already anchored. God's ways are not man's ways. The beautiful day of July 19 had sunk into the arms of night, and with it Mattie's soul had sunk into the kindly bosom of the Everlasting God.

We could not have been violent in our sorrow at her deathbed. The memory of her gentle resignation, when little Elbert died, had upbraided us. "It is God's will," she had said, "and I could not give him into better care." After all, what cause was there for violent grief? Her brow was very peaceful, and something like a smile hovered about her lips. Above all, her record was clean. We thought of that celebrated requiem:

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

We were awed to an unspeakable degree. I think this was the feeling of all present. In heart and life and soul, she was eminently God's, and we felt that we were standing in the All-glorious and All-radiant Presence. He had met her at the river, and to her the waters were not chilly. We contemplated the beautiful night which God had vouchsafed for her flight heavenward, for the moonlight streamed in upon her and us. We contemplated the knowledge that she had now entered upon that wonderful inheritance, "which eye

hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor even hath entered into the heart of man." We contemplated that joy unspeakable and full of glory, and, had it not been for the thought of how we should miss her, I think we had sung for very gladness that she was safe at home.

Humble of walk, meek of spirit, simple of manner had ever been her attitude, and in keeping with this sentiment was every detail of her funeral arranged. Flowers were conspicuous for their rarity on her bier, and I think it must have been a comfort to those present to know that they had given them to her as she journeyed on life's highway. The funeral sermon was not composed of vain eulogies, but embellished with the Christian graces, of which all felt,—could not help feeling,—she was the embodiment. "Sister thou wert mild and lovely," was the unwritten memorial erected in every heart; and as subdued voices sang, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," we felt that it was even so.

Humanly speaking, the desolation is appalling. Is it indeed true? We can scarcely believe that Mattie has gone from us never to return. We go to the home where she was the revered and abiding ornament and are there abundantly convinced that we do not dream. We cannot understand why a kind husband should thus be bereaved! We cannot comprehend the ethics of those little children, too young, almost, to remember their mother's face, being thus orphaned! God owes us no apology. Yet haply in the years to be, perhaps in eternity alone, he shall vouchsafe us an explanation.

A MOURNER.

Johnstown, Pa.

A GOOD IMPRESSION.

"Now, Elizabeth, do try to make a good impression on Aunt Edith. Be careful, child, and don't do or say anything queer. She can do a great deal for the one she fancies, and she hinted to your father that she was coming to see which of the girls she liked. Now, try to remember, dear, that she is a model of propriety, and hates unconventional things."

"I'll try hard, mamma," said Elizabeth.

Her mother turned her about carefully, and gave a sigh of relief as she reflected that no one could find fault with Elizabeth's appearance. Very sweet and dainty she looked in her immaculate white dimity, and her face was quite serious under the responsibility resting upon her.

Three other girls were listening to practically the same instruction at the same time. To be sure, Aunt Helen and Aunt Lucy did not say anything about being queer, for their girls did not do such unexpected things as Elizabeth sometimes did.

A half-hour later the four girls met at the station, where they were to wait for the train which was bringing the long-expected aunt. Aunt Edith might well have been proud of her nieces, and a spectator would have thought she would have to take all four, for there seemed to be no choice among them. All were sweet and modest and dainty, as young girls should be. Aunt Edith was a rich widow, and had said that she hoped to take one of the girls home with her.

The train was late. Jessie and Martha paced slowly up and down the shady end of the platform; Hilda and Elizabeth went on a longer walk all the way around the building. In one corner they saw a German immigrant woman, seated on her box, and trying to keep her flock of little ones near her.

"Poor thing," cried Elizabeth, "she looks tired to death! She has probably been traveling from New York with all these children. I believe I'll try to amuse them for a little while. Look at the baby; it can't go to sleep with the sun in its face."

"Oh, Elizabeth," entreated Hilda, "they'll get you all mussy, and you know auntie will be here soon. I'd help you any other time, but I really can't today," and Hilda glanced down at her dainty gown and gloves. "Come on, dear, let's give the children some pennies and go on."

"Well, at least I am going to ask her if she wants anything, and where she is going. Just think how lonely and frightened she may be in this strange place."

Elizabeth addressed the woman in German. The children gathered around and the mother's face lit up at the sound of her native tongue.

"Hilda," said Elizabeth, "she is going clear to Minnesota. She's been waiting here two hours and her train doesn't come until three this afternoon. I'm going to show her where she can lie down and rest, and I shall take care of the children for awhile."

She held out her hands for the flaxen-haired baby, and it came to her willingly, and Hilda sighed in despair as she saw the damp little head nestled on the white frock. Elizabeth set off for the waiting-room, and then took the children out. The baby soon went to sleep and Elizabeth sat down, keeping the other children near at hand by telling them stories that taxed her German.

"Just look at your dress," said Hilda, severely, "and your hat is on one side, and your hair is in disorder, and they all look so funny that every one is staring at you."

"Hasn't the baby got pretty hair?" said Elizabeth; "and look at his dimples, he's smiling in his sleep."

Hilda retreated with a disapproving look.

A few minutes later Elizabeth came out with her kindergarten, as Martha said. The baby was awake now, and smiling good-naturedly.

"I'm going over to that little lunch-stand to get them some milk and sandwiches," said Elizabeth.

"You must not go," cried the others; "the train is due now. It might come while you are gone."

"They're hungry," said Elizabeth, "and it will only take a minute."

The train did come in while she was gone. Aunt Edith, in a fashionable traveling-gown, descended and kissed her three pretty nieces.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she questioned.

"There she is by the door," said Hilda. Aunt Edith looked and gasped:

"With that Dutch baby?" she cried.

And Elizabeth was the center of a striking tableau. She had returned with her charges, each of whom was munching a big sandwich. The mother had awakened and come to collect her brood. She was chattering volubly to express her thanks, and trying to take the baby. But baby clung tightly to his new friend. He was disengaged at length after being bribed by a rose that Elizabeth wore in her gown. As soon as she could escape, she came to her aunt. The freshness of her frock was gone, her hat more on one side than ever, and her hair in sad disorder. But she was the same sweet, well-bred Elizabeth, and somehow Aunt Edith didn't seem dreadfully shocked.

But Elizabeth thought she had lost her chance, and she confessed the whole matter to her mother as soon as they were alone.

"But what could I do, mother? She was a stranger and in need of a little kindness."

And Elizabeth's mother kissed her and said: "There was only one thing to do, and you did it."

It was several weeks before Elizabeth found out what Aunt Edith really thought. She came into the dining-room one day when her mother and aunt were sitting in the next room, and Aunt Edith was just saying:

"Yes, I have decided to take Elizabeth with me, if she is willing to go. I want a bright young companion. And then I can get employment for her there, you know; there is a private school right next to my place, and they want a primary teacher. Elizabeth seems fond of children, and I know my recommendation would secure the place for her, and I can enjoy her society at the same time. There is a good salary, and I hope you will see no objection to the plan if you can spare her."

Elizabeth did not hear the rest. She ran back upstairs and cried for joy.—*Unidentified.*

CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES.

WHILE my thoughts were busy along this line I overheard this remark from my twelve-year-old son: "If I could have the power to say 'Presto,' and change what I remember for a *fortune* I would keep the memory of what I have enjoyed."

This bit of unconscious testimony but emphasizes what I have increasingly felt, that retrospection is one of the great delights of childhood.

"I remember" is a talisman as powerful in opening doors to enjoyment as is the more freqeutly invoked "Once upon a time." The summer in the country, the week at the seaside, the day in town, are each waited to be lived over again. Unless there be some taint of remorse, the pleasures of memory are not confined to the pleasures of the past.

David Swing began his fine paper on Recollections of the Chicago Fire, which appeared in a leading magazine some years ago, by saying that if someone had whispered in his ears as he fled in terror before the smoke of the burning city "You will enjoy recalling these experiences in after years," it would have seemed heartless indeed, but was certainly true. So with the child's memories. The thorns that pricked and the mosquitoes that bit but add zest to the memory of the picnic. The mother may even appeal to this motive in urging bravery and patience, saying, "When you are a big boy and think about this drenching you are getting now, you will like to remember that you were a brave little man."

Ruskin's exhortation is a good rule to live by: "Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts." The proper use of his memory is one aid to this beautiful and desirable habit on the part of the child.

Besides, we unspeakably enrich the present when we accustom the child to feel that good things which last but an hour do not end, but will really last as long as memory itself.

If it were possible to choose those first recollections for our child! But when we examine our own gallery of snapshots we are not encouraged. How accidental and trivial they are apt to be! That which is of real importance has faded, these unimportant "wrecks of the past" are all that remain.

Yet it is often only that we are so fortunate as to lack the dark background of sorrow or change that would have fixed them for us. Haunting memories of the sunshine and voices of baby days are touchingly reported by Helen Keller.

Mothers will read with interest Frances Hodgson Burnett's, "The One I Knew Best of All," or "A Memory of the Mind of a Child."

This subject is beautifully illustrated by the recently published experience of Regina Hartmann.

It tells of the obscure mother's lofty patriotism which bore fruit in the life of the daughter who bore her name, the devoted nurse of Brandywine and Valley Forge. And that daughter was trained in Indian captivity from which one solitary memory of her childhood restored her to the mother's arms.

When no clew to her identity could discover the child that had been stolen from her among the captive maidens returned to the settlements at the close of the French and Indian war, the mother sung the bedtime

hymn she had been used to sing. As freely translated from the German it was:

"Not alone, oh, not alone am I,
In this great wilderness.
I always feel my Savior near,
He comes the dreary hours to bless."

The hymn was a bridge flung across the years upon which the Indian maiden could cross. With the long forgotten German cry "Meine Mutter, meine Mutter!" she flung herself into her mother's arms.

Regina Hartmann builded better than she knew. If one's resolves are high and pure like hers we mothers of today may be so blessed as to do the same.—*American Motherhood.*

SOWING WILD OATS.

From the way some people talk one would imagine that every man had instilled into him at his birth a certain amount of deviltry which he must get rid of before he can become a man of honor. Now, that which is called sowing wild oats is nothing more nor less than self-degradation to any young man. It doesn't make a man one particle more of a man because he has passed through a siege of riotous living and indiscretion when he is nineteen or twenty. It makes him just so much less of a man. It dwarfs his views of life far more than it broadens them, and he realizes this, afterward. And he doesn't know one iota more of life, except a certain phase of it, which, if it has glitter for him in youth, becomes a repellent remembrance to him when he is matured. There is no such thing as an investigating period in a man's life; at one period it is as important to him to be more honorable and true to the teachings of his mother, as at another.—*Farm Journal.*

SELECTED HELPS.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice to a quart of water will make rice very white and keep the grains separate when boiled.

Cold water, a tablespoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease where other means would not answer on account of colors running, etc.

Castor-oil can be taken without a shudder if a little lemon juice is put in the spoon with the oil, and if some of the juice is taken in the mouth and the cut lemon rubbed lightly over the lips before taking the oil.

Let the little folks amuse themselves on a rainy day by blowing soap-bubbles. Place a blanket over the table. Mix one ounce of castile soap shaved fine, with three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine. This will make fine soap-bubbles, which can be blown with either clay pipes or tin horns.

If you get a cinder or any sharp particle of matter in your eye, let somebody lay a small pencil across the ball of the eye outside the lid, and then turn the lid carefully back and pick out the irritating thing with a corner of a silk handkerchief covering another pencil point. It needs one with a steady hand to do this.

To make oilcloth out of old carpet, tack it down where it can be undisturbed till finished. Be sure to have the edges straight, then make thin starch and brush it over, rubbing it in well. When thoroughly dry give three coats of paint, drying well between each. Buff or light brown is the best color. Paint it once a year and it will last and may be washed like other oilcloth.

When a mustard plaster is required, and your supply of mustard is small, make the plaster and instead of spreading it on muslin, put it on a square of oiled, or manilla paper, after pinning the paper to the muslin. A very small quantity of mustard will thus make a large plaster, and the paper will not absorb the strength, as the muslin will.

Fill an old can of any kind with ashes, then pour in sufficient kerosene to saturate the ashes, and put the can in a safe place away from fire. A tablespoonful is plently to keep a blaze till the wood is caught, and it is worth all the patent fire-kindlers. There is absolutely no danger, and by keeping a supply always made up the children will not be tempted to use the kerosene can with the too often fatal result.

If you want ink for a fountain pen, this is recommended: Get a worn-out typewriter ribbon from some one, turn over it a pint of very hot water and leave for a few days, stirring occasionally. Turn the ink thus made into bottles and cork tightly. This ink will flow freely from the fountain pen and will not corrode. If the ink is too thick, thin with a little more water poured over the same ribbon until the color is extracted.

FILTER FOR CISTERN.

Build a filter of cedar wood, or use a galvanized iron tank, three feet in diameter, and three feet tall, having a false bottom perforated freely with quarter-inch holes eight inches deep up from the permanent base of the filter, and a large opening out of the space between. Fill the upper space with one foot deep of gravel or finely-broken rock; next, eight inches deep of lump charcoal; next, six inches of clean, sharp sand.

The pipe from the roof leads to the lower space below the false bottom. This allows the roof and gutters to wash out first; then a plug is fastened in the opening near the base, and the water commences to filter up through the perforated false bottom, gravel, charcoal and sand, and at the top of these a pipe leads this really filtered water into the cistern, which is under ground. The filter being at the top of the ground surface, over the cistern nothing but absolutely pure water ever enters the cistern. After the rain is over, the plug to the false bottom space is to be pulled out, and all the substance caught on the false bottom and in the filter material is washed away, leaving the filter clean for the next rain. Do not have a wooden platform over the cistern, but have the arch finished with a large rock, or cast-iron top, with a "man-hole" therein. With a filter as above, the cistern will never need cleaning.—*The Commoner.*

HOME-PREPARED BREAKFAST FOOD.

JENNIE NEHER.

TAKE good, clean wheat, wash, then put it in your bread pans (or one large one, to fit in your oven if you have one, is still better) and place in the oven, stirring occasionally. Thoroughly heat until brittle, but do not burn it; if parched too much the flavor is spoiled. We then grind it on an F., No. 4 Quaker City hand mill which is screwed to our kitchen table. It is then ready to be cooked and eaten the same as oatmeal. We prefer it to other brands of breakfast food and think it is excellent. Rice just lightly parched, then ground and cooked same as above is also fine, and looks and tastes very much the same as "Cream of Wheat."

Mountain Grove, Mo.

"PATIENCE is the ballast of the soul. Without it any passing storm will set the ship tossing and straining. With it the vessel can keep steady and go forward, or, at the worst, lie safely in the biggest tempest that can blow over the sea of life."

The Children's Corner

THE TARDY ASTER.

LITTLE Bessie Berry was almost always late for school. She was almost always late for everything.

It wasn't because she had to run errands, or mind the baby, but because she was an "In-a-minute" and a "Pretty-soon" and an "After-awhile" little girl, who liked to dilly-dally better than anything else in the world.

There were some other children in Bessie's room who were often tardy, too, so the teacher began to wonder what she could do. And soon she thought of something. She went to the seedsman and bought some seeds. They were aster seeds, in paper packets.

"Listen, children!" said the teacher. "How many of you ever had a flower garden?"

Bessie had; most of the children in Bessie's class had.

Then the teacher said a nice thing: "These seeds are for you—one little packet for each one in this room."

Here Bessie raised her hand. "Please, may I pass 'em?"

But the teacher shook her head. "One for each one in the room," she went on, "who isn't tardy a single time this month."

That wasn't all. They would plant the seeds, and after awhile have flowers. And then the seedsman would give a prize to the boy or the girl who had the finest flowers. It was really two prizes.

So the children looked at the seeds longingly, and promised that they wouldn't be tardy one single time. And some weren't. But Bessie was—four times!

The next month was April, and the tardy ones tried again. Bessie was tardy twice. They were to try once more in May.

"Try, try, again," said Bessie's papa. So she tried again. And mama helped. Every morning and afternoon she said. "Seeds!" when she kissed her little girl good-by. Bessie said "Seeds!" over and over all the way to school, and didn't dilly-dally once.

And on the last day of May she took a packet of seeds home. Bessie and her mama planted them right off. They didn't dilly-dally about it at all. Bessie hoped she might win the seedsman's prize.

But it was late and dry, and the seeds didn't come up very quickly. Only one seedling grew. Papa called it a dilly-dally flower. It just wouldn't catch up with Clara Bell's across the street. But Clara Bell had won her seeds in March.

When the day for the flower show was nearly come, some of Bessie's friends had big blue and white asters in their gardens, and Bessie had one fine aster plant, with hard, green knobs at the top.

Every morning she counted the days that were left, until at last a bit of white showed in one of the knobs. But then there was only one day left.

So everybody, even Bessie, knew that it would be a tardy aster, just as Bessie had been a tardy little girl.

When at last the day for awarding the prize came, it was a very, very sad Bessie Berry who stood in the back garden looking down at the tardy aster, while all of her little friends, with hands full of punctual asters, went to the flower show.

Wasn't it too bad? But it must have been a good lesson for Bessie, for she doesn't dilly-dally any more. —*Lulu G. Parker, in Little Folks.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The growth of the poppy, from which opium is manufactured, has been stopped by imperial edict in two provinces of Manchuria, Heilung Chang and Kirin.

Despite its present enormous proportions, the great Krupp plant in Germany grows apace, the number of employés having increased 5,000 in the last few years, bringing the present force up to 68,500 men. The total steam power in the plant amounts to 89,430 horsepower, and a total of 2,690 electric motors has an aggregate output of 50,491 horsepower.

Booker T. Washington, generally conceded to be the foremost negro educator in the country, has joined Col. Theodore Roosevelt on the staff of the Outlook. His contributions soon will appear in that publication. Washington is now abroad studying social and labor conditions and the source of American immigration. His first article will be "The Problem of the Man Farthest Down."

The platform of the Prohibition party in Missouri covers less than a typewritten page and one of its emphasized paragraphs, according women the right to vote, is phrased as follows: "Reforming the ballot law so as to establish a moral and intelligent basis, rather than one based on sex." Good roads, statewide prohibition, commission form of government, abolition of the fee system and liberal support of educational and eleemosynary institutions are other provisions.

Many immigrants have recently been barred from enterin the United States as a result of the determination of the immigration bureau to standardize tests at all ports of entry and to insist on strict enforcement of the immigration laws. Many appeals against such action are now under consideration by the bureau, but in only exceptional instances will the bureau recede from its stand. This movement for standardization is being carried to all our ports by specially designated officials from the bureau. Many humanitarians say the tests are more severe than should be applied to desirable immigrants.

A series of white slave and vice conventions, to be held in most of the principal western cities of the United States and Canada, is being arranged by the officers of the American Purity Federation for the month of October. The expectation is that a party of 20 of the leading reform workers of the country will leave Chicago on the night of Thursday, Sept. 29, and travel from place to place in a special car, holding one and two-day meetings wherever they stop. The itinerary has not been finally completed, because of uncertainty regarding train service, but definite decision has been reached regarding what cities shall be visited. This year's trip will be followed next year by a tour of the east.

For the first time in the history of the postoffice department, Chicago has reported postal receipts in excess of New York. According to a statement issued at the postoffice department, the total receipts during August at 50 of the largest offices in the country aggregated $8,492,-885.26, an increase of $980,415.83 over the receipts of August, 1909. The receipts in Chicago were $1,666,484.15, while the receipts in New York were $1,610,785.42.

Four years ago Santos Dumont at Bagatelle made the first aeroplane flight in Europe. Next year French aeroplane manufacturers expect to sell 11,000 machines. More than 1,000 aeroplanes have been sold in France since the first of the year, and another 1,000 will be turned out and delivered before the end of the year. Three hundred Bleriot monoplanes and 200 Farman biplanes have been sold this year, these two types being the most popular.

The French Ministry of War has ordered ten military monoplanes and twenty biplanes for delivery within the next three months. This will give the French army an aerial flotilla of sixty by the end of the year. Some aeroplanes are also required for 1911. These must be able to carry a weight of 661 pounds in a flight of 186 miles at a minimum speed of 37 miles an hour. A premium of $20,000 for a machine fulfilling these conditions is offered.

Governor Charles H. Haskell has ordered the constitutional amendment for antiprohibition and "votes for women" put on the ballots for the election in Oklahoma, November 8. But the governor issued the order against his political beliefs. He has openly opposed the antiprohibition amendment and is not a warm friend of the suffrage movement. He declared he regretted the state supreme court decision made it imperative that he submit the questions under the initiative and referendum.

Many of our readers will remember the article, "The Oldest Vessel Afloat," written by John S. Fernald, deceased, and appearing in the Inglenook of Jan. 4, this year. The following item, clipped from the Scientific American, refers to the same vessel: The "Polly," the oldest American merchant vessel, was recently in New York harbor discharging a cargo taken on board at Bridgeport, Conn. So lightly has time touched this vessel that, despite her 106 years she remains in as good condition as most mercantile ships of one-tenth of her age. She is only 61 feet in length, and has only 45 tons net burden, but she has a notoriety which is much more substantial. Her former skipper and owner, Capt. Upton, armed his crew with axes and cutlasses, and few privateers enjoyed more successful cruises in 1812. The "Polly's" rig was that of a sloop, and her captures of British merchantmen were many along the New England coast, until she was overhauled by the British frigate "Phœbe," when Upton and his ship and men were made captive.

In connection with the annual meeting of the National Association of Cement Users, a cement show is to be held in New York, December 17th to 23rd, 1910. A similar exhibition will be held in the Coliseum, Chicago, February 17th to 23rd, 1911. In view of the great strides which have been made in the cement industry, particularly in the field of reinforced concrete, these exhibitions should excite a wide interest; and if the exhibits represent careful and intelligent selection, both enterprises will have a high educational value.

In view of the fact that since 1902 the interlocking functions on the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg have increased from 7,891 to over 20,000, the company has instituted a new plan of training men to maintain and operate its signals. Four signal apprentices, graduates of technical colleges and schools, have recently been appointed. The signal apprentices, after serving a three years' course, will have open to them the position of Signal Inspector in the Signal Engineer's office, after which they will be in line of appointment through four superior grades to that of Signal Engineer.

The General Society of the Sons of the Revolution is about to erect a monument as a memorial to the French allies who lost their lives in the Revolutionary War. It will be a granite shaft and is to be erected at Annapolis. The memorial will be in the form of an upright shaft of pink granite, 13 feet high, with a bronze panel 8 by 4 feet set in its face. A fleur de lis scroll will be decorated on its top. The panel will show a female figure supporting a shield in one hand and bearing a laurel wreath in the other. The female will be in profile, and at her feet will be a number of head-stones half-buried in foliage. In the background will be depicted a band of soldiers marching away, the national banners proudly waving over their heads.

Gen Estrada's principal concern at present for Nicaragua, of which he is provisional president, seems to be the establishment of friendly relations with the United States. He has outlined a program for a stable government to the authorities in Washington and it is expected he will issue a decree within a few days providing for the election of a constitutional assembly as the initial step. He suggests the United States appoint a high commissioner to visit Managua and give him power to negotiate a treaty for the settlement of the Emery claim and to agree upon reparation for the execution of Cannon and Groce. He would meet the American indemnities by negotiating a loan in the United States, secured by 1 per cent of the customs receipts.

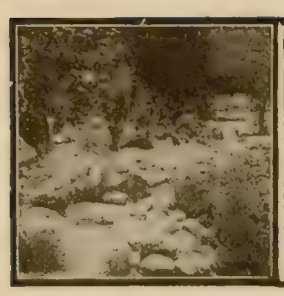
Fifty thousand marchers, including hundreds of prelates and priests clad in brilliant and multi-colored vestments, took part in the solemn procession of the blessed sacrament at Montreal, which brought to a close the largest and most notable assembly of Roman Catholics ever held in the new world. This procession is the culminating feature of every Eucharistic congress and always the leading attraction from the standpoint of popular interest. Towards the end of the procession was Cardinal Vannutelli, the papal legate, bearing the blessed sacrament, surrounded by a guard of honor. The sacred host was carried in a special ostensorium made of solid silver, donated by a cobalt mine owner, and ornamented with precious stones, the gifts of the Catholic women of Montreal.

Mad dogs do not always froth at the mouth or present a wild-eyed appearance, seeming intent upon attacking every human being they meet. Neither are they more susceptible to the malady in "dog days" or the hot months. Rabies occur as frequently in the Arctic as the equatorial jungles. Further, the mad dog is apt to be more playfully inclined in the early stages and frequently is obedient until a short period before death. All this is set forth in a warning issued in a public health bulletin as the result of researches by A. M. Stinson. The madstone and chicken breast "cures" are arraigned as real dangers, for they invariably deter victims from seeking scientific treatment until the malady has reached a hopeless stage.

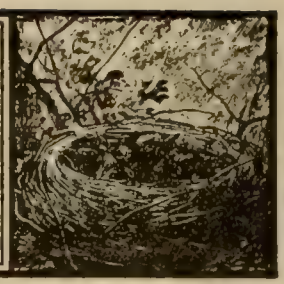
Experiments are to be undertaken at both the Atlantic and Pacific ends of the Panama Canal to determine the effect, if any, of sea water on the concrete of the lowest locks at Gatun and Miraflores. The tests will determine if it is necessary to place any special protection on the concrete. Slabs of concrete will be allowed to remain in the water for many months. Some of them will be left in their natural state. Some will be treated with sodium silicate in the form of soluble glass, solutions of different strength being used. Other slabs will be treated with alum and soap, three-quarters of a pound of soap in one gallon of water being applied, boiling hot, for the first wash, the second wash, applied 24 hours later, consisting of a solution of alum, two ounces to the gallon, applied cold.

Competition is increasing in Germany between women and men who are in the labor market. A leading newspaper, the Reichsarbeitsblatt, has examined the official labor statistics of Germany, and here are a few of the notably striking facts which they disclose: In 1907, the number of male workers showed an increase over the previous year of 2.2 per cent; the female workers of 7.38 per cent. In 1908, the males decreased .16 per cent; the females increased by 3.87 per cent. In 1909, the male workers decreased by 1.62 per cent; females increased by 4.23 per cent. In the first semester of this year, males increased 4.24 per cent, while females increased by 6.54 per cent. It can thus be seen that in Germany's trade revival the women have relatively benefited by over 50 per cent more than the men.

Medical men and women in Washington and in other parts of the country, who are desirous of wiping out pellagra, which is working havoc in parts of the south, and has recently invaded Washington and other sections farther north, are discussing with animation the reported unexpected result of the investigation being made by the famous Dr. Sambon, in Italy, which largely overthrows the mildewed maize theory. Advices say that he entirely repudiates the maize idea, and asserts that pellagra is not due to the eating of Indian corn, either sound or damaged, and that he has ascertained beyond all doubt that, like other endemic diseases, pellagra has its own peculiar geographical and topographical distribution. According to this scientist pellagra is linked to the running stream just as malaria is linked to the swamp. He states that the sandfly explains the epidemiology of pellagra, just as the mosquito explains that of malaria. Last winter, he suggested the sandfly as the probable carrier of the pellagra infection. Now, after a painstaking survey of the whole pellagra district of Italy, he insists that he has been able to establish conclusively the truth of his surmise.



NATURE STUDIES



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

It is a far cry from the day when Aristotle propounded the doctrine that birds hibernate like woodchucks, to the present time, yet much of the mystery which that early naturalist sought to dispel still lingers about the wonderful phenomena of migratory movement.

Only in birds (unless we except fishes) is true migration instinct found. Erratic, semi-migratory movements of insects take place; scarcity of food or some other strongly compelling cause induces, from time to time, a semblance of migration among some of the mammals, but only the winged and feathered inhabitants of the globe exhibit a seasonal rhythmic swing from south to north and *vice versa*.

Our modern knowledge embraces much data respecting the actual migratory movement, its date of commencement, duration, and termination; the termini of the journey, the route followed, and the manner in which the traveling is performed. We have accumulated a great mass of statistics concerning the time in spring and fall when certain feathered wanderers may be reasonably expected to appear at a given point along their route. We know that the method of performing these journeys varies much between species, as in length of flight that takes them from winter to summer homes and return, whether they fly almost continuously or by short, leisurely stages; whether flights are mostly by day or night or both; the route followed, and whether this is changed by varying weather or other conditions. We also know that certain species perform their flight to their northern summer homes along one route, and return to their southern winter homes by a widely different course. It is well established that some species flock and fly almost entirely by themselves, that others are found widely scattered among flocks of other species, that in still other cases two or three species may almost certainly be found flocked together, while in some instances the flight is performed more in an individual and straggling manner. It is a fact well known to many gunners that the course and manner of certain species of migrating birds have been changed materially within recent years, perhaps permanently, and that temporary changes of this character constantly occur, due to easily recognized causes. That class of birds whose life cycle is, perhaps, best known is naturally the one which includes those classed as game birds. Notably, as regards migration, these birds fall readily into three divisions: the water fowl, including ducks, geese, and swans; the Limicolæ or shore birds, principally the sandpipers and plovers; the gallinaceous birds such as the bob-white or quail and the ruffed grouse or partridge.

The southward fall migration of the first-mentioned division may, perhaps, be readily ascribed to search for wide and rich feeding areas, where open water is assured; the northern flight to a similar seeking of ample breeding grounds. While the southward flight is in some few instances continued as far as the West Indies and South America, in the main the movement is only sufficient and in general seems to conform to the cause assigned. In suitable localities on the New England coast and along Long Island we find an abundant representation of this division braving the rigors of winter, while in the wonderful breeding grounds along the coast of North Carolina, their numbers seem only to be limited by the persecution of the gunners. The northward journey of the members of this division, it is true, is for the most part, extended well into the Arctic or sub-Arctic regions, but this is largely a matter of necessity, to secure sufficient areas of suitable nature where they may breed in peace. Where birds of this division are not harrassed in late winter and spring by shooting, it has been found that they often remain in considerable numbers to breed, much further south than the usually ascribed southern limit of summer residence.

On the other hand, the migratory movement of the second division mentioned is one of the most extreme known. Such birds as the golden plover, black-bellied plover, buff-breasted sandpiper, and others of their kind are startling examples of the most wonderful migration flights. The golden plover, breeding within the Arctic Circle, often extends its quarters as far south as Patagonia. Of necessity the breeding season is short, but nearly six months is spent in winter homes. About four months of the year is spent in their spring and fall journeys, which are sometimes as much as 3,000 miles in length. In spring they travel northward *via* the Mississippi Valley, but in fall they go south by the way of Labrador and Nova Scotia, from the latter point launching out to sea, and in favorable weather

often making a trip of 2,400 miles to South America without a known stop. There seems good reason to believe that this avoiding of our coast has increased in frequency since the shooting of the birds by the barrelful so reduced their numbers, and endangered a coastwise journey overmuch.

The black-bellied plover breeds equally far north and, on this hemisphere, winters in the West Indies, Brazil, and Colombia. The buff-breasted sandpiper summers as far north as the Arctic coast and winters south of Uruguay and Peru. Migratory movement in all such birds has been undoubtedly affected by changed coastal conditions and excessive shooting.

The third division represents birds that are practically unaffected by migratory instinct. The bob-white and ruffed grouse are permanent residents where found, till adverse circumstances force them to leave, or extermination removes them from a locality.

The most fundamental factor in migration, the cause, remains practically unknown so far as birds in general are concerned. The formerly attributed cause, and the one which still figures largely in the popular mind, the seeking of a comparatively equable climate by birds in their journeyings north and south, has long been abandoned by the ornithologist. The question of food supply only offers partial solution. This is true of other tentative causes advanced. It seems probable that a number of causes in a great variety of combination contribute.

In the study of migration, one fact seems to be unmistakably established, namely, the existence of an instinct that enables birds in flocks or individually, to perform migatory flights of great length, and to return with great precision to the breeding spot of the previous years. Thus we find birds that breed gregariously, as gulls, terns, herons, and others, yearly returning to the same island, strip of beach, marsh, or swamp in a colony, and about the same time each year. In the same way our common birds that are more or less solitary in their nesting habits return in many instances to the same spot, year after year. The bridge girder, the beam in the cow-shed, or the molding on the porch pillar that has this year held a phœbe's nest, will, ten to one, hold such a nest next year. It is not exceptional to note on the limb of a village shade tree the occupied nest of the Baltimore oriole, the weathered last year's nest, and the battered remains of the nest of two years ago. A last year's nest of the vireo is often a good clue to the immediate whereabouts of an occupied nest. Robins' nests are not infrequently built on the remains of the domicile of the year before. A hawk's nest is often used for many years in succession, and this is particularly the case with the fish hawk or osprey, whose nests, thus added to year by year, often become very bulky, with the underpart or foundation a crumbling mass of age-decayed matter. Woodpeckers, who seldom use the same nest twice, often have two or more excavations in the same stub, the nesting cavities of successive years.

All this evidence of a return of individual birds to a given locality is, of course, not absolutely conclusive. It is seldom possible to adduce such conclusive evidence. The reasonable conclusion, however, must be that the weight of evidence is in favor of the theory of the return of the same individuals. Some wonderful European records of the return of a species to a given nesting site are given by the late Prof. Alfred Newton. A common falcon, *Falco peregrinus,* a cosmopolitan bird commonly known as the duck hawk, in this country, had its eyrie at one point in Finland for 110 years; that is to say, there was at this same point an occupied nest of this species from 1736 to 1855. At Oxbridge, in one or the other of two earthen bottles placed for their use, a pair of blue titmice had their nest every year, with two exceptions, from 1779 or 1785 to 1873, or a total of 88 to 94 years. While it might be possible that by coincidence the individuality of this continuous tenantry would continually vary, yet it is hardly possible that it was other than a case of a family castle handed down to posterity.

A fact which is incidentally brought out by these observations on the return of birds to a given locality, is the apparently passionate fondness for a given nesting site, regardless of changing conditions in connection with it. In illustration of this the author just quoted cites the case of a stone-curlew. *Œdicnemus crepitans,* a bird frequenting open places almost exclusively. For many years a pair of these birds had a nest at a certain spot near Elwedon, Suffolk, England, and during this period the environment underwent a complete change, from a barren rabbit warren to a flourishing plantation, in the center of which the nest continued to be occupied. An even more remarkable example of fondness for a certain spot, regardless of change of conditions, was brought to the attention of the present writer several years ago. A portion of Long Island City, within the greater city of New York, was being built up on filled-in marsh. During the fall and winter a plot of ground was filled-in and a house built thereon. The following spring a Florida gallinule, *Gallinula galeata,* was repeatedly observed wandering disconsolately back and forth across the door-yard, seeking the site of last year's nest, though all about were patches of virgin marsh.

It seems quite possible that this fondness for a breeding home, once established, may be an important factor in the causes of migration.

Here, then are some of the facts that command attention, in the results of the data that have been accumulated regarding migration; the impulse to migrate, for which we have no adequate and demonstrable explanation; the stability to steer a course with such re-

markable accuracy over areas where landmarks are wanting, and in the night and storm when they are obliterated, demonstrating a most highly developed sense of direction, which is but imperfectly present in the wildest races of mankind, and usually almost or entirely wanting in civilized man; the adoption of certain well-defined migration routes, both in the Western and Eastern hemispheres, which may be varied from spring to fall, or become changed by untoward conditions; the existence of this migratory instinct in varying intensity, which coupled with conditions of food supply and breeding sites induces in some species immensely extended journeys, from which there is every gradation to the species which are apparently immune to the promptings of this instinct. In connection with this last fact it should be borne in mind that the fact of a species being found in a given locality throughout the year does not necessarily imply that the individuals of that species are not migratory. The individuals found in a locality in winter may have summered further north, and coming to that locality in fall, overlapped the departing summer birds, so that at no time individuals of the species were wanting, though not at all times the same individuals.—*The Scientific American.*

A BUMBLEBEE FLOWER.

CERTAIN flowers have adapted themselves to certain insects, and changed their form and structure to meet the needs of their desired visitor. The columbine, for instance, is a humming bird flower, as is the jewel weed, while the little flower we consider today is a lover of the bumblebee, and has grown a very curious, mechanical contrivance to secure the transference of its pollen.

The early orchid, or showy orchid—though why so simple and unpretentious a flower should have been so named is hard to understand—is common in many parts of our land, and may be easily studied. When growing under favorable conditions, there are five or six fragrant flower spikes, but often only one appears gleaming amid its leaves so like the lily-of-the-valley leaves, though not quite as pointed. The blossom is a purplish pink and has a tiny hood, which, with its large lip, that spreads into a spur largest at the tip, should serve to identify it.

Every orchid has six flower leaves, and one is always odd-shaped, either like a pouch, when it is full of nectar, or like a banner flaunted to the breezes, or presenting a shelf for the bee to light upon.

This earliest orchid has grown to charm the female bumblebee, as this is the bee of all bees best fitted to cross-fertilize it.

Now Mr. Bumblebee has whiskers on his cheeks, even as his human brother; but the cheeks of Mrs. Bumble are quite bare and able to retain the sticky pollen masses our little orchid wishes to transfer.

Mrs. Bumble come seeking honey, and alights on the projecting lip of the flower. As she drinks the sweets from the horn-of-plenty, the pressure of her body ruptures a membrane of the pouch where two sticky pollen masses lie imbedded. This is like a cement and hardens upon the bare cheeks of Mrs. Bumble, even before she withdraws her head from the flower. When she does remove her head, the sticky masses fall from the perpendicular and take a horizontal attitude, sticking out like tiny horns at either side so that they are in exact position to fertilize the stigma of the next flower the bee visits. Sometimes after the pollen is carried to another flower and deposited, the poor Lady Bumble still carries about with her the sticky plasters that have borne the tiny pollen sacs.

What is it in the flower that gives it this power of adaptation? Thought? Instinct? God?

However named is it not the indwelling, creative force of the universe striving upward through endless æons of time from some source hidden in darkness to some end hidden in light?—a force that we may trust to lead us if we will only lean upon it even as it leads the tiniest plant upon its upward way.—*The Christian Register.*

Between Whiles

The old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."—Everybody's Magazine.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Eben said to his nephew, "there are all kinds of disappointments in this world, Charley, and some of 'em are worse'n others. But they're all jest ways of feelin' bad for a minute, I guess. 'Bout the disappointingist disappointment I ever have is when I feel an' feel like sneezin' and it won't sneeze! That kinder gives you a notion of how all disappointments feel till you get over them."—Youth's Companion.

Clancy: "Oi'm after a ticket ter Chicago."

Ticket Agent: "Do you want an excursion ticket? One that will take you there and back?"

Clancy: "Phat's the sinse of me payin' ter go there and back whin Oi'm here alriddy?"—Hotel Register.

Teacher—Now, children, who can tell me what "obedience" is derived from?

Pupil—From gettin' licked, miss—Boston Transcript.

"This here is a tobacco plant in full flower." "How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"

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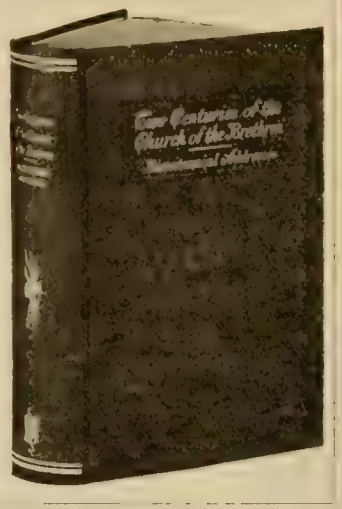
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50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only **25 cts.**

Set of eight designs, postpaid, **$1.50**

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

ALFALFA

ALFALFA is the most important of all the forage crops grown in the Yellowstone Valley. It thrives, and with three cuttings yields from four to seven tons an acre each season, and brings from $5 to $7 per ton in stack, according to location and season. Many of the farmers of Sweet Grass County prefer to cut their alfalfa but twice during each season in order to give their ewes and lambs an opportunity for early spring pasture on the green alfalfa, and again in the late summer and early fall.

"Alfalfa, which is difficult to cure in the humid regions, goes into the stack as bright and green as sunshine and dry air can make it. When it is known that one rain on cut alfalfa, reduces its feeding value one-fourth, the advantage of an almost rainless climate at harvest time in the production of forage crops can be appreciated.

" The advantages of growing alfalfa are many; it enriches the soil instead of impoverishing it; returns to it those chemical properties so essential to continued productiveness, and for this reason makes an ideal crop to rotate with sugar beets. It is a splendid feed for stock, especially for hogs, and when so used brings much greater returns; it does not require replanting, but when once established will yield good returns year after year."

" In money value alfalfa is considered worth 45 per cent more than clover and 60 per cent more than timothy."

"Alfalfa is absolutely sure to make farming a success. It fertilizes the soil, as does clover in the East. On it we graze our horses and colts; it fattens the horses and makes the colts grow. On it, while growing or in stack, the hogs feed. On it hundreds of thousands of sheep are fed. On it milch cows are fed, increasing the quantity and richness of their milk. It is



the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

" One acre sown to alfalfa and irrigated will produce 10,000 pounds of hay.

" One acre of irrigated alfalfa will feed one steer 400 days.

" One hundred and sixty acres of irrigated alfalfa will maintain 1,600 sheep one year or 160 steers, and prepare them for market."

All domestic animals eat and thrive on alfalfa; it alone fits them for work, for dairy and for market. When ground it furnishes a splendid diet for laying hens.

Alfalfa Seed Yields a Net Profit of Over $100 Per Acre.

" One of the best paying crops is, and will continue to be, alfalfa seed. Seed grown in this region has been carefully tested and has been found to have more germinating power and vitality than Utah seed which has heretofore been classed among the best. It is a well known fact that the farther north seed can be grown successfully, the hardier it is and the more germinating power it has. The area being planted to alfalfa is year by year spreading over the United States. The demand for Montana grown seed will not only increase for many years in this State, but throughout the whole United States. If the farmers make a specialty of alfalfa seed and are careful to secure a reputation for good, pure seed and square dealing, there is no reason why they cannot secure and hold the market for this product for the whole country. Three acres of alfalfa which was not originally intended for seed but was sown with the idea of cutting hay—consequently the stand was too thick for the best seed results—in 1906 threshed $375 worth of seed."

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GLASS BROS. LAND CO., BIG TIMBER, MONTANA or

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THE INGLENOOK



Brethren Publishing House Elgin, Illinois

October 4, 1910 Price $1.00 Per Annum Vol. XII. No. 40

Homeseekers' Excursions

VIA

Union Pacific

HOMESEEKERS' FARES

Special Homeseekers' Tickets will be on sale the First and Third Tuesday of each month from March to December inclusive, 1910, to many points in the West. Fares to some of the principal points are as follows:

TO / FROM	Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Omaha and St. Joseph	Chicago	St. Louis	Peoria	St. Paul and Minneapolis	Des Moines	Sioux City	Milwaukee
Biggs ..... Ore.	$52.50	$57.50	$55.00	$57.50	$52.50	$55.00	$52.50	$57.50
Boise ..... Idaho	49 50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Bosler ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30 00	31.20	33.40
Butte ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34 50	39.00
Caldwell ..... Idaho	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51 50	49 50	54.00
Cheyenne ..... Wyo.	†	30.00	30 00	30.00	35.75	30 00	24.20	33.40
Colorado Springs ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28 50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Denver ..... Colo.	19.00	30 00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Gooding ..... Idaho	41.90	46 40	46.40	46.40	43.90	43.90	41.90	46.40
Green River ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36.50	30.00	31 20	33.40
Helena ..... Mont.	34.50	39.00	39.00	39.00	36.50	36.50	34.50	39.00
Huntington ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57 50
Idaho Falls ..... Idaho	34.50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36.50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Minidoka ..... Idaho	38.00	42.50	42.50	42.50	40.00	40.00	38.00	42.50
Mountain Home ..... Idaho	45.80	50.40	50.40	50.40	47 90	47.90	45.90	50.40
Nampa ..... Idaho	49 20	53.70	53 70	53.70	51.20	51.20	49.20	53.70
Ogden ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Parma ..... Idah	49.50	54.00	54.00	54.00	51.50	51.50	49.50	54.00
Pendleton ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Pocatello ..... Idaho	34 50	39.00	39 00	39.00	36 50	36 50	34.50	39.00
Provo ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44 70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Pueblo ..... Colo.	19.00	30.00	28.50	30.00	31.15	24.70	22.90	33.40
Rock Springs ..... Wyo.	27.50	30.00	30.00	30.00	36 50	30.00	31.20	33.40
Salt Lake City ..... Utah	34.00	39.00	36.50	39.00	44.70	39.00	37.50	42.40
Shoshone ..... Idaho	41.00	45.50	45 50	45.50	43.00	43 00	41.00	45.50
Spokane ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Twin Falls ..... Idaho	42.80	47.30	47.30	47 30	44.80	44 80	42 80	47.30
Umatilla ..... Ore.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52.50	55.00	52.50	57.50
Walla Walla ..... Wash.	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55 00	52.50	57.50
Wenatchee ..... Wash	52.50	57.50	55.00	57.50	52 50	55.00	52.50	57.50

†From Council Bluffs the fare is $19.00. Omaha, $19.00. St. Joseph, $24.35. Leavenworth, $25.05. Kansas City, $25.85.

CHEAP ROUND TRIP RATES TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

FROM	Column 1. Dates of Sale May 28 to June 3 July 9 to 16	Column 2. Dates of Sale July 2 to 8; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30	Column 3 Dates of Sale. May 28 to June 3; July 2 to 16; July 25 to 28; Aug. 30 to Sept. 7; Sept. 24 to 30.	Column 4. Via direct routes. Dates of Sale. June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive.
Sioux City, Iowa, ...	$50.00	$53.90	$58.55	$63.90
Missouri River Gateways, ...	50.00	50.00	65.00	60.00
St. Paul and Minneapolis, ...	50.00	63.50	65.00X	73.50
Chicago, Illinois, ...	62.50	62.50	77.50	72.50
St. Louis, Missouri, ...	57.50	57.50	72.50	67.50
Denver, Colorado, ...	45.00	45.00	60.00	50.00

X Applies for return via direct routes to Missouri River only; for return to St. Paul or Minneapolis through Missouri River points or for tickets going through Missouri River, returning via direct routes to St. Paul or Minneapolis, $71.75.

Column 1 Destinations: **Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C.**

Column 2 Destinations: **San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, California.**

Column 3 Destinations: **San Francisco, in one direction via Portland.**

Column 4 Destinations: **San Francisco or Los Angeles.**

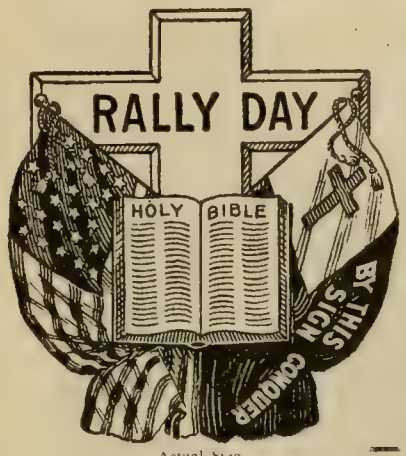
FINAL RETURN LIMIT: Columns 1, 2 and 3, three months from date of sale, but not later than **October 31, 1910.**

Column 4, October 31, 1910.

For Special Excursion Dates, Address

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R. CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

Practical Helps for Rally Day



Actual Size

New Celluloid Bookmark

With the words "Rally Day" lithographed on one side of the bookmark; and with a reproduction of the Conquest and United States flags. These souvenirs may be given to members of the school as a constant reminder of the recipient's duties to and prvileges in the school. Many will use them in the Bible in connection with the daily readings and the study of the lesson. **Each bookmark has a double silk cord and tassel.** Price, 4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or $3.00 a 100, postpaid.



Wireless Telegraph Post Cards

This card is a new design of Rally Day invitation in Post Card form, size 5½x4½ inches. The card is printed in blue and there are blank spaces for Name of School, Date, Scholar's Name and Superintendent's signature. The number of Sunday Schools in North America are indicated as "STATIONS" of the Company and the number of scholars as "SUBSCRIBERS." Price **50c per 100.**

NEW CELLULOID RALLY DAY BUTTON IN COLORS



No. 1

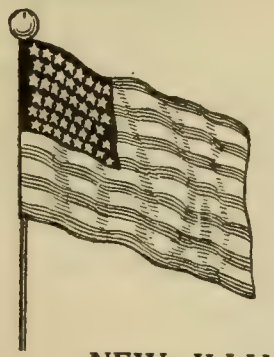
Price of either numbers 1 or 3, 20 cents a dozen; or $1.50 a 100, postpaid.



No. 3

RALLY DAY INVITATION IN WIRELESS TELEGRAM FORM

Contains a short, crisp, businesslike message, prepared in such a manner as to secure the presence of every teacher or officer, and pupil in addition to the parents and visitors. TELEGRAM FORMS, price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid. SPECIAL TELEGRAM FORM ENVELOPES. Price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid.



NEW CELLULOID FLAG PINS

These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or $2.00 a 100, postpaid.



NEW ILLUSTRATED RALLY DAY INVITATION POST CARDS

For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

ORDER BY FORM AND LETTER.

FORM A. **Post Card,** with the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark, in colors, containing a printed invitation; but without the name of Teacher or Superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM B. **Post Card,** with the reproduction of Rally Day bookmark in colors. Without any printed matter whatever, so that you can have your own invitation printed on this form.

FORM C. **Plain Card,** same size as forms A and B, but not in Post Card Form. For distribution in the school or by messenger service. With the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark in colors; containing the printed invitation; but without the printed name of teacher or superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM D. **Post Card,** Printed in colors, with an original design of an American boy Announcing Rally Day through the megaphone. The wording is brief and to the point; a space is left for the signature of the teacher or superintendent. This would be an excellent card to send to every member of the school, particularly to the Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments.

Price of either Form A, B, C or D, 60 cents a 100; $2.75 for 500; or $5.00 a 1,000, postpaid.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Miami Valley Alfalfa Field



One Year Old Stand

¶ Alfalfa is yielding this Spring TWO TONS PER ACRE PER CUTTING, worth $16.00 per ton.

¶ Many MIAMI VALLEY farmers are already getting well started in raising hogs on alfalfa, which is one of the greatest sources of wealth in the field of agriculture. There is a large packing house near MIAMI RANCH, and the price paid here for hogs is Kansas City price plus freight from that point.

¶ Winter wheat is maturing in MIAMI VALLEY, and promises to yield from 30 to 50 bushels per acre.

¶ The past Spring has furnished an added proof that the region of MIAMI VALLEY is destined to be one of the greatest apple districts in the country. Other famous apple districts failed entirely this year or saved only a small percentage of their crop by very frequent smudging. This is true where raw lands are selling at from $250.00 to $500.00 per acre. The orchards of this region are loaded with perfect apples and no smudging at all was required.

¶ MIAMI VALLEY is famous as a cultured center. Five ministers of the Church of the Brethren, and 22 teachers and Professors are living in MIAMI VALLEY.

¶ A local telephone system is being installed by the citizens.

¶ MIAMI VALLEY is a LIVABLE place. YOU SHOULD LIVE HERE. Only $40.00 to $75.00 per acre for land with perpetual water right.

¶ Nearly a thousand acres of land sold during the first half of June. Our Northside Tract No. 2 will soon all be sold.

DON'T WAIT. COME.

Excursions to Springer, New Mexico, via Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry., the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Better catch the next one and come prepared to do business if suited.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

SPRINGER, NEW MEXICO

The Curse of Drink

or

Stories of Hell's Commerce

By ELTON R. SHAW

AMONG the many books on the market, dealing with the problem of the liquor traffic, this one is unique. It gives much that other books, newspapers, religious papers, magazines, etc., do not give. It is a compilation of interesting stories, true incidents, striking illustrations, pointed paragraphs, poetry and song, portraying the evils of the RUM CURSE.

¶ These stories and incidents are such as have been related by more than twenty famous people in the various walks of life—ministers, senators, lecturers, army officers, business men, poets, etc., and are appropriately arranged in departments. Not only does the book give facts, figures and illustrations, but it also appeals to the emotions and impels to action. The collection of songs is a valuable feature. These committed and sung will have a great educative force. They may be sung in the home, in school, in meeting, small and large, creating sentiment and giving direction to the general trend of human thought on this all-important subject.

¶ If you desire to be well informed, thoroughly equipped, highly enthused, ready to be an efficient helper in the fight against the formidable foe, this book will be of inestimable value to you. 544 pages, besides illustrations. Price per copy, cloth, $1.75. Half morocco, $2.50.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

Life and Sermons of Elder James Quinter

By
Mary N. Quinter

As a man of influence in the church, Elder Quinter stands eminently high. His life was a constant benediction to those with whom he associated. The story of his life is brief, as words go, but to him who reads it will mean much, and will be an inspiration to a higher and holier life. The record of his humble birth, his boyhood days, at work and at school; his early conversion and deep piety, and his election to the ministry in his youth, is uniquely interesting. As an evangelist, editor, debater, and educator, he stood high among his colaborers.

Elder H. B. Brumbaugh, the writer of the introduction, states the object of it as being threefold: First, to place before the church and the public a short sketch of the life of a man who has made the world better by living in it. Second, that a part of his sermons that were prepared with so much care and hard study, and at the dictation of the Spirit, may be preserved for the benefit of the ministry. Third, that it may prove a home ministry to thousands of Christian families.

For the infirm, the aged, and the isolated ones, this book will be a great comfort.

The book gives a full account of the funeral services and a number of tributes of respect from his coworkers. The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

Price, per copy $1.00

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Seeing is Believing

Now is the best time in the year to see what the soil in Idaho will produce. You will just be in time to see the abundant crop of apples and be convinced that Idaho is the banner apple State in the Union.

The following table will show how it ranks as an agricultural State:

IDAHO IS FIRST

Average Yield Per acre for the Years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, According to the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be on sale on first and third Tuesdays of each month during the year. Write for printed matter giving particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. BOCK
Colonization Agent
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
St. Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. October 4, 1910. No. 40.

The Social Pivot of the Age

Richard Braunstein

THE world is yet in the crude state of development. Physical feats are sought at the expense of mental culture. The spectacular is preferred to the spiritual. Justice is a pauper in the land of opulence. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" seems to be only a theme for the man who preaches. Social ethics is a study for the ministry alone. Advancement along social lines is yet in its incipiency.

That the old world developed along certain lines is no disproof of this fact. She gave to history an array of prodigies. They dwelt alone and companionless. They attained lofty heights but used the masses as a mere instrument of self-advancement. The social gulf between them and their contemporaries was too vast to bridge. They served the people for their power and deserted them when it was exhausted. They advanced in power and receded in virtue, and the great masses drifted on, neglected and unreformed. Their poets dwelt amid unpropitious environments and sang of the happy dawn of universal peace and the brotherhood of man. Their religionists oscillated so far toward the ideal that they lived out of vital relation with the ever-altering facts of humanity. So prevalent was the condition of master and serf that they came to look on it as a principle which had its origin and duration in the mind of Divinity.

The relentless hand of time continued to weave unceasingly until today the mouldering records of their history present varied but melancholy scenes to the gaze of the student. The Creator's purpose for man has been defeated so long by his ignorance until the earth has become one vast cemetery of nations that have passed off the stage of action into endless night, giving room to others that succeeded. Instead of developing men they erected monuments to despotic powers whose epitaphs read: "In memory of departed splendor." Their walled cities crumbled to the earth and the roaring lion of the desert made his lair in the sepulchre of their kings.

If the old world gave us the names of her great as a legacy, it likewise entailed upon us the most unfortunate impediments to the brotherhood; the term *enemy* with all its accompanying train of thought; the synonymous use of *stranger* and *adversary, barbarian* and *heathen* with all they imply. These were the most inpassable barriers to the social ideal.

Man's actions shaped his philosophy, and his philosophy in turn reacted upon his character, and became the satisfying justifier of his own position. Theodicy became his theology. He irreverently justified the ways of God to man. The belief in the unaccountable freaks of fatality associated the Deity with the perverse conditions of society and impeded individual and communistic reformation. The orators spoke of war, the poets sang of war, and the artists painted war, until it became the rule, and peace the exception.

The contemplation of the eclipse of the ancient greatness by the dark orb of barbarism may well fill the mind with a melancholy doubt respecting the destiny of humanity and the brotherhood; but when the eye of philosophy pierces the narrow horizon and recognizes the apparent retrogression, but perceives that the real course of history is onward, then confidence returns and hope sits serenely smiling amid the ruins of the classical ages. Mere duration of a world without the progressive march of God's purpose was not desirable, hence not permitted. "The Hand of the Living God" may be seen to have manipulated through all the successive revolutions, and fashioned society so far as possible to the Divine pattern.

The destruction of the great social barriers, though it often caused temporary suffering, has been the triumph of history. Greece surrendered the scepter of dominion and civilization to Rome, and the slavery of Rome was transformed into a Europe elevated, not to the ideal state of society, but to the conditions better than existed in the past. The representative of the divine ideal for society had come and had instituted a new social kingdom; a world where man was king, and the treasure of his kingdom was the worth of his soul. Contrary to other leaders, he made the people feel that the kingdom belonged to whomsoever would

enter, and they felt the stirrings of a new drawing toward national purity. The masses saw religious values for the first time. The supreme test for entrance into the kingdom was not a profession of faith, not pronouncing any *shibboleth,* but simple acts of social service done to one's brethren. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Such an ideal was not to be followed in an evil age only at great expense and personal sacrifice. The idealism for which the "First Representative of the People" stood was not that of a man who made his followers into victims while he himself enjoyed reputation and wealth, but it was the idealism of one sublimely innocent of selfishness ready himself to pay the cost of loyalty to his teachings which he demanded from others. Hence the tragedy of Calvary.

As far back as it is desirable to brush the dust off of ancient events, the supreme sin that crouched at the door of every age has been the breach of social obligation. Each nation reached its *zenith* by following the ideas of spirited leaders, and fell to its *nadir* through the neglect of the masses. The art of war, government, music and sculpture all received scientific and literary treatment. But for some reason no philosopher attempted a treatise teaching the youth how to carry his faculties so as to avoid injury to his fellows and secure for them peace, happiness, and success. Hillis says that "a man stands in a concentric circle. About him sweeps the home circle; and in a still wider circle his neighbors; and then his business relations; and finally his influence on the world at large." Everyone of these out-running lines thrills and vibrates with every motion of the man, whether related to his friends near by or to citizens afar off. A man's duty is not merely to hold himself from injury to his neighbors, but to treat him in such a way as will call out his best qualities, and to show him that he is an equal share-holder in life's treasury.

It is not what a man can do for himself, that counts in the long run; it is what he can induce others to do. He must make possible for others the ideals which he cherishes for himself. The thoughts that still move men to higher motives did not come from courts or classic halls of the learned, but from the shores of Genneseret; from behind the prison bars of Rome. Man's success in mastering all other arts encourages the belief that it is possible for us to master the science of right living. We may never be able the chronicle the exact day when the social pivot of the age is reached, but when the art of right living becomes a science and men become saturated with the brotherhood spirit, then it shall have been attained.

When the change comes, if it is for the better, for which we are all hopeful, it will be the result of keeping society conscious of its needs until it can be aroused to action. The evils of society will never be removed by simply crying down the conflicts that may be only a result and not a cause. The real task we have to perform is to remove the causes of the results we so vigorously decry. The industrial problems of today will never be solved by running down organized labor, nor by abusing the organization of the capitalists, but rather by giving to all men the facts that will arouse their innermost sense of justice and lead them to deal justly with their fellows. Because Christian sociology implies Christians; brotherhood implies sonship; and the ideal social life implies religious regeneration.

A REMINISCENCE.

An Experience of an Old Book Agent.

J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

AFTER canvassing a prosperous Iowa town, where two railroads crossed in the valley near the river, he started for the old town built on a fine plateau nearby, before railroads had come to Iowa. The two corporation limits joined. The towns were connected by a wooden sidewalk. There were straggling suburban residences all the way, on small tracks of land, varying in size perhaps from five to twenty acres. He was canvassing the intersuburban region and at the time the six o'clock whistle blew, he was on the front porch of a fine large residence, in conversation with the lady of the house, who with her husband was the sole occupant of the mansion. Having learned that the old town had no hotel, he asked for the privilege of staying with them over night, offering to pay well for the accommodation. She said, "I am not prepared to accommodate you." He replied, "I will not be hard to suit. I can lie on a sofa or any such place, and I ask for no extra preparation at meals, but an extra seat and plate." She said, "You can go back to the hotel." He replied, "I am an old man. I have canvassed all day and I am too tired to walk far." She then said, "I won't keep you."

Soon after he got to the street, the Standard Oil wagon came along. The driver took the old man in the seat with him, taking him up into town. There he directed him to a restaurant, where he could get supper and perhaps find where he could lodge. After supper the lady told a couple little girls (who were going that way) to take him to the home of the town marshal. When they arrived, there was no one at home. "We will take you to another place, where we think you can stay," said his willing little guides. This home had visitors and was full. The lady said, "I am sorry," and directed him to another place, which also proved a failure. The old man returned to the restaurant and inquired for the town marshal. He had been seen across the street some time before. One man said: "I think I can find him for you, if there is any money in it." The old man said, "No money. I can't find

any place to lodge, so I thought I would have him lock me up until morning." The reply was, "There is no place to lock you up but the cellar and it is full of rats."

The old man was then again directed to the home of the town marshal, with the information, "She is at home now." Arriving there, the lady said, "We were burnt out before we came here, so we can't keep you. We want to fix to lodge strangers soon as we can, but can't now." She then directed him to a small house in the southeastern part of the town. Arriving there, after dark, he found children playing on the lawn. He began to feel more hopeful. Being a pioneer, he remembered that the little houses of pioneer days always had room for strangers. But lo! an invalid lady from the country, taking medical treatment, was there before him, and they were full to the limit of their capacity. The lady, however, said to her husband, "Go with him to Mr. ——'s. I think they will take him in."

On the way over, the old man for the first time, let it be known that he was a minister, by saying "It seems a pity that a town with six churches in it can't lodge a minister one night."

Arriving at this last place—the man having retired—the lady said, "I would like to keep him, but our niece will be here tonight, and so we are full." The old man said, "I can lie on that sofa." She replied, "That sofa is engaged." The guide then said, "He is a minister and wants to pay for his lodging. Keep him if you possibly can. He has tried nearly all over town." The lady replied, "I guess I will let him have the sofa and make a pallet on the floor for the girl."

He was soon sleeping sweetly on the sofa, more grateful, perhaps, for his lodging than ever before in a strange place. The next morning he was invited to stay for breakfast. At the table he was requested to ask a blessing on the meal. This he gladly did and also upon the home and its inmates.

After breakfast he settled his bill and commenced in that home to canvass the town for the Inglenook Cook Book and other publications of the Brethren Publishing House. He sold something in almost every house he entered,—but made it a point to get out of town before night.

It is due to the lady in the *little house* (who requested her husband to go with the old man to find a lodging) that she told her husband privately, "If they can't keep him, bring him back and we will let him have our bed and we will sleep on the floor." Note, this was the mother of a large family, in a small house. Also contrast the young lady dressed in white, working at fancy needlework on the porch of her fine mansion; she and her husband being the sole occupants. Any one can see which has the largest house. God knows which has the largest heart.

When the agent made his delivery the next week, he could have found a number of lodging places in that same old town. One old grandmother, who bought six fine Bibles for her grandchildren, and as many other nice presents said, "I think the Lord must have sent you here. This is just what I have been wanting for some time." "All is well that ends well."

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL --- John H. Nowlan

When the shades of evening fall,
And the birds have ceased to call
From the treetops in the glen,
And the bat is flitting, then,
While Glensonsie's leafy trees
Scarcely rustle in the breeze,
From the thicket on the hill
Calls the plaintive whip-poor-will;
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor-will!"

Uncouth, shy, uncanny bird,
Only after twilight heard,
Why should Will be punished so?
What his crime is we would know,—
Was it only being poor?
Begging food from door to door?
No reply makes he, but still
Keeps on calling, "Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor-will!"

Though in distant lands I roam,
Far away from friends and home,
When the cares of day are done
And from sight has sunk the sun,
Then my thoughts will fondly roam
To the little cottage home
On Glensonsie's sun-kissed hill,
When I hear the whip-poor-will:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor-will!"

When my days on earth are o'er;
Time with me shall be no more;
When Death summons me to come
To my long, eternal home;
When the tangled grasses wave
On my lowly, sunken grave
May I rest where on the hill
O'er me calls the whip-poor-will.
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor-will!"

Glensonsie, July 6, 1909.

"The Angel of Crimea"

Dallas B. Kirk

FLORENCE, daughter of Wm. Nightingale, a wealthy Englishman, was born near Florence, May 12, 1820. She was named after this fair Italian city.

Lea Hurst, England, was the favorite home of Miss Nightingale. This afterward became the Mecca of many pilgrims. Her father also owned Embley Park, Hampshire, England; this grand old Elizabethan mansion was where Florence spent some of her youth and early womanhood.

Florence Nightingale first saw the need of well-trained women nurses, when they had some difficulty in getting a reliable nurse for the family. While yet a child, she was widely noted for her sympathetic heart, carefully nursing back to health every sick animal in the neighborhood.

She was an excellent classic scholar, and could speak German, French and Italian.

At the age of twenty-two she decided to follow her earnest feelings in trying to soothe some of the misery of humanity. While she knew something about the bad conditions which existed in the hospitals of England and the continent, after her visit and inspection of them in person, she was much surprised at the cold indifference and heartless cruelty of the men nurses, which she found everywhere. In those days the unsanitary condition of the hospitals, the drunken attendants and unscientific treatment made nursing the sick anything but the fine art it is now. After this tour of inspection, she quickly resolved to train herself for a nurse. In her leaving the luxury and social position of her father's household, to prepare for her life work, all England was scandalized. In 1851 she went to Kaiserwerth, Germany, and took a full course in nursing, under the Protestant Sisters of Mercy. Quickly eclipsing her teachers, she formed new and advanced principles for the modern sick-room. Her talent in this line was a broad one.

When the Crimean War started, England, much against the will of the English statesman, Gladstone, allied herself with France, Turkey and Sardinia against Russia. In the autumn of 1854, just after the battle of Alma, a wave of indignation swept through England, on account of the gross neglect of the wounded soldiers. The English government had decided not to allow women nurses to go to the battlefield, because this class was disreputable. The English army held almost no nursing provisions, while the allies had their Sisters of Charity attending their sick. The need of better facilities in caring for the disabled soldiers became so great that Wm. Russell, war correspondent to the London *Times,* sent this appeal to England:

"Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East, in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at the extreme hour of need ready for such a work of mercy? . . . Must we fall so far below the French in self-sacrifice in a work which Christ so signally blesses as done unto himself? 'I was sick and ye visited me.'"

Sidney Herbert, the war minister, became so thoroughly aroused by this urgent appeal, that he asked Florence Nightingale to organize a band of nurses. He thought she had the best training for the work. She accepted the offer and sailed with a corps of volunteer nurses for Crimea, landing at Scutari, Turkey, Nov. 4, 1854, when there were 2,500 sick in the hospitals.

The Czar of Russia saw the effect of the cold winter, and remarked that, "January and February would win the war for him." It was at this time that "The Angel of Crimea" appeared in the person of Florence Nightingale, who was to have authority over all the nurses, the assistance and co-operation from the medical staff, and power of drawing on the Government.

Her great work began at Scutari on the Bosphorus, the day after the battle of Inkerman. After this battle, wounded soldiers arrived by the ship load in the most horrible misery, and within the next few weeks battle and epidemic sent 10,000 more there. At one time 200 wounded arrived. The hospital supplies were to be kept locked up for three days, but not daring to wait on this act of official red tape, she commanded that the storehouse door be broken open and the much needed food and clothing were widely distributed.

The hospital was only a large barrack and lacked the things which a hospital should contain. At this terrible period Florence Nightingale stood for twenty-four hours, receiving the new arrivals of wounded, directing the nurses and dealing out the supplies which she had brought with her. She started a kitchen and a laundry, and rid the hospital of the vast accumulation of filth and greatly improved the sanitary condition. Her wise judgment converted the place into something like a well-organized institution, and she reduced the death rate from 42 to 2 per cent. Many times the eyes of the wounded and dying soldiers looked at Miss Nightingale as an angel of mercy. At one time the doctors and nurses under her left their post of duty, and it was only by her scornful words of comment, that they went back to duty like disobedient children.

Once, fever attacked her, and she was ordered home, but refused to go until the very end. Thousands thus owed their lives to her valuable aid.

At the close of the war a dinner was given to the military and naval officers and a vote was taken for the one whose service would be remembered the longest by posterity. The name of Florence Nightingale was on every ballot.

After the war she sailed back to England under an assumed name, thus reaching her home before the public knew that she had left Turkey. Queen Victoria



Florence Nightingale, Pioneer Army Nurse.

sent for this "Angel of Crimea," and thanked her in person at Balmoral. Each soldier in the army gave a day's pay to a fund of $250,000 for their benefactor. However, she gave all this money to found the Florence Nightingale Training School for Nurses in London.

As one of the results of her work, M. Henri Duvant, a philanthropist, after spending several months in trying to assemble a convention, finally succeeded in getting together in Geneva, a large number of delegates to an International Congress, the object being to extend the work of this noble woman over Europe.

This work was greatly hindered by the breaking out of the American Civil war, which was the most gigantic armed struggle in modern history; and nearly all European eyes were turned upon this upheaval. The organizing of the United States Sanitary Commission resulted from Miss Nightingale's labor in the East. Although she did not visit the United States during the war, she was in correspondence with the medical and hospital departments at Washington, D. C. President Lincoln reluctantly gave his consent to the proposed commission, calling it, "A fifth wheel to the military coach."

The primary credit should be given her for the establishing of the Red Cross Society, which is now a recognized auxiliary to the army in every civilized nation. She also gave freely her aid, by letters of advice, to both sides in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71.

Many poems were written in her honor, among them, we think Longfellow leads with:

"So in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
A light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

This poem did much to keep her memory green; for she was the first woman to follow a modern army into battle as a nurse.

M. Soyer, the Frenchman, describes Florence Nightingale as "tall and slim, and of fair complexion; her brown hair was worn quite plain and her blue eyes seemed to speak volumes, since they were always sparkling with intelligence as well as showing a sympathetic heart. Her entire appearance was always religiously simple and unsophisticated. Her conversation was gentle and amiable. She had shown the nerve of a Hercules in her great work in Crimea. And she was Rachel on the stage in both tragedy and comedy."

The books written by Miss Nightingale are valuable additions to the literary output of the last century. Her works command a high place in the reform literature of army hospital life. Her own wide experiences were given in her writings to the whole civilized world; and as such were greatly welcomed. "Notes on Hospitals," was published in 1859, "Notes on Nursing," 1860; "On the Sanitary State of the Army in India," 1863; "Notes on Lying-in Institutions," 1871; and "Life or Death in India," 1873.

To her own sex she wrote:

"If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness. Ye muddle-heads! Submit yourselves to the rules of business as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for he has never said that he will give his success and his blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work."

Of nursing she said:

"Nursing is an art, and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work, for what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit? It is one of the fine arts. I had almost said the finest of the fine arts."

Dean Stanley said of her: "A woman of commanding genius."

A recent editorial stated: "The life of Florence Nightingale has been an inspiration to countless men and women."

The full strength of her nature was freely given to the profession of nursing. She had great powers of administration and always hated shallowness and pretense.

The Crimean Medal which she received for the saving of thousands of lives and revolutionizing the system of army nursing, contained the words: "Blessed are the Merciful."

There stands in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, a statue of Florence Nightingale, wearing the dress of a nurse, with a nurse's night-lamp in her hand.

She was the only woman that ever received the Order of Merit, it being given by Edward VII, the late King of England. King George V sent her a congratulatory message when her ninetieth birthday was celebrated May 12, 1910.

Her health had been greatly shattered by the hardships which she endured for suffering humanity, but nevertheless she will be remembered as the world's most beloved heroine of modern times, universally praised and honored.

Florence Nightingale died of heart failure at her London home, August 13, 1910.

A strange sequel to her death happened when John Fineghan, an old soldier died Aug. 15, 1910. He had acted as Florence Nightingale's orderly in her Crimean hospital work. When Fineghan learned of her death he was overcome with grief.

Another coincidence was the death of Mrs. Ella Trader, aged 80 on Aug. 17, 1910; she was the famous American Florence Nightingale of the Civil War.

The offer of a public burial in Westminster Abbey, among the historic great of England, was refused by the executors of her will, as she wished a simple private funeral; which was held at St. Paul's Aug. 20, 1910. Mr. Reid, the American Ambassador, was present. And veterans of Balaklava, Inkerman and Alma, wearing their medals and Victoria crosses, were there —men gray and hardly able to walk, made up part of this solemn ceremony, which all in all was of a very quiet nature. Her body rests at East Willow beside her parents.

Rockton, Pa.

GOOD JUDGMENT.—No. 3.

S. Z. SHARP.

THIS number treats of finance. Not "frenzied finance," but that which is controlled by cool, deliberate, sound judgment—just what everyone should exercise. There is no temporal object for which the great mass of people put forth so much effort to secure in this strenuous age as that of obtaining money. True, there are those who aim at higher objects and do not wish to become rich, but money is such a convenient article that nearly everybody wants some of it. The number that controls the greater part of it is comparatively small, while the great mass of people remain poor or in moderate circumstances, although the opportunities to become rich are open to most all. The difference in the final outcome is mainly in the exercise of good judgment. While we advise all young people to be industrious and economical and begin young to lay up something for a "rainy day," we abhor the advice of the Yankee father who told his son: "In the first place get money, honestly if you can, but get money." Too many get their money in that way and we must not have any thing to do with it. Slow, steady, onward, upward movement is the right way.

The habit of obtaining capital by one's own honest effort should be commenced in youth. Those who have become eminently successful in obtaining great wealth, honestly and have been a blessing to mankind in the use of their means, have begun young and have started with very small sums, like George Peabody and Marshall Field. One can generally tell whether boys will become financially successful by the way they spend their small earnings in early youth. This may be illustrated by the case of two boys. One Christmas day, the writer gave each of two boys a quarter dollar and told them to spend it as they thought best. They both went along the street looking at the nice things displayed in the show windows and the younger boy soon bought what suited him. On their return home we asked each what he bought, and the older said he bought nothing because he saw nothing he liked as much as the quarter dollar. This he put in his bank and kept adding, till he had money to lend and now owns several farms and is stockholder in a bank,—all obtained by himself, on moderate wages and good judgment in his investments.

Boys who have large fortunes left them by their parents are usually spoiled. Their judgments are not trained and their habits are often bad, and the third generations of wealthy men usually die poor. Rich fathers and poor sons are like the elevators of a mill,—the full ones go up and the empty ones come down.

The reason why so many work hard and always remain poor, is not owing to low wages or high price of living, but to the lack of ability to look ahead, take

in the facts readily as they are, and in using good judgment in spending their wages. This is well illustrated in the mining camps and in many manufactories. An agent of a temperance society made this report after examining the condition of the miners in the great mining camps of the Coeur d'Alene. He said: "I found the men getting ample wages, earning from two to six dollars per day, but when the month was up and they drew their pay, they had very little if anything to get. The company owns all the stores and the saloons (which are many) and hires expert gamblers to carry on the gambling department, and turn the proceeds into the coffers of the company. A habit of drinking and gambling is cultivated so that the greater part of the miners' wages flows back to the company through the stores, the saloons, and over the gambling tables." There was one exception, however, a Swede, who neither drank nor played cards. He owned his nice comfortable home, and saved money, because he used better judgment than the rest.

An instructive lesson may be learned from the life and habits of Marshall Field. Born in Conway, Mass., in 1835, he began life a poor boy in a dry goods store, and by his steady habits, honest dealings and good judgment, became the head of the large establishment in Chicago which bore his name, and where his assets were estimated at his death at forty millions.

Boys can not all expect to amass fortunes equal to those of Peabody or Marshall Field, but by using good judgment in their boyhood days and keeping right at it, they can have a competence for themselves and be a blessing to others. They should begin at once to save their money. It is very comfortable to have a ten dollar bill in your pocket which you have earned honestly yourself. Try it.

MANY CLOCKS OF MANY WAYS.

THE first mechanical device for telling the time was the sun dial. Of use only on fine days, a substitute was necessary, and the sand-glass followed. Later came the water-clock, a curious device in use among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, and other ancient peoples of the East. This was the first approach to a clock as we now understand the term. It consisted of a basin of water set in some public place. At one end of the basin was a spout, from which the water dropped uniformly into a receiver having graduations for marking the hours, somewhat after the fashion of a thermometer.

The clocks of today do not surpass or even equal those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the wonder or beauty of their construction. Clocks are common things. Every householder has at least one. We do not have to depend upon the great time-piece of church belfry or of tower. Relatively, like everything else in this modern day, because of its common character, the clock has lost something in importance. Still the charm endures of creating unusual types.

For instance, in the very modern city of Chicago the spirit of the old clock-makers lives in the person of one Franz Bohacek, a native of Patzau, Bohemia. Twenty years of careful, patient labor have seen his efforts crowned by the completion of what is one of the most remarkable time-pieces ever seen in America. In it the maker has combined the artistic spirit of the craftsman of the middle ages with the accuracy of the twentieth century man of science.

Bohacek's clock, made up of more than one thousand parts, is two stories high. Its weights are so heavy that two windlasses must be employed to wind

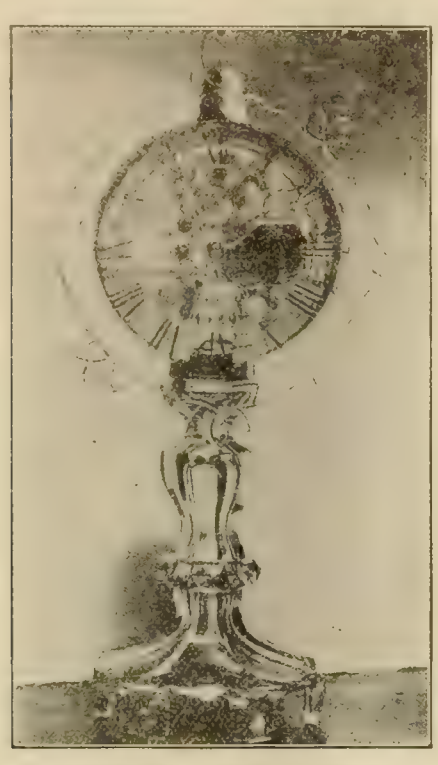


Glass-incased German Clock.

them up. It is a very elaborate affair altogether and yet every part has a specific reason for being. It has five dials. The first of these is that of the ordinary clock—merely for telling the time of day. The second also is for that purpose, only in place of twelve numbers there are twenty-four, somewhat in the style of the old one-hand Italian clocks. On the next dial the day of the week, the day of the month, and the month of the year are indicated by three series of numbers and three hands. The fourth dial, six feet in diameter, represents the solar system, with the sun in the center and the various planets revolving about. These celestial bodies travel in exact accord with the real solar system itself. The fifth and last dial marks time, in exact, or practically exact, harmony with the laws of astronomy. As every one knows, the year consists of

365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds. Each month, thirteen in number, has therefore, 28 days, and each day consists of 24 hours, 4 minutes, 54 seconds. On Bohacek's clock, a second, as measured by ordinary clocks, is 0.00341275 of a second longer. This is not precisely right, being in a day 85-100 of a second slow —a slight discrepancy, all things considered.

This clock has many other remarkable features besides those already mentioned. There are figures that



Crystal Clock, Built in Bohemia.

represent various events in American history. There are figures for all the Presidents of the United States, and one held in reserve. These figures appear at appropriate moments. This remarkable time-piece has many other extraordinary features, which lack of space will not permit to be chronicled here.

Another Bohemian, Joseph Bayer, a glass-cutter by trade, resident in the country of his birth, has employed glass as a medium for building a clock. With the exception of the spring every portion is of crystal glass. The three hands, hour, minute and second, as well as the apparatus for striking are all of glass. This clock is sixteen inches high.

An Italian, Sirió Tiburzi, of Fabriano, Italy, has tried his hand at a clock made solely of wicker work and poplar twigs. The dial, cord and weights are of wicker work, the remaining parts are of both wicker work and poplar twigs. The mechanism is similar to that of a tower clock with the exception of the striking parts, with which it is not equipped. It stands eight feet high and will run twenty-seven hours with one winding.

Another nationality and another sort of time-piece are represented by a straw clock of a German shoemaker. It is built wholly of this one material, of which several thousand pieces were used in the construction. There are eight pendulums. The mechanism is wound up by the pressing of a button, when it will run for five hours. The hands are set by means of another button. No spring is used. The weight of this ingenious bit of craftsmanship is seven ounces.

The flower clock, while not so novel as some others, is still a very interesting type of the unusual clock. The single floral clock of which England can boast began to run in the summer of 1907 and was started by the Mayoress of Bridlington, where it is located. Ten thousand plants make up the dial, which is twelve feet in diameter, set in a circular bed nineteen feet wide. The dial numbers, the minutes, and the fifths of minutes are marked off, each by a different kind of plant.

A clock in a bottle is the unusual device of a German watchmaker, H. Rosin of Gommer near Magdeburg. The maker took a strong movement with a cylinder escapement measuring 45 millimeters (1.77 inches) in diameter, and began by sawing the plate into halves. The opening of the neck measures 15 millimeters (0.59 inch), and in order to get these halves into the bottle another segment was cut of each of the halves of the plate. For a resting place of the movement a sort of tripod was constructed, which was put together after its parts had been introduced into the bottle separately. This tripod was made in such a manner that it cannot turn during the winding of the movement. He fastened with screws to the platform attached to the tripod the four pieces of the plate, side by side, using for this operation a long screw-driver and other tools especially constructed for the purpose.



Italian Wicker Clock.

The plate having thus been restored to its original form, all parts of the movement were put in their original places with the motion wheels for the hands. Furthermore, he placed around the neck of the bottle a ring, of white metal, upon which was soldered a round plate, completely closing the opening. Upon this cover was fastened the arms in an inclined position, these being intended to serve for the support of the dial. The dial is made of a ground glass plate, having a diameter of 20 centimeters (7.87 inches). The figures are cut skeleton fashion, and cemented to the glass. The minute lines are painted

in black. This arrangement permits the use of the time piece for a night clock by placing a light behind the dial. The figures, which measure 2 centimeters (0.79 inch) in length, are sufficiently plain. An arbor or a staff which passes through the cover on the neck of the bottle carries at its lower extreme end a conical wheel, geared in the motion wheels, by means of which the hands may be turned. Another arbor enters the interior of the bottle until it reaches the movement, where it is connected with it by means of a hollow square, reaching the mainspring barrel and serving for the winding.

The bottle is made of transparent glass, exposing to view all the parts in the interior. Its height measures 25 centimeters (9.84 inches), and its interior diameter 7 centimeters (2.76 inches). The whole is placed upon a disk, to which it is fastened by three brackets, two of which are shown in the illustration.

As to the biggest clock, Jersey City, New Jersey, claims the honor of possessing the largest specimen in America. It crowns a factory building not far from the terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The dial, which is 40 feet 6 inches in diameter, is made of yellow pine boards. Each board is 6 inches wide. The minute hand with its counterbalance weighs 640 pounds. Alone, the hour hand tips the scale at a quarter of a ton. The dial numbers are 60 inches high, and half that width. The dial works weigh 830 pounds. They are fitted with roller bearings.—*Scientific American.*

MISS MARTHA'S BOY.

THE pessimists of the village wondered how Martha Ames dared take the orphaned Curtis child. "He was just like his father," was the doleful comment, and his father had had unusual capacity for getting into mischief from his babyhood to the time of the accident that caused his death. But, with his recklessness, the elder Curtis had had that lovableness that so often belongs to the happy-go-lucky boy. The little child had this too. Perhaps that was one reason why Miss Martha took him.

"But," went on the croakers, "Miss Ames could be so comfortable now, why does she want to bother with a child?"

But any one knowing Martha Ames would think it likely that she would not be comfortable in her pleasant home if she allowed the child to be taken to the dreary county farm.

The last objection was that Martha was not the kind that seemed fitted to bring up children. It was true that Martha was a reserved and silent woman. Up to the last year, her life had been a cruelly hard one, and she bore the marks of its long repression and hardness. She was not one of the women who kiss and cuddle every baby they meet. Martha never touched the babies, but no one ever suspected how she longed to. If only she could have got one out of the sight of its observant relatives, she could have told the baby something of her tenderness.

Little Philip Curtis was still enough of a baby to be cuddled and petted. He was only four, and Martha kept him at home three years. After that he went to school, and then he was no longer her baby. It was with a mother's heart yearnings that she watched him trudge off to school. He would no longer be under her eyes every hour. What dangers might not lurk for him out in the world. He was such a darling baby, so loving and generous and obedient. She watched the little boyish swagger that came into his walk after a few weeks. She smiled over his big talk of what "us fellows" were going to do. It was all right. Of course he must grow up. If only she could take care of him until he was strong enough to stand alone. He told her everything at first, pouring out the day's happenings as unreservedly as he did when he used to tell of his advantures with Fido in the orchard.

She was never too busy to listen to him. She always had time to go out and see how high his kite was and how far he could bat a ball.

But one day Martha's boy came home in trouble. She knew it as soon as she looked at his flushed, troubled face. Her first impulse was to wait until he was ready to confess. Then she feared that he might have been in some mischief that needed immediate repairing. So she said cheerfully, "Come Philip, tell me all about it, and we will see what can be done."

"I didn't do nothing," he said, with a hint of sullenness in his tone. "It wasn't me."

She went on as if he had not spoken.

"You and I together can make it right, very likely, and you alone can not."

She drew him upon her lap, and he put his head against her shoulder and cried. After awhile he said: "Aunt Martha, won't you be mad?"

"No, only sorry," she answered.

"Bill Turner said his mama would spank him hard if the man came and told."

"You know that won't happen to you."

"I thought you might be awful mad. And Tom said you'd send me away to a orphan house."

"No, you are my boy, just as Tom is his mother's boy. If you are bad, we will both be very sad, but I will not send you away."

"We threw stones and broke a window. The boys said I did it."

"Were you throwing stones?"

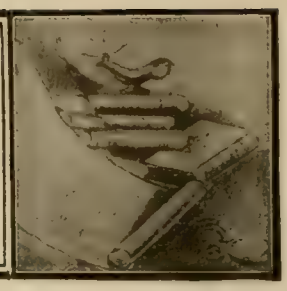
"Yes."

"Perhaps it was you, then. We will pay for the window. It will take the money we were going to use for roller skates, and we shall have to begin to save for the skates over again."

(Continued on Page 949.)



THE QUIET HOUR



A LIFE PRAYER.

Lord, grant my work may never finished be;
Let my tasks never be fulfilled, complete,
So that the future, stretching distantly,
Does offer nothing to my onward gaze,
That seems to lure me on through weary days.

Much rather let me always work for thee;
Reach for the next task ere the last is done;
To some high Pisgah-top wilt thou lead me,
And show the promised Canaan far below—
The boundless vistas where the soul may grow.

Lord, grant that life may never pall my taste;
Show me the glory and the worth of all:
Take from my soul the dreary, barren waste,
And let the sun shine on the rugged way
To change the gloom of life to brightest day.

Then let me die with banners waving high,
With blare of trumpets and with bugle-sound;
With heart all glowing and with battle-cry,
Pressing right onward in the thickest strife,
Passing from this to the yet greater life.

—Waldo H. Dunn, in Christian Standard.

SILENT MEDITATION.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

WHERE is the person that does not, amidst the activities of a well-balanced life, dwell at times in the vast dome of thought? Who can make the absurd protest that, in all his years of mechanical progress, he has never been transported from his material surroundings to sojourn for awhile with his nobler self, there to muse and ruminate, ponder and contemplate? And of whom, indeed, can it be said that he has received no benefit therefrom?

Meditation is needful. There is nothing that develops the mental faculties, that enables the mind to achieve greater results, than does close or continued thought. Be the person floundering in the intricate toils of the ancient classics, be he blazing his pathless way through the enigma of geometrical figures, or burrowing out of the complex problems of adult life; be he posing in the blissful arms of sweet reverie, enveloped in a mystified sense of contentment, with the breezes sounding hypnotic anthems in his ears, with all the charming pretties dancing and leaping before his visionless eyes to hold him in the grasp of the magical spell, and his own thoughts playing loving tunes of rhythm and harmony on the golden chords of his soul; or be he alone with the Bible and his God, where the voice of a loving Father murmurs over the pebbles of a clear and rippling brook, and the sweet odor of the rose on its bank is wafted to him as the perfumed breath of the Master in heaven, where he sees the dutiful Son about his Father's business, where he hears the tender call of the Good Shepherd to the lagging ones, where he feels the healthy tingle of his flesh as the Great Physician heals him of his infirmities, where his spirit is agonizing with the suffering Redeemer until great drops of sweat stand upon his forehead, where his soul thrills with the loving message from the Intercessor on high; he who passes through these cannot but emerge a nobler being.

We would explain meditation, in connection with an unsettled question, as: rounding up all sides; viewing a problem from all standpoints; considering a topic at all angles and in all its phases; approaching a contemplation at all points of contact. Finally there comes, to the unprejudiced mind, a clearer view, a fair solution.

But let us say with David in the last verse of his nineteenth Psalm,—"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."

DO YOU GET THE MESSAGE CLEARLY?

HAVE you not noticed that messages come in over the wires of your telephone some days far more clearly than they do on others? There are days when you hear only indistinctly. There is a humming and a crackling in the receiver which makes it very difficult to understand what your friend at the other end is saying. You ask for better connection and the word comes back from central, "We can not do any better than we are doing. The atmosphere today is not clear. The wire is all right, but the air is clouded."

This morning you find it difficult to catch the message from God's Book. Your mind wanders as you read. Listening, you do not understand just what he wishes you to know and to do. The words are not clear and distinct. It is a time of stress and you long to be clear as to the next step. What shall you do?

Just stop and think now why it is that the message does not come to you as plainly as you wish it might.

The wire is up. He is at the other end; you never have found him to fail; always he has been ready to answer every cry you sent up to him. No, the trouble is somewhere else.

How is the state of the atmosphere today? Is the sky clear? Or is it clouded by something which has crept into your life? Did you forget yourself just now and speak harshly to one you loved? Were you impatient when one of the little ones climbed up into your lap and begged for a moment near to your heart? Do you say, "I am too busy now, darling! You must wait"? Or, are you in a hurry to get down to the office, where a business matter involving many hundreds of dollars is waiting your attention? Does success mean to you at this moment only a few dollars more of money? Is Jesus to be kept waiting until all the worrying and perplexing things of the hour have been settled?

No, you are not ready to say that! It must not be! You can not go out into the world bearing this burden alone! You must have just a word from him or the day will be spoiled and lost. How shall it be done?

Go back and make the harsh word right. Take the little one in your arms, if only for one little moment, and kiss away the tears which came when you sent her away before. Let the sunshine in to drive out the things which make it difficult to hear what the Father is saying. Then you can go back and talk with him freely. Then the message will come into your heart strong and clear and your life will rejoice all day long. So the world grows brighter and better moment by moment.—*Edgar L. Vincent.*

CHRIST MADE MANIFEST.

In order to the manifestation of Christ to the world, the prime essential is complete consecration to him. To know and to manifest the power of his resurrection we must be crucified with him. Then it will no longer be the old, sinful self that lives, but the new and better self that is one with Christ. In the language of St. Paul: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." If there be this vital union with Christ in the heart his lineaments will be visible in the outward life. Character manifests itself in conduct. The life of a real Christian is clearly, though not completely, Christ-like. It is a life of service, not of self-indulgence; a life of love, not of selfishness; a life of humility, not of pride; a life of sympathy, of kindness, of patience, of loyal obedience and patient submission to the will of God. We can recognize the greatness of a noble musical composition even though it be imperfectly rendered. Even so a real Christian, though having many infirmities, nevertheless so renders the Christian virtues that they are planly manifest in his life. He is not a worldling. He marches to celestial music that is in his heart. His uniform may be ragged, but he is the child of a King and a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though the most perfect Christian cannot fully reveal the divine glory that dwells in his soul, yet even the most imperfect whose consecration and devotion are real are at least faithful witnesses. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The true Church is distinguished by Christlike deeds; so is the individual believer. Likeness to Christ is the rule, not the exception, among his own. His mark is on their foreheads, they follow in his footsteps, they do his will, in his strength they work the works of God.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

THE HELMET OF HOPE.

Our word "hope" springs from the Anglo-Saxon root meaning "to gape," as small birds in the nest do, opening wide their bills expecting that the parent birds will fill them. Compel yourself to persistently keep vision on the brighter side. "Your potatoes are rather small," he said. "Yes, but there's lots of them in each hill," the other said. "I am so sorry you are blind in your old age," I said. "But there are many things I did not want to see I don't have to see now," he said with a cheerful smile. You remember how St. Paul tells the Christian soldier to be sure to keep his head protected with the "helmet of the hope of salvation." That is to say, though the fight be tough, expect to vanquish; keep the fear of being vanquished out of your thought. You remember William Carey's motto: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." But the nerve for the attempting lies in the expecting. I have found that when I won't see the dark side, but will see the bright side; when I believingly expect, somehow the mists of my depression begin to break and the fair blue builds its dome above my head. —*Dr. Wayland Hoyt.*

THE MEANING OF PRAYER.

What is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God. To look on everything as his work and his appointment. To submit every thought, wish, and resolve to him. To feel his presence so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy. That is prayer. Prayer is that communion of the mind with God through which our will becomes at last merged into his will. The highest prayer or communion with God is a life of love.—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

True praise must grow out of the experience of God's goodness. We must remember in the midst of struggles of the day the morning gift of strength and ask a little of the evening grace of peace.—*Bolton Jones.*

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ERA OF FRIENDSHIP NEEDED.

Not long ago a man formerly holding a prominent position in the courts of our land returned from a trip to Europe where he had gone for a rest. In commenting on the attitude of that country toward the United States he spoke of the evidence of distrust he had noticed in that attitude. In his opinion this distrust is due to the "continual wrangling of our people. What we need here," he said, "is an era of good feeling. The gospel of friendship and fraternity should be preached and there should be less inculcation of the ideas of class hatred."

We agree with the eminent jurist that more friendship is needed among the people. That is, more real friendship. We would not want to see our country settle down to a friendship, or the semblance of a friendship, such as prevails in some European countries, which sets the bounds of the masses and stifles the expression of individuality. Before we can have the era of good feeling we must have that upon which good feeling and friendship is based—an honest understanding.

At least that is necessary in *this* country. In any case we can hardly follow the example of any European country in this matter, and no more can we expect them to understand us when we follow the way that our peculiar constitution makes necessary. In a family of lusty, independent and yet loyal children the expressions of good will and friendship are going to be very different from those in a decadent family where the children have had their lives marked out for them.

But let us all work for the era of good feeling that may be brought about by the way of an honest understanding.

THE "OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

It is gratifying to note the intense interest manifested by up-to-date physicians in preventive measures in dealing with disease. The outlook for vastly improved health conditions is promising. Time was when we looked upon the physician as one to be appealed to only when disease had gotten a hard grip upon us; it was the doctor's single duty to help us recover from sickness.

But that time is past. The physician of today is as much interested in preventing disease as he is in fighting it hand to hand. He aims to prevent disease from laying hold on us as well as to snatch us from its clutches. He would *keep* our bodies in health as well as *bring* them to health. That rhyme about the lean M. D. of Spotless Town is not up to date. The M. D. of the modern Spotless Town is as happy and healthy as the rest of the inhabitants and devotes his energy and skill to the work of keeping up the conditions which insure these results.

A few weeks ago two hundred experts on public health from cities in this country, Canada and Mexico met in Milwaukee in a four days' convention of the American Public Health Association. Typhoid fever, tuberculosis, proper housing, sanitation of bakeries and kitchens and the pasteurizing of milk were the subjects treated by authorities.

Of late the subject of the sanitation of bakeries and kitchens has been receiving a good deal of attention in Chicago and Dr. Charles B. Ball of that city read a paper on the subject. He predicted that the present generation would see the time when the food-making industries would cease to inhabit the caverns and dungeons of the earth but would carry on their work amid appropriate surroundings of daylight and fresh air. It was pointed out that cellar locations are not only undesirable because of the injury to the health of the workmen, but that it was impossible for foods there prepared to be altogether free of disease germs.

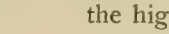
Dr. Nathan Strauss of New York in a paper on "Saving Children from Milk-borne Disease," made the statement that New York has set a new record this summer in the reduction of infant mortality. He proposed the pasteurization of milk as a method of preventing children's diseases. We quote one paragraph from Dr. Strauss' paper:

"When I first undertook to protect the babies of New York from milk-borne diseases by supplying pasteurized modified milk in 1892, the summer saw the dying of 6,612 children under five years, making the death rate per thousand per annum, 136.1. With the steadily increasing use of pasteurized milk there has been steady decline in infant mortality until the summer just ended showed only 3,900 deaths in a population of children larger by 125,000 than that of 1892."

Dr. Strauss spoke also of infantile paralysis—that

disease which at present is attracting so much attention. He points out that the disease has all the appearance of a germ disease and since it occurs among infants whose only food is milk, might be prevented by pasteurization.

We give these instances of preventive work to show what the present trend is in the medical field. With well-trained men to lead us, we of the laity should lend our best efforts to this wise method of eliminating disease.



ALTHOUGH it is far past the date we set when all recipes for the revised cook book should be in our hands, they continue to come to our desk. We are very sorry that so many who have it in their heart to help in this work should delay so long in sending in their contribution. They not only run the risk of having their recipes rejected because they came to us too late, but they run the greater risk of having them rejected because others have sent in the same or similar recipes before them.



MISS MARTHA'S BOY.

(Continued from Page 945.)

So great was his relief at the dismissal of his fears that he offered no objection at all.

The man whose window was broken had chased the boys, and then called after them a threat. Now that Aunt Martha knew that they were going to pay for the window, that terror was gone. He cheerfully brought his little bank and they counted out the money. And he immediately began calculating how soon his errands would earn him the money for the longed-for skates again.

The wrathful Mr. Jennings came after awhile to tell of Philip's breaking his window.

"Yes," said Miss Martha, calmly. "He told me about it, and we are going to pay you. How much will the window cost?"

Philip was a very little boy, but even he could see how much better it was that he had told, instead of waiting for the man to tell. And Mr. Jennings added a gruff word of approval for the boy who had come home and told the story himself.

"The next time you won't run away, will you Philip?" said Martha when they were alone again.

"No," said Philip, "I'll stop and tell him about it. Only the next time I won't throw stones where there are windows. Windows cost a great deal," he added meditatively.

But after that there was no fear of his concealing things. Sometimes his high spirits ran away with him and took him into extravagances that might easily lead to accidents, but he was never guilty of deliberate mischief. Where the elder Curtis had been a terror to orchards and gardens in his childhood, little Philip had been taught to respect property. A part of that respect came from the realization that "windows cost a great deal," for Martha had continued to ask him to pay for anything destroyed. Once, when he was older, she herself shared in the sacrifice and did without something she had meant to buy. To one of Philip's generous nature this was the hardest thing of all.

So Philip went on progressing to Martha's satisfaction, and to every one else's amazement, until he was fifteen years old. He was in the second year at the high school. Then one morning a neighbor came in with a long face, and a dreadful tale to tell. Some of the high-school boys had engaged in the most wanton mischief the night before. They had daubed the outside of the building with paint and had broken in and written class numerals about in various places. The mischief had been done by Philip's class, and Martha was assured that Philip must have been concerned in it. The authorities were naturally indignant and the guilty pupils were to be expelled.

Miss Martha's heart sank. Philip had gone out the night before and had been absent until quite late. He had asked to go to his chum's house, and she had never thought of asking him what kept him so late. If he had been guilty, this was the most serious thing yet. It might make a difference in his whole career if he were expelled from the high school now. Perhaps it would harden him and make him reckless. But when Philip came home it was with a serious countenance.

"It's a disgrace to our class that the fellows that did it won't own up and take their punishment like men," he burst out at length. "I didn't think we had fellows like that. It gives you such an uncomfortable feeling to know that the whole class is under suspicion."

"Oh, Philip! then you didn't do it?" cried Martha.

"No, indeed, auntie! I wouldn't mix up in anything like that. You've given me too much respect for the value of property. I was over to Joe's last night, and his father was helping us make some experiments in chemistry. He went up to Mr. Fane, and accounted for us today. So we are not under suspicion, at least. Some of the other fellows that were at home are all right, but there are fifteen that were out and they are under suspicion. It isn't fair. The ones that did it ought to own up and let the others out."

Martha looked at her boy—her honest, fair-minded, reasonable boy. She was thinking of his father. Perhaps if he had had a confidant who would have stood by him in his first boyish mischief, instead of repressing him and driving him to deceit, he might have turned out better. She had tried to keep her boy's confidence so she could help him in any time of need.

She smiled at him now. She was saying to herself: "I think his days of irresponsible mischief are over."—*Christian Standard.*



THE HOME WORLD



PURITY AND TEMPERANCE.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. —Genesis 1: 27.

IF man had remained pure as he came from the hand of his Maker, there would have been no need of a Savior, to redeem fallen man. There would have been no work for reformers, no use for us to talk or work for social purity. Now, what is the relation of the purity work to temperance? They are twin sisters, they must go hand in hand. It is argued that we are getting away from the great temperance movement by taking up these other branches of work that seem so widely separated from it.

My friends, we are getting nearer to it; we are getting at its very foundation; we are reaching the causes. The crusade that is today being carried on in the slums of our cities by scores of devoted workers is making startling revelations. How often we hear it said of all kinds of vice, of all kinds of disease, of all kinds of unlawful appetites, "Why, it runs in the family, what can we do about it?"

And so we fling wide open the door of the saloon because the love of strong drink runs in the families of some of the inhabitants of our cities, and villages. "And they will have liquor, you know, and we may as well have the license money." And then we think it a strange kind of providence that God allows more and still more to be born into this world with the same sinful love of strong drink. Based upon that love there are other unholy desires beginning "to run in the family," giving us in distinct, separate classes, all those whom the Apostle John saw in his wonderful vision standing outside the gates of the temple: "The dogs, and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever maketh and loveth a lie."

I believe in heredity, I believe that multitudes of human beings come into this world weighted down with a destiny against which they have scarcely the will, nor the power to contend. And in all this wide world there is nothing so pitiful as those of whom the Scotch say, "They are not all there." Think of the little ones robbed of their birthright; little ones, who in place of the precious heritage of strong minds in strong bodies come into this world crippled mentally, morally and spiritually. Now add starvation to this robbery, and you need not wonder that today in this great nation there is a class kept criminal and that grows larger and larger every year.

Physiologists say that neither a bright nor a good man can be made in a starved body; they also say that criminals are below the average, both in body and mind. A keeper of a large reformatory for young men once told me he felt so sorry for the boys, and especially those of the lowest grade, as many of them could not read, and a large per cent of those were not capable of learning.

Then to these add the one hundred thousand American girls who it is estimated every four years go down into the whirlpool of sin and shame. But these poor, degraded men are our brothers; these lost, sinful women are our sisters. No, no, not my brothers and sisters, you say? The bitterest punishment inflicted by society, the surest, the most unvarying and the most persistent is inflicted on women who have departed from chastity. The men who are partners in their guilt escape unscathed. All other crimes may go unpunished but the Magdalene is spurned and trampled on without exception. She becomes an outcast; she is at the mercy of ruffians, and even the men who have made her an outcast, who consort with her in her degradation, join in covering her with reproach and drive her to destruction. As long as this great criminal class exists no one is free, my brother; and as long as these hundreds of thousands of American girls are lost in sin, we are not free, each one is some mother's boy, or girl.

But are we in any way responsible for the present condition of these poor lost brothers and sisters? We know that starvation, the bitterest kind of poverty, is one great cause of crime. Years ago when Thomas Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt" and "Bridge of Sighs," he touched a comparatively new chord in the human heart, but that chord has never ceased its vibrations. Did it ever occur to you that the marvelously cheap rates on underclothes advertised by our great dry-goods stores mean that the women and children who are making them are starving to death? Did it ever occur to you that to the homeless girl clerk who

loses her place, there is but one place in the wide world that is open to her, pitilessly open? Did it ever occur to you that when the repentant fallen woman comes to Christ and he says to her, "Go and sin no more," unless she goes to the river there is no place to which she may go and sin no more? Did it ever occur to you that the only possible enjoyment these poor dwarfed stunted lives can have is the very lowest form of the theaters and dance-hall?

Women as well as men are but children of a larger growth and the child girl whose school has been the street, the theater, the dance-hall, the beer-garden, comes to years of maturity and is the woman of infamy. Careful students of philanthropic work in England make the statement that of the thousands of children used in the theater, there are but few who reach the age of sixteen without being morally ruined. Now how can such a girl ever be saved? She cannot obtain a position in a Christian home, and if she tries to sew, how can she live on the miserable pittance extended to her?

Did it ever occur to you that there is a great work here for the church workers, no matter to what denomination they belong? The W. C. T. U., the Salvation Army, the Missionary Societies, the Sunshine Clubs, have already done much, to rescue these lost ones for whom Christ died. Yes, thank God much is being done all over the land. Missions, and Anchorages are established to provide homes for such as wish to "go and sin no more," and almost all of those entering there are converted, and reformed.

In twenty-three American cities and also in London there is now to be found the Florence Crittenden Homes or Missions, with open doors into which comes the wandering girl of the street and none are turned away. These homes accommodate from forty to eighty girls, and were established by Charles N. Crittenden. The story is told of how Mr. Crittenden thought to start these Missions: his little daughter Florence had just died, and one night nearly crazed with grief, he was walking the streets late at night, when he was stopped by a girl about the size of his little daughter, and asked for money, with the excuse that she was hungry. He questioned her and found she was an orphan, homeless, and penniless, cold and hungry. He warmed, fed, and found her a home, but it set him thinking: Were there others as homeless and friendless as this little one? His search revealed such want and suffering as he had never dreamed of, and as he was a very wealthy man, he founded these Missions or Homes and named them for his little daughter Florence. Eternity alone will reveal the good done by these Homes.

But we must remember that it is the preventive work in this great field of purity that shall bring in to us the greatest and richest returns. Let every mother teach her sons the same lessons of purity she does the daughters, teach them that sin, in whatever shape it comes, is as much a sin for the boy as the girl. Let all the dear children be taught of the Lord purity and temperance. The fathers as well as the mothers must be made to see their responsibility. Will you, fathers, let your boy go through life, his soul scarred, and his will power weakened by excesses, from which you with your experience and example might save him?

Women owe much to Jesus Christ, and feeling and knowing this, are striving by every means in their power to educate themselves more thoroughly in the care and development of their children, striving to make their sons like unto him who went about doing the will of his heavenly Father. Without the aid of the fathers and brothers much of their work falls to the ground. We might cite many illustrious sons of consecrated mothers, but can also tell of many more poor broken-hearted mothers, because after all their efforts, and prayers, all the good home training, when they went out into the world they were dragged down and lost.

Who teaches the boy when he goes out from the home to smoke and drink, and swear, and to practice other vices? It is the men of the nation. Every father is directly responsible for the habits of his son. The mother lives her pure Christian life; her influence is for Christianity and sobriety; but when the boy goes out into the world, it is the father who knows the pitfalls and dangers for his boy. Does he warn him?

Men excuse themselves because they are in business and absorbed in care, but stop and take a little time for your boy; it may save a life-time of regret, and he is well worth the trouble. The atmosphere of the home which mother makes may "bring back the erring boy," but the influence and warning and example of the father will keep that boy from going astray. Fathers, also speak a word of caution, and show an interest in the moral atmosphere of the young men and lads you meet daily. Many books have been written on the subject of purity which can be made very helpful. The teachers in the public schools would be more than willing to help in this great work. What we want and what God wants us to have is a massive wall of protection around the childhood of the world; curfew to keep them off the streets at night and everything that tends to keep them pure. Let us flood the world with the light of God on this great work of purity, because "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

WILD MORNING-GLORY VINES.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Our soil is very rich, so vegetation flourishes wherever moisture is supplied. As every one knows, where crops will grow, weeds will grow more abundantly. Out in my sweet pea beds and down in the garden, in

the cornfield and everywhere, there are weeds. Most of those weeds are large, thrifty, stocky plants, which, having escaped the hoe, can easily be pulled.

But there is one kind which is not so easily exterminated. It is the wild morning-glory vine. They come up among our most choice and delicate vines, and are not very noticeable until they have almost covered the ground, and nearly choked the plants which we have taken much care to have grow. They are so very small, and they twine around everything so, not being particular whether they run or climb, but quite willing to accommodate themselves to the habits of the larger and better plants. First year we were here, I hated to destroy the dear little clinging vines. Morning-glories are beautiful too, so cheerful at the beginning of each day; so I just left the little vines wherever I could, and did not destroy them. But later I discovered they had completely smothered and destroyed the tame flowers where they grew, and no beautiful blossoms came out on the wild morning-glory vines. They were just a tangle of weeds, choking everything else to death, and bearing no blossoms or fruit.

There are some people like those vines. They do love their neighbors, kinsfolk and acquaintance so. They, of course, are *small* people in their way. They have no homes of their own (only rented ones), and you would not think of accepting their hospitality, realizing how poor they are. Should you ever partake of a meal at their expense you would remember it had been purchased on time, and their debts were so much greater than their income that they could never pay them all, so you'd know you were accepting that which belonged to others upon whom you had no claim.

But, failing to receive an invitation to spend a summer with you, they charitably overlook your neglect, realizing you were preoccupied, and invite themselves. Of course you will be delighted, seeing they once lived in the same county you did and therefore must be considered old friends. Or, perhaps there is unfortunately a distant relationship by marriage. So, when you are busy and carefully planning how to get your many duties performed and properly care for your family and a few friends during the summer, here come a few carriages filled with guests; for their family is not small, and there was a friend of theirs and her two children stopping with them, whom they just had to bring along, seeing she and her husband were not living together and she had no place to go. And then there was Jennie's chum, they could not slight her, as she had heard so much about your beautiful home and was "just dying" to come. They are *so* glad to see you. They fairly smother you with affection, and run all over your premises until you long for some quiet little hole in which to poke your weary head. There is no privacy, no quiet, and nothing else but clutter and din and you soon find that you are nowhere while your self-invited guests are everywhere.

Do they help with the work? Oh, no! There is always some place to go or something which they wish to do and you just toil away, exhausting all your strength to feed them, and they bear no blossoms, do no good. They are nothing but weeds. Then how very unkind you are if you do not seem to be proud of your friends (?), your poor, unfortunate relations.

I have found out by experience that if I have any sweet peas, I must carefully pull up and destroy every little wild morning-glory vine as soon as it appears while yet in its infancy. And there are some human attachments which we must not allow to be formed if we care for a home and true friends or for the esteem of worthy people. While Charles is yet a little boy, and Katie is in the first grade at school is the time to rigidly guard their friendships, and refuse to let them entertain undesirable acquaintances. Otherwise, they will later be found keeping company with those who never care for their own homes, but are constantly going somewhere; to the theatre, the races, the dance, the ball-game, *everywhere* except home. Who are always in debt beyond their means, and will impose upon you to the destruction of your own character and the annihilation of your own home, if you let them.

Help them, to be sure. Draw them into your Sunday-school if you can, and welcome them at your prayer meeting. Be kind to them upon all occasions and everywhere. But do not let them drag you down to their own level. You would not think of neglecting your own home to go bumming around with them upon the streets and in questionable places all summer, leaving your bills unpaid and your home duties undone. Then it is not right to encourage *them* to do so. The lovely golden rule requires us to help others to be and do, as we ourselves would choose to be and do.

THE ERA.

Ring out, wild bells, unto the clouds,
  Let toil and warfare have a lull!
Ring in the era of today,
  The greatest and most wonderful.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  To weary mortals and oppressed!
Let boards of health go rusticate,
  Let Woman Suffrage take a rest!

Oh, ye who erstwhile vied with queens
  And princesses of high degree,
Forget their deeds of valor bold
  And view the fashion plate with me.

And oh, ye men whose pride ranked high
  In Charlemagne and Bonaparte,
I pray you, hail these latter stars
  And marvel in your every heart.

Let Venus worshipers abound
  'Neath Grecian dome and Roman bluff.

But oh, my heart! and oh, my life!
They never knew our Lady Duff.

She moves, not as the Queen of Air,
With sylvan wings, o'er lily bed,
But rather limps in cramped-like guise
With monstrous bandage 'round her head.

We will be just; we pale with fear
The while she totters down the street,
Lest she should tangle in the cords
And silken puffs about her feet.

And likewise wish the while she limps
'Neath paints of peach and apple bloom,
That goods were added to her skirt
To give her knees more bending room.

How could our ardent, loving hearts
Do less than wish her all things good?
This angel of the world's proud fame—
Its present type of womanhood.

We wish her days, we wish her praise,
And health to pose, be sure of that,
And strain our nerves, and rub our eyes,
For lo, that gown! and lo, that hat!

—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger in the Johnstown, Pa., Tribune.

ABOUT PORCH CHAIRS.

GRACE W. CASTLE.

THE prettily-shaped hickory porch chairs, so much in use, last several times as long if stored during their season of disuse instead of being exposed to the weather. In these days of flats and bungalows many have no attic or storeroom and for such the following plan has proved a success:

Use the chairs as frames, padding them well with old comforters, or even worn-out underwear and old garments may be used, only they must be clean and soft. Use a coarse darning needle and twine in sewing the padding in place. Use plenty of the padding material in the seat to make it cushiony and comfortable.

For each chair make a removable cover made up of three pieces—front, back and valance—carefully fitted and sewn together so as to slip over and completely cover the chair. If the chair will be much used by children the cover should be washable. For a living room it might be of denim to match the other furnishings or a flowered cretonne is pretty for a chamber.

When the chair is again needed outdoors, slip off the cover, cut the stitches holding the padding—it should not have been sewn too tightly—roll together and put away until cold weather.

Elgin, Ill.

THE TRAGEDY OF NAGGING.

HE was the most engaging of babies when I saw him first, a little blue-eyed creature, all smiles and paroxysms of delight whenever he recognized a friend, his hands and feet going, his lips quivering, his whole body vibrant with the joy of his greeting. Everybody's sympathies went out to him at once. People from the big house never met him in his baby carriage without stopping for a moment's play with him, and every day the children brought him flowers and playthings. Whenever I planned a visit to the neighborhood in those days I thought of him, this little Peter Bright with his radiant smiles and his general air of gladness and delight. He seemed to me like one of the blossoms in his father's flower beds, for Bright, his father, was the gardener, an excellent one too, famous for his violets and his roses. Peter, though, was more charming than they all.

In the winter, of course, the big house was closed, and Peter was left to his parents. In the spring, when I went back to see him, I found him running about in short petticoats.

"Peter," I cried, holding up a small toy I had brought him.

There was no reply from the little lad, once so joyous and responsive. He was standing now behind his mother's knees wrapped up in her skirts which he had drawn about himself, at my approach, nothing but the back of his head and his shoulders being visible.

"Peter," I cried again. His mother shook her skirts. "Peter's a naughty boy," she said to me, then shook her skirts again. "Peter! Come out and speak to the lady."

Peter, of course, refused to budge. After a while from among his wrappings I discovered an eye peering at me, and supposed the victory won. At my first movement toward him, however—pop!—and his face was hidden again and again his mother informed me that "Peter was a naughty boy."

I heard Peter pronounced a naughty boy every day of my visit, several times a day, and every hour in fact, and for everything he did, or did not do, whether it was bumping his curly head against a table, tumbling over a rug, dropping things out of his high chair, or refusing to speak to me. Peter by this time had begun to believe that he must be all the disagreeable things that were said of him. He grew self-conscious. His charm vanished, his spontaneity cooled, and his sweet laughter faded into meek and fitful little apologies of smiles, shy as April sunshine.

Undoubtedly it was only a habit of speech with his mother, this "Peter's a naughty boy" so incessantly repeated, but it marked the limitations of the mother, who in all else was a good woman, caring for her son, keeping him clean and his clothes in order, and who in the bottom of her heart, though she never said it to him or to us, really regarded him as the apple of her eye.

A habit of speech is not unusual among mothers, more's the pity. Some say "don't" so often that they forget to say anything else. "What's your name?" a little boy was asked. "Charley Don't," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Mother!" said a middle-aged woman once to a mother who was eighty. "Mother! Did you know that since I was a child you had never said anything else to me, and for everything and anything I proposed, but 'Don't do that'? Suppose that I had obeyed you, where would we both be now?"

"Don't pay any attention to me, dear, when I say it. It's just a habit with me," answered this loveliest of old ladies, throwing her frail, thin arms around the neck of her daughter.

Yes! The very loveliest and sweetest of all old ladies, I insist, for who else among them has ever been so ready to confess her "Don't do that," as nothing but an unbecoming habit of speech? Peter's mother though young and wholesome, with nothing to do but allow the sweetness and beauty of her son's rare nature to unfold itself, would have found it no easy matter to confess her pet formula about "Peter's being a naughty boy," as only a habit of speech—a bad habit, too, one of the worst of which she could have been guilty, helping Peter to be naughty indeed, and creating in him so painful a sense of self-consciousness that he could never be natural again before me.

Peter is now a lad of nineteen, ill at ease before the people in the big house, avoiding them whenever he can, hiding behind stone walls and hedges when he sees them coming, so that by hiding he can escape the agony of having to take off his hat in good-morning. He feels, of course, every distinction drawn between him and the sons of his father's employer, and no wonder, since, as he says, he grew up with them. Yet an unfortunate early training ruined his manners, robbed him of his powers of address, and forced all the sweetness of his nature to express itself within the narrow limitations of an inferiority which an engendered self-consciousness made for him. None of it was necessary. Peter might have been brought up to take a place with the best of men. The opportunity was there. In this country of ours nobody denies to anyone else the privilege of rising in the social scale. If we are kept down, it is because we keep ourselves down; others, more prosperous, do not keep us, and cannot be blamed for our failures to rise.

When a child is taught to be polite to a visitor, to take off its hat, to answer when spoken to—taught to do all this and many other things because consideration for others should govern his conduct toward them—then the virtues of consideration and kindliness become in reality an integral part of the nature of that child. When these virtues have become integral parts, then they are unconsciously exercised, like the spring of a soldier to the word of command.

Who can deny that a child so reared takes a better place in life, and that he is made a contribution to the joy of those about him, not a drag upon their faith and patience? And after all, do not we who are older owe this to the children whom we rear—that we make it easy for them to express their best?

Peter lost his first chance when he was called a naughty boy for hiding in my presence instead of being told to thank me for the plaything I had brought. —*From "The Joy of Life," by Lillie Hamilton French.*

DENTAL ADVICE.

I WISH to say a few words along the line of dentistry. I find plenty of advice given as to how to take care of the stock, fruit and grain, but few are the subjects on the care of the farmer and his family.

Practising in a small town, surrounded by a farming community, I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

The farmer and his children often neglect their teeth; they seldom call on a dentist until they are compelled to do so by an aching tooth, and then five times out of ten, will run into town to have the tooth extracted. Many of them never bring the children in to have their teeth examined, consequently when they *are* brought in, it is a case of extract. So here is my advice to Mr. Farmer and his family:

Take your children to a good dentist at least once a year, and have their teeth examined. It does not cost anything for an examination. If you can not afford to have all the work done at once, get a little finished at a time.

Never be in a hurry when you go to a dentist; remember that dental work done in a hurry is apt to be poor, defective work.

Make an appointment for a certain time and day; the time will be yours. See that you are prompt and keep the appointment. All dentists prefer to work by appointment.

In the winter is the time when you have more leisure, therefore it's the proper time to have your dental work attended to.

Never tell the dentist what to do; simply tell him to do what he would like to have done to his own teeth,—the very best work he can do.

Keep away from the advertising dentists of the cities; they are the cause of more ruined teeth than any other cause. They advertise *cheap* work and that's what it is—*cheap* (but expensive in the end).

Have your teeth cleaned by the dentist, then buy a good stiff brush and some good reliable tooth powder and a mouth wash. Brush your teeth after meals.—*Farm Journal.*

RECIPES FOR THE REVISED COOK BOOK.

Boiled Turnips.—Peel and slice the turnips. Have water boiling hot, put the turnips in and boil about five minutes. Then drain the water off. Put the turnips back over to cook done with a third the amount

of potatoes as turnips. Season with salt, butter and lard, or beef broth.—*Sister Florence Hays Kline, Broadway, Va.*

Succotash.—Cook the beans with a piece of bacon for two hours. Then add to each half gallon of beans, one quart of green corn cut from the cob. They should be boiled dry.—*Sister Florence Hays Kline, Broadway, Va.*

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Break half a pound of macaroni in pieces, put into a saucepan with plenty of boiling, salted water, and cook until tender. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, chop a slice of onion and a small bunch of parsley and stir in the butter; let simmer until the onion is brown; add a pint of chopped tomatoes and boil half an hour; then take up, strain through a wire sieve, put in a clean saucepan and set over the fire to boil till thick, season with salt and pepper. Strain the macaroni, put a layer of it in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, cover with the tomato sauce and then more macaroni and sauce till all is used, putting butter on top. Set in oven to brown, and serve hot.—*Sister Esther M. H. Brown, Omaja, Cuba.*

Onion Salad.—Take six or eight good-sized onions, peel, slice thin and cook tender in salt water to season. Then put over them a dressing of 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 teacupful of cream, 1 tablespoonful sugar and vinegar to suit the taste.—*Sister Florence Hays Kline, Broadway, Va.*

Steamed Roly Poly.—Take 1½ cups of sour cream, or sour milk and ½ cup butter and lard, a little salt and 1 teaspoonful of soda. Add flour to form a soft dough as for biscuit and roll out into one large sheet. Spread over this stewed, fresh or dried, peaches, apples or apricots, without juice, and sprinkle with sugar. Roll up like roll jell cake and close ends by pressing dough together. Place in a well greased steamer with large holes in bottom. Set over kettle half full of boiling water and keep boiling for 1½ to 2 hours, depending on fruit. Eat with sweetened milk or plain.—*Sister Lizzie Shirk, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

Smearcase Pie.—Work your smearcase fine and salt to suit the taste. For each pie take 1 cup of the cheese, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour and sugar to suit the taste. Thin the mixture with sour cream. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon and bake without upper crust.—*Sister Anna Wise, Bradford, Ohio.*

Lunch Cake—Take ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, ½ cup of sweet milk, 1 egg, 2 cups of flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor to suit taste. —*Sister L. M. Funderburgh, Morrill, Kans.*

The Children's Corner

A NEW GAME.

"Now," said Charlie when everybody was gathered around the table, "let's play the vowel game father told us he used to play when he was a boy."

"How do you play it?" asked everyone at once.

"It's very easy," replied Charlie, distributing pencils and paper impartially among the family group. "You take the five regular viowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he can, using no vowel except 'a' in any word, but repeating that letter as often as he wishes."

"I don't quite understand," said Cousin Lucy. "Please give us an example."

"You'll have to give me a few minutes' grace, then," laughed Charlie, taking his pencil and paper. "Suppose I take 'a.'" He wrote industriously a few minutes and then read the result aloud:

"Ah, madam, Frank Farns, a tall, tasty, black man at Panama, has a cat that can catch all bad ants and bats at Nathan's pantry and barn."

"Bravo!" cried uncles and aunts and cousins, as Charlie finished reading the queer sentence.

"You see," continued Charlie, "you may give the players five minutes, or any time you agree on beforehand, to make up the sentence. When the time is up, the sentences are read and the one having the longest sentence of good, plain, commonplace English has gained the first point. You go on this way for each of the five vowels, and, when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game."—*The Comrade.*

IN THE ORCHARD.

When the fiery maples blaze through a smoke of golden haze,
And the early frosts begin,
Then we children have such fun, brisk and busy every one,
Gathering the apples in.

It was such a pretty sight when the orchard blossomed bright,
May-day wreaths on every bough,
While the petals fell below in a drift of rosy snow;
But we think it prettier now.

For we love the apples red, blushing, burning overhead,
All a-tiptoe for a fall;
Up the mossy trunk we spring, to the gnarly branch we cling,
Till at last we pluck them all.

On a windy winter's night, when the fire is flaming bright,
We will bring them from the bin,
And with peals of laughter glad we will tell what fun we had
Gathering the apples in.

—Persis Gardiner.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The regent of Persia, Azad-ul-Mulk, died in Teheran Sept. 22. The present Shah of Persia, Ahmed Mirza, is a youth of 13 years. Azad-ul-Mulk, who had been minister of education in a previous cabinet, was appointed regent when Ahmed Mirza took the throne.

Oscar S. Strauss, United States ambassador to Turkey, has induced the Turkish government to exempt all foreign religious, benevolent and educational institutions from the provisions of the Ottoman law. They now will be permitted to hold land. Three hundred American institutions are affected.

It is claimed the American Beet Sugar Company in the current year will show an output of between 180,000,000 and 190,000,000 pounds of sugar, a new high record and productive of gross earnings of $8,000,000 or better. Officials of the company expect that net profits for the common stock of at least $1,500,000, or 10 per cent, will be realized, comparing with 7.3 per cent in the 1910 fiscal year and with but 1.5 per cent only five years ago.

Mrs. Frances Victoria Sankey, widow of Ira D. Sankey, the noted evangelist, died Sept. 25 after a lingering illness at her home in New York City. Mrs. Sankey was born in Harrisburg, Pa., seventy-one years ago, and for the last twenty-five years had made her home in Brooklyn. She was married to Mr. Sankey in 1863, and for many years she was his companion on his tours of the country, when he accompanied the late Dwight L. Moody on evangelistic missions.

Four and one-half miles of the Panama canal channel at the Pacific entrance have been completed. The completed section extends from deep sea in Panama bay to station 2300, about 2,500 feet from the end of the Panama railroad wharf at Balboa. Between these points the channel has been dredged to an average depth of 45 feet, in some parts a little more; in others a little less, allowing for a certain percentage of fill which is being constantly carried into it by currents and tidal movements.

Although Germany and England lead the world in the art of map-making, it is doubted if they have ever produced a single map which equals in size and in the detail of its information the great map which has recently been prepared in New York City for the use of the directors of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The map, which is 35 feet wide by 45 feet high, includes, on a scale of eight miles to the inch, the North American continent from the Canadian border to Panama. Its special purpose is to show, in their positions and relations, the railroads of the country.

There is no cure for pellegra known to the medical profession, Dr. Frederick A. Baldwin told the members of the Tri-State Medical society in a recent session in St. Louis. He called attention to a case of the disease developed by a traveling salesman, 45 years old. He further scouts the theory that fermenting corn has anything to do with it.

Judge John E. McCall, before whom the Standard Oil Company will answer in federal court to 1,528 counts in indictments charging a combination in restraint of trade, has the power, in the event of conviction, to assess a fine of $30,480,000—nearly a million and a half greater than the memorable fine ordered by Judge Kenesaw Landis at Chicago. The cases will be heard at Jackson, Tenn., beginning October 24.

St. Louis grocers will ask their congressman to introduce in Congress a bill calling for a coin worth 2½ cents. This coin, the grocers contend, is made necessary by the increased cost of edibles. As the wholesaler advances the price on the retailer a half or fraction of a cent so must the retailer harpoon his customers to make a profit. With the present currency, they contend, the customer loses about 2 per cent on the dollar.

The Dutch interests of South Africa have been defeated at the polls. General Louis H. Botha, premier and minister of agriculture of United South Africa, was defeated by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Unionist candidate. The Unionists have shown astonishing strength in the cities. Dr. Jamieson is their leader. It is rumored Gen. Botha is likely to resign. A death blow has been dealt the advocates of dual languages and Africa for Afrikanders.

Sweden has solved the prison labor problem by the establishment of penitentiaries which are trade institutions to which criminals are sentenced in accordance with the trade which they are considered best qualified to learn or pursue. In 1904, the government prescribed that everything needed by the army, the navy, the state railroads, the postoffice and the telegraph which could be made in the prisons of the state should be manufactured there. The prison labor of the year 1908 amounted to 588,296 days, of which 247,787 were for the army, navy, the railroads, etc., and 340,509 were for the prisons themselves and private individuals. The revenue for the first category was 50 cents a day, for the latter 10 cents a day. In 1904, before the new organization of prison labor was introduced, the total sum of revenue from prison labor was not over $43,000. In 1908 it was over $150,000, showing the great economic advantage of the present system. As to the moral profit, it cannot be expressed in figures.

Sobriety is on the increase in all parts of the United Kingdom. One reason for the falling off in the consumption of intoxicants is said to be the increased price of whisky, due to an advance in duties; but when full weight has been given to this consideration the fact still remains that there has been in recent years a manifest increase in sobriety in all classes of the population, especially in England. The workingmen frequent more and more the coffee shops where coffee and cocoa are sold and where a palatable meal can be secured for a very small sum.

An interesting visitor in New York is Sir William Purdie Treloar, who served as lord mayor of London in 1907. The primary purpose of his visit is to investigate the methods employed in America in caring for crippled children. For many years Sir William has been known and spoken of in London as the "children's alderman." He is noted for his devotion to the suffering children of the great English metropolis, and especially the little cripples of the Ragged School Union. Every year he organizes a great distribution of Christmas baskets for the little cripples, and takes a personal interest and part in the undertaking.

The Cape Cod canal, which was begun on June 22nd, 1909, will have cost $12,000,000 by the time it is completed. The excavation is chiefly in sand, and no locks will be necessary. The bottom width will be 100 feet through the central portion, and 300 feet at the ends. It is estimated that 23,000 ships, carrying 25,000,000 tons annually traverse the Nantucket shoals passage, and that about half a million people are carried over this route annually. The canal will shorten the distance from New York to Boston by 70 miles, and it is believed that the major portion of this tonnage and passenger traffic will seek this shorter and less stormy route.

Announcement is made that excellent results have been secured from a series of experimental tests in making coke out of coal which it had hitherto been supposed could not be coked. These valuable tests have demonstrated that the coal of many fields will, after a little preliminary treatment to eliminate the impurities, make excellent coke. The United States survey has made, for example, coke out of non-coking Colorado coal, right in sections where Colorado metalliferous plants were importing their coke from Pennsylvania—and it is now stated by experts that a large proportion of the vast coal deposits of Illinois can be economically coked.

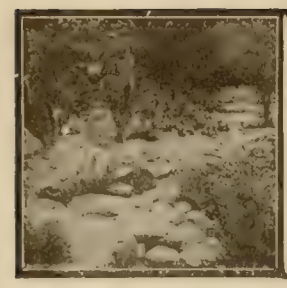
Dr. A. R. Levy, for twenty-one years rabbi of the Reformed Jewish Congregation B'nai Abraham, in Chicago has resigned to go to Hoboken, Ga., where he intends to develop a Jewish farming community, to show that although members of that nationality usually enter business projects, they can become good farmers when they set out to develop land. Dr. Levy's plan is to establish a Jewish community in Hoboken, devoted principally to farming. He has established a developing farm of his own, where the farmers-to-be can take their lessons in agriculture, and has obtained an option on 32,000 acres of land. The Jewish Agricultural Aid Society, of which he is a prominent member, will furnish the funds to those who desire to undertake farming under the direction of Rabbi Levy.

The increasing mortality among adults was emphasized at the American Life Insurance convention comprised of officials of western and southern life insurance companies which recently met in Des Moines. Speakers declared that the methods of eating were undermining the kidneys and thereby shortening life. The speed with which the food is bolted and the insufficient preparation of the food were the principal things criticised. The speakers pleaded for a simpler diet and the use of less meat, which they say, injures the kidneys to a great extent.

Delegates from at least 20 foreign nations will attend the first American international humane conference, which is to be held in Washington, October 10 to 15, under the auspices of the American Humane association, in connection with the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the latter organization. The program provides for several business sessions daily at the new National Museum, except on Tuesday and Friday, which are to be left open for sight-seeing. On Monday evening, October 10, a general public meeting is to be held in Memorial Continental hall, in the interests of child protection. On Thursday evening, October 13, a similar meeting will take place at the same building in the interests of animal protection. President Taft is expected to address both meetings. Arrangements have also been perfected for a reception at the White House.

The commencement of 1910 at Robert College, Constantinople,—that intellectual, moral and political lighthouse which a modest New York merchant erected on the heights of the Bosporus half a century ago—was of unusual interest and significance. It not only added another class of twenty-eight well-trained young men of ambition to the list of leaders of modern civilization in the East, but marked an epoch in the history of one of the most useful of all educational institutions. Robert College has been struggling along for half a century with limited resources, but hereafter, by reason of a legacy of between $2,500,000 and $3,000,000, from the late John S. Kennedy of New York, the trustees will be able to increase its educational capacity three-fold, add eight new chairs to the faculty, extend the campus and thus enlarge its usefulness and influence. The twenty-eight graduates represented seven different races—Turks, Greeks, Jews, Russians, Bulgarians, Roumanians and Armenians. They are subjects of five different nations, and seventeen of them are residents of Turkey.

Hugh MacKenzie, minister for public lands of Victoria, Australia, who is about to tour the United States to study our irrigation and land systems, is in Washington conferring with government experts. He will begin his tour accompanied by an American irrigation expert, Dr. A. F. Meade, who is the chairman of the water supply commission for Victoria. Minister MacKenzie is looking for settlers for Australian lands, and also seeking a number of American irrigation experts. The offers made by the Victorian government to prospective settlers on its irrigated lands are attractive. After buying lands the Australian government irrigates them, and then offers them for sale. Houses are built for the entrymen, and the government agrees to advance 60 per cent in cash of the amount spent for improvements and allows 15 years in which to pay the loan. In all, 31 years are allowed for the payment of the land. To take advantage of this offer prospective settlers must have at least $2,000 or $3,000 to buy stock, seed, etc.



NATURE STUDIES



TRANSPLANTING FRUIT TREES.

BENJ. R. CURRY.

In transplanting fruit trees from the nursery to the orchard, they should not be long exposed to the sun and air, but the holes should be ready when the trees arrive for planting.

The holes should be made plenty large, so as not to crowd the large roots and to furnish plenty of loose ground for the hair or fiber roots; also dig the holes a little deeper than you expect to plant your trees, so that when you begin throwing soil around the roots you can slightly jerk up on the tree until it is about two or three inches in depth deeper than it was when it was growing in the nursery. This jerking will cause the soil to sift through the roots and fill up between and underneath them better than most any other way.

Before placing the tree into the hole remove all broken roots and branches with a sharp knife, also cut the ends of the roots back to clean healthy wood, cutting on underneath side so cut place will be down against the ground. This helps to start the root growth. The fiber or hair roots occupy the relation to the roots that the leaves do to the branches; they die and are succeeded by another lot yearly.

Next cut the top of the tree back to even up for the loss of roots.

Now place the tree in the hole, spreading out the roots properly, and fill in with surface soil which is free from grass, leaves, trash, etc., being sure to get the soil firmly around the roots and pressed well down with the feet.

After trees are set they should be mulched for two or three feet out with coarse manure. This prevents the soil from drying out and is much better than watering. Never put any manure in the holes; it causes decay.

As to the time of setting, it all depends on the season. I have always thought that fall planting was best here, because we most generally have more rains in the fall, which causes the dirt to settle more firmly around the roots and when spring comes they start off immediately to growing.

Young, healthy stock is much superior to and more sure of living when transplanted than old or very large trees.

SOME BIRD ORPHANS.

June 12, 1909, a junior member of the Audubon Society brought me a little rusty-looking bird, fully feathered, but perfectly helpless. The boy said he found him near the river, and his father said it was a young Crow, and wanted to have it killed. I could not say what sort of a bird it was; but it was a bird, and must be cared for. He was too young to take food, and for many days I was obliged to force open his bill and feed him. Slowly he grew, and learned to take food. In July, his feathers began to change; his head became a beautiful blue, and the wings and tail an iridescent purple and I knew that it was a Bronzed Grackle. He then ventured to fly on the limbs of a tree near the door, but came at my call at any time, walking in and out at his pleasure during the day, and never failing to come in early each evening, to be put to bed in his cage. If I went out he followed me like a dog, and I was obliged to steal out to go on the street.

It would fill many pages were I to recount the amusing things he did during the day. One of his favorite places was a shelf in the kitchen on which stood a clock and a number of other things which interested him very much. He would work with great energy until the clock door was opened, and then watch the pendulum go back and forth. Among the things on the shelf was a basket filled with balls of cotton and other material for mending; all these he threw on the floor, one by one, and, when the basket was empty, he sat in it seemingly much pleased with his new bed. Often, when I was at dinner, he would sit on my shoulder and watch, and in a moment his bill would be in my ear and he would fairly shout. At breakfast, he generally sat in my lap and had his share of toast and coffee, drinking the coffee from a teaspoon.

It has been said that the Grackle is fond of corn, and does considerable damage to corn-fields. I experimented with cracked corn, green corn, boiled corn, canned corn, and corn in all shapes, but he would have none of it; but a nice fat berry bug or a succulent spider was never refused. He would not touch any sort of fruit, but a cracker, a bit of cake, or a little roasted or boiled meat were eaten with a relish. Sometimes he would fly on my shoulder and put his bill in my mouth, to force it open, and then examine my teeth,

to see if they were firm—not a very pleasant proceeding when I thought of the berry bugs and spiders! As the summer advanced, he took long flights to the woods, and at times was gone for hours; but he always returned to his home, and came to my hand at my call anywhere. When the leaves began to turn, I expected him to go southward; but September came and passed, and he seemed to have no thought of going. October 18, in the morning, he seemed restless, and finally flew away, and as it had grown quite cold, I felt sure he had migrated. October 22, he returned, and came to the window to be let in out of the cold, and when I went out he flew to my shoulder and expressed his joy in every possible way. He remained here until October 25, when, after spending Sunday and the night in the house, he winged his way southward, leaving a lonely feeling and the hope to see him again in the spring.

Among the other bird orphans brought to me by children, were two Flickers. They were most beautiful but I was at a loss to know how to raise them. I could not put them in a cage, so I set up dead limbs of trees in an empty room and found this worked to perfection. To find the right kind of food was another puzzle, but at last I found bananas to be the thing; in fact, one of them was raised entirely on bananas, while the other would eat boiled veal, strawberries, cherries, and boiled green peas. The intelligence of these little creatures was wonderful. They soon learned to know my step, and would call loudly when they heard me come up the stairs, and the moment I opened the door one would be on my head or shoulder. Often in the night, I was awakened by their talking in their sleep. This I never observed in any other bird. When they learned to eat from a dish, I would set the food on the floor and leave the door ajar, to peep in to see the two little ones eat, and hear them talk to each other as if they were pleased with their bill-of-fare.

A little Bank Swallow ought also to be mentioned. A boy brought one to me when it was so small that I could not see its bill without glasses, and it seemed almost impossible to force it open and feed it; but the little thing was so bright and cheerful that it was worth any amount of trouble to raise it. I had made arrangements to go to the Catskills three days after it was brought to me, and took it with me, feeding it on the train and boat. As it grew older, I found the diet of bread, milk and eggs would do no longer so engaged children to help catch flies. In one afternoon my tiny swallow consumed eighty-five large flies, which shows what a large number of insects they destory.—*Miss L. H. Schroeder, in Bird-Lore.*

THE MINK FAMILY.

THE Minks are a very fine family. Some of their cousins are called Sables, and others Ermines, and all have plenty and costly clothes. The mother Mink is a beautiful brown creature, with a very long tail, about as large as an English hare, quite slender and graceful.

All the Minks and Martens wear two fur coats, one above the other. The under one is short and woolly and sticks close to the skin, keeping its wearer warm in coldest weather, and dry in deepest water. The outer coat has long, glossy hair, which throws off the rain, as does the thatch of a cottage.

When our boys and girls want to bathe in the sea they must take lots of trouble, wear a special bathing-dress, and be careful not to take cold.

The little Minks and Martens and their numerous cousins can spend as much time as they please in the water. Their costly fur dresses can stand all sorts of mud and dirt and wear. All they have to do when tired of their bath is to shake themselves and run about in the sunshine.

These happy little people live on fish and have great fun in catching them. Minks are easily tamed and become much attached to those who caress them. When irritated or alarmed they throw off a somewhat unpleasant odor.—*The Sunbeam.*

THE TIDY ANTS.

No creature is more tidy than an ant, who can not tolerate the presence of dirt on her body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. No less an authority than Dr. McCook says their toilet articles consist of coarse and fine-toothed combs, hair-brushes, sponges, and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are their sponges. Their combs, however, are the genuine article and differ from ours, mainly, in that they are fastened to their legs. The ants have no set time for their toilet operations, but stop and clean up whenever they get soiled.—*St. Nicholas.*

STRANGE FISHES.

THERE is a fish in India which can climb. Therefore it is called the climbing perch,—though, in point of fact, it is not a perch at all, according to the marks of our American perch.

This singular creature has a little cistern of water in its head, so that the awful droughts which often afflict its native country have no terrors for it. When the little fresh-water pool in which it lives dries up in the summer, as it often does for days or even weeks at a time, this queer fish stays alive by means of the water in its head. "Water on the brain," which kills human beings, keeps the climbing perch alive.

"But," you ask, "why it is called a 'climbing perch'?"

Because it can walk by means of its lower fins; and it can also hitch along by means of its side fins.

Sometimes when its home-pool dries up, it burrows into the mud and lies there torpid until the rains refill its little lake.

Others seem to prefer to shuffle along overland until they find another pool.

It used to be said that these fishes climbed cocoanut palm trees in quest of the milk. One reliable witness testified that he caught one on the stem of a tree five feet from the ground.

Another strange fish is the mud-skipper of Burmah and West Africa. It can stay in water only a little while at a time, or else it will drown. On the other hand, it cannot stay long on the land. It seems to be compelled to take a dip in the river once in every few minutes.

These fish have queer, telescopic eyes, which they poke out of their heads and turn about in a truly startling way. On the whole, they look more like tadpoles than fish.

When they are tired they prop themselves up on their fins much as a man rests his elbows on a table.—*Christian Herald.*

GOOD AND BAD HIGHWAYS.

After an automobile trip of 6300 miles through fifteen States in April, May and June, R. W. Dean of Michigan thinks he knows something about the roads. Anyway, he writes:

The thing that struck me most forcibly on our extended tour, was the exceptionally better conditions of the roads in the East over those in the West. Naturally, they would be better, owing to the fact that the country is older.

Progressing east from Detroit, we began to see more of the macadam road as we got east of Cleveland. From there on to Boston, one could readily realize that millions had been spent on making these highways what they should be. Massachusetts, apparently, aside from the macadam, has found it advantageous also to use oil. This State exceeds all others in this respect.

West of the Mississippi, the organization for the improvement of roads has not reached the perfection that prevails in the East, with the exception, I might say, of Iowa. In this respect Iowa exceeds any of her neighboring sister States. The great river to river road from Council Bluffs to Davenport is as fine a piece of highway as one would care to travel over.

Not only is the road itself quite perfection, but no traveler need fear of wandering from it. At a distance of every quarter of a mile, white sign posts have been placed all along it. When the road turns, a hand pointing its direction stands ready to direct the wayfarer. Aside from this sign post road, one finds nearly all the roads in excellent condition.

There is no doubt in my mind that a great deal of credit for such highways should be given to the man who invented the King drag. Iowa farmers are more skilled in the use of this small drag than contemporaries in other States. There are few sections of the entire country over which we traveled where this drag could not be used to good advantage. We must, of course, eliminate sections where gumbo soil prevails, as in Kansas and Iowa.

In the treatment of gumbo soil for the purpose of making good roads that will stand for all seasons of weather, it will be absolutely necessary to haul in gravel and make a completely hard surface, observing, of course, the grading necessary to obtain good drainage.

Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa are reaping a certain amount of good through a law that allows each farmer 50 cents for dragging the road a distance of one mile and back. This puts the roads in fairly good condition. Michigan, Indiana and Illinois could well benefit by the example set by the three Western States mentioned, in the use of the drag. In fact, in some places it would seem that this valuable implement had been entirely overlooked. As a result, in dry weather the roads are exceptionally rough and sandy, and in rainy weather, long stretches of mud puddles.

The Eastern States deserve great praise, too, for one other thing, and that is the use of the sign board. One need not fear to travel most anywhere without a road guide. Hands and various other devices point the direction to the traveler.—*Farm and Home.*

Between Whiles

First Professor—That man has been signally honored by many colleges.

Second Professor—I should say so. He has been given enough degrees to qualify him for a first-class thermometer.

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning, said:

"In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden, and paused to say:

"Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—Selected.

Related to Both.—A tired Irish laborer got on a crowded train one day. He looked around and seeing an Englishman with a dog sitting beside him, decided to have the dog's seat. He approached the Englishman: "It's a fine dog ye hive there'n." The Englishman said nothing, only stuck his nose higher in the air. "And what breed may he be?" asked the Irishman.

"He's a cross between an Irishman and a skunk," snapped the dog's owner.

"Sure, thin," replied the Irishman, "he must be relation to the both of us."—Miss Leonna Shipley.

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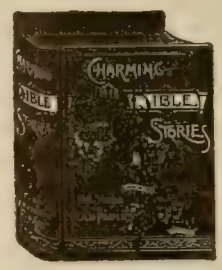
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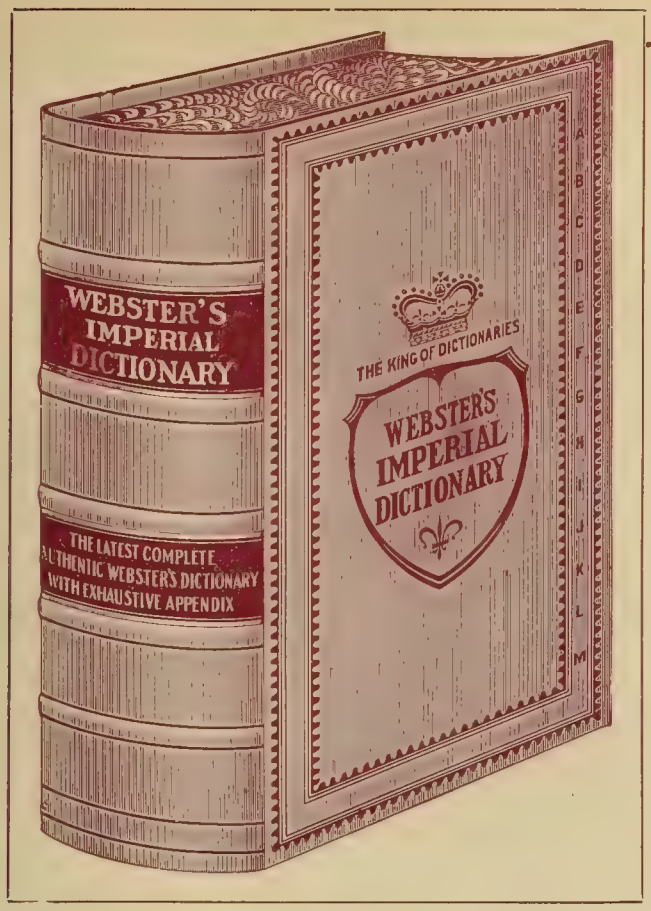
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the raw material from which our pork, beef, mutton, poultry and milk are made, and through it the lands can be enriched to grow 20 to 25 tons of sugar beets to the acre.

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" One acre of irrigated alfalfa will feed one steer 400 days.

" One hundred and sixty acres of irrigated alfalfa will maintain 1,600 sheep one year or 160 steers, and prepare them for market."

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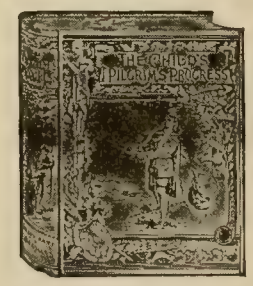
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Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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THE INGLENOOK

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The Star-Spangled Banner

John W. Wayland

Some notes and observations concerning our national flag and our national anthem.

THIS is not a connected history or story or anything. It is merely a brief collection of facts, relating to the flag and the anthem, that have been interesting to me. I trust a recital of them may not be altogether without interest to others. They have been gathered from experience and observation rather than from books; but this fact, I hope, will not make the others unwelcome.

I have heard it said that one of the most striking things about American national anthems is that Americans don't know them. However this may be, I must confess that it was a long time before I knew the "Star-Spangled Banner," which is our leading national song. Really, I am not so sure that I could sing it all through now, without the book; but I could at least get through the first stanza or two. As I said, however, it was a long time before I knew any of it, or had ever heard it sung. Boys and girls now in school have much the advantage over those who were tugging away at fourth readers and copy books twenty-five or thirty years ago. As a boy I often read "America," and by and by came to know the tune to it; but the "Star-Spangled Banner" still remained only a name to me, though I finally came to learn the story of its birth.

One day some years later, I happened to be in the city of Baltimore, and a friend took me out to old Fort McHenry. As I walked about over the wide earthen embankments, pierced here and there with the black muzzles of great cannon, and looked out over the broad waters of the Patapsco River, that wash the base of the surrounding walls, I recalled the fact that it was here the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written. Francis Scott Key, a citizen of that part of Maryland that is now in or near the District of Columbia, was a prisoner on one of the British ships when, on September 13, 1814, they came sailing up the Patapsco and began to bombard Baltimore. Fort McHenry stood in the way. Its guns defended the harbor of the city, and kept up a brisk reply to the British charge of fire till evening, and into the night till one o'clock. Key, still a prisoner on one of the British ships out on the water, watched with anxious eyes to see how his countrymen would bear themselves. As long as he saw the bombs rising and falling in their arcs of great flaming circles he knew that the garrison of Fort McHenry still held out, and that the flag of his young country was still flying above the ramparts, though hid in the darkness.

"And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

But when the roar of the guns ceased at one o'clock, and the darkness remained unbroken by a single bursting shell, his heart sank. Did the banner still wave, or had it been lowered in surrender to the invader?

"Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

This was the question he asked himself, as he strained his eyes through the dark night.

Finally the first beam of dawn stole across the rippling waters, and fell upon the vague outline of the fort. The mist lifted a little more, and the light sprang after it. The flagstaff, tall and straight, like a sentinel of earth and air, mounted into the sky, and held aloft a great flag. The quivering shafts of light fell thicker on field and bar—and upon the stars that seemingly had leaped from the blue above to the blue below. It was the star-spangled banner!

"Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

And so, on the troubled waters about old Fort McHenry the spirit of song hovered through the darkness and into the dawn; and thus our national anthem had birth.

A few weeks after I had been at Fort McHenry I was riding on a trolley car through Washington and Georgetown, going to Arlington, when I passed the house where Key lived. As well as I remember, it was a small, unpretentious building, of brick or stone, set squarely out against the pavement. It bore a sign

telling in a word or two that it had been the home of the author of our great national song.

At nine o'clock one morning last July I was at the entrance of the national museum in Washington City, just as the doors opened to visitors. I had only a few minutes to stay, because I wanted to take the ten o'clock boat to Mount Vernon. As I looked hastily at this and that among the countless relics that catch the visitor's eye, I paused before a huge glass case against the wall and read a card inside, tacked to an expanse of faded, torn cloth. It was the original Star-Spangled Banner! Not the one Betsy Ross had made, but the one that had floated over Fort McHenry that September night of 1814, when Scott Key wrote the song. It is faded, stained, and torn; but it is still star-spangled, broad-striped, and altogether huge: thirty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet wide: large enough to cover the side of a small barn; large enough in 1814 to cover Baltimore. If I remember correctly, the stars are white (like the stars of heaven), set in a blue field, and are perhaps a foot each in diameter. The long stripes are about a foot wide.

"Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming."

Never before had I so fully felt the meaning of those words. They were, indeed, "broad stripes," and stars that once were bright.

With me were a half-dozen young women—students, teachers in our country's schools, who are perhaps now teaching words and song and sentiment to hundreds of boys and girls. We gathered in a close group about the tattered old flag, and sang the song. I doubt whether anything of like sort had been done in that place before. The relics of other people and other days possibly trembled a little with indignation at our temerity, but we sang the song nevertheless,—we sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," gazing the while upon the tattered folds of the once proud flag that bade defiance to foreign foe while it inspired a song upon American lips. I had heard the anthem played by Victor's Royal Venetian Band once, and by the famous United States Marine Band the evening before, while all the vast audience rose and stood with uncovered heads; but to me there was more real inspiration in that moment when the morning silence in the Museum was broken, in the presence of the old flag itself, by those half-dozen singers that went thence to the schools, bearing an image in the eye and a quickened feeling in the soul to the boys and girls of our land, the future hope of the nation.

Harrisonburg, Va.

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

H. D. MICHAEL.

WHILE pulling the crosscut saw from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M., in the woods all alone, it seems continually to sing me a song. "Keep busy," "keep busy," "keep busy," it seems to say, and while sawing I muse upon what it is at which I should keep busy.

"Keep busy," or the number of logs will not be as high as it should. "Keep busy," thinking how best to samson and wedge the logs to leave no waste by splitting.

Ever "keep busy," planning how best to work to the employer's benefit in all things, or one will not be worthy of that desired promotion, or raise in wages.

"Keep busy," that when evening comes and you lie down to rest, you can feel that pleasure that comes from a task well done.

Then, too, there came to mind the other places one should "keep busy." "Keep busy" (even while at work, if it is of a nature that you can), thinking of plans by which you may help and strengthen your Sunday-school and Christian Workers' meeting; also of that sermon you should preach. It may not be from the pulpit, but each one by his life and by words fitly spoken day by day may preach more eloquent sermons than many heard from the pulpit. Always "keep busy," thinking of the kind words we may speak. Then speak them; do not let them die on your lips.

At the business of the One we serve, we should always "keep busy," that we may be worthy of those longed-for words, "Come up higher."

To include it all, we should "keep busy," trying our best to fulfill the mission for which we were sent into the world. God has always chosen busy people for his special service. Moses, Gideon, the Twelve and Paul were all of that stamp. We all desire to be one of God's chosen; then let us "keep busy," to become worthy of his call. Then, too, "keep busy," or the saw will not sing.

Myrtle Point, Orc.

ROCKY FORD CHERRIES.

FURMAN R. CLINE.

AMONG the great, great States of the great United States there is the great, great State of Colorado and in this great State of Colorado there are a great many interesting sights to which thousands of tourists come each summer, not only to avoid the hot summer months at home but also to take back with them a little of the inspiration and activity which they assimilate through their contact with this progressive people.

Should the easterner choose his route by one of the southern railroads no doubt he would be carried away by the golden fields of grain on the sunny plains of

Kansas as well as the historical places made famous by our forefathers, but his thoughts of the past would vanish into oblivion upon reaching the famous Arkansas valley of Colorado when his eyes beheld the equal to the home of Adam and Eve and the beautiful garden of Eden.

His imagination being unable to carry him beyond the actualities surrounding him, Rocky Ford would have to be the Omega of his journey; not only would the luscious canteloupe and watermelon, basking in the sunshine, entice him to prolong his stay for several weeks, but the big, red, round, smiling cheeked cherry would be a good entertainer until his curiosity was aroused as to the market and method of their disposition and this could easily be satisfied upon a visit to the Bartow Consolidated Canning Companies' factory where the genial and accommodating manager would expound unto him the astonishing facts and figures regarding this great crop.

Should he tell you the following you would have facts and figures and not fiction:

There are about forty on the daily pay roll who devote their time with the hand-pitters and seed on an average from ten to thirty boxes per day. While this work is done mostly by women and girls at a salary of 15c per box, about twenty others, mostly men, are busily engaged in making these pitted cherries into preserves after which they are put into barrels and shipped to Eastern markets where they are then put into pint, quart and gallon cans and these in turn go to adorn the shelves of the ice cream parlors and soda fountains until called for by the hungry ice cream eater.

Three hundred and fifty barrels of this fine preserve go to the Carbonic Liquid Co. of Chicago and fifty barrels to Armour & Co. of the same place. Each barrel represents fifty-two gallons each at $75 per barrel or $30,200 to these two companies alone; besides these large shipments, two hundred cases have been canned in clear syrup and sent to Denver and other large cities of the State for use at the soda fountains.

To see a car of cherry preserves leaving the beautiful city of Rocky Ford, containing 68 barrels and representing over $5,000 is enough to make one proud that he is living in the city of sunshine and in the land of plenty; to see 15,000 pounds of these cherries come to the factory in one day for which the loyal farmer receives 25 cents per gallon is enough to make him smile with satisfaction as he eyes the debit side of his bank account as it increases from time to time; and to see the workers turn out 10,000 pounds in one day with the aid of the large four-ton seeder and 7,500 pounds in one day without it, is enough to make the manager along with the community smile in pronouncing it a great success this season.

Among the large yields of the season several deserve special mention. Mr. F. B. Beck obtained from forty trees an average of sixteen gallons each or received for them at the rate of $800 per acre; Mr. Wm. Crabb received 1955 gallons from 200 rag trees or at the rate of over $500 per acre for his crop.

Through the judicious management of this factory we bespeak for it a brilliant and successful future, for as soon as the cherry season is over, which started June 20 and ended about Aug. 1, they will immediately commence to can beans, tomatoes and end up with apples along about Dec. 1.

With cherries at 25 cents per gallon, beans at $30 per ton, tomatoes $11 per ton and apples at $5 per ton, surely the progressive farmer has no reason to envy his fellow-man engaged in other vocations of life.

With these prevailing prices, thousands of trees will be planted next year, and many additional acres of tomatoes and beans will be cultivated.

Rocky Ford, Colo.

RECIPROCITY.

This word has been used so much of late years in connection with the tariff, that many people have forgotten that it can and should be applied to daily life also.

In politics, when one nation gives another the privilege of buying certain goods free from the tariff which it imposes on other nations, or with a lower tariff; and the favored nation promises to do the same, reciprocity has been established between them. One has done the other a favor and that other has reciprocated.

We do not often remember that all life is founded on this idea of reciprocity. The man who calmly receives gifts from others and never gives anything back, is a caitiff and a "sponge."

And yet there is something offensive in the idea of measuring accurately our obligations to our friends, and repaying them on a sort of commercial basis in the same coin. A delicate sense is needed to discriminate in the matter. Be nobly alive to all kindness. Look out that you keep up your end in every friendship. Yet never too accurately weigh such matters or seem to "count the pennies" in reckoning up your friendly obligations.

As for direct money debts to your friends, never incur them unless in an extremity. Nothing cools friendship like borrowing money. By careful financiering, one can usually "make out," if one has a regular income. Twist and turn, go without, sell something, even pawn something, rather than borrow.

Reciprocity is a great thing, and a noble thing; absolutely necessary to a well-ordered life. The rich man who does not practice it is "hated of his neighbor." The poor man who does not, soon becomes known, in the disagreeable slang of the street, as a "dead beat."—one of the lowest forms of humanity.—*Selected.*

One Dollar and Fifty Cents

Henry M. Spickler

In Three Chapters.—Chapter One.

IN the latter part of June I came to Chicago to do one of three things: Start out on a second tour around the world without a cent, become pastor of a small church, or undertake to lead labor towards the goal of its ambition.

On Sunday I heard Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus at the Auditorium. On Monday forenoon I interviewed him in his office at Armour Institute. The Doctor was all a-jump with business, in physical vitality he resembled a magnificent lion, and was about as hard to meet with. He asked me what I wanted, answered the telephone a couple of times, started with me to some other part of the building, stopped at the entrance where the light could fall into my eye, looked me up and down in a flash, and magnetically exploded with: "Are you married?"

"No, sir," I begged, defying him to find any guilt in me beyond being single.

"Well, thank heaven!" or "good!" or some such expression, he replied, "you're all right."

The leading questions I then asked him were of such a nature as to make the publishing of his answers without his permission a breach of an interviewer's license.

"Don't preach," he said, "but take up settlement work."

I next interviewed a City Mission man who promptly took me out to a strawberry shortcake lunch, confided with me, and asked that I go down to the University of Chicago and see one or two of the professors there, whose names he mentioned. I wasn't penniless, and I was not on my tour around the world, but it all reminded me of that event, for in going, he handed me an unused book of three or four tickets on the Illinois Central which he said were of no use to him, any way, and which I could have for the acceptance.

Once at the University I persuaded myself that the best thing I could do would be to enter the Divinity School and work towards completing my course for a degree of Bachelor of Divinity, two years of which had already been finished before I toured the world.

I had only one dollar and fifty cents. Tuition, books, etc., with room, board, laundry, etc., for twelve weeks would require more than one dollar and fifty cents. But one dollar and fifty cents would pay *part* of all the expenses for the summer study. That was all that was necessary to begin with.

As all the Divinity rooms were full, I found a room outside at the rate of three dollars a week which was to be shared equally by myself and another student. Meals were taken in the various restaurants near the University and in the University Commons. But I had only one dollar and a half.

My expenses would be about five dollars a week at the very lowest figuring. One dollar and a half would not pay for one full week's expenses, but it would pay for a part of the expenses. For the other part I went to the Secretary of the School, asking his advice what to work at. He told me to go and wait on tables or wash dishes. I asked him again. I thought he had misunderstood me. I wanted a gentleman's job, something light and easy. I laughed at the idea of splashing around in greasy dishwater and pouring the hot soup down some Freshie's neck. I had never carried a tray with dishes upon it outside of our own home, or inside, for that matter. And I was certain that the hot water would blister my hands.

"Doctor," I said as he repeated his suggestion that I wait tables, "I have gone through three schools, but never yet washed dishes or waited on the tables. Don't you think it will lower my dignity to do that now at this time of my experience?"

"No, Mr. Spickler, I do not think so. On the other hand, it will be good for you. Other Divinity students here do that very thing, some of the very best students we have here do that kind of work."

"You don't say," I drawled, "but don't you think now really that if I should go at that work among the students here that they will look down on me, and that I will have less chance to get work as pulpit supply or as pastor?"

"No, indeed, some of those students who now serve tables are preaching regularly on Sunday."

I had always wanted to clerk in a grocery store, wait on tables in a restaurant,—for pay,—just for the experience and for the meals that I could dish up for myself, so I rushed over to the employment bureau of the University and on the bulletin board found several notices of

"Waiters Wanted at Once." "Board and Room for Work."

I was given a little calling card, introducing myself to the manager of the nearest and one of the best university cafes and as it was eleven o'clock and I was getting hungry, I went up at once. Guests were served here at little round tables. The table dressing, linen, flowers, etc., gave the impression of a rather fashionable place. The lady in charge took my card and said, "All right. You can begin right now, I need you at once."

At twelve the students began to come. I had never taken an order, and much less had I filled one. Some wanted coffee, some tea, others cocoa, and some took sweet milk, and others buttermilk. For awhile I gave the man who ordered buttermilk, *sweet milk,* and gave *cream* coffee to the lady who specifically ordered coffee *without cream,* but as a rule the orders were filled without trouble.

I worked thus each meal for one hour, and then sat down to one of the tables and was served by one of the student waiters or by the colored waiter, or I myself dished out my portions, eating every time with the greatest appetite. The work of serving others made the food I ate twice as appetizing.

After the first meal I returned to the Secretary and



Womens' Dormitory. University of Chicago.

told him I had a job,—that I was waiting on tables, and that I liked the work.

"Good!" he said, laughing in fatherly assurance, "I think more of you now than I did before."

"I think more of you now than I did before you did that kind of work." That set me to thinking. It puzzled me. And yet I was beginning to discover something I had always wanted to know,—the secret of hopeful, necessary service to others. "I think more of you." So did I. I thought more of him, and I thought more of myself. I was no longer ashamed of my work, but began to take an almost infinite delight in being able to do it, and to have the honor given me for doing it. The meals were twenty-five cents each, and the courses served were varied, generous and of good quality. At noon and at night, each one received ice cream or pie a la mode, which meant that the cherry or peach or blackberry pie was crowned by a spicy slice of brick ice cream, the best obtainable in Chicago.

The work became a positive pleasure. I would have been unwilling to give up my waiting on tables. When I returned for study I found that my brain had been refreshed, rested and was now ready for harder mental work than if I had sat around under the trees fanning the June bugs away or simpering at the girls. I found in the class room that my work was above the average, and my mind was more alert to catch every word that fell from the wise professor's lips.

I was working my way through school as I worked my way around the world. I was beginning life over, as the aged and genial Secretary would say to me, when I came into his office on the third floor of Haskell Museum each day to typewrite his letters, for in the meantime he had also taken me into his employment as his stenographer, at forty cents an hour.

"What is it in thy hand?"

"It is just one dollar and a half!"

"What!"

"One dollar and a half!"

"Is that all you have?"

"Yes, sir, all."

"That's a plenty."

I was indeed paying all of my bills with that one dollar and a half. That was all the money I had. Whatever other money had been earned by me, for some years, or inherited, had been expended in a truck patch and a house,—in paint, window glass, hinges, nails, cement walks, trees, cabbage seed, potato vines and some more paint. The few hundred dollars left after these expenditures, were cast out upon the waters of advertising for chautauqua and lyceum dates. I had just one dollar and a half when I entered the University of Chicago Graduate Divinity School twelve weeks ago. I knew a lot then, but I know a lot more now. It is the result of using to the best advantage,—the advantage of faith and pluck,—the one dollar and a half.

Hardly a boy or girl favored with such significant honor as to have been born into a Christian home, who reads these serious words of mine but can enter upon life, and have it more abundantly, with less even than one dollar and a half. I write these articles to them, not to show so much what I have done, as to show them that they can do exactly as much, or more with one dollar and a half.

To do this, they need not to be expert stenographers. The prime requisite is an earnest, honest, genial, willing desire to serve in whatever capacity opportunity seems to open to you. The young man and young

woman who wish to prepare more adequately for the competitive life of service will find, as they advance, an open door to knowledge, skill, influence. It is all in the *desire,* as Long says in his famous lecture.

Not friends to push you in, but one dollar and a half to keep you out, is what will mean to you failure or success.

THE OUT-DOOR MUSIC.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Have you ever listened to the out-door music?
It is ringing all around us far and wide.
Sometimes the notes are cheery,
Oft the strains are low and sweet,
Now and then a clashing discord
Upon the ear may fall.
What mean those dreamy accents floating near,
The heavy roll of echoes loud and long,
The voice of gladness caroling its joy,
The blending of a tone in minor key?
And the answer? "Nature's chorus—
That is all."

Have you paused to listen to the varied music
Of the ever restless waters frought with power?
The purling of the brooklet,
Drowsy song of murmuring stream,
The dash of spray, the ocean's roar,
The little rain-drop's fall?
What hear you in the dull, deep, rushing sounds,
The gentle lapping of the river's onward flow,
The patter of the rain upon the roof,
The tinkle of descending cataract?
The answer comes, "Just Nature"—
That is all.

Have you ever heard the thrush's sweetest singing
As you pass through shadowy aisles of sylvan wood?
Did the nightingale's rich notes,
Or the bobolink's song e'er please?
Does the sky-lark's matchless voice
Your soul enthrall?
Why do those warblers' melodies so charm
While they rise to Heaven's gate, or bring to earth
their joy?
'Tis the music of their lives. They live to sing.
That the feathered choir must render praise,
Is all.
Thus Nature, on her balance-sheet, may prove
More melody than noise, more song than tears,
The music that the morning stars began
Still rolls in harmony downward through the years.

Tipton, Iowa.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competition.—Emerson.

CONVERSATION is an art just as painting, sculpturing or music; and just as these arts owe their charm to nature, so does conversation. Ruskin criticised the artists for painting leaves brown instead of green,—preaching the doctrine that greatness in that art could only be attained by keeping close to nature. In conversing with others, people often wish to veil their real selves and make things appear as they are not. Those people will never be able to charm others by their conversations, because their speech lacks the warm glow of personal conviction and sincerity that stamp it as genuine. No art is more easily acquired, yet no art is more shamefully abused, and neglected. A person has mastered the art if he knows what to say, when to say it, and when to stop.

Many well educated men help others very little by conversation. They may be walking encyclopædias, only giving information when asked; but they are not fountains giving freely to all. Students should form a habit of conversing freely. The fullest instruction and enjoyment are never derived from books until we have ventilated the ideas thus obtained, in free and easy chat with others. We really never have a bit of knowledge until we give it out. In reading we gain much that is worthless in practical life. In discussing these ideas with our friends we winnow the wheat from the chaff. We polish our minds with those of our friends and end in clarifying our own views and broadening their mental horizons as well.

Some people prefer to read rather than to converse. They feel that their friends are not able to give the equivalent of the time spent in entertaining them. Even though a friend may not be able to add much to the mental store of the more talented one, he or she may be able to add to the heart life of that one. The heart may be starving while the mind is overfed; and the personal touch of heart to heart by means of cordial, friendly conversation is needed to keep us responsive to the great throbbing world about us. A friend can respond to our mood in a way that a book cannot. "Bacon is wiser, Swift wittier, Ruskin more uplifting, Lowell more interesting, but they often do not suit our frame of mind; when a living speaker does not yield that luxury, he is a book on two legs, and not as good as the one we can get on our shelves." So in order to be a good conversationalist the mind must be susceptible and responsive to the mood of another's.

We should not form a habit of speaking about ourselves. Egotists do not converse, they just talk to themselves. Modesty is a good quality in conversation and usually accompanies true merit. It should be the rule to conceal one's own merit rather than another's.

The habit of arguing is not a becoming one in conversation. Clashing of opinions is sometimes invigorating, but if continued any length of time it becomes tiring. We are not responsible for the opinions of all our friends, and we are not obliged to make them think as we do. Debate is not conversation—debate is angular; conversation circular, and indicative of underlying unity. Unfair advantage should never be taken in debate, and meanness should never be used in argument.

Insinuations should be omitted in conversation; everything should be said in a straightforward way. Never say anything in a company that any member of the company would wish you had left unsaid. Some people have the unfortunate faculty of making unfortunate allusions. They continually irritate and embarrass without knowing it. I once heard a lady say in speaking of another, "She does not gossip" and I thought, what a tribute for one lady to pay to another! Gossip never uplifts but it may degenerate.

A charming conversationalist is a good listener. Bruyere says: "The great charm of conversation consists less in the display of one's own wit and intelligence than in the power to draw forth the resources of others." Four ingredients in conversation are truth, good sense, good humor and wit. The second ingredient often tells us to remain silent when the fourth strives for utterance. When in the company of wise men we often lose their good opinion by striving to air our wit and wisdom.

Joseph Addison was accomplished in the art of conversation. He never had much to say in a large crowd but with a few friends he was rare indeed. He was king of his little court and he swayed his scepter unceasingly, not because he did all the talking himself; but because he could draw his friends into conversation, and listen to their tongues as well as his own.

Shippensburg, Pa.

SHOULD THE FARMER SEND HIS SON TO COLLEGE?

MAUD HAWKINS.

SHOULD we send our son to college? Yes, if he is a son that will bear it; if he is bright and intelligent and shows an inclination to be steady and studious. If he is struggling against circumstances to do something and to be somebody in the world, by all means send him along, but if he is a spendthrift, and cares to go only in order to have a good time and spend money, he had better be kept on the farm at hard work. A good way to try his mettle and determine if he means to improve his opportunities and make something of himself, is to give him a chance to earn his expenses while at college. Then if he is in earnest he will use the money to good advantage. Also let him remain in the common school until he has mastered all taught there.

Then he may go to the State agricultural college where he can become thoroughly familiar with the more scientific methods of farming, and he will come home with a broader view of the world and a widened circle of friends and desirable acquaintances.

On the other hand, it is sadly true that sometimes he receives more harm than good. An excellent farmer is sometimes spoiled to make a very poor preacher or lawyer. This, however, is an exception.

Then again, he must either give up his desire for a higher education or go away from home and all its good influences which are so important and so necessary to him at that age. He may be cast among strangers where the worst of influences may set to work to bring about his ruin morally, mentally, physically and spiritually.

The college boy often comes home with none of the innocent, honest, truthful qualities which he took with him from the country home. If sending him to college destroys his taste for farm life, and if he comes back at all, comes with the notion that country life is sordid and too slow for him, that farm work is degrading and that his parents who have perhaps denied themselves a comfortable living in order that he might have a college education are to be frowned upon and set aside as something to be ashamed of, there is something wrong. But, who has not known of such cases?

You wish to do all in your power for the benefit of your son. But if you save until you can leave him millions, after all have you left him much, if he has no training to know how to use the money and properly enjoy it? It meant a great deal to you but it means nothing to the son. In climbing to your fortune you develop the ability which enables you to maintain your position and to have the power which only comes from experience, joy, growth, discipline. To him it is temptation and anxiety which will probably dwarf him. It was education to you, to him it is indolence, weakness and ignorance. His ambition not being stimulated by a struggle for self-elevation, will gradually die away; his enthusiasm will evaporate. Men who are bolstered up all their lives are seldom of any use in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for some one to lean upon, and if the prop is not there, down they go and once down, they lie helpless.

Primarily the word education is formed from two Latin words meaning "*out of*" and "*to lead.*" Therefore it signifies to lead out, to bring forth the best that is in man mentally, morally, and physically. Education serves two ends, manhood and livelihood. The object of education is the generation of power, and unless we can utilize that potential energy our education is in vain. Our mental powers must be cultivated in order that they may reach as nearly perfection as possible. Education prepares the way for culture. It combines all the good qualities in man into noble and right living; it is the knowledge of the best that has been thought or said in the world.

No professional man would think of practicing his profession without first educating himself in his line, and why should the farmer not be well informed in his line of work? The day has long gone by when it is considered that any fool knows enough to be a farmer, and the day is coming when our farmers will realize

that our brightest boys and girls are worth training for farmers and that farming is a profession worthy of the brightest. Boys are the most valuable product of the farm, then why not train in such a way that they will be an honor to it?

It is to the advantage of the successful farmer that he should have such an education as will enable him to meet on an equal footing all with whom he comes in contact, that the occupation may be uplifted. Would we place a limit to the education of the farmer's son? No, indeed! It is his privilege to forever drink at the fountain of knowledge. It requires more skill to manage a farm successfully than to run a national bank. It requires thinking and scientific training on the part of the young man to make a success of farming. It takes a better knowledge of soil and the elements on which to feed it in order to produce a good crop of wheat on cold clay land, than it does to run the chemical department of an apothecary's shop. The farmer must be up to date on commercial paper or some slick-tongued sharper will try him on some new-fangled contrivance, new kind of seed, implement, airship or perhaps patent automatic bed springs and have him sleep peacefully until the notes come due. The fact that the farmer is an easy prey to the bunco tricksters is proof that he needs an eye-opener in the way of an education. There are all kinds of schemes and devices perpetrated by city scalawags for separating the residents of rural communities from their hard-earned dollars, therefore the farmer must be a good judge of men as well as of horses and cattle, for we find men farming farmers instead of land.

The young man who goes out to fight the battle of life in this age without a good education is greatly handicapped and must work at a great disadvantage. "It were as well to send a knight of old into battle without his armor as to send young men out into the world in this age without a good education." It used to be the common idea that all the education men not destined for a profession needed was to know how to read, write and cipher some, but the progress of the world demands today a more general and thorough education. What was considered a very good education fifty or even twenty-five years ago would scarcely be considered such today.

There is a greater demand for manhood and womanhood than ever before, and this brings the thought to us that the world is going to demand even more of the next generation than of this. Our sons of today will be the men of tomorrow and if they would survive they must be the fittest.

A farmer needs a good education because it is the passport to any worthy calling that demands intellectual training. The higher education contributes to the strengthening of the impulse that gives character to our national life.

With this kind of an education our farmer is fitted for any calling or office that may be offered him as well as to work for the interest of our country homes. What a fine service for a farmer to be sent occasionally to the State or national capital as a representative of his people.

There are more college-bred farmers today than ever before in the world's history, and no one can say that this branch of industry is not in a better condition because of more brain work being brought to bear upon it. To no one is the great book of Nature laid open as to the farmer boy, and no one would more enjoy the study of botany, geology and astronomy than those whose lives are spent in the open country, and he should also possess a knowledge of chemistry of soils and a scientific knowledge of all the departments of agriculture.

Every ambitious young man has a desire to make a success of life in this world and to so live as to be successful in gaining happiness in the next. To be successful there must be a thorough preparation which must of necessity be made while young and among the best surroundings and associates possible. In other words, he must have a good education.

True, there are men who have gained success with little or no school education, but remember that the young man without an education who is a worker and who by exercising all his powers, forces himself to the front, with a good education will be sure of winning greater success and at a much earlier period in life and will be able to spend his later years in comfort and happiness.

So by all means let the farmer's son get just as good an education as he can and just as much of it as he can. Let the crops fail if they will, let the mortgage thrive if it must, but if our boys grow up, pure, true and intelligent, our farms are not a failure.

Chinook, Mont.

A VISIT TO THE TURKISH CAPITAL.

The Sultan of Turkey goes to church every Friday —the Moslem Sabbath. He does it with a good deal of ostentation, with a military parade and a retinue of priests and generals and other distinguished personages, but the Selamlik of the new sultan is very different from the old way. Abdul Hamid built a mosque —the Hamidieh Jummi—in the park at Yildiz Kiosk, behind high walls, so that he could say his prayers in safety, and always drove from the palace down the winding roadway in an open phaeton drawn by two white Arabian horses, but was surrounded by a guard of cavalry so thick that no assassin could have thrown a bomb or fired a bullet through them. The public could witness the spectacle from the top of a hill outside the walls, while the favored few were admitted to

the park and furnished seats in a pavilion across the terrace from the mosque. Abdul Hamid, with his guilty conscience, always hurried cautiously through double walls of soldiers to the mosque and back to the shelter of his villa as rapidly as possible for fear that something would happen.

Mohammed V., the present sultan, drives to his prayers in an open carriage, so that everybody can see him, and bows and smiles to the crowds that line the streets through which he passes. He worships at a different mosque every Friday and usually selects obscure ones for the purpose of conferring honor upon them. The announcement of his plans appears in all the morning papers, and the curiosity of the Turks to see their sultan, who has been an invisible being for thirty-three years, calls out a large crowd. The people do not show any enthusiasm. They do not cheer him or manifest their gratification in any way. They are not accustomed to do so. The oriental never shouts when he is pleased.

The other day, by presenting the card of Ambassador Straus, we got seats in the window of a police station opposite the mosque where the Selamlik of that day was held, and shared a room with a party of friends of the German ambassador. The preparations for the ceremony were quite as interesting as the ceremony itself.

The first thing on the program was to scatter a thick coating of sand upon the pavement all the way from the Dolma Baghcheh Palace, where the sultan lives, to the mosque, in order that the wheels of his carriage might roll gently over a surface that had never been used by anyone else. He came in an open landau, drawn by two splendid horses, with a coachman and footman in resplendent livery, and was followed by a similar carriage entirely unoccupied. When he had alighted at the door of the mosque the first carriage drove away, and the second remained to carry him back. I could get no explanation of that peculiar arrangement, but it has some significance, no doubt.

The sultan was escorted by a company of hussars with red trousers, blue jackets and long white plumes floating from their helmets, and carrying old-fashioned spears which glistened in the sunlight. But they rode before him and not around him and anybody could have climbed into his carriage without the slightest opposition. Indeed, the crowd pressed up so closely in places that he could have touched people with his hands, but he has no fear of assassination, and there is no reason why he should take any precautions to protect himself.

For half an hour or more before the sultan appeared the dignitaries began to arrive, including several members of the cabinet, and Shevket Pasha, the minister of war, acted as master of ceremonies. Hakki Pasha, the grand vizier, and Djavid Pasha, the minister of finance, the most interesting men in the government, were not present; they were probably too busy with their official duties. There was a multitude of priests, including one very black man, with a very white robe and a very white turban, who was said to be a visitor from Abyssinia.

They waited for the sultan in the vestibule and accompanied him to the interior of the mosque, where he prostrated himself with his face toward Mecca and offered prayers that had been prepared for him in the ritual. Afterward the priests and generals and other distinguished guests accompanied him to a reception chamber, where coffee was served before they drove away.

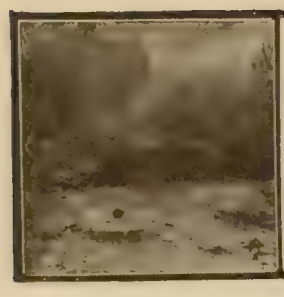
The sultan looks flabby. The skin of his face and neck is too large for the flesh and he has an unhealthy pallor, but he seemed to be cheerful and happy and to enjoy the parade, which is perfectly natural, because he has never had a chance before and will not live long enough for the novelty and the pleasure to wear off. He loves to entertain and to meet people. He has made himself accessible to everybody, and has taken under his patronage several charitable movements, which enables him to come in contact with his subjects who do not hold official positions. A prisoner of his brother for the greater part of his life, he appreciates the uses of liberty, and has announced his intention to visit the principal cities of his empire and the capitals of Europe. To emphasize his democracy and his confidence in his people he ordered the removal of the high walls that have surrounded the palace and insisted that the guard should be reduced. His sons and daughters go about freely and are seen upon the streets every day, and if he had his way he would admit everybody who called at the palace.

The most astonishing incident that has occurred since his accession was a public banquet which he gave on June 10 at the palace of Beyler-bey on the Asiatic shore of the Bosporus, when he entertained 300 guests, including the members of his cabinet, the ambassadors, ministers from foreign countries, members of parliament, the editors of twenty of the leading newspapers and other prominent people. Such a thing has never happened before.

When you remember that not long ago it was considered the proper thing for a sultan to put to death all the male members of his family except the one he selected for his successor, you will realize what these changes signify. Abdul Hamid did not murder his brothers, but made them prisoners for life. The only time the present sultan saw him for twenty years was in 1905, when he was allowed to call at Yildiz Kiosk and congratulate his majesty upon his escape from assassination by a bomb.

Parliament has made no formal changes in the

(Continued on Page 973.)



THE QUIET HOUR



INTROSPECTION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Come aside, my soul;
Commune with me,
What hast thou done, or been, or borne,
For him of Calvary?
Hast sung a song, when days are long;
And hearts give o'er with grief?
Hast dried a tear, dispelled a fear,
To sorrow brought relief?
Hast showed his life, through toil and strife,
Hast suffered long—been kind?
Midst all life's ill, canst thou be still
And all to him resign?
Dost blush, mute soul!
Come, answer me,
Away with art—now heart to heart,
Let come Gethsemane!
Soul, drink the fill—it is his will,
Bend thou beneath the rod;
Bear others' sin—up, soul, begin,
Be thou a Son of God!
Lord, at thy call, I yield up all—
So far as mortal can—
The cross, my frame, and this my name,
A "Savior, Lord, of man."

FAILING TO UNDERSTAND.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

MISUNDERSTANDING is responsible for a great deal of human unhappiness. Words are spoken, and we are quick to arraign the speaker without any attempt to learn what was really in his mind. Deeds are done, and we readily condemn the doer regardless of the promptings which led to the act. Bitter feelings are engendered by such arraignment and such condemnation until we find ourselves involved in unpleasant relations. Unhappiness is inevitable.

It may be true that the words are spoken hastily, and the deeds done in like manner. Probably neither are worthy or right. Nevertheless, true judgment sifts out the provocation and fixes the responsibility upon the condition of the mind and life from which the wrong has issued. Unknown temptations may have entered there. Ignorance of these easily lead to blundering judgment and add another evil to one already done.

Most people at some time have difficulty in making themselves understood. Very good men and women have been cruelly unappreciated through their inability to manifest their purity of motive and eagerness to serve. The various peculiarities of human beings are matters of frequent comment, but these very things often become the instruments of keeping real self out of vision. It is the old story of "man looketh on the outward appearance." Fortunately there is a keener eye than man's.

But do we really try to understand? Except so, we have not the least right to any expression of judgment. This attitude of careless unwillingness makes us capable of grossest wrong toward those praiseworthy. Jesus knew no more terrible persecution than the closing of minds and hearts against him; of eyes that would not see and ears that would not hear. Jesus' life invites to reflection that its character may be known. So do the lives of our fellows who bear the divine stamp. He is maliciously unfair who denies to any the right of immunity from judgment without trial.

There is, too, the duty of trying to be clear in our intentions and conduct that liability of misunderstanding may be lessened. No one has the right to be unnecessarily an enigma to others. Such a life invites suspicion and distrust.

Haste is an enemy to the arts of understanding and being understood. These abilities are cultures of the quiet hour and prayerful thought. Possibly the few, only, can come into the absolute intimacy of any life; but the many are influenced by the life of light. He who tries to understand stands most chance of being understood.

Mount Morris, Ill.

THE NEGLECT OF PRAYER.

WITH Jesus the transfiguration follows prayer. With him the sending out of the twelve apostles follows prayer. The walking upon the waves follows prayer. Prayer stands out like a great moral mountain range with several prominent peaks in it, just before Calvary. No sin of his own, no need shorn and stripped of the possibility of supply from his own resources and peril without the slightest prospect of reclamation had he, yet prayer to him seems as native as his breath and as deeply cherished as his mission to rescue sinners.

One would suppose that the greatness of the privilege of prayer would so enthuse the man who becomes

thoroughly conscious of it that he would never for a day be guilty of neglecting it. When one thinks that a privilege is his which outranks everything with which the microscope or the telescope, the scales or the measuring rod can have to do (when once it is realized) no temptation should be great enough to chill his ardor or curb his endeavor concerning it. Talking to God! Having done that once what could it be that would cause us ever to slight the possibility of doing it again and again forever? Answered of God! Having received that who can imagine the depth of the mystery which holds in its keeping the reason why we should ever count such a privilege common? Formality in prayer like neglect of prayer to those who have once proven prayer is unreasonable. It is awful.

However deep the mystery and however culpable the reason for it, we do neglect prayer. By inferior and dwarfish substitutes, by philosophizing, by worrying, and by that more quickly excused but equally wicked way of forgetting, we neglect prayer. Our present consideration is not devoted so much to our neglect of stated seasons of prayer, morning, noon, and night, or to our neglect of the prayer meeting, nor even to that revel of wandering thoughts in Church while the preacher in the pulpit is offering public prayer, but rather to a prayer neglect which would probably make all such engagements mere formality—a condition as really prayerless for many days together as that a dead man is breathless. Such a condition is that which we suffer when the soul stretches not upon tiptoe nor reaches its hand Godward for spiritual health and wealth nor cries after deep friendship with our Heavenly Father nor insists that the Christian's claim is a claim based upon the covenant of the *living* God, so truly living that not a fleeting moment passes but he thinks of it. He is in earnest about it, he wills to do "exceeding abundantly."

It is on the account of this sad neglect that after Jesus has opened wide the door and given to us such engaging reasons as to why it would be profitable to pray he repeatedly urges the duty upon us, "Watch and pray;" "Pray that ye enter not into temptation;" "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting;" "Pray that he would send forth laborers into his harvest!" We need reminding, prompting, urging, against the fatal temptation to neglect prayer. Our conviction may be thoroughly settled that prayer is all worth while and we vow henceforth to lead a life of prayer but there is an enemy who seems to know that if he can only get us to be forgetful about this he has gone far enough to cheat us into a great blunder. If he can only take us at this citadel our Gibraltar is gone. Hence we need today frequent exhortations to pray. Over and over again we need reminding and arousing concerning it. Whether it be through the man of the old school praying so fervently in prayer meeting, or whether it be through some great affliction kindling our interest in it, or whether it be through some beautiful sentiment borne on the wings of melody or wafted to the soul on the breathings of poetry—however it may be done, let us welcome that which will over and over again call us to pray.

Fight the temptation to neglect prayer as you would the temptation to murder or suicide. Fight it, but how? With prayer! Throwing off the coat and entering into the spiritual arena to contend against the tempter with ten thousand theories and arguments will leave you wearied and whipped. Hug up to Jesus! Win the battle on your knees. Insist upon prayer.—*Henry Ostrom, D. D.*

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

HUMAN philosophy falls so far short of explaining divine things that it is folly to apply it. Better trust God and let him enlighten us in his own way, by doing his perfect work in ourselves. What we need and should hope for most of all is the personal touch with the divine. Just as we greatly desire to meet and know some one whom we have already learned to love through hearing others tell of him, so we long in our inmost heart for that personal touch with the divine which will kindle our soul into flame, energize our bodies and spiritualize our whole lives. How is this to be had—this soul contact which means so much to the sincere Christian? We do not need to look far for the explanation, for it is furnished by the Master himself. "If any man love me . . . and I will come and abide with him." This then is the personal touch—to do his will, to preach his Gospel to those that sit in darkness, to feed his poor, to comfort his sorrowing ones, to clothe his naked, to lighten the burden of the oppressed, to minister to his sick. These are the loving tasks he lays upon his faithful followers. Such labors are in themselves both praise and prayer. They are the practical manifestation of his love working in us and through us. When we are enlisted under the banner of Christ we cease to think of ourselves; we know we are his and that is enough. And so we keep in touch with him, our Lord and Master, working with a glowing, delighted zeal such as no other service can ever yield.—*Christian Herald.*

IT is possible to mingle the food we eat with poisonous things that destroy the health, pervert our appetites and unfit us for life's duties. Am I continually coming to the pure Word for strength or have I been mixing my diet with poison of worldly passions? Father of mercy, preserve, heal, lead and feed me with the bread of heaven.—*Christian Monitor.*

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WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

In a recent trip through this and a neighboring State, we found much pleasure in viewing the masses of asters, golden rod and other fall-blooming wild flowers growing along the roadsides. It seemed to us that never before had we seen such a profusion of these richly-colored flowers. We cannot say whether this was a fact or whether we had simply been long enough deprived of their beauty really to appreciate it.

We are inclined to the latter as the true explanation, for *all* the country was beautiful. The dark, silent woods always held many charms, but now we discovered new ones. The waving grain fields and rolling pasture lands vied with the forests in revealing their hitherto unseen beauties, and even the plowed ground was found to be more than naked, homely soil.

The first thought that came with these pleasing discoveries was, How the people who live here and see these beauties every day must enjoy them! But our own past experience brought a second thought: The majority of the people do not see any beauty in these common things; it takes a poet to do that,—that is, to see beauty in what is common and familiar. Most of them, when they wish to satisfy their taste for the beautiful, go to some distant city and feast on some well-kept park. The stiff, unnatural groups of flowers and shrubs found there they admire, but they turn up their noses when you point out a clump of American asters with a background of towering trees in dull rich green, to be found on their own farm.

And the worst of it is, this contempt or lack of appreciation is not confined to the scenery about us; it embraces things that have an even more vital influence on our lives. Most of our discontent arises from a lack of appreciation of our surroundings. The poet says,

> The common things of life are all so dear,

but oh, how many of us never realize how dear they truly are till they are taken from us; we must leave the country home, we must lay down the monotonous tasks, we must give up those who are dear—how dear we never before knew; and then our eyes are opened.

But whether we have had this bitter experience or not, it is not too late for us to search out the beauties and the real value of the common things. Let us begin the pleasing task at once. We may be assured that we will not be the only ones who will be the richer for our discoveries; we cannot help reflecting the happiness they bring, and the people whose real worth is revealed to us will be directly blessed by the inspiration of our appreciation of them.

WHO NEXT?

Now and again in the reading pages we have given space to the boilings over of some enthusiastic lover of a particular section of our fair domain. Apparently his motive is the most unselfish—springing from a loyalty to the favored section that longs to grapple with almost any difficulty that may lie in the way of its word-wide renown. So we have allowed these enthusiasts to tell all the good things about their State or section and omit the things that would not add to its reputation, relying on the wisdom of our readers to enable them to read these articles with a cool head.

We are glad that so many of our readers have found the garden spots of the land and we are also glad to have them tell us about these Edens. It adds to our stock of information and it also strengthens us in the conviction that ours is indeed a goodly land, with features so varied as to suit the widest differences of taste.

But these garden spots are not confined to any one section. They are scattered over the East as well as the West, in the South as well as the North, and we would be glad to learn the best things about each section. It seems natural for the one who has pulled up stakes and moved far away into the heart of some boasted garden spot to add his voice to the general chorus of praise arising from that spot, if for no other reason, in order to preserve the credit of his judgment. But those who have turned away from the alluring promises of easily and quickly accumulated wealth and have continued to give their attention to mining pure ore on the old farm are not all of them without ambition, intelligence and energy. In the words of a well-known manufacturer, "There's a reason," and we would be glad to have them tell us, not particularly *why* they staid behind, but *how* the old place is making good, where, free from the fever of speculation, they

are accumulating some good gold, perhaps, but more than this are piling up faith in the fruits of industry and faith in mankind.

As we said above, no section of our country has a monopoly of the garden spots. But garden spot or not, it is our belief that honesty, industry and intelligence have more to do with the making of a creditable fortune than any soil or climate on the globe. When we hear some one tell of the making of great fortunes, our first question is not *where* was this done, but *how?*

Who will be the next to tell us about big crops and how they are raised? Or tell us how unpromising lands have been made to yield fair returns. We are coming to the time when every foot of land must be used and it is worth something to know how to deal successfully with that which promises little.

A VISIT TO THE TURKISH CAPITAL.

(Continued from Page 969.)

etiquette or regulations relating to the sultan, but all the old rules have been abandoned and revoked and by common consent Mohammed V. conducts himself like the other European rulers.

Since his accession he has not gone to the Seraglio, the ancient palace of his ancestors, where the mantle and the standard of the prophet, his sword and staff and bow are preserved and where the Sultan of Turkey, as the padishah of the Caliphate, and sovereign pontiff of Islam is expected to worship these relics on the fifteenth day of Ramazan, the Lent of the Moslem church.

The Seraglio occupies the extreme end of a promontory which extends into the Bosporus, with the Golden Horn on the left and the Sea of Marmora on the right. The ground is quite elevated and the ancient palaces command a magnificent view. It was the principal residence of the sultan up to the beginning of the last century, when the old-fashioned buildings were abandoned for more modern and convenient structures on the banks of the Bosporus.

The Seraglio is surrounded by a high wall and consists of a dozen or more palaces and barracks, the most interesting of which is the treasury, in which millions of dollars' worth of jewels and other precious objects are kept. These may be seen by obtaining a permit from the sultan through your ambassador, although it is a very expensive diversion, because the visitor is expected to tip every man he meets about the place and only gold coins are accepted. It is impossible to go through the Seraglio for less than $30 or $40.

The most interesting object is a throne of the Shah of Persia, which was captured and brought here three or four hundred years ago. It is made of ebony and embossed with several thousand pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, which are estimated to be worth two or three millions of dollars. There is another throne of beaten gold, and I have seen a salad bowl there filled with several quarts of unset gems of every size and description. They alone are worth millions of dollars. There is at least a quart of loose pearls in a porcelain jar. But it would require a book to tell of all the beautiful and wonderful things to be seen at the Seraglio.

The relics of the Prophet Mohammed are too sacred to be shown to infidels, and, indeed, they are never exposed to view except upon the one day of the year when the sultan, attended by the principal officials of the government and ecclesiastics of the Islam, is expected to adore them. The mantle of Mohammed is preserved in the shrine of Eski Serai, in a sort of cupboard of solid silver, and in a casket of solid gold, to which the sultan only has the key. I have been told that the reason the present sultan did not perform the usual ceremony last spring was that the keys have not been seen since Abdul Hamid was deposed. That, however, is a matter that cannot be discussed in Constantinople with infidels.

The holy coat, according to tradition, was presented by the prophet to a Dervish as a token of gratitude for discovering the use of coffee. It is a long garment with flowing sleeves similar to what we call a dressing gown. It is of green silk, padded and quilted, and the degree in which it is venerated may be judged by the fact that the most cherished title of the sultan is "Hadum-ul-Harimeen," or "Guardian of the Holy Mantle." It was formerly kept in Cairo and was brought to Constantinople by Selim I., with the keys of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

No one but the sultan is permitted to touch the precious garment, and he, with his own hands, must unlock the silver cupboard with the silver key. Having done this, he removes the casket of solid gold from the cupboard and places it upon a table of solid silver, kept there for the purpose, and with a key of solid gold unlocks the casket. Then he takes from it a package eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide and thick, and carefully removes the thirty-nine silken shawls in which the holy coat is wrapped, one by one, until the last one is reached. That is never removed, because the garment is so old and so fragile that the slightest touch would injure it.

Having placed it upon the silver table, the sultan kneels and reverently kisses the package. Then he stands aside and permits the Sheik-ul-Islam, the head of the church, the grand vizier, and a few other dignitaries who accompany him, to do the same, after which he carefully wraps up the bundle in the nine and thirty silken shawls, locks it up in the golden casket with his golden key and stores it away in the silver cupboard for another year.

This shrine is protected by a massive wall and several priests are always on guard.—*William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.*



THE HOME WORLD



A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

"Love thee!" Thou canst not ask of me
So freely as I fain would give;
'Tis woman's great necessity
To love so long as she shall live
Therefore, if thou dost worthy prove,
I cannot choose but give thee love.

"Honor thee!" By her reverence
The truest woman best is known;
She needs must honor where she finds
A nature loftier than her own.
I shall not turn from thee away
Unless I find my idol clay!

"Obey!" Doth not the stronger will
The weaker govern and restrain?
Most sweet obedience woman yields
Where wisdom, power, and manhood reign
I'll give thee, if thou canst control
The meek submission of my soul!

Henceforward all my life shall be
Molded and fashioned by thine own
If wisdom, power, and constancy
In all thy words and deeds are shown.
Whether my vow be yea or nay,
I'll "love, honor, and obey."

—Phoebe Cary.

"DOCTOR KEE"

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

MRS. WESTON came out of the bedroom with a soiled bandage in one hand and a basin of water in the other. A heavy paper bag, originally containing buckwheat flour from the grocery, hung in the cellar-way. She dropped the bit of stained cloth into it, to be cremated with the entire contents in the back garden when the bag was full. Usually, she burned the refuse papers in the kitchen range, when the evening was cool; but the weather had been too intensely warm for that, lately. She thought of it with a pang of foreboding, as she emptied the basin. Bert had stepped on a piece of glass, two days before, cutting a bad gash in his foot. The wound was now much inflamed, and he was suffering a great deal with it, in a boy's restless fashion. In cool weather it would not have made half so much trouble, she told herself. Sometimes she was tempted to wish that vacation did not come in "barefoot" time. She could not remember a summer when he had missed a cut, sprain, or injury of some sort.

Light steps came up on the side veranda, as she went back into the living-room. Bert was half-asleep, and a look of impatience flitted across her face as she went to answer the tap at the screen door. It was the new neighbor, Mrs. Kee; and in spite of her worry, Mrs. Weston smiled a sincere welcome, for the stranger in Glencoe had quite taken her fancy.

"I'm only running in for a moment," the latter declared; "I know you are busy, but I want to ask you where I can find a good cleaner and dyer, and to thank you with all my heart for the sweet peas you sent me the other evening. I don't know which did me the most good, the flowers or the kind thought. One as much as the other, I believe. What's that?"

Her cheery tone changed to one of concern, as Bert's voice in a half-moan sounded from the bedroom. "No one sick, I hope!"

The cloud of anxiety, lifted for a moment from Mrs. Weston's forehead, settled again.

"My boy cut his foot quite badly, day before yesterday, and it doesn't get well very fast," she answered. "In fact,"—rather tremulously—"it is so much inflamed, and so painful, this morning, that I've been fearing I shall have to send for a doctor. When my husband comes home at noon I'll see what he says."

Mrs. Kee puckered her eyebrows into a comical frown. "We haven't employed a physician in years," she remarked, "except,"—with quaint conceit—"'Dr. Kee,' as my husband expresses it. You see we understand our own physical peculiarities much better than any one else could,—a fact which some people never take into consideration when they trust their precious health to a comparative stranger. When I was married, I knew simply nothing about the care of the sick. But my husband bought a good doctor book, and I made a study of it, using only the simplest remedies recommended in it, when we needed them. Now, thanks to that and a careful study of the textbooks on physiology which are in the public schools, the children as well as I know what to do for all ordinary ailments. It has saved as a great deal of money; for doctors are an expensive luxury, nowadays. . . . Do you think there is any foreign substance in the cut?"

"I am quite sure there isn't," Mrs. Weston answered. "We washed it right away with cold water, to stop the bleeding, and put on some salve. I never

learned much about sickness, for we have always sent right after the doctor; but ours is out of town, just now."

Mrs. Kee's lips compressed themselves in perceptible dissent; but she said, courteously: "I always use warm water for the open wound, unless it is bleeding too freely. The flow is simply nature herself washing it out, you know. Did you ever try carbolic acid?"

"*Carbolic—acid!*" Mrs. Weston repeated, in astonishment; "Why! That awful poison, which eats right into the flesh?"

Mrs. Kee laughed.

"I do not mean the clear and undiluted article," she amended, with twinkling eyes. "About six drops of the ordinary strength to a cupful of water is the proper combination for dressing wounds, I have found. When Ernest ran a rusty nail into his foot, last spring, I kept the bandage saturated with it all the afternoon and evening; next morning he put on his shoe and that was the last we heard about it. The summer he went camping at Glen Springs, one of the boys was bitten in the hand by a spotted adder. The place swelled dreadfully in a minute, and turned perfectly white; but they used some of the solution, which Ernest had with him, and in a day or so his hand was entirely well. We always use carbolic acid for everything like that."

"I never dared use poison for anything," Mrs. Weston said, still rather incredulous. "In fact, we haven't a bit in the house, except some paris green for potato bugs. Yet I know the doctors give some kinds in their prescriptions."

"Of course one must be careful to keep the bottle plainly labeled, and out of the reach of children," Mrs. Kee rejoined, quickly. "But we owe it far more than the trouble amounts to, for it has never failed us. And it isn't so much a poison, either, as an antiseptic, and also disinfectant, for it kills germs as well as destroys and prevents putrefaction. Simply stated it cleanses the affected part and keeps it clean, while the life force builds up, and expels the waste of the body through the natural channels of pores, kidneys, bowels and lungs; thus there is left no chance for the piling up of the body's refuse about the injured place, to produce that favorite terror of the age, *blood-poisoning*. It is sometimes necessary to help clear those natural channels by a simple physic or sweating, and best to give only such plain and nourishing food as furnishes proper material for rebuilding the tissues without clogging the digestive organs. . . . Above all, however, we try not to get frightened or let the injured one become so; for fear retards the body's processes, sometimes, worse than poison would do."

A nervous little flush ran up into Mrs. Weston's cheek.

"I *was* rather worrying about blood-poisoning," she confessed; "and really, the more I worried, the worse Bert seemed to feel. I'll send right over to the drug-store and try the carbolic acid, I believe."

"Let me bring mine!" Mrs. Kee interposed; and good as her word, she was presently back with a small vial.

"We buy a little, and often, so it will be fresh," she said. "Shall I drop it for you?"

Mrs. Weston brought a cup, and her new friend carefully measured the required quantity, holding the cork close to the bottle's mouth so that the drops came slowly and were easily counted. She filled the cup with fresh water, and together they removed the wrappings from the inflamed and swollen foot, up whose ankle ominous red streaks were already running. Mrs. Kee then laid a folded cloth, well-saturated with the solution, over the wound, and they wrapped the foot again, loosely and comfortably, also wetting the bandage wherever it came in contact with the affected member. In ten minutes the lad's moaning had ceased, and he had fallen into a quiet slumber. Mrs. Weston looked across at her helper with shining, grateful eyes.

"He is better already!" she whispered, happily, holding out her hand. "Your visit was an angel's this time. We can never feel like strangers again, can we, Mrs. —— I mean, *Doctor*—Kee?"

She gave a soft little laugh, which had half a sob in it, as she spoke the whimsical title; and the "doctor" gathered the outstretched fingers in a warm clasp.

"I'm as glad to be real friends as ever you can be, my dear," she answered, heartily.

Next morning Bert came hobbling out to wave a shy but happy greeting across to his new neighbor.

"Fine! Almost well!" he called back in reply to her bright inquiry. "I'll be wearing my shoe before you know it! And I'm going to send for you every time I get sick, after this, Doctor Kee!"

HER NEIGHBOR'S WAY.

People were beginning to avoid young Mrs. Hildebrand. There was a certain irritability about her manner, and little fine lines were beginning to show about the mouth. Her voice already had a sharp tone, and from the sweet-faced, happy girl who had started life to walk by Allen Hildebrand's side, she was fast developing into a peevish, fretful, faultfinding woman.

"It's her house, that's what's done it," said Mrs. Borton to her friend, Mrs. Phipps. "She's making an idol of it, that's what she's doing. I just wish you could see it. Not a speck, not a spot anywhere, but my! what is it going to amount to if she keeps on sacrificing everything to keep it so? She can't get any one to stay with her long, and if a girl breaks a dish, then she flies into a regular passion. She's that particular she'll soon have Allen Hildebrand so well

trained he'll take off his shoes before he goes in at the front door."

"Ain't it too bad?"

"Perhaps she'll get over it," suggested Mrs. Phipps. "Young people need a lot of disciplining."

Good Mrs. Borton arose. "Well, I do hope, for the peace and comfort of all concerned, she'll get over it," she remarked.

Singularly enough, young Mrs. Hildebrand happened in at Mrs. Phipps' not long after Mrs. Borton had taken her leave.

Mrs. Phipps was a comely, placid woman with soft brown eyes and a pleasant smile. Every one loved her, from the milkboy to the man who emptied her ash-pit. Always courteous, considerate and thoughtful, she treated every one after the fashion of the Golden Rule.

"It's such a trial to keep house," young Mrs. Hildebrand was saying. "Things upset me so—they will go wrong."

Mrs. Phipps smiled.

"They always will," she returned gently, "long after you and I have folded our hands in our last sleep. The thing to do is—"

It was Saturday afternoon, and just at that moment Mrs. Phipps' small son opened the door.

"Ma," he said, "Maggie's brought the clothes and she says may she come in just a moment. She wants to tell you something."

"Why, certainly, my son.

"You will excuse me, I know, Mrs. Hildebrand."

The next moment a small, careworn woman entered. There were tears in her eyes.

"What is it, Maggie?" kindly inquired Mrs. Phipps.

"Oh, ma'am! you know your lovely drawn-work centerpiece? Well, I knew how choice you were of it, and I tried to be as careful as I could, but when I was ironing it my little Mary came up behind with a bottle of ink. I didn't see her, and I turned real quick and bumped into her, and she dropped the ink and it splattered all over your lovely centerpiece. I tried everything I ever heard of, but I can't get it out."

"Did you bring it, Maggie?"

"Yes; it's with the clothes. I'll get it."

A second later Maggie came back and held it up.

Yes, there it was, the beautiful centerpiece all bespattered with very black ink.

Mrs. Hildebrand looked at it and wondered what Mrs. Phipps would say.

"If it were mine—well, I would simply go into hysterics," she thought. "I'd discharge the woman and everything else. She was too utterly careless."

"I'll be willing to pay any price you set, ma'am," said Maggie, tearfully. But Mrs. Phipps was as placid as ever.

"You couldn't help it, Maggie," she said, "and don't think another thing about it. I know of a good ink-bleach that will make it nearly as good as new. Now, don't worry any more. You've been a faithful worker and I appreciate it. These accidents will happen."

Maggie wiped her eyes.

"Sure and you're a good, kind woman," she cried, "and there's not many like you. The world would be a better place if there was."

And Mrs. Phipps only smiled, but the little washerwoman went away not only with her full week's wages, but a plate full of cookies for the children.

The next moment another small boy came into the room.

"Ma," he cried, "Charley's gone and cut a big slit in your tablecloth."

Mrs. Phipps arose.

"May I come, too?" asked Mrs. Hildebrand.

"Yes, indeed."

So both ladies adjourned to the dining-room. There by the beautiful set table with its glossy cloth stood the little boy with downcast face.

"I'm awfully sorry, ma," he said; "but the knife slipped while I was slicing an apple, and I cut the tablecloth."

They both looked at it, Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Hildebrand. Yes, there it was, a long, clean cut that had gone clear through the handsome cloth, leaving the table exposed beneath it.

Mrs. Phipps laid her hand on Charley's head.

"Mother's little boy should have cut the apple on the kitchen table," she said gently. "Never mind, sonny; it can't be helped now, but remember next time."

"I will," humbly returned the little boy.

As the ladies went into the sitting-room Mrs. Hildebrand looked curiously into the sweet face. It was unclouded and tranquil as ever.

"Well," she said, "I imagine it was a good thing for me that I came here today. I've had a lesson in patience I won't forget. Why, if either one of those two things had happened in my house, I'd have flown all to pieces."

Mrs. Phipps smiled.

"I overcame all that years ago," she returned, "by the grace of God. I used to go all to pieces, too, as you say, until I found a verse in the Bible and I lived up to it." And then she repeated softly these words: "'Be careful for nothing' (that means," she said smiling, "broken dishes, cut tablecloths, ink-bespattered centerpieces and vexations we can not help), 'but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'"

Young Mrs. Hildebrand rose suddenly and kissed her friend.

"Thank you," she said humbly, "I'm going right straight home to read it for myself and to turn over a new leaf. Why, I'm beginning to be nothing but a nervous wreck over the subject of good housekeeping, the question of having things just so. But I'm going to stop right now and get back some of my old-time spirits and rosy cheeks. It doesn't pay, all this fretting and fussing. At any rate, I'm going to stop."

"No," replied Mrs. Phipps, "it does not pay—this sacrificing of time and comfort and physical health for the keeping up of any house. I'm not decrying good housekeeping—far from it; but there are better things farther on."

And young Mrs. Hildebrand saw the wisdom of the other woman's philosophy and stopped just in time, and all because of her neighbor, who was noble and large-hearted enough not to permit the carking cares of life to sour, embitter and narrow her.—*Susan Hubbard Martin, in Advance.*

HEALTH.

MUCH of the misery of disease is due to causes which might be obviated by a little care and attention, and some elementary knowledge of the laws of health.

The care of our health is a sacred duty. The Greeks made physical as well as intellectual education a science as well as a study. Their women practiced graceful and in some cases even athletic exercises.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, says the old proverb, and the modern discoveries in medical science not only confirm the old adage, but explain clearly the reason why it is so.

We now know that many diseases are not primarily due to any abnormal condition of the tissues, but are actual invasions by other organisms; that cholera, small-pox, and probably several other diseases can not originate of themselves, but that the germs must be planted in us. Hence the great importance of cleanliness not only in ourselves but in the houses in which we live, the clothes we wear, the water we drink, and the air we breathe.

The skin is a delicate and most elaborate organ, built up of millions of cells, and containing miles of veins and ducts, capillaries, and nerves. It is continually renewing itself, and to fulfill its functions well, requires a reasonable amount of care and plenty of water. The use of the brush is, moreover, almost as necessary for the skin as for the hair.

We may bring many diseases on ourselves by errors of diet. Do not linger long over meals if you thereby eat too much; but do not eat quickly. It is said that you should always rise from the table feeling as if you would wish for more. The brain can not work if the stomach is full. "After dinner rest a while," is a good rule, but it is a poor life if you eat so much that you have to rest from one meal to another. Eat to live, but do not live to eat. Long and large meals make short lives. When savages wish to become "medicine men," one of the preparations is a long fast. The result is an increased activity of the nervous system, which they take for inspiration. No doubt they carry it too far; but any one who tries will find that he can do better mental work if he keeps down the amount of his food. A light stomach, moreover, makes a light heart. High feeding means low spirits, and many people suffer as much from dyspepsia as from all other ailments put together.

Pure water is as important as fresh air. You should use plenty of water—cold if you can stand it, and both outside and in.

Even what may seem minor matters, such as attention to the teeth, may make no small difference to the comfort of life.

Health is much more a matter of habits and diet than of medicine. Our ancestors used to take drugs to keep off disease. Not only the College of Physicians, but even Bacon, recommended them, yet it was a radical error. Give nature fair play and let her alone. With plenty of air, plenty of water, and moderation in diet, most of us may enjoy the glorious feeling of health and strength, and even retain the spring of youth until far on in age.

But health is not merely a matter of the body. Idleness, worry, and excitement ruin the constitution. The brain requires exercise as well as the muscles. Many bodily ailments have their origin in the mind. Labor ought to be enjoyed; and to enjoy it, we must work steadily and energetically, but not incessantly, not neglecting food, rest, and exercise.—*Selected.*

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

IT is natural for us to like to stay where we know we are wanted and appreciated, and for this reason, I find it easy to keep my children at home. From the moment I first look upon their little innocent faces I consider them God-given treasures, intrusted to my keeping, and feel willing to sacrifice self and pleasure for their sakes. I act in such a way as to make them believe that I appreciate them, and that they are necessary to my happiness. I always try to give them pleasure in any way that is not sinful, and enter into their games and pastimes with real pleasure. I like for them to have good company and enjoy helping them entertain their friends at home, and am ever ready to sympathize with them in their sorrows. I try to remember that I was once young, and treat them as I liked to be treated. I know homes where children are not really welcome, and are considered in the way, and continually told they are an expense, and that no child ever pays for its raising. If they are sent to school, or money is spent on them, they are required to go out in the world and earn enough to pay it back.

What a pity such people have children! I believe it is our duty, and should be a pleasure, to educate and do all we can for our children, just because they are ours, and we love them, and desire them to occupy the best places in life, and we should expect no other remuneration than the love and gratitude of their hearts, which we are sure to have if they are treated thus. We all have visited in homes where we felt we were not welcome, and longed to get away. The very atmosphere seemed chilly, and we have gone into homes where everything was so genial and hospitable that we loved to linger there, and thought it would be pleasant to go again. Just so it is in the childhood's home. It is not costly buildings and furnishings that make it a pleasant, happy place to live, but the spirit of love in the hearts of the inmates. Children are loth to leave such a home, but as they grow older and duty calls them to other fields, they still cherish in loving memory the happy hours spent there, and—

"Wherever they may roam,
Can pay a loving tribute
To the sacred place called home."

—*Mrs. J. H. Atkins, in the Fruit-Grower.*

FLORAL TALKS.

A FLORAL writer says the average woman is like the drinking man: every autumn she swears off from excesses, but each recurring season finds her with broken vows and crowded windows. And crowded windows mean unclean and unhealthful conditions. Now is the time to decide what you are going to try to keep through the dark days, for plants must be potted and gradually accustomed to the artificial conditions of the house before the frost forces them indoors.

Keep all potted plants clean; a dirty plant, like a dirty person, is the first to become infected or attacked with insects. If scale, or mealy bugs are found, set to work at once to free them from the foul pests. Shower the foliage, and scrub the pots; keep all dead leaves picked off, and trim the plant into shapeliness.

Keep a close look out for the early frost—it never sends in its card, but delights in "surprise" parties. More plants are lost in early winter through carelessness than at any other season. Palms, rubber plants, hydrangeas, and nearly all potted shrubs need a rest during the year, and this should begin about October or November. Let them severely alone while resting. Let the intervals between waterings be long.

Remember it is not the cold of winter usually that kills shrubbery and plant life, but the alternate freezing and thawing, which throw the roots out of the soil and expose them to the weather. The best mulch for most hardy plants is coarse barnyard manure, all the better if it is partly rotted. Spread a blanket of this several inches thick over the bulb bed, and over the hardy herbaceous plants.

Some of our vegetables make fine house plants; beets, turnips, carrots, horseradish, parsley, and such things make fine foliage plants, and the foliage may be used as table garnishes.—*The Commoner.*

LITTLE HELPS OVER RUTS.

THE wise housekeeper is the one who is ever on the alert for the suggestions which shall help to make the wheels of her household run smoothly.

Before using a new saucepan always fill it with water, add a lump of soda, and let all stew some hours. Then wash out thoroughly, and all danger of poisoning will be gone.

Soda used in the laundry should be dissolved before the garments to be washed are placed in the tub. Yellow stains, which soon form holes, are caused by soda touching wet linen.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is well to remember that the middle should be ironed first; to iron the edges first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon, and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily.

The colored frock which has become faded with frequent launderings may be bleached to a clear white by boiling in cream of tartar water. The correct quantity is a teaspoonful of the powder to a quart of water.

To clean marble, use two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one part of finely powdered salt. Sift the mixture through a fine sieve and mix it with water, then rub it well all over the marble and the stains will disappear.

Kettles which become coated on the inside with a hard mineral deposit should be cleaned by boiling ordinary whiting in them for two hours. Vinegar and salt will remove this deposit also if allowed to boil in the kettles for several hours.

To remove tar from wash goods, apply lard to the spot, rub in thoroughly with the hands, and wash off both grease and tar with warm soft water. If the color of the fabric is changed, sponge it with chloroform and the color will return.—*Household Journal.*

WASHING PILLOWS

JENNIE NEHER.

To wash feather pillows, that have become soiled or look old and yellow from long usage, try this method, and I think you will feel much pleased over the results: Make new pillows of five-cent muslin, same size as the ones you wish to wash, then empty your feathers into them by slipping the opened end of your pillow into the muslin case and with a few shakes your pillow is emptied.

Now sew your muslin pillow shut,—and proceed to wash your ticking pillows same as you would other clothes. For the boiling suds use any good washing powder you prefer. I use "Rub-No-More," one tea-

spoonful to one half of a good-sized boilerful of water. I shave up one-half bar of soap in one gallon of water with one-third of a teacup of coal oil in wash boiler. After it boils and soap is all melted, fill boiler one-half full of soft water, put in your washed pilows and boil one-half hour.

After taking them out, should the water look much colored, empty and refill boiler with clean suds and repeat the operation. Then rinse in two waters, adding bluing to the last rinse water. After they are dry slip in your muslin pillows, sew them shut, and your work is done. A very good way to protect your pillows is to make an extra slip of muslin just to fit on the pillows and either overwhip, or use small buttons to close it at the end. They do not need to be laundered very often, as other outside slips are used over them.

Then too do not forget to air your pillows often.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

A HELPFUL SUGGESTION.

AMANDA WITMORE.

When papering walls, tie a strong cord fast to the ears of a tin pail in which put the paste, lead it back and forth from ear to ear and then tie it firmly. These cords are used to scrape the surplus paste off the brush. They also serve to support the brush while the handle rests on the rim of the pail and will keep dry and clean.

McPherson, Kan.

Butter-scotch Pie.—Take 2 cups of brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter and ½ cup of hot water. Boil this until it scorches. (This is very important as it gives it the butter-scotch flavor.) Make a custard with 3 heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, 2½ cups of milk and 2 eggs. Pour the butter-scotch into the custard, stirring continually until well mixed. Then pour into two baked crusts. If desired the whites of the eggs may be beaten, a little sugar added, and spread over top of pies. This adds to the appearance of the pie but not to the flavor.—*Sister Effie F. Gnagey, West Milton, Ohio.*

The Children's Corner

BETTY'S PLAYTIME.

"Oh, dear!" said Betty, when mama called her from play; "somebody's always a-wantin' me to do something!" She ran into the house with a frown on her face.

"Betty," said mama, "if you can't obey cheerfully—"

"But I always have to be doin' somethin'," burst out Betty. "I never can play—"

"You may play this whole day long," said mama, quietly.

"And not do anything else?" asked Bettie.

"Not do another thing," said mama.

"Oh, goody!" cried Betty, and she ran and got her doll things and began making a dress for Cora May, her new doll.

Grandma came into the room while she was sewing.

"Betty," she said, "will you run upstairs and get me my spectacles?"

"Yes, ma'am," cried Betty, jumping up in a hurry, for she dearly loved to do things for grandma.

"No, Betty," said mama; "you keep on with your doll things. I'll get grandma's glasses myself."

Betty returned to her sewing, but somehow it wasn't so interesting as it had been. She threw it down the minute little Benjamin waked from his nap and ran to take him.

"Nursing is too much like work," said mama, taking the baby out of her arms; "you must not do any today."

Betty's cheeks turned rosy. She thought of the times she had grumbled when mama had asked her to hold baby. Now she would have given anything just to hold him one minute.

Mary Sue, Betty's best friend, came by to get her to go on an errand with her.

"I am sorry, but you can't go," said mama. "Running errands is not play, you know."

Jack came running in with a button to be sewed on. Betty put on her little thimble and began sewing it on. But mama came in before she had finished.

"Why, the idea of your sewing, child!" she said, taking the needle and thread out of her hand. "Run along to your play."

When father came home to dinner, Betty started, as usual, to open the front door for him. But her mama called her back.

"You forget, Betty," she said in her pleasant way, "that you are not to do anything for anybody today."

"Then I guess I'd better not ask her to drop my letter in the mail-box," said Cousin Kate; "it might interfere with her play."

"I'm tired of playin'!" cried Betty. She ran out to the kitchen. Dinah, the cook, would let her help her, she knew. But, for a wonder, not even black Dinah would let her do anything.

"I'se agwine ter a fun'ral," she said, "an I's in a mighty big hurry to git off. But, law, honey! I wouldn't hab you 'rupted in your play fer nuthin'!"

Poor Betty! She thought the day would never end.

"Oh, mama!" she cried, as she kissed her at bedtime, "do wake me up early in the morning. I want to get a good start. Helpin' is so much better than playin' all the time."—*M. C. Wiley, in Pearls.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Provided $10,000 is guaranteed within the next 30 days, Atlanta, Ga., will get the next meeting of the National Good Roads association.

The value of Missouri's dairy products, according to Dr. C. H. Eckles, professor of dairy husbandry at the state university, is $25,000,000 a year.

Birmingham, Ala., "the Pittsburg of the South," has broken all the census records for increases in population for cities of the 100,000 class or better so far announced. The census bureau announces that the Birmingham returns give the city a population of 132,685 against 38,415 in the last census, an increase of 245.4 per cent.

Startling figures are ascertained in a compilation of the marriage and divorce records of Los Angeles for the last year. From Oct. 1, 1909, to Oct. 1, 1910, the number of divorces granted was 1,060. Of these 645 were granted within the last six months. This is a rate of one divorce to less than five marriages. During the month of September alone 202 legal separations were granted.

All departments of Harvard university have opened for the two hundred and seventy-fifth year of the institution. Without actual registration figures it was estimated that the institution would include about 5,000 students this year. The freshman class looked to be the largest in the history of the university. Last year it numbered 780.

The total water power of the State of New York, without including that of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, has been estimated at a million and a half. Eight hundred and eighty thousand of this is undeveloped. The New York Water Supply Commission has recently recommended that the State expend $20,000,000 to develop this water power, which it estimates would return an annual profit of $1,400,000.

Sir Thos. Vesey Strong, a pronounced temperance advocate, has been elected lord mayor of London without opposition. Sir Thomas is a director of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident institution and many other temperance associations. He is said to be the first temperance man ever chosen as chief magistrate of London.

Sept. 29 Aviator Walter Brookins, a pupil of the Wright brothers, won the $10,000 prize offered by a Chicago newspaper for a successful flight between Chicago and Springfield. He had until Friday night to complete the trip and was not limited as to stops, but nevertheless flew the distance, which is 187 miles, in about five hours and only stopped twice according to a pre-arranged schedule for the purpose of replenishing his supply of gasoline. He was greeted at Springfield by a cheering crowd of 50,000 people.

A farmer in Texas has decided to experiment with the use of electric light for stimulating vegetable growth. He has arranged to procure power from a neighboring plant by which he will supply a network of tungsten lamps, placed 150 feet apart all over the fields. These will be illuminated all night, and it is expected that they will increase the growth of the crops.

A movement for the enactment of legislation to put a stop to automobile speed tests is expected to result from the death of four persons in consequence of the annual running of the Vanderbilt cup race at New York. Three persons were killed on the track and one in the neighborhood of the track, two others were probably fatally hurt and at least a score received minor injuries.

John Mitchell of the National Civic Federation is advocating a "middle of the road" policy in the relations of labor to capital. "When the right of organization among both workingmen and their employers is fully recognized, and when these forces adopt the policy of collective bargaining, the day of the strike and the lockout, the boycott and the blacklist will have largely passed away," he says.

A very striking electrical sign has been set up in Denver. The sign represents a skyrocket shooting from the ground to a height of 150 feet, where it explodes into hundreds of sparks that fall in a shower to the ground. This effect is produced by successively illuminating a string of lamps running up the side of the building to the top of a tall framework on the roof. Over a thousand lamps are used to produce the effect.

In its current issue, the Railway Age Gazette, the mouthpiece of the railroads, has renewed the charges that members of industrial associations have been forcing the lines to give rebates to them. The charge is a reply to the recent statement of La Verne W. Noyes that the charges made by the railroads regarding rebating was "just a wild shower of generalities." The periodical names the Commonwealth Edison company of Chicago and the International Harvester company as beneficiaries under the alleged system of scaled rates.

Ernest L. Goodwin, an operator in the employ of the Continental Wireless Telegraph Company, was charged in the City Court of Buffalo with having willfully prevented the transmission of a message from the steamer Western States on Sept. 21, when she was disabled on Lake Erie, off Long Point. The operator on the Western States tried for several hours to ask assistance, both from Buffalo and the Erie, Pa., station, but, it is alleged, the opposition company for which Goodwin worked would interfere, and, having a more powerful plant, would smother his waves. The maximum penalty for the offense is four years' imprisonment.

According to a recent note in the Electrical Review and Western Electrician, the Pennsylvania Railroad is experimenting with the use of the telephone for communication between the locomotive cab and the caboose of long freight trains. This will do away with the necessity of signalling by means of lamps, hand signals and whistles. Certainly in foggy weather, at night, such a means of communication would materially expedite the handling of freight.

The United States Steel Corporation has discovered another by-product in the steel-making industry that will save hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Vast quantities of ore dust for which no use has hitherto been found are to be utilized through a discovery by the engineering department of the Carnegie Steel Company. The ore dust is to be made into bricks and utilized in making pig iron. It is said the saving will act as a reduction in the cost of pig iron.

President Taft has put into operation his plan to institute economy in the government service and to place the administration of government affairs on a sound business basis. Dr. Fred A. Cleveland who has been at the head of the bureau of municipal research in New York City has been appointed to take charge of the work. He will act as the personal representative of the White House in the economy program and as a clearing house for the reform commission, now at work, or soon to be appointed, in each of the departments. Later Dr. Cleveland is to have a staff of experts.

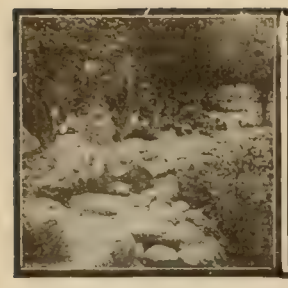
With the convening of the United States Supreme Court Oct. 10, Associate Justice Harlan is taking the place of the chief justice. In the absence of a chief justice the honor of presiding over the deliberations of the court devolves on the senior associate justice. While Associate Justice Hughes, who is most talked of for chief justice, will be present, it is not the intention of President Taft to nominate a chief justice until the Senate is in session. All the members of the court will be present when it begins its fall term, with the exception of Justice Moody. Justice Harlan will preside until some time in December.

An effort is about being made by physicians of the national capital to combat the progress of the epidemic of infantile paralysis which is finding many victims there and in the vicinity of Washington. In furtherance of the crusade, a blank form has been printed on which the doctors record every symptom of the patients under treatment, and when filled out, it is turned over to the secretary of the Medical association of the District of Columbia. It is hoped that, with this as an aid, the medical men and women will be able to prescribe intelligently for the mysterious disease. The disease is contagious, but some physicians assert that "it is not so much so as diphtheria and other common diseases." The only thing that medical experts appear to know for a certainty about it is that the number of its victims decreases as the weather grows colder.

Designs of the new postal savings bank bonds have been approved by Secretary MacVeagh, and by the time the postal banks begin to receive deposits the Treasury Department will be ready to issue the new securities, if any are demanded. The new bonds are entirely different from anything the government has issued. When the new securities come off the presses they will be a surprise. Nothing like the time-honored ornate designs of the old bonds and the present government money will be found on the new ones. The lettering is plain and square, perfectly straight and almost severe. All the work is sharp and clean cut. The old bonds fold badly, so the new ones are of a size which fold three times and just fit a safe-deposit box. The coupon bond, with forty interest coupons attached, folds up to the size of a $10 bank note. Postal bank bonds will pay 2½ per cent interest and come in denominations from $20 up.

"Under our lax laws, state and national, four-fifths of the resources of the country already have passed into the hands of the monopolists. We of the conservation movement are trying to save the other fifth for the people," said Francis J. Heney in an address before the National Irrigation Congress held in Pueblo, Colo., the last week in September. "Two-thirds of our coal lands already have been given away," he continued. "Any policy advocating the retention of ineffective laws for the giving away of the other third of our birthright can only be considered a policy of foolishness." The grant of 55,000,000 acres to transcontinental railroads, Mr. Heney declared, involved more land than all that has been reclaimed by irrigation and taken up in homesteads. Resolutions adopted by the congress declare that "federal control is essential to equitable distribution and utilization of water of interstate streams." Chicago was decided upon by the congress as the place for its meeting in 1911.

An effort is being made to induce President Taft to accept the presidency of the movement in favor of holding a magnificent peace celebration between Great Britain and the United States in 1914 to commemorate the 100 years of peace which have existed between the two nations since the signing of the Treaty of Ghent on December 24, 1814. Already a representative body of 250 members compose the national committee of the United States. with Andrew Carnegie as honorary chairman and John A. Stewart of New York as chairman of its executive committee. The governors of the different States are to be asked to act as honorary vice-presidents. The organization is working hard to foster the peace celebration idea in this country, and negotiations are now afoot looking to the early appointment of a Canadian committee to co-operate with the Americans. From these two committees it is proposed to select a joint subcommittee. The suggestion most regarded with especial favor is that a peace bridge be built across the Niagara river, where the most of the fighting took place in the last English-American war, and that this bridge shall be free for all time to the two peoples.



NATURE STUDIES



MICE

John H. Nowlan

More than half of the known mammals are rodents. Their teeth are especially fitted for gnawing, the front teeth being perpetual growers. The mouse is the smallest and the beaver the largest rodent of this country.

The mouse accompanies man wherever he goes, ranging from the tropics to the Arctic regions.

The mouse common to our homes needs no description—all are too familiar with it, but we have several other kinds.

The field mouse much resembles the house mouse, but is lighter in color. Its home is made beneath an old log, the root of a tree, or any place where it can find a dry place for its nest which is made of grass, feathers, and any soft material it can find.

The jumping field mouse is seldom captured, though often seen. It is about as large as the common house mouse, rather longer in proportion to its body, and eyes and ears smaller. The upper part of the body is brown, the lower being light with a tinge of red. The tail is much longer than the body, the fore legs short and weak, while the hind ones are long and fitted for jumping. When surprised by the disturbance of its home by the plow it moves across the plowed ground by a series of zigzag leaps, clearing several feet at a single bound and going so rapidly as to seem to scarcely alight. Its method of locomotion reminds me of what I have read about the traveling of the kangaroo.

The wood mouse is a timid, gentle fellow. His home is in a hollow tree, fence rail, post, or similar place. His back is a slate gray and the under part of the body is white. When cold weather comes he gathers with his fellows in some sheltered place, as for instance a stack of threshed clover, and there they pass the winter with dozens of them in one bed. Pick him up if you wish—he will not bite unless you are too rude in your handling and then he will not bite with the severity of his house cousin.

There is another one called the meadow mouse, but it is allied to the gophers. It is as large as a small rat, dark brown over the entire body, some specimens being almost black, and carries but an apology for a caudal appendage instead of a long graceful one like that of his cousin, the jumper. Its home is in meadows and other places where the land is not disturbed. Little paths are cut in all directions from the entrance to its home and along these the little creatures may be seen hurrying. The small pouches on either side of the mouth are lined with hair, as are those of the gopher.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

ACCLIMATING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

A noteworthy result of considerable zoölogical interest and scientific importance has obtained from the well-directed and successful efforts of Director W. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoölogical Park, in acclimating the Rocky Mountain goat. This is the first attempt to induce these animals, whose accustomed habitat is in the rarefied atmosphere of the highest peaks of the snow-clad Rockies of eight to ten thousand feet elevation, to live and thrive in the low altitude of the Atlantic coast. Hitherto, all young kids intended for exhibition in the East, have died in a few months after their arrival. In October, 1905, Dr. Hornaday personally conducted to New York the present herd of five goats, then young kids about five months old, on a three thousand mile journey from Fort Steele, British Columbia, where they were captured in the mountains a few weeks after their birth. Notwithstanding the humid climate and wholly unaccustomed food of their new surroundings, all members of the herd have remained in perfect health since their arrival in the Park. Their large corral, a rustic log barn for shelter at night, and a background of natural rocks to climb upon, afford them ideal conditions for exercise. In May, 1908, the first Rocky Mountain goat ever bred in captivity was born in the New York Zoölogical Park. This specimen, a male, is now in perfect health, nearly mature, and is shown in one of our illustrations. Since "Phillip" is a bit too fond of fencing, it has been necessary to saw off the skewer-like tips of his horns for the general safety of the other members of the flock. The second addition to the herd occurred on June 8th of the present year in the birth of a fine young male. The kid is a vigorous specimen, and promises to equal the first one, "Phillip." The collection now numbers six animals; but two losses having occurred, the mother of "Phillip," and a young female that was received on deposit, May, 1909. These

interesting acrobatic creatures, with their long shaggy, white coats, are among the most striking and picturesque wild animals in the New York Zoölogical Park. They are the only ones in captivity in the United States, and possibly not a single specimen can be seen at present on the whole continent of Europe. In order to satisfy their remarkable habit and fitness for climbing, a unique aerial playground is furnished them, in the shape of the precipitous roof of the rustic barn of their inclosure. An amusing and spectacular sight is afforded by the flock of these sure-footed



Herd of Rocky Mountain Goats on Their Roof Playground in New York Zoölogical Park.

creatures scaling the incline and scampering over and down the steep roof. This droll and unusual scene is pictured in one of the accompanying illustrations. Keeper McEnroe furnishes the herd with a plentiful and tempting diet in the shape of the best clover hay, crushed oats, sliced carrots and chopped apples. The full grown male mountain goat stands from 30 to 41 inches high at the shoulder, and weighs from 250 to 300 pounds.

Owing to their great strength and wonderful climbing ability, their main dependence for safety is among the highest and inaccessible peaks of the mountains, beyond the reach of various enemies, like the puma, wolf, bear, and likewise man, to a certain degree. There is no living animal that can surpass the climbing feats of the mountain goat, or take such desperate chances on the rocks. The animal is practically devoid of all fear of danger, and is built for stability and strength rather than for speed. The hoofs have large twin masses of rubber-like material, a ball of which is soft, and inclosed in a shell of hard consistency. It is chiefly the use of the soft mass which enables the animals to climb. Their rear hoofs are used as a brake for descending inclines that are steep and smooth. In climbing almost perpendicular walls or rocks, the powerful front legs are used to reach out for foot-holds, while each hoof is firmly planted to avoid slips and to detect loose rocks. The heavy body is lifted by sheer strength and skill. The animal is a "cropper," and lives by cropping the thick leaves, stems, etc., which grow in great abundance in the patches of forests that occur between the timber line and the snow fields. The preservation of wild life is one of the great objects to which the New York Zoölogical Society has constantly devoted its attention and efforts, and Director W. T. Hornaday, assisted by Mr. John M. Phillips, of Pittsburg, has scored an achievement of far-reaching zoölogical importance, after several years of energetic endeavor and appeal, by being instrumental in having set aside an extensive game reserve and breeding ground for the mountain goat in British Columbia. Recently the Legislative Council issued a proclamation which converts into an absolute preserve about 450 miles of territory between the Elk and Bull rivers, and around Monroe Lake, and which has been named "Goat Mountain Park." The area contains about, 1,000 head of mountain goats and 200 of mountain sheep, all living and breeding the year round.—*Scientific American.*

GATHERING CATALPA SEEDS.

We have been growing catalpa trees for shade, posts, windbreaks and ornamentation from seed for several years, doing it easily, and we know what stock we have. During autumn we gather a supply of seed pods and lay them upon racks in a well-ventilated place.

During the winter we shell the seeds and when making early garden we sow the seeds in among the dwarf growing peas. They come up slowly, but about the time the peas are gone the little trees are ready to be cultivated and soon take the ground.

We have grown them two feet high from the seed in one season. They are then transplanted to where we want them. Our neighbors have tried planting the seed in fence corners and scattering in the wood lot, but have had no success, as the mice dig up the seeds. —*G. W. B., Hancock Co., Ohio, in Farm and Home.*

A NEW HAND AT THE TELEPHONE.

A LADY in Englewood, N. J., was called to the telephone one day by the operator, who inquired, "What do you want?"

"Nothing at all," she responded.

"Your bell rang," insisted the operator.

"None of us rang it," replied the lady.

The next day a man appeared from the telephone office.

"I have come to see what makes your telephone bell ring most of the time," he remarked.

But none of the family could enlighten him, and he saw nothing about it which was out of order.

The next day he came again, took the telephone entirely to pieces, examined the full length of the wire. Still, he could find nothing amiss, and still at the central office the little flame kept burning in the niche dedicated to this particular family. This indicated that their bell was ringing.

At last it occurred to the authorities to examine a little box, of about the size of an ordinary suit-case, which was nailed up against a large tree close by the house.

In this box several telephone wires converged. It was a sort of neighborhood switchboard.

What was the surprise of the telephone men to find this box nearly filled with nuts! They took out three peach-baskets full, each one holding at least two quarts.

Rioting among the nuts were the youthful members of a promising squirrel family.

The girls in the telephone office had been sure that "spooks" were ringing the mysterious bell which nobody would confess to touching; but, as usually occurs in similar cases, the cause of the trouble was quite natural; the "spooks" were nothing on earth but a family of merry, romping little squirrels.—*Selected.*

THINGS TO QUIT.

QUIT speaking harshly to your horses or other stock. They know more than you think they do.

Quit trusting to memory to keep you in mind of important matters. Make a record of all such things.

Quit finding fault with others.

Quit thinking there is nothing more for you to learn about farming.

Quit talking about the hard times you are having. There is always some one who is worse off.

Quit taking patent medicines.

Quit thinking that tomorrow will be a better day than this.

Quit bragging yourself up at the expense of those about you.

Quit being a poor farmer. You can be better; set about it.

Quit running an account at the store. Pay as you go, or else don't go.

Quit running your farm down. Talk it up, and make it worthy to be talked up.

Quit doing important things without talking it over with your wife. She is a better counselor than any lawyer you know.

Quit every habit that weakens you,—body, soul or heart.—*Farmer Vincent.*

JENNETIN' APPLES.

I've tuck the prize at apple shows
  For fruit that looked like meller gold,
And some all crimson, like a rose
  Es full of flame es it could hold:
But apples good for ev'ry day
  From autumn-time till spring begins—
There ain't no better ones, I say,
  Than good ole-fashioned Jennetin's.

They ain't es smooth es pippins air,
  And plenty kinds air redder—lots;
They're unly middlin' big and fair,
  And spattered some with freckly spots;
Jest plain and good; and it may be
  They're sort of common-like, but yet,
They're sweeter tasted, seems to me,
  Than any that I ever ett.

Now me—the thing I liked the best
  (No matter if it's fruit or books
Or folks), is what'll stand the test
  Of lastin'—'tain't the han'som looks;
For take my wife, Clarissy Jane—
  She don't go in for style a bit;
She'd mebby be considered plain
  By them that ain't got rabbit-wit;

She don't put on the latest craze
  And talk of nothin' else but dress,
Nor puff her head in forty ways
  Until it's all a pizen mess;
She's unly plump and round and fair,
  And walks light-hearted-like and free;
A freckle, mebby, here and there
  Don't do no hurt, es I can see.

And though her hair's a leetle gray,
  Like frost a-shinin' in the sun,
She's ev'ry bit as sweet today
  As what she was at twenty-one.
It makes no odds what went or came
  In them long years we've traveled through,
Clarissy's always been the same,
  Her heart es lovin' and es true.

And so, say I, in folks or fruit,
  'Tain't always them that looks so fine
At fairs and shows that's sure to suit
  I'll take the lastin' ones for mine.
And apples, good for ev'ry day,
  From autumn-time till spring begins—
There ain't no better ones, I say,
  Than good ole-fashioned Jennetin's.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

YOU CAN HELP US

WILL YOU DO IT?

It costs you nothing, but we pay you for it. Only cut out the coupons below and enclose one of them in each of the first six letters you write to your friends who might be interested in reading the INGLENOOK. We want to increase the list of subscribers, and if our present readers will do this favor for us, we see no reason why it should not be doubled by Jan., 1911. Be sure to write your name at the bottom of each slip in the space marked (xx), and for every slip that is returned to us with an order for the INGLENOOK, for one year to a new subscriber, we will extend your own subscription three months. We will send to the subscriber the Inglenook to Jan. 1912 and a copy of the New Inglenook Cook Book when ready.

Tear out this page NOW, cut out the coupons, and use them. Let's work together and see what can be accomplished. Everyone will be benefited.

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EVERY four coupons returned to us means a year's subscription to you free. Place these coupons with your writing paper so that when you write a letter to a friend you will be reminded to enclose one. The more subscribers we receive through your influence the longer will the time of your own subscription be extended, the happier you will be in the consciousness of having helped your friends to a good thing and the more you will help and encourage us to greater effort to accomplish the end of our desire.

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LAND BARGAINS
IN
Ness County, Kans.

I have in **NESS COUNTY, KANS.**, at prices ranging from $20 to $45 per acre, according to location and improvements, land that is a good proposition for either the homeseeker or the speculator. Five families, members of the Brethren church, have bought land in this locality in the last sixty days and others will follow, and we hope in the next year to have a church organized and a churchhouse built. Ness City is the county seat and has a first-class high school, 200-barrel flourmill, which runs day and night, ice plant, electric lights, three churches. It is a nice little city, with a lot of good land around it. The soil of Ness County is good and will successfully raise **WHEAT, CORN** and **ALFALFA.** Walnut Creek and its tributaries run through the county, and the land adjacent thereto is adapted to **ALFALFA**, with some now growing to show what it will do. I have one tract in a body, lying from two to seven miles from Ness City, two-thirds of which is alfalfa land, and about 4,000 acres of it at $25 per acre if taken soon. Can give good terms on this and other lands. To those interested in Ness County or in Pawnee County, where we have two churches organized, will say for such information as you want and for map of Ness or Pawnee County write to

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I will sell ten acres of the best orchard land in the Miami Valley, plant it in apple trees and care for the orchard four years. All for the sum of $1700.00.

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143 acre farm for sale. Two houses, two good barns, two orchards and a good well. Church of Brethren ½ mile. School ½ mile. Electric line ¼ mile. Excellent dairy facilities, two milk condenseries within easy reach.

A bargain if sold soon. Members of the Church preferred. Address,

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One good cook and one girl for general work in country town hotel. Four of us are members of the Church of the Brethren. And we would prefer sisters.

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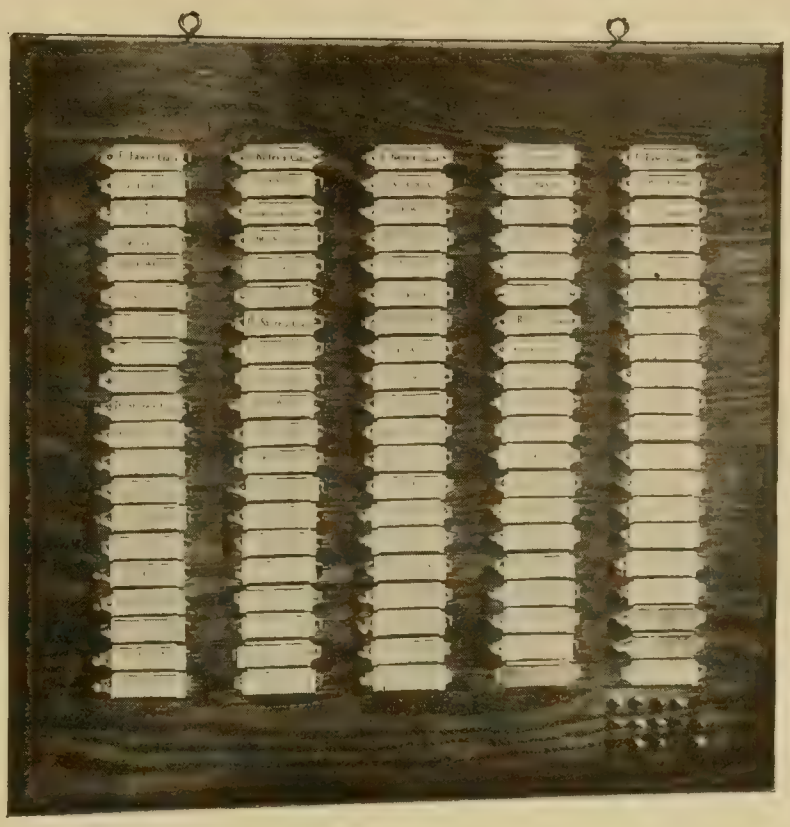
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2. Present on time every Sunday.
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Having decided to locate in Sweet Grass County, Montana, as soon as I can sell my farm in Indiana, I am offering it at a bargain. I have 95 acres, with two sets of buildings, two good orchards, one and one-fourth miles from the Brethren church, one-fourth mile from the U. B. church, three-fourths mile from the township high-school, on rural mail route, and telephone line, and it is four miles from county seat. On this farm I have several never-failing springs, some low land which makes excellent pasture. The buildings are all in good repair, a furnace just having been installed in one of the houses, and it is in an excellent community. This farm I will sell at a bargain in order to make the change I desire.

J. F. APPLEMAN

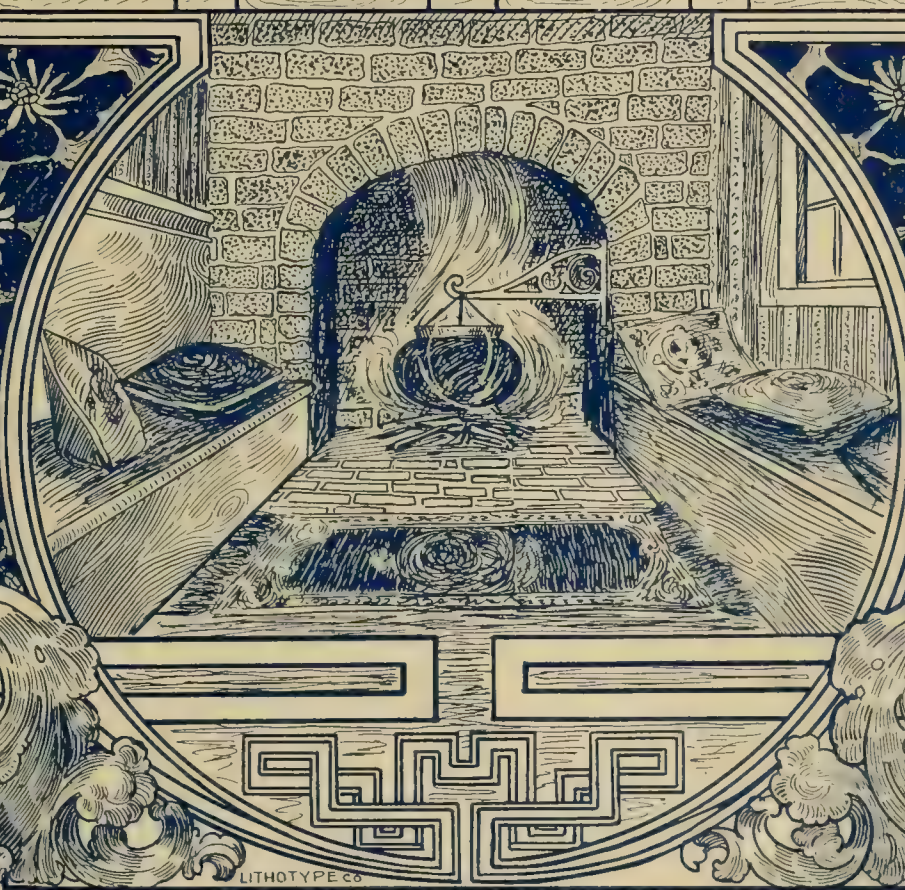
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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15 Cents or $1.00, Which?

A copy of this **cook book** bound in oilcloth (when requested) will be given with every subscription to the **Inglenook** for one year at **$1.00.** This is the only way in which the book can be obtained. If you are not at present a subscriber we will send the **Inglenook** to you from now to Jan. 1912 and the **New Cook Book** for **$1.00.**

Any one desiring to try the **Inglenook** for a while before subscribing for a year can have it from now to the end of the year for only **Fifteen Cents.** Now is your time to take advantage of our special offer. You will never get a better one. Subscriptions to the paper will begin at once, but the Cook Book cannot be sent for several months.

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¶ The past Spring has furnished an added proof that the region of MIAMI VALLEY is destined to be one of the greatest apple districts in the country. Other famous apple districts failed entirely this year or saved only a small percentage of their crop by very frequent smudging. This is true where raw lands are selling at from $250.00 to $500.00 per acre. The orchards of this region are loaded with perfect apples and no smudging at all was required.

¶ MIAMI VALLEY is famous as a cultured center. Five ministers of the Church of the Brethren, and 22 teachers and Professors are living in MIAMI VALLEY.

¶ A local telephone system is being installed by the citizens.

¶ MIAMI VALLEY is a LIVABLE place. YOU SHOULD LIVE HERE. Only $40.00 to $75.00 per acre for land with perpetual water right.

¶ Nearly a thousand acres of land sold during the first half of June. Our Northside Tract No. 2 will soon all be sold.

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¶ The doctrine of nonresistance as taught and practiced by the Church of the Brethren has, at different times, brought her members face to face with severe trials and suffering, and even death. But with all that, it has also been instrumental in preserving that abiding faith in God, that feeling of brotherly love, that unyielding fidelity to the teaching of Christ's Gospel, which characterize the true followers of the Prince of Peace. Sustained by the deep convictions as to the right of it, the persecutions and suffering have been endured, and the doctrine remains in the church as one of the fundamentals of true Christianity.

¶ The above named book is a history of the trials and experiences of the Brethren during the War of the Rebellion, together with a brief record of the persecutions of the Brethren in Germany and the early years of the church in America.

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¶ In these days, when the subject of international peace is agitating the minds of men in high places in all civilized countries, a book of this kind is a timely one, and will be read with peculiar interest.

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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
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THE INGLENOOK

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Clean Collars and Character

Richard Braunstein

TOO much attention to dress argues a small mind; too little care for the personal appearance is almost proof positive of shiftlessness. There is in this, as in all things, a happy medium.

There have been men, Horace Greeley for instance, who have been sloven in dress but whom nobody would accuse of constitutional laziness. The Greeleys are few and far between, however, and the imitation Greeleys are legion.

The poet Byron set the fashion for poets with low collars and flying ties; a sartorial hall-mark by which poets are identified today as the professional man was marked by his top hat and frock coat a few years ago. And as the poets have followed Byron, so have the *intellectuals* followed Greeley. The young man who goes in for philosophy or political economy appears to think that clean linen and deep thinking are incompatible. The idea that even a fop must necessarily be a fool is without foundation in fact. Robespierre, the idol of the proletariat, was as dainty a dandy as any aristocrat whom he sent to the arms of Madame La-Guillotine; Julius Cæsar, who in the words of the political orator, "needs no introduction," was always immaculate in his apparel, and even partial to perfumes and cosmetics; Cesare Borgia was dazzling in his dress.

To make of fashion a religion is of course, a foolish waste of time and effort. Though Beau Brummel won for himself a place in history for no other reason than his success as a leader of fashion and setter of styles, he is, perhaps, no more widely known than half the statesmen, warriors and philosophers and men of science, who were his contemporaries. He has been novelized and dramatized until there is small chance that he will be forgotten for centuries to come. With him, to be in the mode was the ultimate end of all human endeavor. And so to the dandy, the fashion becomes an obsession; he considers nothing else of great importance. The most solemn moment of his existence is when he decides upon the color of a new cravat, or consults with his tailor concerning the cut of his trousers. In a way he is unselfish. It is his aim to make himself beautiful in the eyes of others. As Carlyle suggests in his *Sartor Resartus,* man probably donned clothes in the beginning, not so much for the purpose of protecting himself from the heat and sun and the inclemency of the weather, as from a desire to add to his natural attractions by decoration. It is well-known that the first symptom of the æsthetic instinct in the savage is evidenced by his tattooing. The American Indian considered a breach-clout a sufficient concession to the proprieties, but when he wished to look at his best he painted himself, and decorated his head with feathers. The king's crown was originally designed more for the purpose of making the king more brilliant than his subjects, than as a mere symbol of his sovereignty. It was the same desire to flatter royalty which led the early artists to paint the king twice the size of any other figure in a picture.

Considering the king as a leader of fashion, by virtue of his kingship, it is easier to understand the state of mind of Charles I, who called for his hair-dresser on the morning of his execution in order that he might go to his death properly curled.

The instinct to "dress up" is common to all of us in childhood. Many outgrow it with the passing years, but we all have it in the beginning. By "dressing up" I do not mean putting on one's "Sunday-go-to-meeting" outfit; most children feel decidedly uncomfortable in their best clothes. But where is the boy who does not delight in a uniform? And where is the little girl who is not happiest when playing lady with her mother's featheriest hat perched uncertainly upon her vain little head? It is not the fashion we aspire to as children, but the beautiful. In these days of pomp and puffs (false) and parade, fashion is anything but beautiful. Man has carefully eliminated every element of the picturesque from his wardrobe, and woman is running riot in the grotesque. Woman is not satisfied with the natural *grace* and *beauty* with which she is endowed, but seeks to assist nature, and improve upon the work of God. This she does by going to our five and ten-cent stores, and investing a few cents; she comes home triumphant in the possession of a few

pounds of hair, shaved from the heads of dead Chinamen and imported to this country. Another aid to beauty is the talcum powder now so extensively used. This clogs the pores of the skin, poisons the blood and causes the user to *break out* in little pimples and blackheads. The *rats*, made out of wire and old hair, keep the air from the roots of the hair and scalp, and soon cause the hair to fall out: Then there is the tight-fitting dress, the shoes that pinch, and *hat* that is a nightmare. There is no decency whatever and the sense of shame seems to have left our American womanhood.

But, what's the use? Women never question the beauty of their ridiculous modes, so long as they are in style. These styles, by the way, are imported from the sewers of Paris. But all this is a digression, so to resume: after all, we have done away with most of the frills and furbelows which made our ancestors look so well in their full-length portraits. But we have put no ban on cleanliness. Our suits may be solemn, but they need not be stained. Our collars are quite as uncomfortable, and unsightly as the Elizabethan ruff, but we may yet appear neat in them, if we cannot be handsome. To be sure, there are extremes in man's dress, and some dress right up to the limit, but let us pity them, rather than censure their lack of taste. It's a matter of education—time heals everything. Perhaps some day the majority of our youth, who wear *loud clothes* and walk with a swagger and affect an air of *—look at me, am-I-not-to-be-admired?—* will awaken to the fact that simplicity is a poem in dress, and quietness in colors that harmonize is more admired than a trumpet blast of vividness.

But to return: The man who has not enough self-respect to keep his clothing clean is likely lacking in something else. When a man comes to me and tells me that the country is going to the demnition bow-wows and never will be saved until we turn it over to him and his friends to experiment on, I look at his collar. If he will not take the trouble to keep his collar clean—how clean will he keep my city, or town? If he does not care to look decent, what reason have I to suppose—O! I know a man may be clean, and not godly, and I know a man may be slovenly and yet be a Christian—but I cannot look into anyone's heart and, worse luck, I can't help seeing his linen.

When a woman gets up in a missionary meeting, and reads a paper about the *dear heathen* and how immoral they are, and how naked, and how this and that they are, I look to see if there is powder on her face, or if the hair she wears is her own, or whether she is all dressed-up, and at the same time her shoes run over at the heels, or the bottom of her dress drags, and is dirty. Somehow or other I just can't help seeing these things. The wealthiest man or woman can be untidy—the poorest can be clean.

THINK A PLEASANT THOUGHT.

ELSIE EMMERT.

ONE day I went into a photographer's gallery to have some pictures taken. As the photographer was about ready to make the exposure he said, "Now look pleasant." I did as he directed, but what was my disgust to find on receiving the proofs that I had a very unnatural picture, not because I had looked pleasant, but my pleasantness was very affected and unnatural. It was one of those made-to-order smiles that goes no farther up nor in than the eyes, that grows wearisome to the wearer and disgusting to friends about you. In fact, it was artificial, it was not real.

I've been wondering since what that photographer might have said to me to produce the real smile he wanted to catch and I wanted portrayed.

One day as I caught my image in the mirror as most pleasant thoughts were flitting through my mind, I said, "Aha! I have it, there it is. Think pleasant thoughts and unconsciously the pleasant looks will come. The real smile will beam forth from the heart."

There is nothing, no nothing, in this life like smiles and sunshine. Do you dream of a world with no smiles, no sunshine, no budding spring, no blooming summer, no crimson autumn, no sparkling winter, no golden sunrise, no little song birds, no voice of love?

No, you don't even think of such a world. If you did, joy or smiles would not respond to it and you are not seeking gloom in this life, you are seeking joy and happiness, pleasure and sunshine, just as all the rest of us are doing. You are seeking what every Christian has a right to seek, what every Christian ought to seek, and you are hoping to have your efforts crowned this side of heaven's gate with a spirit that moves in sunshine and happiness.

Have you ever noticed the changing expression on the face as the mind changes from morbid to cheerful thoughts? To revise Solomon's wise saying we might put it, "As a man thinketh in his heart so looks he."

Would I add to my circle of friends who really enjoy my association, my thoughts *must* be of pleasant things, for my words cannot long belie the real secrets of my heart. Would I chase the spectre of envy, hate and spite, *let* me think a pleasant thought. Would I entertain sympathy and love, I *will* think pleasant thoughts. Have I crowded my life with peace, I *have* thought pleasant thoughts.

Were I photographer I would change my final injunction to subjects from, "Look pleasant," to, "Think pleasant." But, since every man is his own photographer of his soul in his face, shall I not change it for myself and try the experiment at least?

Mt. Morris, Ill.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

PAUL MOHLER.

No. 1.

LAST week I had a sore throat and a headache. The second day, I knocked them both out with a good sweat, a cold splash, and a rub.

No. 2.

While I was back in Ohio preaching, there seemed to be an epidemic of sore throat. I was afraid I'd catch it there and have trouble in preaching, but I didn't. But soon after my return to Chicago, I began to feel something of the throat trouble and by Tuesday evening of last week, I had it good and hard, and with it a bad headache.

I doctored it with everything I had on hand on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning and went to school expecting to be over it by night. But by noon the headache was almost blinding me and my throat was raw. I had a Hebrew lesson coming on at one o'clock that I knew was enough to make me blind without the headache, so I devoted the noon hour to disposing of the headache. And this is the way I did it:

We live a little over a mile from school and I started for home on foot. The day was quite warm and sultry and I walked fast with my coat on, so when I got home I was in a great sweat—just what I wanted. | Then I turned the cold water into the bath tub and while that filled, drank about a pint of hot lemonade to keep the perspiration moving. When the tub was ready, I stripped as quickly as I could and plunged into the water all over. My, but that felt good! Then out I got for a brisk towel rub and another walk to school. And do you know, before I got the water off my skin, my headache was all gone, and with it, my sore throat. And I got back to school for my Hebrew class, just an hour from the time I left. Now what do you think of that for a lightning cure?

No, I'm not going to start a sore-throat and headache sanitarium, but I'm going to try that again sometime if I need it.

In these two accounts of the same affair, I think I have illustrated two extremes in story telling. In the first, I have cut out details, giving only the main points of the story. In the second, I have put in many details not at all necessary to the understanding of what had really occurred, but each of which lends some touch of color to the whole narration, all of them together making it a rounded whole and much more interesting to a large class of readers.

Now, which is the right way to tell the story? That all depends on who is to read it or hear it. If you are telling it to a busy man, tell it short. If your listener has plenty of time and likes to hear you talk, spin it out and fill in your details. Always do that for children; they want it all.

Let me give you a suggestion if you are a teacher of children. There are many stories children should hear, especially Bible stories, but as you find them in your books, they are very brief and shorn of every pleasant detail, like story No. 1. But a little careful thinking and a little study, will enable you to tell the story, putting in many interesting details that you know *must have* belonged to the story at one time in its history but which have been dropped out before they came to you. When you tell your story to the children, put in all these details, and see how the children feed on them. It's just like thinning a can of condensed milk for them to drink, it goes a whole lot better.

705 S. 42nd Court, Chicago.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

John Walter Wayland

Apollo late has wheeled his fiery car
Under the jeweled archways of the west;
The virgin moon, her passion half confessed,
Unveils her beauty to his smile from far.
Marshaled to greet the first soft-beaming star,
New ranks of corn the hilltops have possessed
They stand as guardians of the yeoman's rest,
Where once the turf was rent with battle scar.

In scattered groups upon the arbored lawn
Linger the lovers of the twilight hour;
In song's sweet imaging fair scenes are drawn—
Graved deep forever by a magic power.
Hills, trees, and fountains try some new delight,
To woo the fleet elf-herald of the night.

Harrisonburg, Va.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents

Henry M. Spickler

In Three Chapters. Chapter Two.

SHORTLY after accepting the position as waiter at the cafe, I made inquiry as to the nature of the work to be done for both *board and room* in another part of the city.

The University employment man gave me a second card, with the No. 23987, Fifty-sixth Street, saying that it was one of the very best places he had to offer, and that my work was to wait tables as at the first place.

I met the lady of the house on the large front porch as I went up the steps to ring the bell. If anybody ought to know what the feeling is to a stranger when he approaches the door of a splendid house in the city, I ought to have met with some of it in my wanderings around the world. I know what it is to be turned away from the front door and dogged away from the back door of people living in more countries than I have fingers on my hands. Experience of this kind never wears off the novelty of a rebuff. It hurts as much at the last door as it did at the first. The great majority of people living in houses, however, are kind to strangers, and it is to this great number of noble-minded folk that we owe whatever of kind regard we may have in our heart for people here and there.



Schools of Law and Divinity, University of Chicago.

The woman recognized me as one who looked as if he were big enough and strong enough and nice enough to do her work. That gave me courage. She set the broom down to answer a telephone call inside, and while absent, I picked it up and was sweeping off the remaining part of the porch, to show her that I was ready to begin at any moment and that I knew a thing or two about winning the favor of a Chicago landlady. But I didn't know anything about this woman. Few men do know anything about a woman. And that is far from slandering her, but on the other hand, it glorifies the sweetest inspiration that can come into a hungering heart's life. That inspiration, of course, is a woman, a real woman. "Woman, without her, man is a beast," and it often is as true, when written, "Woman, without her man, is a beast."

This woman, I learned after I began to work, had no man. I suppose that he was dead. I didn't ask her.

And now follows an introduction to the kind of work I did and the treatment I received from this typical Chicago lady of hired help. Those who know more about the subject of servants in Chicago may object to my sweeping characterization of her as "typical." Granted. I may be wrong. But I fear that she is rather too uncommonly numerous in Chicago or in any other city.

More than once she "opened my eyes" as to how to do things, and more than once "I opened her eyes" by the way I thought things ought to be done. Glorious! We got along exquisitely,—every other day.

It seemed to be the best chance imaginable for me to earn my board and room rent. There was the air of romance about the place, the big lawn, the well arranged and beautiful house of four floors, all controlled by herself and her two pretty daughters.

Five minutes after I met her she took me into the double dining hall and showed me where she kept her silver plate,—a half bushel of knives and forks, spoons and butter spoons. I was astonished that she should so soon confide to me, a perfect stranger, the place of this silver, the rows of cut-glass and the piles of hand-painted china.

My work was in fact to wash dishes rather than to wait on tables. Two others, the one a student, the other a colored girl, were to do the waiting. My work was practically less annoying than that of serving at the tables. I could begin my work a half hour after my student room-mate had begun his work in the dining hall, and I could think about my lessons and trou-

bles while he was caring for some fastidious stenographer or spilling the tea over the white silk of the two spinsters who sat by the window. But my troubles were all too many, nevertheless.

The motive for these several letters to the INGLENOOK is that of showing its readers the fine opportunities here to work one's way through school. That is my main motive. That was my greatest surprise on first coming. Openings for workers, for their board and room, or for board, or for room, or for money, were far more plentiful than I had imagined. All around the University people wanted young men and young women to help them in their homes and upon their lawns. Girls were wanted to care for children, to cook, to wait tables, to act as companion, to care for the house. All of these places registered by the Employment Bureau were investigated as to their moral character, so that little if any danger could follow from a misguided choice. Altogether, these Chicago people were getting better servants than they could purchase in the open market, and the students were getting better positions than the open market would average them. The student received somewhat better pay, in room rent and board than he could expect to receive in money for such short hours of labor, while on the other hand the house paid out less for the work than if it had been purchased at so much an hour. Both were recipients of added value. Each should be glad for the opportunity.



Kent Chemical Laboratory, University of Chicago.

I was now the owner of three positions. In the one I was earning three meals and no room; in the other, both. In the former I could go at almost any hour it best suited me of any one of the three hours of meal serving. But as I was expected to be present at breakfast and supper at the second place, and as a lunch was furnished me for carrying along to the University, there was no need for my working in the first one, so long as three meals and not six were sufficient. However, for a week or more I worked for my lunch at midday in the first position, holding to it in case of being thrown out of the other place. In the morning I worked at the second place on Fifty-sixth Street, fully a mile from the University, from seven to nine, or at times from six to eight-thirty or nine, and again at evening from six to eight. The required time for the three meals and the room was three and a half hours each day. The room was a choice one, well lighted, and worth three dollars a week for each of the students. My third position was that of stenographer for the Secretary. In addition to these three I went down town during five days of each week, for a time, to do stenographic work in one of the daily paper offices at thirty cents an hour.

I was paying my debts all up as I went along, living well but with strict economy, and availing myself of several excursions of a total of seven hundred miles travel besides.

My great pride at each of the boarding houses was to handle the china without breaking any of it. At the first position I did not have a single accident of this kind. Dishes by the scores, with cups, glasses, bowls and platters were piled up and carried until they were ready to roll off. But I did not break a single one. The colored man, one evening, with a big long meat dish freshly filled and dripping fat in gravy, dropped the whole thing over the edge of the little white damask table at which a dignified professor and his wife sat waiting to be served. Neither of them smiled, nor did the colored man. So far as I could see he did not blush, either. The big platter broke into twenty pieces. I cleaned it up for him.

At the other place, however, where I was shown the silverware, I broke about two dishes each week. I offered to pay for these but to this the other waiters and waitresses objected. They said that if I paid for the dishes I broke, they would have to pay for the dishes they broke, which would not be fair. I do not know just what they meant, but probably their justice was a little more just than mine, for every one who has must lose.

One of the first improvements I began to make on my going to the silverware boarding house was to clean up the lawn on all sides of the house and to

mow the grass and clean up the edges of the cement walks. Here is where my zeal did me harm rather than good. I did more work than was expected of me. I did it better. I worked more hours and I worked decidedly faster. All around me were janitors and owners of fine houses caring for their lawns each morning and each evening, either by mowing the grass, sprinkling them with the hose, or weeding the flowers and trimming the shrubbery. My lawn was a corner set of lots, one of the very finest on that street or in that part of Chicago. But when I undertook to transform it, it was one of the most dilapidated and neglected. Rubbish that should have been burned or carted away, was thrown under the high porch where it rotted and made an ugly sight for every passer. This I thoroughly cleaned out, picking up every twig, and every piece of rubbish in the yard. But the most noticeable improvement was the dressing of the edges of the lawn along the cement walks, which reached around the house a distance of about a block. With a spade I cut away the grass and dirt on an oblique slant of about twenty-three degrees from each side of the sidewalk and along every border of the walks about the house, in the front and in the rear of the lawn. This was done while exercising the greatest care to keep it uniformly even. The grass then mowed with special care left a piece of workmanship that was admired by every passer-by. In fact, I was the only one in that part of Chicago, or in any part of Chicago who spaded out the borders in this way. No residents on this long, beautiful street were arranging their lawns in this manner. They cut the dirt away for the walks, but they did so by digging out a perpendicular ditch, that was neither beautiful nor regular. I was actually surprised at the notice people were giving not only my lawn but me! They would stop and ask me whether I wanted a job at janitoring! One man said he was sure I could get a good flat,—a big four-story house with a hundred rooms in it, if I wanted the job. I told him I had all I cared to handle at present.

The humorous point about my stirring up interest and admiration for the care of my lawn was due mostly to my having just come in from a small country town where people are considered by city folks to let their lawns die out in the summer and go to weeds the rest of the time. Here in Chicago there were thousands of fine lawns cared for summer after summer for many years, but not one of them coming under my observation had the clean effect of my lawn.

"What is it in thy hand?" "A dollar and a half!"

Several things have happened since I and my lawn became the cynosure for Chicago landscape gardeners. The boy or girl who is kind enough to follow me in my summer outing while in school, will find the next article, while true in every detail to actual events, fully as racy and thrilling as a story of romance.

HELPS FOR THE SCHOOLROOM.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE teacher should lay aside all other occupations, and devote all her waking hours exclusively to her school. The greatest of obstacles to energetic teachers is a lack of time. Hence everything that can be gotten ready during vacation, will be that much off the mind during school time. There is so much to be thought of that one sometimes gets confused and wonders if she is ever to get through.

The teacher should not let anything come between her and her school duties. She needs all her spare time out of school to prepare for the next day's work.

We always find that when we are not fully prepared on a lesson or do not have it well planned for the pupils, we have more or less trouble that day. There lies the greater part of the cause of our failure, in not being fully prepared on the lesson. Also, after all this is done, the teacher needs time for recreation and the social side of life.

The dress and personal appearance of the teacher should receive a good deal of attention. The other part of the cause of our failure is a neglect in this respect. Little eyes are bright and sharp and they notice anything out of the ordinary sooner than older people do.

We all well remember when we were pupils how we used to take notice of the teacher's toilet, either to admire or ridicule and criticise, and how our esteem for her lessened as she appeared day after day untidily dressed.

Then a teacher can appear better and have more confidence in herself if she is aware that she is becomingly and neatly, but not necessarily expensively dressed.

Money spent in good clothes is not wasteful; it is economy. Usually, whatever occupation we have, a better position can be secured and held if we keep ourselves well dressed.

The next thing that helps is a private code of laws or rules by which the teacher should govern the school,—a standard of discipline to which she should endeavor to bring the school. It is a good plan to have this code written and read over every day by the teacher,—not by any means *to* the pupils or *by* them. They should be entirely ignorant of its existence. *Do Right* is the only written rule that should be presented before the school. The code should contain some of the following: Books neatly stacked at close of school, desks kept neat at all times, all waste paper in baskets, no whispering, no unnecessary noise, no questions asked by those not in class during a recitation, well-prepared lessons, attention, prompt obedience, respectful and courteous manners, no unnecessary marks or scrawls on boards, books or desks. And as many more rules as is deemed necessary, or advisable.

It would also not do any harm to have a private code covering her own deportment.

It is a teacher's first duty to see that her pupils are cared for physically as far as is in her power. Is the room too warm or too cold, is there plenty of fresh air, are their seats comfortable, not too high or too low, is the light coming from the right direction, are the pupils thirsty or hungry, are their faces and hands clean? "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" a child can not study well if he is not clean, and should be sent to wash whenever it appears necessary. Boys usually wash the high places, leaving the hollows and background in the shadows. One can usually discover the high water mark which is just beneath the chin and follows in a circle around to the northeast and northwest, past the ears north just below the hair and meeting some distance from the North Pole.

School houses are fortresses of more importance than old Fort Duquesne, therefore, they should be kept clean and orderly, well ventilated and aired. It used to be and is now sometimes the custom to send children home at evening and close doors and windows to retain the bad air till morning. The room should be thoroughly aired. Children learn more and behave better in a clean, pleasant schoolroom than in a dirty, dilapidated one, and the effect is carried to their homes and through life. We are all influenced more or less by our surroundings and environments.

If we have not a hopeful, cheerful disposition, we should stop right here and cultivate one and train the pupils to have one also, by our example. Ridicule and sarcasm have no place in the schoolroom. One can always know a teacher who is inclined to be critical; she lets you know it and is sure of everything.

Nothing wins the heart of a boy in his teens quicker or easier than to be addressed as Mr. ———. All boys should be treated like kings and girls like queens.

Every child has a right to its childhood. We tremble lest childhood becomes a lost art. We have more time in a natural lifetime to be men and women than we do to be boys and girls. Then do not speed the time.

In these modern days boys and girls are hurried out of their childhood by ambitious parents so quickly that they hardly realize that they were ever other than grown-up full-fledged men and women. They are hurried to school, hurried to pass grade after grade, till finally they have skimmed over enough to graduate at a very early age, without a fair knowledge of any of the branches of the school curriculum. A bright young lady of fifteen was asked by a guest, "Where do you attend school?" "Oh, I am out of school, I have graduated." Being surprised at her accomplishments at so young an age, he inquired in what she had graduated. "In white," was the innocent reply.

Teachers have to be lawyers, judges, juries, witnesses, legislators, executors, doctors and nurses. But with all these professions, she must be very careful not to punish unjustly. Better to let ninety-nine guilty ones go than to punish one innocent one. According to the Jewish Talmud, children should be punished with one hand and caressed with two.

The teacher used to be judged by the number of floggings administered to the pupils. Often was the expression heard, "I don't believe the teacher is of any account, I haven't heard of her whipping any one this term." But that is a thing of the past. The less floggings the better. It is not morally good for a child to obey because he is afraid of punishment. To do right because it is right will make better citizens. One could not have much confidence in the man who would rob or murder or evade the laws of his country if he did not fear the consequences. Unless we place the child on a plane of life where reason and conscience are supreme and where they do right from a free act of their own will, we do little, either to help him or to advance the interest to a higher civilization.

Children should be trained to be self-governing, and self-relying. A self-governing school is the ideal where each one works for the good of the school or the school republic. They should be given to understand that the school is a little republic of their own, with the teacher at the head, but that all have a share in governing, and whenever anything is known that will better the condition of the school it should be brought up for discussion.

A teacher should know how to govern herself before she aspires to govern others.

We should not be deceived by the well behavior of pupils and imagine that they are incapable of doing wrong and therefore slacken the rein on them. Control of them is often lost in that way. It is better to keep a steady rein on a gentle horse for we do not know just when he will shy, so it is better to keep them to the mark with a firm and steady hand. While you have them there it is easier to keep them there than to try to get them back after they have gone astray.

There is a tendency among a certain class of people to allow their children to leave school at an early age. Parents used to ask, "How much longer may I send my son to school?" and if no objection was made he often came after he had passed the twenty-first milestone. But now the question often is, "How much longer must I send my children to school in order to fulfill the requirements of the compulsory school law?"

If a parent should send a complaint to the school, it is best to meet it with calm dignity. The best way to reply would be in a friendly manner. This will often change the attitude of the parent's censure. A reply which once brought good results was as follows: "My Dear Mrs. ———, I am glad to have a sugges-

tion from you. It shows that you are interested in the welfare of the school and that you wish to help, and where parents and teacher work together there is sure to be success. I shall be glad to have you visit the school that we may have an opportunity to talk the matter over, as I think you do not fully understand my methods or perhaps you have been misinformed regarding them. Your friend," etc.

The key to a succesful school is interest, and interest causes attention, which is focused consciousness and is of three kinds: voluntary, involuntary and expectant, all of which must be cultivated.

The school should develop the ideal citizen.

Chinook, Mont.

GAY OCTOBER.

You may tell of the joys of leafy June,
Of its lilies and roses with their sweet perfume,
Of its bright blue skies and its fields so gay.
With daisies and buttercups in brilliant array,
With its songs of birds and the humming of the bees,
And its zephyrs whispering among the trees,
But naught you may say can the least compare
With October's riches of beauty rare,
When the sun flitters down through the scarlet and gold
Of the trees of the hillsides and forests old,
And the air is laden with perfume fine
Of the ripening fruits of tree and of vine.
Where the apple trees 'midst their leaves unfold
Their spheres of ruby and green and gold,
And the grape hangs its clusters of purple and red,
Where the hazel bushes their ripe nuts shed.
Then the golden pumpkins bestrew the fields,
Where the corn to the huskers its treasure yields,
And the crimson of woodbine and sumach pour
Their wealth of color o'er roadside bower.
Then the children gather with shouts of glee,
The nuts of hickory and chestnut tree,
While the squirrels and blue-jays chatter and scold,
In the tops of the trees of leafy gold,
And the cool, crisp air stirs the pulses like wine,
As it brings spicy odors from forests of pine,
And all nature proclaims in accents clear,
October is queen of all the year.

—Alice E. Wilbur.

THE FARM, THE IDEAL PLACE.

IRA J. LAPP.

In this article we do not intend to discuss the ideals of ethics or politics, but will endeavor to point out a few of the ideal phases in farm life.

Although poets have sung of the joys of farm life, artists have painted in varied and beautiful colors and shades the picture of the farm with its small brook threading its way through the meadow, in which the cows were peacefully grazing; up by the house with its cool and broad verandas, the morning-glories were twining skyward; and in this background could be seen the orchard heavily laden with golden fruit.

Orators with all their ability have so eloquently described the farm that we can almost taste the honey sweet from nectar's bloom. But in the face of this fact, there is still much to say about the place where the king's and poet's bread comes from.

One prominent factor in making the farm an ideal place of abode, is that it is in the very heart of nature. The farmer can live a quiet and peaceful life in perfect harmony with his environment.

Figuratively speaking, you can almost see the handwriting or footsteps of God in the forms of nature. When we notice the environment of the farmer, we are caused to wonder how infidelity can exist among those who turn the mellow soil.

The farm is the ideal place for student life. He can wade into and solve deeper mysteries. Some of our best scholars, our best statesmen, and best writers are the products of the farm. As the lungs do not receive smoke-polluted air, his body and intellectual powers are stronger.

His thoughts are not interrupted by the honk-honk of the auto, toot, toot of the cycle, rattling of wagons and carriages, and the noisy cry " E-x-t-r-a,—all about the fire," as the newsboy is trying to get rid of his wares. But instead the refreshing notes of the song birds reach his ear.

The farmer can be a man among men, for his constitution is not broken down or health wrecked, because he has been eating spoiled fruit and vegetables, old eggs, poor butter, etc., and drinking milk which is thirty per cent water, perhaps.

In one respect, at least, we have seen that the farm is the ideal place for man, for he can have and stay in possession of that pearl of great value, which we are pleased to call health. And health spells happiness.

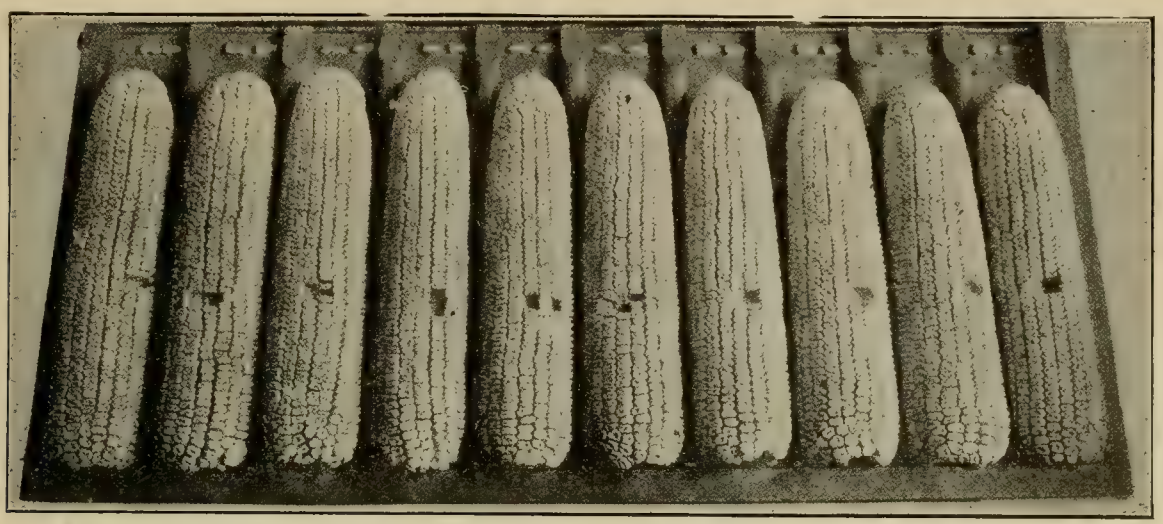
We can with dignity look upon the farm, for the Being that created the world had an Infinite mind, and he did not make a large city and place the first man and woman called Adam and Eve into it, but made a beautiful garden and entrusted them to take dominion of it, care for the animals and vegetation they found there. The reason so large a number of our successful men come from the farm is due to the fact that they are building upon a substantial foundation,—" a strong mind," which the farm and its environment is almost bound to produce.

Moorefield, Nebr.

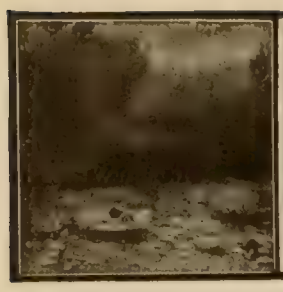
THE QUALIFICATIONS OF PRIZE CORN.

In the *Scientific American* of June 4th, page 457, under the captain. " The Costliest Ear of Corn in the World," the writer of the illustrated article certainly is neither a farmer nor a judge of prize corn, else he would not leave the impression that an ear or ears ever won a prize because of size. That is never the case. The size of an ear of corn varies with the cli-

matic conditions. In judging a sample of corn for a prize more than fifty points are considered, of which seven show very plainly in your illustration. They are these: The ears are all of the same length and of the same circumference; they are well filled at the butts and at the tips; the rows all run straight from the butts to the tips, and turn neither to the right nor to the left; the space between the rows is the same in all the ears, just enough for the corn to mature properly, and the ears all taper the same at the tips and at the butts. Now let me refer to just a few points that cannot be determined by looking at the illustration. If the germ and the embryo have not a certain color and a certain consistency, we know that the kernel will not have the vitality and that it will not grow uniformly. This condition will reject a sample of corn that is entered for a prize even if it has all the other good points shown in your illustration. In the last you will see that two kernels are taken from each ear, generally more than two are taken. This is done to see if it has the proper germinating power, to see if the chaff adheres to the tips of the kernel or if the tips of the kernel adhere to the cob and if the tips of the kernel are plump. If they are plump it indicates maturity, if shrunken, immaturity and poor feeding value. If the kernel is removed it is easier to see if it has the proper amount of starch, which is a point for the judge to consider. The depth of the kernel must be in proportion to the length and to the circumference of the ear. The edges of the kernel should touch from tip to crown; consequently they must all be wedge-shaped. The kernels should hold their size and shape well out to the tip of the ear, and must be uniform in size, shape and color in all the ears of a sample. The dent of the kernel must conform to the type; different types having different dents. White cob in a yellow sample of corn, or a red cob in a white sample would not win a prize, no matter how large the ears, for it shows impurity. If the furrow is wide between the rows it shows a low proportion of corn to the cob, and indicates that it is not well bred. We have enumerated only a few points that are taken into consideration in the judging of prize corn, but enough to show that it is not the size of an ear, but its breeding and its power to reproduce itself that win for its owner a prize. The writer of the article says: "The champion ten ears of corn shown in the illustration average 10½ inches in length and 7¾ inches in circumference, each ear carrying 20 rows of kernels, the depth of the kernel being ¾ of an inch, and the weight of each ear is 20 ounces." All of this shows that those ten ears of corn have had forty or fifty years of careful, intelligent selection and improvement back of them. They have been mixed with brains; they will reproduce themselves. A stalk now produces double the amount of corn that it did fifty years ago. That is what scientific farming has done for us, and yet there is more to learn. To close his article, the writer says: "Lastly, it must be considered that from a large field of corn some large specimens may be selected." This does not prove that the selected specimens are the best, but merely the largest. No intelligent farmer selects the largest ears of corn in his field either for use as seed or to contest for a prize, but he takes ears that are suitable to the climatic conditions, ears that will ripen in the vicinity not only this year, but for a succession of years. Ears of the size you illustrated are suitable for Southern Iowa, Central Illinois and Southern Indiana. I don't know who grew them, but I will be safe in wagering that they were not the largest ears in his field, and probably more than one-third of the ears in that field were larger than those that took the prize.—*Joseph Fry, Wever, Iowa, in Scientific American.*



Cut Appearing in Scientific American of June 4 with Article Entitled "The Costliest Ear of Corn in the World." These Ten Ears of Corn Were Sold at the Corn Show for $335.



THE QUIET HOUR



MARTYRS.

Not they alone who from the bitter strife
Come forth victorious, yielding willingly
That which they deem most precious, even life,
Content to suffer all things, Christ, for thee;
Not they alone whose feet so firmly trod
The pathway ending in rack, sword and flame,
Foreseeing death, yet faithful to their Lord,
Enduring for his sake the pain and shame;
Not they alone have won the martyr's palm,
Not only from their life proceeds the eternal psalm.
For earth hath martyrs now, a saintly throng;
Each day unnoticed do we pass them by;
'Mid busy crowds they calmly move along,
Bearing a hidden cross, how patiently!
Not theirs the sudden anguish, swift and keen,
Their hearts are worn and wasted with small cares,
With daily griefs and thrusts from foes unseen;
Troubles and trials that take them unawares;
Theirs is a lingering, silent martyrdom;
They weep through weary years, and long for rest to come.
They weep, but worry not; it is God's will,
And they have learned to bend their own to his,
Simply enduring, knowing that each ill
Is but the herald of some future bliss;
Striving and suffering, yet so silently,
They know it least who seem to know it best.
Faithful and true through long adversity,
They work and wait until God gives them rest;
These surely share with those of by-gone days
The palm-branch and the crown, and swell their song of praise.

—Author Unknown.

THE TREE.

D. D. THOMAS.

Some one had eaten an apple and thrown away the core. The meat was luscious and nourishing, but the core, of what use could it be? So it was thrown away. In some out-of-the-way place it fell, as refuse is like to fall, and sun and shower and wind and may be the foot of man so wrought that it sank out of sight. The parts of it that were left decayed and mingled with the soil. But a life germ was left in the seed, and the very thing that caused the others to decay caused it to grow. Two leaves it had at first, spread out they were to heaven like little infant hands asking for more life. The tears of heaven wet its sweet palms, and the wind from the south breathed on it the breath of life, till it had strength to lift up others like unto the first, to ask and receive of the power of life from the hand of the Infinite. The birds did not cease to sing as harbingers to God from mute lips and tender hearts. A rude foot stepped upon the tender form in the midst of its brightest hopes and crushed it to the earth. For a moment it lay still in despair, then lifting up its bleeding hands hopefully and smilingly to God, it grew on with the cheer of the bird's song and the wind's breath. The scar of that cruel tread in after years made a sheltering nest for two gay squirrels, who chattered and frisked at the house they secured they knew not how. There they brought up their young and stored their winter food, unconscious of the fact that the tribulation of a day had wrought all this.

The rootlets branched every way out of sight to seek nourishment, and to give strength and stability to the growing form above ground. Their bodies became longer and stronger because of the wind's effort to lay low its young life form. Sometimes, it seemed to laugh and sing with optimism when the wind was roaring loudest, and its lithe body bending almost to the ground.

With all this it kept on growing. Now it had scores of leaves lifting up hands asking for a blessing. It had grown in grace and persistent in prayer enlarged its power to pray.

From itself there grew out a coat to protect it from that which kills. It was beautifully smooth at first, but as the years went by, time wrought a rougher bark, and the lovely green tint changed to a somber black. Many limbs branched out in the air and became much larger than the trunk once was, and the birds of the air sought its supporting forks in which to build their nests and rear their young.

The dead particles that once were in another form of life had such an affinity for their former state that they jumped into the water carriage glad to go into the little mouthlets and be "swallowed up of life." To the bark or the body, or the limbs or the fruitage, it mattered not just so it could support a life growth. He who could bring to life the dead particles surely could cause the stones to cry out.

The tree slept in winter. It shed its green leaf by leaf and stood with its limbs bared to the cold blast of the north wind. Its leaves had fallen at the first autumn frost, and the somber sereness of the golden days

had lulled it to sleep. It could hardly be said to be bared, for the bark had thickened and strengthened during the season for this very thing of protection, and somewhere hid away was its life ready to leaf forth at the first warm sunshine and spring bird's song.

The flowering season is of much interest. One is attracted by the beauty of its bloom almost as much as by the lusciousness of its fruit. It is the day of its promise. The husbandman says, "There will be fruit," and takes great care to guard against the enemies. For the fruit, like the souls of men, comes out of great tribulation to its estate of glory. How one's tears are wafted, and one's soul is lifted at the sight of the great round form of beautiful five-petaled, pink flowers just after the barrenness of winter, and the coldness of the shivering frost.

But the glory of the tree is its fruitage. Much can be said of the beauty of the barren tree, but withal it is a barren tree and to be hewn down. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Its fruitfulness is the test by which it is preserved. Not alone that it bear fruit, but that it bears *good* fruit, and the abundance of its fruit go to make up its glory.

The first purpose of the fruitage seems to be for reproduction, that its kind may multiply and replenish the earth. One seed produced this tree, but there are numbers in each apple, and thousands of apples ready and anxious to bring forth other trees like unto this. While many are called there are but few chosen to reproduce the species. The next purpose, as it seems, is to nourish life in others, and it gives up so much of its first purpose that it may serve well in the others. Herein lies its chief glory,—giving up its life that others may live. The preservation of the species is a great thing, but the giving life to others, even to the sacrifice of species, is grander, nobler, higher. Oh, the luscious fruit! How it cheered our boyhood days! Even before the fruit was ripe, we climbed into the tree, rudely plucked the large, green orbs, softened the tissue by pounding on the tree, then ate to the danger of our lives. How impatient we were! Much more when at last the green had turned to a yellow did we visit the old tree, rest among its branches, and eat to our satisfaction.

The glory of the tree has indeed passed away as all earthly glory does. Its strong limbs are going back to the earth upon the decaying trunk. One can sit and recall the days that were. It outlived some of the dearest forms upon earth. They rest in the silent grave, and the cooing dove upon a neighboring limb recalls the days when they talked with us here in the limbs of this tree, or neath the cooling shade.

* * *

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe. It is a seed grain that can not die.—*Carlyle.*

THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE.

WHAT did Jesus mean when he said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God"? Many say merely to so live that they may go to heaven. And hence there is to them nothing more in it than the making of an outward profession of religion, attend divine services—when convenient—pay to the support of the Gospel; thank God for the privilege of worshiping him an hour in his temple, and then the rest of the week go about what they call their secular duties and pleasures. To others it means a little more than this; not only getting themselves into heaven but to endeavor to get people to join the church. But how narrow this conception. This is building up an institution, whereas true Christianity is seeking a condition of heart; not anything outward, but something inward.

"The kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus.

This, indeed, includes the church, but, it is more than the church. Building up the church is not always synonymous with building up the "kingdom of God." Church-anity is often very different from Christianity. Zeal for one's church is not always indicative of the true Christlike spirit in the heart. To be a churchman is one thing. To be a true Christian is often quite a different thing.

What then should be one's real object in life? Is it to work to make men churchmen so much as to make churchmen good men? What is the object of being a churchman at all? Is it not to help him to be a good man? Zeal is wasted if efforts are put forth to build up the church, when that is made the end. But no zeal is expended wastefully that endeavors to build up the church so that she may stand for and exercise the power of Christianity in the world. The church can be a power only as its members go about to establish true Christianity. For what does this mean other than the establishment of the law of Christ in "its application to the shop and the mart, and the mine and the kitchen and the parlor and the drawing room and the office and the senate and the forum"—the law of liberty, of grace, of good will, of charity, of love—the establishment of the "Golden Rule of our Lord"? What other object on earth is there in life comparable to this?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

* * *

THE true *evidence* of sins forgiven is not to be found in how we feel, but in what God says. *The word of God is the only safe foundation.* Unless we have complied with *all* the conditions of salvation, we are still unsaved, *no matter how we feel.*—*C. T. Ladd.*

* * *

OUT of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have first seen the gate of heaven.—*E. H. Chapin.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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What has the past summer given to us, or how much have we given to it?

According to the law of giving, that which we have received is fairly apportionate to what we gave. From either viewpoint is the amount a credit to us?

The cooler weather and growing comfort of indoor living tend to make it the more easy for those in school to buckle down to steady, solid work. The student who is most ready to respond to these conditions has a fair promise of holding a place in the forefront of his class all through the year.

For those who remain in the home the cooler weather has some favors also. There are the final touches to be given to the garnered harvests, the comforts of a fire, the quiet times for meditation. As a rule, the things that are accomplished in the home owe as much to these periods of semi-activity as to the most strenuous period of the year.

All of us need to be on our guard at this season to see that we do not go too far in surrendering the outdoors to weather that at first strikes us as disagreeable. Let us spend as much time as possible in the open air during the daylight hours—children as well as grown people—and we will be less susceptible to the growing severity of the weather as we approach winter.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Now that the nights are growing longer and there is time to sit around the evening lamp, the question is being raised as to what books and papers to secure in order that these long hours may be profitably spent.

There is almost no end to the number of publications from which one may choose and because some of them are so very cheap in price many are induced to get several of this class, arguing that for the cost of one somewhat high-priced periodical they can get two or three of a cheaper class. With these people the mistaken idea still holds—that it is the *amount* of reading one does and not the *kind* that counts.

But more and more, as we see how evils are creeping into society and into the home—even the isolated home—we are coming to see that the *kind* of reading is the one important thing to consider in making a selection of reading matter.

First then, select books and papers that are clean and pure and elevating in tone. Then look to the fields they cover. Every one should read something of a general nature, that will keep him in touch with outside life at every point. Afterward, he may specialize, selecting such books and papers as will meet a particular need or help in the development of a particular subject.

Parents should be especially careful in the selection of reading matter for the children. The mother is careful about the food she sets before her children; she would not think for a moment of allowing a dish to go on the table in which there is mixed even a small amount of poison. Just as serious are the effects of bad reading and just as important is it for the parents to guard the mental food which the children take.

THE STOCKHOLM PEACE CONGRESS.

Many of our readers know of the eighteenth International Peace Congress held in Stockholm, Sweden, Aug. 1 to 5 of this year. This meeting was to have been held last year but was postponed on account of the great strike in Stockholm at that time. Thinking that even those of our readers who have known of this peace congress may not know of the particular events that marked the meeting, we are here giving some of these as gleaned from a report appearing in the *Advocate of Peace* for September.

"More than six hundred delegated and other members were enrolled. Nearly all the continental European countries sent unusually large and strong delegations—Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and the rest. The English contingent was smaller than usual, as was that from the United States. A number of those who had been appointed delegates from our American societies, and were fully expected, failed to appear. A striking feature of the meeting was the presence for the first time in a peace congress of official Russian delegates. These came from the recently organized peace societies in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and were among the strongest and certainly the most striking figures of the Congress. . . . There were three young Chi-

nese members of the Congress, two of them students from London, who were deeply interested in the proceedings, and one delegate, from Sydney, Australia." Besides the regular delegates, the Congress had the presence and help of a large number of leading workers in their several countries.

"The work of the Congress centered around the great measures now claiming the attention of the peace party everywhere, namely, the completion of the organization of the Hague Conferences into a regular periodic assembly or parliament of the nations; the conclusion of a general treaty of obligatory arbitration for the settlement of all international controversies, including questions of honor and vital interests; the arrest of the present ruinous rivalry in armaments; the education of the people in all countries, especially of the young, in the new ideas and ideals of the mutual relations of peoples and nations. The discussions on some of these subjects were as fine as have ever taken place in any peace gathering, and were conducted in a spirit of the utmost fairness and generosity. When the subject of arrest of the present competition in armaments was up, one could almost feel in the speeches, particularly in that of George H. Perris of London, who made the committee report on the subject, and pointed out that choice must soon be made on this matter between evolution and revolution—one could almost feel, I say, the beating of the pulse of the growing dissatisfaction in all countries with the present monstrous regime.

"The educational aspects of the peace movement claimed a good deal of attention, and a number of resolutions were adopted urging upon the peace workers in different countries to exert themselves to secure the coöperation of teachers and educational leaders in the thorough instruction of school children in the principles and policies of pacific internationalism. The Congress rejoiced very greatly at the information received of the various organizations already engaged in promoting interest in the cause in the schools of the different countries.

"The Congress devoted an unusual amount of attention to the question of persecuted races and of the relations of semi-independent peoples to the suzerain governments; as, for example, the question of Finland, Crete, Armenia, Egypt, Morocco, the Jews in Russia, etc. While it was clearly recognized that it was not within the province of the International Peace Congress to take up the internal affairs of nations, yet the feeling was strong that, as these questions are all more or less international, it was clearly its right and its duty to urge that in the dealing of the governments with them the principles of right, justice, liberty and humanity should be strictly observed; and this it did, in no uncertain terms."

After speaking briefly of the public meetings held during the week of the Congress and the peace services in the churches and at some length of the hospitality of the people of Stockholm, the writer concludes: "On reviewing the occasion it seems to me that, on the whole, the Congress was one of the most successful and impressive ever held. It was a revelation of the deep hold which the principles of peace are taking upon the peoples of Northern Europe, and it will doubtless do much for the further development and strengthening of the cause in those regions."

A RETROSPECT.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
It seems as if I dream,
Yet I hear that gentle tinkle,
And I catch a distant gleam
Of the meadows and the pastures
And the cow-paths leading home,
And all the hills and valleys
Where of old I used to roam.

* * * * *

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
The cows are far away,
A-grazing in the woodland
Just at the break of day.
The dew is on the bushes,
And the morn is hushed and still,
Save the tinkling of the cow-bells
Sounding from the distant hill.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
Up through the woods I go,
Where chestnut flowers are blooming,
And huckleberries grow.
The air is fresh, and scented
With the odor of the pine,
And no sound disturbs the silence
Save the lowing of the kine.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
I mount old Bessy's back
And head my peaceful subjects
Down the winding, homeward track.
The bushes whip against my legs,
And lave my feet with dew,
And old Bessy's sides are dripping
With the cooling vapor, too.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
We reach the barnyard gate,
Where humble duties call me
From my seat of royal state.
I hasten to the buckets,
Hung upon a garden rail,
And soon the milk is splashing
In the jingling, tinkling pail.

* * * * *

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!
It seem as if I dream,
Yet I hear that gentle tinkle,
And I catch a distant gleam
Of the meadows and the pastures
And the cow-paths leading home,
And all the hills and valleys
Where, a boy, I used to roam.

—Sanford Allen McGavern in Farm Journal.



THE HOME WORLD



THE PHYSICIAN A MORAL EDUCATOR.*

G. H. VAN DYKE, M. D., CHICAGO.

THE HIPPOCRATIC oath has long since ceased, and with it the physician's prestige as a man of social influence. In earlier times, the man of science was also a man of culture, but today, in the division of labor, the scientific man is one thing and morals are relegated to another specialist, the clergyman.

That the physician is, and by rights should be, a scientific teacher and is best fitted to dispense a certain line of scientific thought, is admitted by all. He is looked to as the guardian of physical good, the corrector of hygienic error and the preserver of the public weal. Nor are those who so look upon the physician often disappointed. Indeed, that the physician has done much more for the common good of man than has any other class of specialists is not to be denied. Why, then, is the physician not held in respect, equal, at least, to those whose lines of activity also come within the same sphere, but who are acknowledged by common consent to have done and to be doing less than he? Is there not some reason, lying perhaps close to our own door, for this highly undesirable and unnecessary condition?

To individual and public alike the physician is usually ready to advise against things of a physical or tangible nature, of a pernicious influence. Why should he fold his hands when moral, immoral or even religious questions and conditions are brought to his notice in a given case, that are assuredly the cause of disease, even indirectly, and content himself with the thought that the other specialist should get busy, too?

No one knows so well as the physician the real cause, other than germs, of many of the physical ailments. Then why not "magnify the office"? Why should the physician not do his *full* duty toward those who consult him? To the patient whose mental or physical habit is the real cause of the disease, can the physician feel that he has done his full duty when he has provided him with an intelligent prescription, but has not spoken in clear tones against the cause of his ailment? He would do so if it pertained to some contagion; why not equally when some habit of lust? Why not speak against any form of evil which brings a patient to the office, seeking relief? Perhaps the physician's own moral sense is not as keen as it should be.

The one great reason why the physician's prestige is such a beggarly quantity is the fact that his own life is not the pure, clean life that is expected by the public, and which the public has a right to expect from the men who know things. "Thou that sayest do not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest do not commit adultery, dost thou commit sacrilege?" Is it not a fact that the physician has lowered himself by indulging in the commonplace habits, from mere commonplace sins to the grossest crimes of the whole catalogue? He, with the brute, has run the gauntlet. Every crime that the low, dumb, brutish crook has committed has been indulged in by men of the medical profession. If proof of this statement is desired, I cite you to the criminal records of the State, any State in which you may happen to live. You will see that the physician is by no means free from criminal conduct. In questions where his profession touches the social and moral status of the community, notice the apathy and utter disregard and lack of interest; also the disregard and dogged indifference in vital statistical reports.

Is the public unfair in not dividing with us a larger share of honor and trust? Is it not giving us our full due? Why should it be otherwise than fair? Is it in the face of the fact that we, as a class of public specialists have made ourselves worthy of unqualified professional confidence that the public has arbitrarily withheld it from us? When we do as the charlatan does we must expect the charlatan's reward. When we belittle ourselves by defaming each other before the laity, we can neither ask nor expect its unreserved confidence. We must expect the absolutely inevitable: to "reap what we sow." When we do not and cannot look our young men and young women patients in the face and, with a tone that tells, admonish them against a habit or life of sin which brings the diseases upon them for which they seek our office and counsel, but find ourselves befouled by the same vice, habit or crime, are we any better than they? Simply because we have a smattering of scientific training is not sufficient in the mind of the public to cause it to admire the medical profession as such. Our lives are measured

*Read before the West Side Branch of the Chicago Medical Society, Oct. 21, 1909

by the same great measuring rule that is universally applied, "By their fruits ye shall know them." After all, it is what is in the *life*, rather than in the head that counts.

The remedy is clear and certain: a life irreproachable and well abreast of the best lives in the community, a character strong enough to resist the temptations to sin, which are placed in the way by weaker and less responsible lives. Undaunted and yet unobtrusive rightness is the remedy. Could not something be done to infuse such an ambition into the hearts of the young men and women who are seeking the profession, that would, at least, partially correct the only too evident state of morals, or lack of morals, among physicians? Or shall we close our eyes against this condition and look only for germs? If so, what is the justification of such a course?

There are two places, it seems to me, where good and effective work could be done, which would have a wholesome influence: 1. The necessity of the physician's living a dignified and responsible life should be taught with effect under the head of ethics in, at least, the senior year of every college course. This subject should receive the same conscientious attention as that of any other subject of the course. 2. State boards should exercise their powers more freely by revoking the licenses of those who deliberately and repeatedly lower the profession by living immoral lives or committing acts of crime.

With no desire to appear either a pessimist or a calamity howler, it seems to me imperative that some recognition be given to the fact that reform measures are indispensable to the best interests of our profession. It is very commendable that leaders of education among us are insisting upon better preparation for entering the medical college and a higher grade of medical education on leaving it; but unless the moral standard is raised also, professional retrogression will inevitably continue. *The insatiable thirst for gain and an increasing tendency to avoid responsibility are two dominant mental states to be deprecated.*

"Ill fares the land,
To hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates
And men decay."

Let rascality, inebriety, law-violation and open and flagrant quackery be sifted out. So long as the practitioner, apparently in good standing, continues to deceive his patients purposely and ingeniously, so long will the public look with a certain amount of distrust upon the profession. The patient justly looks for as much integrity in the man who holds his life and health in his hands as in his banker; perhaps more. And just in proportion as it is found wanting in that proportion will some other cult gain ascendancy. No better reason than this can be found for the existence of the numberless religious cults.

Let the ethics of the profession be given their deserved place in the interests of the student and let their violation on the part of the practitioner be punished by excommunication, and our profession will be raised to a dignity and influence that will be both ennobling and gratifying.

1525 Hastings Street, Chicago.

THE MEANING OF PAIN.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:
"Lord, take away pain—
Lord, take away pain from the world thou hast made,
The close-coiling chain
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
On the wings that would soar—
Lord, take away pain for the world thou hast made,
That it love thee more!"
Then answered the Lord to the cry of his world:
"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart
And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine
The Christ on his cross?" —British Weekly.

AUNT MARTHA'S LEGACY.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

LEAH! Leah! where are you?" called Aunt Martha.

"In the garden, but I am coming," answered Leah, walking hurriedly up the garden-path. Following her was a young man whom she had met at the garden gate. As they stepped up on the wide roomy porch of the cottage, Aunt Martha peered out at them through the gathering gloom.

"Leah, I wanted you to play for me awhile. Is that Mr. Horton with you?"

"Yes, he was just passing and thought he would stop in to see how we are," explained Leah, carefully. Her eyes were bright and the laughter in her voice was not lost upon Mr. Horton.

He looked at Leah, reproachfully. And as her aunt led the way into the cottage, he said, "'Just passing,' when I came to take you for a ride or a row on the lake, and you know it. I shall certainly have an understanding with Aunt Martha."

Leah was instantly alarmed. "Don't say anything tonight, dear, I know that Aunt Martha's neuralgia is worse or she would not have called me in. Wait until tomorrow night."

"It shall be as you wish," replied Roy Horton.

Then Leah played and sang for her aunt. And when she asked Roy to play, he sat down and lost himself in the music he evoked, as he always did. And while the strains of one of Mozart's marvelous symphonies floated on the evening air, Leah accompanied her Aunt Martha to her room.

"I shall not need you any more tonight; if you want to go for a drive you can do so," said Aunt Martha, as Leah was leaving her.

Leah smiled. "Not tonight, he is absorbed in the music, and I am tired; we can drive some other evening." And so she left her aunt and went down to the living-room, where Roy Horton was still playing; he had not even seen them leave the room.

The neighbors wondered how Leah could stand living with her Aunt Martha. Most of them were not on speaking terms with her, when Leah came to stay in Cliff Cottage with its roses and its curios brought there from many lands. For Aunt Martha's family had been great travelers, and had brought many treasures to her as the years went on. It had been hard at first. Leah's tender heart was wounded many times by the unjust suspicions and unkind criticisms of her aunt. She was difficult to please, and seemed to delight in making life hard for Leah; and the neighbors who knew all about it hoped that Leah would go away and leave her aunt to her servants' care. But Leah could not bear to do this. There had crept into her heart an affection for her aunt which made her patient and forbearing even when her aunt was most exacting. And after while her aunt began to depend on Leah and wait for her coming and call her daughter. Then she lavished gifts and favors upon her, and Leah was happy and free from care. Her aunt told her she should have Cliff cottage after her death, and so they lived together as if they were mother and daughter.

"Tomorrow I shall tell your Aunt Martha of our love, it is not right to put it off any longer," said Roy Horton when he stopped playing and found Leah by his side.

"I believe she knows," replied Leah.

But on the morrow they found that Aunt Martha never could be told. Without an outcry or sign she had passed away during the night, and Leah found her quiet and still when she went to her room the next morning.

After the funeral, the friends assembled to hear the reading of the will. The old lawyer seemed really nervous as he wiped his glasses and then proceeded to read.

"To my niece, Leah Baird, my writing desk and all it contains in token of gratitude for her loving service to me for twelve years. I also wish my niece to have the option of purchasing Cliff Cottage and its contents at a sum not less than three thousand dollars. The money to be the actual property of herself, not borrowed nor raised on mortgage."

As the slow measured sentences fell from the lawyer's lips, Leah turned pale and tears came to her eyes; and the old lawyer himself came to her and placed his arm protectingly around her. "I am very sorry for you," he said, "I told your aunt that she was not treating you fairly, but she would not listen to any argument, and so the matter stands."

"Could the will be broken?" asked Leah.

"I am afraid not" replied the lawyer. "She was in full possession of all her faculties up to the last, as we all know."

And so the matter rested there. A codicil gave Leah two years' time in which to purchase Cliff Cottage, after which if she failed, the money was to revert to other heirs.

When Roy Horton heard of the will, he came to Leah and said, "We shall be married at once."

Leah looked at him with eyes swimming in tears. "Will not this make a difference?" she asked.

"Only in our manner of living," he replied. "If you can stand poverty and a few rooms up town we shall be married this week and move."

Leah was lonely and afraid to start out again to earn her own living as she had done before she came to Aunt Martha's. And Roy was so determined that they could manage somehow on the income he derived from his music pupils, that they were married in a rush of happiness in which there was no room for foreboding. For the moment there was no thought of the struggle with poverty and the unknown troubles of the future. For each there was only the other in the wide world, the rest was unreal and shadowy.

So they were keeping house in three rooms and making the best of everything. They were happy, too, and not once did they regret facing life and its problems together.

The two years had almost expired when one day two men came upstairs carrying the writing-desk between them. Leah and her husband had agreed to let it remain at Cliff Cottage. Roy was in favor of selling the desk and Leah told him she could never part with it; her heart was true to Aunt Martha although she had been disappointed. Now Roy had sent for the desk to please her. And she was grateful.

When he came home that night they decided to unpack it and place it close to the window in their tiny sitting-room.

Roy got a hammer and proceeded to take off the packing case. "We'll see what the contents are," he said.

"I know," answered Leah, "bundles and bundles of old love-letters tied with faded ribbon. I used to see her hold them in her hands sometimes. She never

married and I don't know her story, but it was a sad one, I am sure."

Roy smiled to himself at his wife's forgiving spirit. Never by word or thought did she seem to blame Aunt Martha for what all the neighbors designated as a disgraceful neglect. And the neighbors usually added that they had expected all along that she would slight poor Leah. As Roy was busily plying the hammer, he remarked that the carving was most beautiful.

Suddenly something fell to the floor with a chink as of coin; and there was a ten-dollar gold piece. He looked under the desk and discovered the bottom was loose and there was more coin. "Quantities of money!" he exclaimed, "and here I was urging you to sell the desk."

Too excited for speech, Leah was looking through a bundle of old letters and there she found several hundred-dollar bills. And as they searched the drawers and shelves they found over twenty thousand dollars in money.

So they bought Cliff Cottage and went back to it. And Leah said once to her children, "I do not know what made Aunt Martha do that, but if she wanted to test our love for her, it answered all right, for I loved her even when we were in trouble and your father and I have always been happier and better for the months we spent in an apartment where the rent was cheapest."

THE DESTRUCTIVE CHILD.

GRANDMOTHER raises her hands in horror over the destructiveness of the present day child. She tells of the few carefully kept treasures of her own childhood, and contrasts with this small Dorothy's score of dolls and wee Donald's dozens of engines and wagons. And whereas grandmother very likely still has her childish playthings Dorothy and Donald haven't a thing but disreputable wrecks. The average American child of today is destructive. There must be a cause for it, and also a cure.

That the destructive child is likely to become a great nuisance every mother will admit. From breaking his own things he takes to breaking other people's. Did you ever breathe a half resigned, half rebellious sigh when you received the announcement that cousin Flora and her four children were coming to stay a week with you? You had visions of Ted laying your best cushions along the floor to walk on, of Jamie working havoc in your flower garden, of Dora tearing your books and of the baby demanding the best treasure of the house for playthings. And with it all poor Flora hasn't very good control over her family, and is quite sensitive if she fancies you find the children annoying. You know that you are in for a week of nerve racking unrest, and you frankly wish that Flora could leave her children at home when she comes to visit you.

One of the causes of the destructive spirit is that children have too much. When one toy is broken the fond parent hurries to get another in its place. The child soon comprehends that things come easily, and he makes no effort to care for them. This cause can be removed easily. Buy fewer and stronger playthings, and have it definitely understood that they will not be replaced in a certain time. If they are destroyed let the child do without. He may tell you with tears that all his little friends have a certain article, but do not on this account in mistaken fondness rush to replace his destroyed plaything. If you do you are fostering a serious weakness in the child's character. This restricting the supply of playthings will work a reform with the most careless child. One mother whose children are inclined to be destructive says that when they particularly desire some new possession, she tells them that they must first take care of some less prized thing to show that they can be trusted with a new gift. Thus when the little girl longed for a large doll she was told that she must first keep her smaller dolls from one Christmas to another to show that she could take care of such a fine one.

Another cause of destructiveness is the lack of training when the baby first begins to get around. The mother carries things out of his way, or sighs over what he spoils or if she is hasty, slaps his fingers when he does some particularly trying thing, but it apparently does not enter her head to teach him that there are things which he must not touch. Yet it is quite simple to teach a year old baby just that. When he approaches the books he must not touch, take him away. If he goes back a hundred times in the day lead him away that many times, always gently, never with any suggestion of irritation in your manner. At length he will learn that he must not touch, and the second lesson will be much easier. It requires ceaseless watchfulness at first for if baby finds that he can get the coveted thing just once all the teaching must begin over again. It takes time, but it certainly saves time, money and patience in the end. I do not think it well to have the room in which baby spends most of his time filled with things that are a constant temptation to him, but on the other hand I would not remove every pretty thing because of baby's presence, and thus give him no training in self control. You may be certain that the child allowed to destroy things in babyhood will not grow better, but will show an increasing disregard for his own and other people's possessions.

A money allowance which must cover certain things is an excellent check on children past infancy. If they destroy their possessions they must replace them or go without. If they destroy something belonging to someone else they must always replace it no matter what cherished plan of their own suffers. A few lessons of this kind will teach the child to assume a certain responsibility such as he would never have gained had

his parents continued to be the source of endless supply. —*American Motherhood.*

THE HOME AND THE NATION.

No nation can maintain strength and independence when its homes are weak and in bondage. If the home is subject to evil influences, its members are not worth very much outside the home. This is the testing place of stability and integrity of character. A populous country is made up by the people in its individual homes, plus their relation to one another in the government. But the union of the people under one flag does not work a change in the personal character of its people. What a man is when he is alone, when he is a member of a family, that he is when he casts his ballot or when he marches to the battle-field. His actions may be somewhat different under the impulse of new surroundings, and under the critical gaze of friends and strangers, but the heart is unchanged. A man is a better soldier, a better citizen, a better professional man, if his home life is what it ought to be. Indeed, the character which is shown at home will in the end work out in the church, in business, in politics. One may keep tares concealed until they begin to bear fruit, but the tell-tale fruits finally appear.

If the home is right, it provides a safeguard against everything that is wrong. If its teachings are correct, they are a fortification against lapses in conduct, and very, very often a hindrance to the harboring of evil thoughts which eventually must issue in evil acts. No one can place sufficient emphasis upon a good home. From it come the leaders in all upright vocations and honorable professions. The faith of people generally in a good home is shown by their surprise when a son or a daughter of such a home goes astray. Their lack of faith in a bad home is proven by that same surprise. when a son or a daughter becomes a person of honor and Christian integrity. After all, the home, whatever its condition may be, is but a molding influence. For the home fashions that which is molded; it can be well-shapen or ill-shapen. That some good men come from homes which reek with corruption, which are cursed with filthy language, and which are held together only by a legal bond, is a tribute to that character which persists in its purposes for good in the midst of unfavorable environment. It shows that one can maintain his purity, whatever be the surroundings, as the purity of a lily is not defiled even though it roots in filth. If the home is upright, honor is assured.

The chastity of the home is a guarantee of general social purity. The home is a safeguard against internal and external foes; it is a better national protection than millions spent on battleships, and other millions on coast defenses. We will read history a long time before we will find a nation that has perished when its homes were true to the divine ideal.—*Religious Telescope.*

MOTHERHOOD AND MISSIONARIES.

Parental influence has been strongly marked in the career of missionaries. An interesting volume could be written, were the history uncovered, of men eminent in the missionary world whose consecration to the task of evangelizing a lost world can be traced to the closet covenant of father and mother.

The consecration of the infant to missionary service by the parents has been invariably accepted by God, who in his own wonder-working manner has brought to pass the fulfilment of the covenant entered into.

The life of Christian Schwartz, the great German pioneer who went to India as a missionary long before Carey thought of missions, is a concrete case. Consecrated to God by his mother on her death-bed, the infant grew up, passed through school, college and university in the grip of that mother's covenant, and at a period when the Church was dead to the needs of the heathen world Schwartz went forth to India and spent himself through his long life in a continuous effort to enlighten India's millions.

Often in the naming of the child the parental desire and purpose is revealed. Adoniram Judson Gordon was named after the great missionary to the Burmans, and we are not surprised that while he never went to the foreign field he became one of the most powerful advocates of missions that America has known—stirring up his own church until it became an incentive to the great Church at large, organizing a missionary school that has sent forth scores of men and women to the different missionary fields, and making the influence of his intense missionary fervor felt throughout the whole of North America, yea, to the ends of the world. The naming of a child is not an unimportant matter when the name is the expression of faith and hope.

Those hopes and parental impulses will live on most surely in the life of the child and in no course will they be more faithfully fostered by the Spirit of God than when devoted to the mission of the salvation of the lost.

Happy the child who can say with India's veteran missionary, Jacob Chamberlain, "I drank in the spirit of missions on my mother's breast," and happy the mother whose son can bear like testimony with him: "That sainted mother was the instrument of sending out eleven of her sons and daughters, nephews and nieces into the foreign field."—*The Missionary Witness.*

WHY WE SHOULD EAT RAISINS.

In a table of comparative food values, a pound of raisins is said to be equal to:

Six pounds of apples.
Five pounds of bananas.
A pound and fifth of potatoes.
A pound of bread.
Two pounds of milk.
A pound and a quarter of fish.
Seven-eighths of a pound of eggs.
Three-fifths of a pound of beef.

HOME-MADE HOMINY.

To make hominy without lye, take four large ears of nice corn, shell and put into a crock; put three heaping tablespoonfuls of baking soda in the crock with just enough hot water to cover the corn well; let stand over night. Next morning, add enough water and soda, proportioned as above, to boil the corn for an hour; then, with your hands, rub the skin off the kernels, and wash in several waters to remove the black chits; then cover with clear water and let soak over night. In the morning, put over the fire, bring to a boil, drain, cover with fresh water and bring to a boil again, two or three times, remove as much lye as possible, then boil slowly until it is well swollen and soft, taking care not to burn. Four ears of corn should make one gallon of hominy when well boiled. Keep in a cool place, and when wanted, put into a skillet as much as needed, with butter or nice drippings, a spoonful of cream and salt to taste and heat up well.—*The Commoner.*

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

A TABLESPOON of gelatine dissolved in a tablespoon of hot water and added to two cups of thin cream will make it whip successfully?

That rind from a strip of bacon or salt pork is one of the handiest things with which to grease griddles and pans?

That the rubber part of a clothes wringer will last longer if the screws which hold the rollers are loosened before the wringer is put away?

That a half lemon put in the cake box will keep the cake from drying?

That a lump of charcoal put in the refrigerator will keep it free from odors?—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner

THE "MEANEST MAN."

LOTTIE BENNET sat on the side porch, eating her supper of bread and milk. Her brother Harry was there, studying his Sunday-school lesson.

"What is it about?" asked Lottie.

"It's about the meanest man there ever was, I guess," said Harry.

"Why? What did he do?"

"He did a mean thing—as mean a thing as I ever heard of," said Harry. "His name was Peter, and he lived in the same place where Jesus did when he was here, and went about with him, and made belief to belong to him."

"Oh, yes," said Lottie. "I know Peter; he was one of the disciples."

"Well, do you know what he did that was very mean?"

"I don't remember that," said Lottie. "Is it a story? Tell me about it."

"Why Jesus, you know, was good to Peter, and did lots of things for him. Then, one night, when that old Judas went and told the soldiers which one was Jesus, and they took him away to the court, and began to ask him questions, Peter ran off—at first all the disciples did; but Peter slipped back, and hid in the hall somewhere, so they wouldn't see him. They did see him, though, and when a girl said, 'You belong to that Man,' he said, 'I don't! I don't! I don't!' three times over, and was cross about it. Jesus heard it all the time! Wasn't he the meanest man?" said Harry.

"He was horrid," said Lottie. "What made him do it?"

"Oh, 'cause he was a coward, that's what he was; I hate a coward."

Just then Harry's friend, Willie Porter, came in at the gate. "Let's have a game of marbles," he said to Harry.

"All right," said Harry. Pretty soon Harry's mother called from the window: "Harry! Harry!"

"Your mother is calling you," said Willie Porter.

"Keep quiet!" said Harry. "She doesn't want me; I guess she is calling somebody else. Here, let's slip around here where we can't hear folks calling all the time."

Lottie, sitting on the steps, heard every word. She sat still for a few minutes, then she got up and went round to where the boys were playing. "Harry Bennet," she said, "I think you are every bit as bad as Peter! You are making belief, and running away where you can't hear mother call."

"You go away, Lottie Bennet!" said Harry, and his face was red. "I'm not a coward like Peter, anyhow."

"Yes, you are; a coward runs and hides, and that is what you did, and I think you are just as mean as Peter; and you make believe you love mother ever so much."

"So I do love her," said Harry, dropping his marbles, "and I'm going right straight in to tell her I'm sorry, and then I'm going after milk as fast as I can march. I'm not a coward, Lottie Bennet, and I won't be like Peter!"—*Selected.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The recommendation of J. George Wright, commissioner of the Five Tribes, that all the unallotted lands of the Indians in eastern Oklahoma be sold, has been approved by the interior department at Washington and 1,618,000 acres will be placed on the market before December 1.

A jury in the superior court of Oklahoma has assessed the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad $10,000 damages because it failed to give Thomas Fitzmartin a clearance card when he was discharged. Fitzmartin sued for $25,000 and the verdict upholds the antiblacklisting act of the 1910 legislature.

There is no law to prohibit a wireless telegraph company from interfering with the messages of a rival concern, according to Benjamin S. Cable, acting secretary of commerce and labor. The ruling is in the case of the steamer Western States which charges a C. Q. D. message was interrupted on Lake Erie.

German naval experts are experimenting with a "crewless warship" that can be started, stopped and steered and the guns of which can be fired by wireless from shore. The model, the size of an average motor boat, has been operated with unfailing accuracy within a radius of 18 miles. All the apparatus on board is controlled by the shore operator.

Advances in rates on westbound transcontinental traffic from eastern points, which were to have become effective October 10, have been suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission until February 6 next. The new schedule contemplated an advance of from 3 to 25 per cent on lumber, staves, furniture, cement and other commodities and affected 491 railroads operating in almost every section of the United States.

Several billion feet of dead timber on national forest reserves and private holdings in northern Idaho, western Montana and eastern Washington and contiguous territory will be logged and manufactured into lumber to the exclusion of green trees in an effort to salvage as much as possible. This work will begin early this fall, giving employment to from 7,000 to 8,000 men for two years. It will not be necessary to enlarge the plants or build new ones.

An important precedent has been established in a recent decision of the courts which will have an important bearing upon forestry problems. The "expectation value" of young growth has been recognized as furnishing a basis for an award of damages. The decision came on an action for fire trespass on the Black Hills National Forest, brought by the government against the Missouri River and Northwestern Railroad. The jury awarded damages to the government not only for the loss of merchantable timber, but also for the destruction of unmerchantable young growth.

The International Prison congress, which recently met in Washington, elected Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brice, K. C. B., as president, and selected London as the place of the 1915 meeting.

Lieut. J. W. Seddon, R. N., has built what is probably the largest aeroplane in the world, a six-passenger tandem biplane which consists essentially of two biplanes, one behind the other, with the engines mounted on the framing connecting the two sets of surfaces. Two motors of 80-horsepower each are employed, which drive two huge propellers. The planes have an aggregate surface of 1,000 square feet.

The United States government, through its official custodian of grounds and buildings, has made a splendid ruling in regard to the use to which vacant lots may be put. There are, it is said, over 130 building sites, belonging to the government, located in various parts of the country, and until buildings are erected, these are to be used for children's playgrounds. Provision must of course be made for local trusteeship of the government's property.

We are frequently astonished by the abnormally long range of wireless telegraph stations. Such equipments as commonly have only a hundred miles radius, on occasion are able to send messages a thousand miles. This matter was recently discussed in a German paper, and it was pointed out that such long ranges always occur after dark, and hence are probably due to the fact that the atmosphere is not ionized at night to the extent that it is in the daytime.

Oklahoma City, Okla., shows the greatest rate of increase in population of any of the cities of the country whose populations have thus far been announced by the government. Muskogee is a close second and Birmingham, Ala., is third. The present population of Oklahoma City is 64,205, an increase from 1900 to 1910 of 539.7 per cent. Muskogee's population is 25,278, an increase of 494.2 per cent. Birmingham has 132,685 inhabitants, and its percentage of increase in the last decade was 245.4.

A report on conditions in Portugal states that a provisional Republican government holds sway in Lisbon. Reports from the Portuguese provinces are to the effect that warfare is raging, but that the revolutionists are steadily subduing the royalists. King Manuel is at Cintra, and the queen mother is aboard the Portuguese royal yacht, Amelie. The provisional government has officially proclaimed Gen. Carvalhaes commander in chief of the revolutionary army and Admiral Carlos Reis (retired) head of the republic's navy. The new government has also issued a pronunciamento to the people asking that law and order be maintained and promising that new laws will speedily be framed and governmental affairs placed upon a sound basis.

In the first nine months of the year, according to the Manufacturers' Record, plans have been made for an increase of 301,396 spindles and 8,174 looms in the textile mill equipment of the South. In the quarter just ended details have been announced for seven new mill enterprises and for the enlargement of five plants. The new plants will have 60,000 spindles and 1,120 looms, while the enlargements represent 15,000 spindles and 230 looms, all plans of the quarter looking to a total investment of $1,875,000.

Last November's rains in Jamaica were in every way startling. The maximum rainfall occurred at mountain stations at the eastern part of the island, viz., 135 inches in 8 days at Silver Hill, with a maximum daily fall of 30.50 inches on the 6th, and 120.87 inches in 16 days at Farm Hill. These figures are comparable with the famous downpours at Cherrapunji, India, where 41 inches have been measured in a day and 114 inches in five days. The Jamaica rains caused disastrous floods and landslides, attended by loss of life and property.

Advices from Melbourne state that the new Fisher administration plans to nationalize all monopolies and to vest in the general government all industrial authority throughout the commonwealth. It is intended to submit this program to the electors. The people are to be asked to approve or reject the proposals, and, subsequently, legislation bearing upon the people's decision is to be brought before the colonial parliament. A factor which largely complicates the situation is that all of the various State governments desire to retain the control of the factories within their respective jurisdictions.

The danger of a possible fall money shortage has been passed, in the opinion of the treasury department. Primarily, the banks saw what threatened to be a money shortage several months ago. They knew they could expect no aid from the government so they piled up gold in their vaults, built up reserves and cut down loans. Bonds and other securities which might not be easy to sell have been converted into cash. Ten million dollars was moved out of New York to other banks last week. Secretary MacVeagh believes the common knowledge that such immense sums are available will stop any general movement to withdraw money from banks and hoard it. The government is not in a position to help the bank for it is "pinched" by the expense of digging the Panama canal.

The steam and electric railroads of the United States last year expended over $60,000,000 for crossties. This fact has just been announced by the census bureau, which figures the increase in consumption over the previous year at about 10 per cent. The figures for 1907, 1908 and 1909 follow:

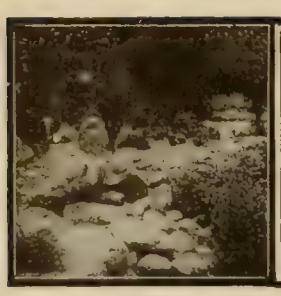
Year.	No. of Ties.	Cost of Ties.
1907,	153,700,000	$78,959,000
1908,	112,463,000	56,281,000
1909,	123,75-,000	60,321,000

The oaks continued in 1909 to lead by a wide margin all the other kinds of cross-tie material. Southern pines, which numbered more than half as many as the oaks in 1907, dropped to considerably less than half in 1908 and decreased a little further in 1909. In each year the oaks and southern pines together formed about two-thirds of the total number purchased.

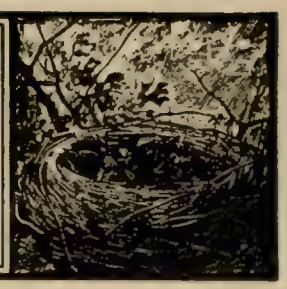
In order to demonstrate the utility of electric stoves for household use, a dinner was recently given in Chicago, which was cooked on an electric stove adapted for a family of eight. However, eighteen persons were served, showing that the family range would be of ample capacity to meet all requirements of special dinners. The dinner consisted of consommé, roast beef, lima beans, potatoes, short cake, and coffee, and the cooking occupied two hours, with an electrical expenditure of 2,310 watt hours. The cost of the cooking, at the prevailing rate for current, was about 23 cents. In the cooking, the fireless cooker principle was employed to a certain extent, the food in each case being subjected to a maximum heat for a short time, after which the current was cut off, or at least greatly reduced, so that the heat absorbed would permeate the food, and cook it thoroughly.

Definite standards of safety appliances to be attached to railway cars and locomotives finally have been agreed upon after nearly a third of a century of effort. It is estimated that the proposed changes in equipment will cost the railroads about $50,000,000. The agreement was reached by a committee appointed last week by the interstate commerce commission after a two days' hearing. The committee consisted of fifteen men, equally divided between representatives of the operating departments of railroads, safety appliance inspectors of the commission and railroad operatives. Radical differences of opinion and judgment were met by concessions by all interested parties and the agreement reached is unanimous as to all equipment to be constructed in the future, except as to the placing of four sill steps on nonprojecting end box cars. That matter will have to be determined by the commission. The interstate commerce commission was given six months in which to frame and make effective suitable standards of safety appliances.

A successful demonstration of the value of the new government serum for preventing hog cholera has just been concluded at South Omaha, Nebr., by the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture. The efficiency of the serum has been proved many times in the past, but in order that its value might be brought more strikingly before the people of Nebraska a demonstration was arranged for at the Union Stock Yards at South Omaha. The stock yards company purchased thirty pigs, weighing from 40 to 60 pounds each, from a farm which had been free from hog cholera for several years. These pigs were taken to the stock yards, and four of them were injected with blood from hogs sick of hog cholera. These inoculated pigs were placed in a pen by themselves, and within five days they had become sick, at which time 18 of the remaining pigs were each given one dose of the serum, while the other eight pigs were not treated in any way. The 18 serum-treated pigs and the eight untreated pigs were then placed in the pen with the four pigs which had been made sick by inoculation. The four pigs which were first given hog cholera all died, and the eight untreated pigs all contracted the disease from them. The 18 pigs which were given serum, and which were confined in the same pen with the four original sick pigs and with the sick, untreated pigs, remained perfectly well, and were finally turned over to the officials of the stock yards company upon the completion of the experiment.



NATURE STUDIES



THE ROBIN'S FLIGHT.

Said Mistress Robin Red, as she craned her dainty head,
"I for one do not like this windy weather;
It blows my nest about, turns it almost inside out,
And I cannot keep in place a single feather.

"Now, once above my head was a charming leafy shed,
Where the sun and the rain could not harm us;
But the wind in all its might came upon us in the night—
How the roaring and the rocking did alarm us!

"And before the next new day every leaf was blown away
From the tree, where all our broodlings grew their feathers;
Next will come the frost and snow; so I think we'd better go
To some country where there's not so many weathers."

In a deep and manly voice, said the good mate of her choice,
"Your management has ever been the best, ma'am;
So while on this bough we rock, summon forth our little flock,
We will put their youthful pinions to the test, ma'am."

From the leafless apple tree came the signal—"one! two! three!"
And away and away flew the robins every one.
Though 'tis sad to see them go, they will come again we know;
When Spring's downy buds are peeping at the sun.

—Mrs. Edward Heylyn, Ct.

A SILVER-TONGUED BIRD FAMILY.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THE object of the study of any bird, by any person, is to ascertain what the bird does. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to know what the bird is, —what it is being simply the step that leads to what it does.

What a bird does includes all its life habits, and to know these is the object of the careful ornithologist, and likewise the object of the merest beginner.

The birds which belong to the Silver-Tongued Bird Family, are the bluebird, American robin, wood thrush, Wilson's thrush, hermit thrush, and olive-backed thrush. Probably no bird note is so fraught with the essence of springtime as is that of the bluebird. Its song and its exquisite colors render the interest of the lover of birds in the bluebird as fresh and certain as is his interest in the springtime. It will be difficult for you to mistake this little blue-coat for any other bird. He is "true blue," which is as rare a color among birds as it is among flowers. He is the banner-bearer of Birdland also, and loyally floats the tricolor from our trees and telegraph wires; for, besides being blue, is he not also white? His breast is, perhaps, more brown than red, but as he flits to and fro, it is quite bright enough to be called red.

All sorts and conditions of people love and respect the bluebird,—all welcome him to their gardens and orchards.

Why does this bird receive so much attention? It is because the bluebird is gentle, useful, brave, and faithful under adversity, while he and the robin are the first two birds the children know by name.

Many children take pleasure in building bird houses. These houses or boxes may be made out of old boards, or may be a section of an old tree trunk. The cavity should be about ten inches deep, and six inches in height and width will give a pair of bluebirds room for building a nest. The opening should not be more than two and one-half inches in diameter and there should be no threshold. If there is a threshold or place to alight upon, the sparrows are likely to drive the bluebirds away, but the sparrow does not care for a place which has no threshold. It should be fastened from six to fifteen feet from the ground and should be in nowise noticeable in color. To protect the nest from cats, barbed wire should be wound around the tree or post below the box. If the box for the nest is placed on a post the barbed wire will also protect it from the squirrels.

The bluebirds usually build their nests in a hole in a tree or post. A pair has built near here for several years in a hole in a stump root which sticks up from the top of a stump fence.

The bluebird, like the robin, winters in flocks in the southern States. Unlike many of the other birds, the bluebird carries its beautiful song south with it, and its soft, curling note may be heard in almost any part of the Gulf region during winter.

The food of the bluebird consists of caterpillars, ground beetles, grasshoppers, crickets and moths. In winter its food is largely wild berries, especially the berries of the mistletoe. It is of special value to the farmer because of its destruction of cut worms, cater-

pillars, and grasshoppers. These make up nine-tenths of the bluebird's food in September.

Eben Rexford says of the bluebird:

Winged lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters,
The patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine,
And fragrance of blossoming things.
Ah! You are an April poem,
That God has dowered with wings.

Another home bird, first cousin to the bluebird, coming with it in the spring, and often lingering through the winter in places that the bluebird is obliged to leave, is the American robin. Every one large and small knows the robin, and L. H. Bailey of Cornell University voices the thoughts of thousands when he says "Robin! You and I were lovers when yet my years were few. We roamed the fields and hills together. We explored the brook that ran up into the great dark woods and away over the edge of the world. We knew the old squirrel who lived in the maple tree. Robin! The fields are yonder! You are my better self. I care not for the birds of paradise; for whether here or there, I shall listen for your carol in the apple tree."

The robin, like the bluebird, is found in almost all parts of America; in the far southern States, like Florida, where they take refuge from winter storms. But delightful as the climate is there, where it also provides a plentiful table of berries, these robins break away from the sunny land of plenty and begin their northern journey before the snow is entirely gone from the fence corners. On and on they go in flocks of tens and hundreds, and there is a great deal of talking for the robin has a great many ways of making remarks. Some of his numerous notes sound as if he were asking a long list of questions; others express discontent; then again he fumes and sputters with anger.

It is very interesting to watch a pair nest-building; the plastering with wet mud is the most curious of all. It is never a very pretty nest at best, but very comfortable for the baby robins when hatched. These are not very pretty at first, their backs and breasts are almost naked, and their eyes closed tight; but when the feathers come they are spotted on their backs and breasts and not plain like their parents. The young bluebirds are also spotted when they have their first feathers as are all the young of the silver-tongued family, though afterwards they moult out plain, each in his own color. This sameness of coloring when young shows that they are all cousins in the bird family.

No need to describe the color of the robin, he is such a familiar figure to all, and his cry of "Quick! quick! qiuck!" when he is frightened always brings some member of the family to see if the cats are after the robins or what is the matter with them for they never call quick! unless in trouble.

The thrushes are also cousins of the bluebirds, and robins. They wear much plainer clothes, have olive or russet-brown backs and light-tinted, dark-spotted breasts, but have the most beautiful voices in all Birdland. The names of these are wood thrush, hermit thrush, Wilson's thrush, and olive-backed thrush.

The wood thrush is the largest of the thrushes, except the robin—length about eight inches. Upper parts are warm brown, like ground cinnamon, brightest on the head, but a little greenish on the tail. Under parts are plain white in the middle, but boldly spotted with black all over the breast and along the sides. The eye-ring is whitish.

The wood thrush is found in all the States and loves best to build his nest in gardens and orchards. He builds his nest higher up in the trees than the most of his kin, and thus his name. As soon as this thrush makes up his mind to settle in a certain place, he calls a mate to him with his thrilling song and begins housebuilding. From this time until he moults, late in July, every one in his vicinity may enjoy a free concert morning and evening, and at intervals during the day. Sometimes in cloudy weather he even sings at noon—a time when birds are most likely to be silent.

The Wilson thrush is named after Alexander Wilson who wrote a description of the bird and published a colored plate of it nearly one hundred years ago. He is commonly called veery from the sound of one of his notes. His length is seven and a half inches; upper parts warm brown all over, not so bright as the wood thrush is on the head, and not the least bit greenish on the tail; breast and throat deep cream color, finely specked with brown on the upper part; belly white, no ring around eye. The Wilson thrush summers in States east of the plains. He builds his nest close to the ground, and is very shy, and stays close at home. But his beautiful song makes him one of the best known of his family.

The hermit thrush is about seven inches long; upper parts an even olive-brown, except the tail, which is rich, reddish-brown, different from the rest; throat and breast light buff, with black spots that run together in chains; belly white; a yellowish ring around eye.

He will be found in all the United States and winters south. At first you may mistake him for a wood thrush. But look again, he is smaller, the spots on the breast are more joined together like stripes; his tail is a reddish brown, he jerks his tail about when he feeds on the ground, giving a little warning call that sounds like "Chek! chek!" He is a shy bird and goes away from the houses, a bit up the mountain side. He loves the moist valleys between the pine-clad mountains, and there makes his nest upon the ground of moss, leaves and pine-needles. The eggs are very

nearly the color of the robin's without any spots. After the nest is built he sings to his mate, while she patiently sits on the nest. Some call him the "Spirit of the Pines." One writer says of his song, "You will think he is telling you something in words that you understand, a message that makes you think about pure and holy things."

The olive-backed thrush, is about seven inches long; upper parts an even olive color all over; under parts cream-yellowish, whiter on belly; the throat and breast spotted with black, a yellowish eye-ring like creamy color of breast.

The olive-back prefers a cool summer climate. For this reason he makes his home all through the northern States, following the mountains southward. But much as he loves cool weather and the mountains for his nest-building, he tires of it when the first frost touches the valleys, and snow caps the tops of his favorite mountains; for then his insect food grows scarce. So he changes his habits and flies to the sunny South for the winter. His song differs from the other thrushes; he gives you a series of rapid, bubbling music which is really delightful.

So who would not welcome every member of this silver-tongued family wherever found? They pay their rent, and taxes, by catching grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars; and scores of creeping, crawling, hopping garden enemies they gobble up and carry to feed their wee birdies. And they give you sweet songs in return.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

A CURE FOR ALKALI.

ALMOST all soil contains more or less alkali. Whenever the soil strata are such that there is no natural underdrainage and water is applied to the surface it generally collects in the basin, the surface of the underground water gradually rises and when it gets near the surface, excessive evaporation occurs and as the moisture passes away as pure water the salts contained in the water are left at the surface of the ground. In due time the soil takes on a white appearance and vegetation suffers.

Naturally the cure for this condition is to lower the water table, and if there is no natural drainage, this must be done by artificial drainage. Anything that will provide a channel through which the underground water may get away will answer the purpose.

In many cases tile have proved to be unsatisfactory. Both cement tile and some burned clay tile have shown the effect of alkali and there are instances where each has disintegrated or gone to pieces in a few years.

The open bottomed wooden box seems to last as well as anything, and there are instances where these have been in service for eighteen years and the wood is still sound. Wood kept absolutely dry will last indefinitely, and wood kept soaked will also last indefinitely. There are instances where piles have been driven and kept continually covered with water. After centuries of time these piles have been removed and found to be as sound as they were the day they were driven.

A wooden pipe or box used for a drain is surrounded by moist earth and water continually runs through it, so it is saturated and therefore has a long life under these conditions.

Get a good engineer to plan and lay out your drain for you and it is necessary for them to mak an examination of the surface soil in order to intelligently place the drain.

This is a common statement. My ground will not drain, for I have tried it. If an investigation is made, however, nine times out of ten it will be found that the drain is an open drain, the banks have caved in and choked the channel, and weeds have been allowed to grow in it. Of course, it won't work under these conditions.

Wooden boxes are easier to lay and lay properly than tile, for the sections are longer and there is less danger of tilting and choking the channel. Remember, however, that in all cases careful work must be done if the drain is to be a success. It is not an exaggeration to say that all land can be drained if the system is properly planted and the work properly done, and this is the permanent cure for alkali.—*Selected.*

Between Whiles

Cruelty to animals.—Hazel, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner table, was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said:

"I think it is a shame, just because she is a poor dumb animal, to treat her just like a hired girl."—Pittsburg Index.

A Wellington boy who was drilling a class of playmates found difficulty in getting them to march properly.

"Lift your right leg," he called. "Lift your right leg!"

Things went very well until Patsy Hennessy forgot and lifted his left leg, which happened to be clad in trousers like those of the boy next to him, who was obedient in holding up his right leg.

The drillmaster stopped aghast. "You can't do that, Pat Hennessy!" he called. "You're holding up both legs."

The eye of a little Washington miss was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. "Mama," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

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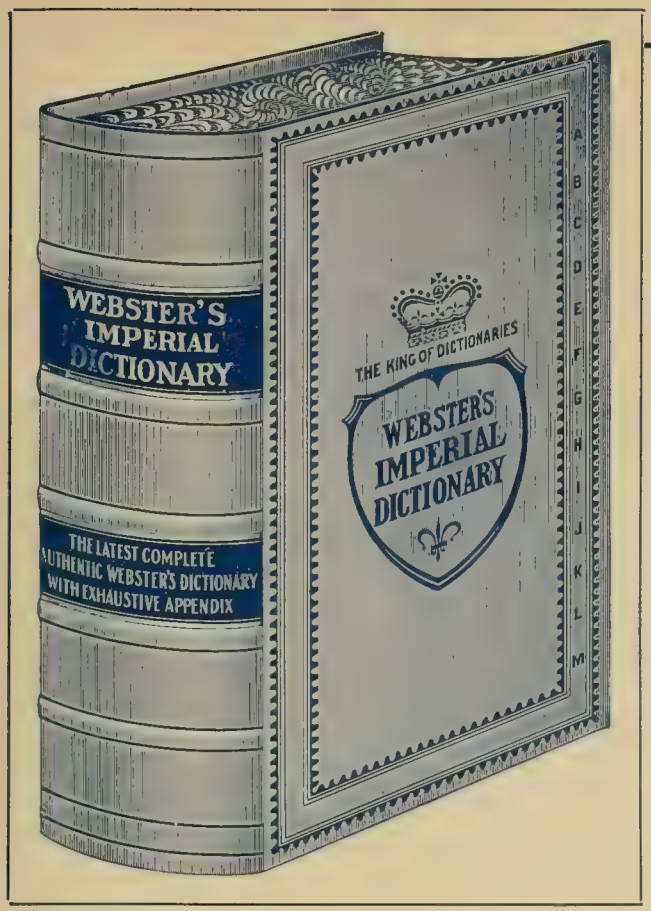
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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. October 25, 1910. No. 43.

HINDUISM

J. C. Flory

HINDUISM is a progressive religion. Every student of history and religion must recognize its extent and influence. Its adherents are numbered not by the million, but by the hundred million. Its age is measured not by centuries, but by millenniums. Brought into peculiar intimate contact with other great religions, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Christianity, it affords rare opportunity for the comparative study of its doctrines. It approaches more nearly an alliance with philosophy—not necessarily true philosophy—than any other belief. Its tolerancy surpasses most other religions. It its creed may be included any doctrine under heaven, provided certain simple conditions be complied with. Its elusiveness attracts interest. Its teachings are so numerous and complicated that they baffle the minds of all who attempt to fathom its meaning.

Hinduism has no central figure whom to know would be to know approximately the religion itself. It has not now, nor ever has had, any generally accepted exponent. It is not in any sense the product of a single mind, neither can it be learned from any sacred book or library of sacred books. It is a religio-philosophical congeries to which many peoples with many creeds have contributed their part through its various stages. These stages being marked in part by the successive sacred books, it is well to take time at this point for a brief enumeration and description of these books. They are divided into two classes, the more authoritative called Sruti (that which has been heard from the Divine Voice) and the less authoritative called Smriti (that which is remembered). To the Sruti belong the Vedas. They are four in number: Rig-veda, Sama-veda, Yajur-veda, and Atharva-veda; and their composition covers a thousand years or more. The four Vedas are not contemporaneous, of course, nor yet are they strictly successive; for the earlier portions of one are in most cases more ancient than the later portion of its predecessor. The Smriti is more elastic, its content varying with the viewpoint of the individual sect of Hindus. It contains many books, too numerous to name them all here.

There are many successive stages in the progress of Hinduism. There are to be found from its earliest stages manifestations of monotheism. But the actual religion as practiced by the masses may be described as polytheistic nature worship. Sacrifice and offering were common. As the centuries passed, however, the number of gods steadily increased. Bloody sacrifices were enormously increased, until formulas superseded worship. Finally philosophical Hinduism came as the inevitable reaction from all their formalism. One of its fruits to Hindu thought was the transmigration of souls, and the one idea of salvation was that of deliverance from endless re-births—8,400,000 is the popular conception. It is to the early part of this last stage that the rise of Buddhism belongs.

Modern Hinduism begins with the early centuries of the Christian era, deals a death blow to its lusty child, Buddhism, and forges its way toward rapid strides of modern religious thought. To the almost innumerable number of divinities, reputed at 330,000,000, were added the triad of gods. Another new and conspicuous feature of Hinduism is the doctrine of incarnation. One other new feature is the adoring worship of divinity as an alternative path to deliverance from re-births. Still another new feature is the idea of sacred places, rivers, cities, etc. But with all these new ideas attached to Hinduism, we do not have harmony and unity prevailing throughout the entire Hindu world. No two Hindu authorities agree in their statement of the essential features of Hinduism, so a wide difference. This is especially manifest in their extensive system of castes. There are said to be 1,866 sub-castes among the Brahmans alone, and the lower castes are still more complex. Every caste and subdivision have their petty regulations which are binding on each member.

Hinduism is a religion that appeals to the emo-

tions and better judgment. They do many things from fear rather than from hope. An ever-present thought is that of keeping the gods from working one harm, physical rather than spiritual. The one thing is to keep on the right side of the gods, even if it must be done by trickery. They do many things prompted by no other motive than custom. You interrogate them why they do so and so and often they reply that it has come down to us through the ages. They also do many things for merit. They undertake pilgrimages and feed beggars, all to amass merit.

Hinduism is apace with the times in that they attempt reform. Ram Mohan Roy, who largely through contact with Christianity, reached a definitely theistic belief, in 1830 opened the first Hindu Theistic church. This movement has gained for them favor. They have also advanced some other new ideas theoretically opposing the caste system, idolatry, child marriage, and pilgrimages.

No religion is without some good features. To cull the good things from Hinduism is not so easy as from some other religions. Perhaps some of the best points in Hinduism would be: (a) Its teaching concerning the sanctity of life; (b) its fruitfulness in the line of the passive virtues of patience, gentleness, submissiveness; (c) its introduction of religion into the common things of life. A large part of its strength lies in its hoary antiquity; in its tremendous hold upon the people, through priestly domination and the caste system, and in the laxness of its moral standards, which make it possible for a man to conform to religious standards and yet be personally evil in thought and life. It is hardly necessary to say that these very points of strength are its real weakness.

The great evils lying in the system seem to call for a little more definite statement: (a) It has robbed man of a personal God; (b) it has robbed man of conscience; (c) it has robbed man of all true sense of the freedom of the will; (d) it has led him into the grossest idolatry; (e) it harbors lust; (f) it encourages the caste system; (g) it places woman in a position of utter degradation. All these evils are very deadly. What people governed by them can hope for the better and higher things of life? Dear reader, do we have something better to offer them? May we willingly make the sacrifice to carry out the will of our dear Savior as concerns the millions who are bowing to the fallacious and non-life-giving religion of Hinduism.

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NEARLY every attribute has been ascribed to the stars, but the most beautiful is that of song:

> "When the morning-stars sang together,
> And all the sons of God shouted for joy."

I suppose "the Voice out of the whirlwind" meant—not audible song—but peace or harmony; nothing to mar the serenity; like a perfect chord in music. In that address "out of the whirlwind" are found some of the grandest words ever uttered.

In Lowell's poem—"Love Regnant"—the poet refers to "a *chime* of stars":

> "One thought sublime,
> Rises, and therewith the uplifting chime,
> Of morning stars comes back rememberingly;
> Woman, thou art that thought, in whom I know
> That I alone gave Time his tyrant might.
> Dropping my foolish lids of clay too low;
> For looking up I see great love, far, far
> Above all changes like a steadfast star,
> Behind the pulsings of the northern light."

Frank Dempster Sherman in "The Day's Shroud," speaks of the stars blossoming:

> "I saw above the grave at night,
> The stars all blossoming."

Longfellow says:

> "Far away in the infinite meadows of Heaven
> Blossomed the lovely stars,
> The forget-me-nots of the angels."

Whittier wrote of "the stars shining through our cypress trees." And can we not see the stars of hope and faith shining even in our deepest sorrow?

Bayard Taylor wrote or sang:

> "Ere the man grows old, and the stars are cold,
> And the leaves of the Judgment-book unfold."

Wordsworth said:

> "The stars of midnight shall be bright for her."
> (Lucy.)

Job, in cursing "his day," sadly uttered these words: "Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark."

In the book of Revelation we find: "And he had in his right hand seven stars." "The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand and the seven golden candlesticks. . . . "The stars are the angels of the seven churches." And again: "He that overcometh and keepeth my works to the end to him will I give power . . . and I will give him the morning star." "And the stars of heaven fell to the earth." "And the third angel sounded and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp." "A woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

Paul, when describing the shipwreck from which he and his companions suffered so much, said: "When neither moon nor stars in many days appeared." What a dreary time that must have seemed even to Paul, with his splendid courage.

The writer once heard a sorrowful woman remark that she derived great pleasure and consolation from watching the stars. "They seem to cheer me," she added.

In direct contrast to this thought is that expressed by Pauline Bouve in "Eyes of the Night":

"O eyes of dusky night that see so much,
Ye are too far off, looking calmly down—
To comfort men who need the human touch,
For unwinged creatures, walking with a crutch
Are better guided by **love's** smile or frown—
We turn, O stars, from your far distant glances
To nearer eyes less bright but kindlier far."

Harriet Prescott Spofford writes:

"Tranquil as some low song the evening dies,
The dim hills in their violet vesture kneel
To take their crowning stars. In upper skies
Slowly the outer universes wheel
Where thought is lost.

"With tops that see the dawns,
The great boughs bend,
As if a mighty breath
Shaking the stars swayed them."

What a comforting thought is found in these lines:

"Why should our tears run down?
And why should our hearts be riven?
For another star in the Master's crown
And another soul in Heaven."

Is it not beautiful to think of our shining in the Savior's crown?

Again we hear the Lord speaking in that address "out of the whirlwind": "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

A great astronomer once said: "O God! I am thinking thy thoughts after thee."

We must not forget to mention the star in the East that guided the wise men so many hundreds of years ago. It drew them on to the manger where lay the Christ child. "When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

That was the most wonderful star in all history, for it announced the coming of the One that lived the most beautiful life of anyone in all the world. No wonder the wise men "rejoiced with exceeding great joy, when they saw the star."

"Thou star of the East
Thou sweet Bethlehem's star."

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

It has been said that "any considerable result that two or three will concentrate their minds upon, will happen." Whether that be true or not, we believe human minds are in sympathy with others more or less and unconsciously communicate with them, else why do we feel more at ease when in the presence of some than others? Is it not a fact their thoughts are conveyed to us, or the effects of their thoughts? They have in some way unknown to us had an effect on us, which causes us to feel that they are our superiors or inferiors, or that they are not what they pretend to be. Why can we often detect a good or bad person merely by being in his presence although no word has been spoken? Why are we influenced for better or worse just by being in the presence of certain people? What is it that calls up all the latent goodness that is in us when in the presence of some and all the evil passions while in the presence of others? Just by being in their presence all the evil and animosity of our natures are aroused, although there is no outward cause for it, while others bring forth all the good.

It is said that this is a free country, that we have a right to do as we please as long as we do not infringe on the rights of others. Legally that is true to some extent, but morally it is not true. If we know that by following a bad habit or setting a bad example or even thinking an evil thought we are influencing others, we have no moral right to continue although we are legally harming no one.

Do we not all remember little habits of speech or manner that we acquired when young from older associates, and that it took us a long time with a sharp watch on ourselves before it was eradicated and even now when not on the lookout we sometimes stumble into the old habit? We should then guard ourselves lest we communicate to others unworthy thoughts and deeds. Have we never noticed that when we have said or done a particular thing in the presence of the same person several times how soon he drops into the same habit, good or bad? This is true especially with the young, but it is not always untrue with older people. We are not aware how easy it is for us to pick up habits and customs from others, especially if that person is admired by us? Those whom we influence probably do not realize that there is any change taking place in themselves.

A man who had the constant care of an elephant was soon noticed to have acquired the same swinging gait. He was all unconscious of having acquired any of the elephant's habits. And this trait of imitating is with all of us more than we are aware.

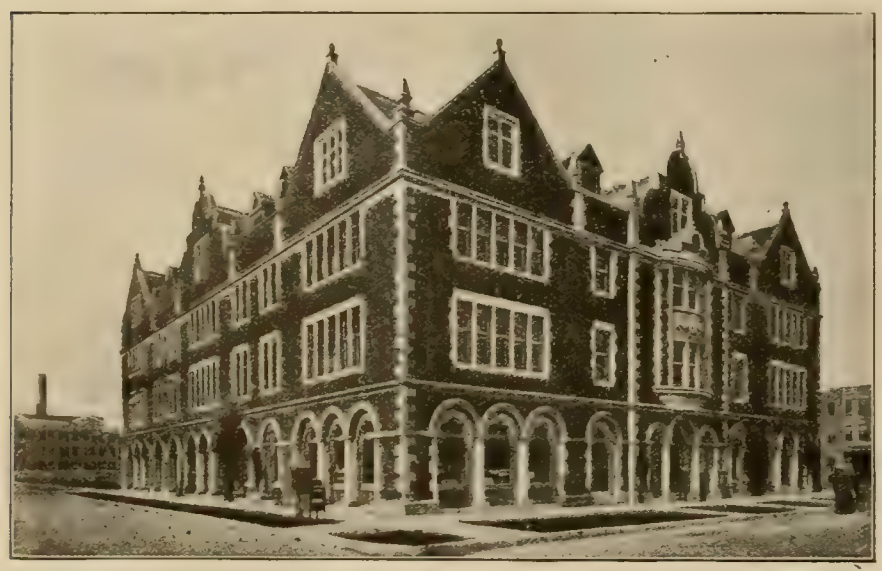
One Dollar and Fifty Cents

Henry M. Spickler

In Three Chapters.—Chapter Three.

NO sooner had I won the little triumph in lawn decoration than I also won to myself an enmity that at last resulted in my leaving forever the house of romance.

The very ones for whom I did the work seemed to appreciate it the least. In fact, I was scolded for doing it so well. "You didn't need to do it," she would reply, when I asked her how she liked the improvement. "It was just done like that before you came here," she would repeat several times over



Press Building, University of Chicago.

when I showed her the difference between my own work and that of the neighbors. But the boarders looked on with complacent eyes of joy as they rested after breakfast and after supper upon the open porch.

In the kitchen I was watched, not to be praised for my skill but to be censured for a possible hair-breadth deviation from customary ways of doing things. A few drops of water splashed upon the floor brought upon me a flood of censure. I was glad for this discipline, for of all conceited beings, I suppose a man who does not know, but thinks he knows how to do a thing, is about one of the most unthinkable reformations. I tried to do everything just exactly as I thought the landlady told me to do it, or to do it better than she expected it to be done. If this kind of work had been honored by silence on her part, I could have foregone the moral value of any praise due me, had she not watched for every flaw in my work. If her discipline had begun and ended with reason it would have proved of great value to me. But it was arbitrary. The day after showing me how to do a thing, she would quite reverse the formula, and such was her condition of mental behavior that she knew not herself what was or was not best in the kitchen arrangement. If she wanted to hang a skillet upside down, or throw out the porridge every morning, it was none of my business to dispose of these differently, so long as I could win her good will.

But I had transgressed the law of generosity by going too far. She thought I showed my "greenness" by doing too much work, by being too honest, and that, for some people bred in cities, is an unpardonable sin.

When I refused a tip of fifty cents from one of the star boarders touring from Boston, the two colored girls said I ought to starve to death if I didn't have sense enough to take what was offered me.

"Law now, you preacher, you haven't anything. Got to work for everything you get, and then turn down fifty cents like that. I'd be ashamed to tell it."

I tried to explain to the round-faced negress who helped me to wash dishes and who also helped in dishing up the food and in cooking the food before I came into the pantry, why I had refused the money. I was working for the landlady, not the boarders. To receive a tip was a sort of a bribe. It was humiliating in its essence and degraded the one who received it. I had never received a tip in all my life.

But she couldn't see it that way.

The La Salle Avenue Baptist Church, once a flourishing center that paid their pastor four thousand dollars a year, but now nearly run down, needed a preacher in a Sunday night service. Word was sent to the University to send a suitable man who could fill the pulpit. When I came into the office that day to do the Secretary's work, he asked me if I wanted the place, saying that the church had selected a man to act as pastor, a little later, and that I would not be a candidate for the place. I was glad to accept the honor for the single sermon. Many other

preachers in the Divinity School would have been glad for the chance, I suppose. The dishwasher got the job.

On Saturday evening I mowed the yard, meditating the sermon meanwhile that was to be delivered on the following Sunday evening.

Sunday morning I washed dishes with the negress and was scolded in the usual way for apparent or imagined delinquencies. Sunday noon I took luncheon at two o'clock and washed up the Sunday dishes, washing my sermon of its impurities as I was washing the dishes of theirs.

The notice of my appointment in the city pulpit had been sent to the five big dailies, among them the *Tribune,* the *Record-Herald,* and the *American.* But while the people in Chicago were reading the notice and wondering what exalted position the speaker occupied I was elbows and face in hot soapsuds, breaking dishes and being jostled by two girls of color. Not since Chicago was kicked over by Mrs. O'Leary's cow, I suppose, has there been a preacher in one of her most aristocratic churches who washed dishes with a saucy negress for his board a short time before going into the big pulpit and taking a seat in one of the high chairs in front of the big pipe organ.

The congregation was small,—just a few scattered here and there in the big auditorium. The honor was in the place, and not in the congregation. But a man is of small account if any mere place honors him more than he honors the place. At the close of the sermon a *Tribune* reporter introduced himself politely to me (he didn't know I was a dishwasher) and with the reverence of fear and emotion, took down some of the statements I had made in the sermon. Monday's paper was to contain a brief account of the Reverend Mr. Dishwasher, and the church asked for the whole sermon to be published in their monthly magazine.

The church invited me back to deliver two more sermons. They hadn't heard as yet that I was washing dishes for my board in a South Chicago boarding house! I went and preached these, having twice as many people at each service as on the first visit. In my sermon I used an illustration of a housewife washing dishes, and I think that my knowledge of how it is done was betrayed to the officials who at once scented the kitchen on me, and gave me no more opportunity to appear before them.

Monday morning I was scrubbing the big front porch before the people had awakened. The *Tribune* was brought by the newsboy and flung upon the wet porch. I picked it up, and with the broom under my arm and the hose laid down, I turned to the write-up of the dishwasher preacher. There it was, with the accounts of the sermons by the other Chicago clergymen.

My roommate, the waiter on the tables, slapped me on the back and looked at me with big eyes. "I didn't think that of you," he said, "and yet I knew that you could do it. Keep on and you will make more preaching than you will washing dishes." He was thinking of the money to be earned by the work, but he was more right than wrong. Only a beggar or a rich man can afford to work for others without pay. Money is often the *root* of all evil, but it is also the fruit of very much good.



School of Education, University of Chicago.

In both of these boarding houses I was surprised to find that so much friction among the servants was caused by the unfeeling inconsiderateness or domineering tactics of the ones in charge. Old help was constantly leaving at the café. There were as many as six different kitchen servants taken in and left out in one week. No sooner would a dishwasher or cook get fairly started in the work when the scolding they received caused them to depart without ceremony, some of them cursing in rage as they did so. The Christian spirit of politeness and sympathy was almost entirely lacking.

"I give you notice that I am going to leave tomorrow," I heard the best cook say to the landlady, one night after supper. "I wouldn't work for you another day after that for twenty-five dollars. You can't run over me like you've been doing."

And she went. Another came, and went, a third and a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. Relays of cooks, dishwashers and waiters were pouring in and emptying out almost daily.

The Fifty-sixth Street house lady was less fault-finding. In fact, both of these women were exceptionally choice women in ordinary activity. Both were genial and high-minded, self-respecting and of the finer graces of social and moral character. Perhaps the trouble was that neither of them knew how to manage their servants or their work, and both acted as though they ought to show others that they knew, by the manner in which they made their rulership obviously objective. They were doing the very opposite of what the real leader should do,—to lead without letting anybody know it.

At both places I learned many excellent things, and particularly did the woman at Fifty-sixth Street show me faults that I have gladly laid aside for better manners and habits. I knew of my need of correction, but I never dreamed that I was so deficient in common etiquette. What hurt me most was the way in which I was told of it. She would recall it for days after I had given it up, and would tell of my blunders to the other help, and also to the boarders themselves, not one of whom but could see the injustice of her sarcasm.

The price of meat was high. But every day a lot of good beef was thrown into the garbage can, and sometimes as much as a big pail full of expensive beef was thus thrown out at one time. The board was excellent, and always elegant. But when she told me that she had a hard time to make both ends meet, I had no trouble to see why it was so. When I saw the cook throwing out a half dozen good eggs, a gallon of soup or a big dish of vegetables and dainty salads I knew that no great profits could be reaped from boarders at five dollars a week in that house.

I am still poor, and must work my way, here, as well as in any other place in life. But I suppose I have a lot of company, for nearly everybody I meet is having a hard time to make both ends meet. The strife for bread and books, for light and love, is unfortunately a severe strain for most of us.

I started in with one dollar and a half. I closed the summer quarter with all bills paid and fifteen dollars in my pocket. I have ten times more now than when I started in school!

I write this to inspire hope in other boys and girls, who like myself are ambitious to win the place in life prepared for them by a good God and a loving Savior.

"What is it in thy hand"

FACTS AND FARMERS.

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

DURING the hot, sultry days, those young people on the farms who have the burning desire to go to the city, should go there just to discover how much more eager the city folks are to leave the noise and heat for the quiet of some rural nook. The city dwellers exceedingly envy the farmer, not only during the hot season, but all the time. The truth is that this gentleman enjoys life more than most of us do and more than he himself thinks. If the young people of the country districts clearly see the contrast of city and country, they will remain on the farm.

We were interested in reading some of the reports of the Department of Agriculture dealing with various phases of the farmer's life and business. Valuable publications are sent out "free for the asking" by this department. It would be well if every farmer secured at least a few of these. In what follows it is aimed to give only a very few of the many interesting facts about farmers found in government publications.

Notwithstanding the universal tendency of modern industry to monopoly and large scale production, there are more farms today in proportion to the population than ever before. There is not the least danger of a "farmers' trust." In 1850 there was one farm to every sixteen persons; in 1900, one to every 13 persons. "Bonanza" farms are fast disappearing and the commendable tendency is toward small farms well cultivated.

This is a remarkable showing when one considers the cityward movement and the great increase in population. In the past land was very cheap; consequently farms were large. Free lands are now almost a thing of the past; with the rapid rise in the value of real estate all over the country, the natural result is smaller farms.

Happy, indeed, would this nation be if every man had a few acres he could call all his own. Then economic independence would be universal; and all fear of classes and the rule of plutocracy could never exist. How many ills of our civilization would disappear! Poverty, its twin sisters, crime and immorality, and a thousand other like things would be greatly reduced. Socialism would find no reason to exist. The "lower classes of the masses" could not be found and the middle class would hold control. Unfortunate will be the day when the "submerged tenth" shall number many more and the conservative middle class shall be only a remnant.

The average total value of all the farms according to the census of 1900 was $3,574, of which $2,905 was in farm land and improvements, while machinery came in for $133. Live stock included

fifteen per cent of the total value. The census of this year will doubtless show a decided increase in the last.

Tenantry versus ownership has been a much-discussed subject. Is tenantry a good thing? Is mortgaged ownership preferable? Tenantry is on the increase. 71.6 per cent of the farmers were owners in 1890; only 64.7 per cent were such in 1900. Two interpretations have been given to these figures. Either wage-earners are advancing to tenantry or the opportunity to become owners is growing less, due of course to the rise in land values. The second condition is greatly offset by the increase of smaller farmers.

Not all of the farm owners held their property unencumbered. 31.1 per cent had mortgages to pay off. The mortgage has been the favorite method of the farmer in securing ownership. Even part ownership is more desirable than tenantry, for it unites the virtues of both. Neither can be classed as wage-earners; they are really independent capitalists. The farmer knows no employer but himself; ofttimes he is his own employé also.

Inconvenience in marketing products at a distance has caused him loss. The custom of railroads charging as much for a short haul as for a long haul has worked against him. The railroad bill passed by the last Congress aims to eliminate this injustice.

Furthermore, the great gap heretofore existing between farmer and customer is disappearing. The middleman with his expensive charges is being disregarded. This is the tendency of modern business and his eradication wherever unnecessary will be a great boon to the "poor ultimate consumer" who always foots the bills for all. The California Fruit Growers' and Shippers' Association was organized with this purpose in view.

Every American citizen should acquaint himself with the excellent work being done by the Department of Agriculture. Mention must also be made of the agricultural bureaus of different States, of agricultural schools, farmers' institutes and the like. Together they have done much for the farmer and the nation in general. They have caused the "desert to blossom as a rose." Their work has consisted in removing pests, discovering new crops, originating new methods, or in brief, making a science of farming, systematizing it, and transforming the farmer from a nobody to a dignified and envied personage, such as we see him today.

No discussion of farmers would be complete without mentioning the grange. Organized in the year 1867 to restore kindly feelings between the North and South, it is still strong and vigorous, having a membership of 220,000 in the five leading grange States. It is not a political or Utopian organization; on the contrary its activities are social and educational in the best sense. Its three corner-stones are protection, coöperation and education. Much has been done by it in the way of protective and progressive legislation for the farmer.

The American farmer is such a big subject that volumes could not do him justice. The few thoughts noted above have been jotted down at random. The nation is awakening to the fact that the farmer is one of the chief, if not the greatest, corner-stones in our life and government. For health and wealth no one can do better than go "back to the farm."

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

THE FISH THAT REFUSED TO BE CAUGHT.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

THE way was superb. The birds sang sweetly, the breeze stirred gently, the leaves whispered lovingly together. Conditions in the morning had been slightly threatening, but now all was supreme. Even the whitewashed posts that supported five rods of fancy net clothesline, and stood over by the bungalow seemed to assume a mysterious air of purity and grow a little whiter as the exquisite satin dress brushed past them.

And that was not all the exterior embellishment of this belle of Superior Resort. Her finger-nails, after forty-five minutes' attention were declared manicured and polished; the contents of the tooth-wash bottle had decreased in quantity; the even whiteness of her face, with a delicate pink spot on each cheek betrayed no signs, but there was a little white spot on her nose, which proved that she had not dusted her handkerchief after the procedure. Around her neck was a gold chain, and attached to it a gold locket set with diamonds; and as she cast a last fond look at her dainty white hands, the sparkling rings flashed dazzlingly in the sunlight. The mirror was glad for a rest, I know, for had not the maiden spent two whole hours before the glass, arranging her hair and a buttercup on the left side at about 39° 2′ 15″ west longitude and 2° 3′ 17½″ north latitude?

She had started down to the rustic bench by the side of the brook; but her younger brother's voice bore out upon the air, and as she turned her jeweled ears to catch the words, she heard him say in his old tormenting way:

"How inconsistent some girls are!
They shriek and scream at mice,
And then go 'round with large-sized rats,
And think them very nice."

Teasing didn't suit her any better today than it usually did, so on she went to the brook. The expression of her face, which, to say the least, was

never very pleasant,—except when she was being petted,—was decidedly disfavorable now. The dimples, intended originally for beauty marks, her usual manner had converted into actual blemishes. Her eyes lacked the kindly gleam of the ones about which she was thinking. That young man had taken in the situation, both past, present and future, and refused to be caught out of season.

As she sauntered up to the old rustic seat where couples before had worn off their bashfulness, and talked of the beauty of the plants, the fragrance of the flowers, how the birds sang sweetly and lovingly to each other,—and what a splendid reflection they too caused on the dear little brook,—and how they hoped that reflection might always remain,—this poor, lonely girl wished she might catch the young man bearing so heavily upon her mind, and experience the same realities.

It seemed to her that all nature was admiring her for her beauty, and praising her in behalf of her charming ways. Slowly the soliloquy came from her lips: "Just to think how even this beautiful creation of nature, these leaves, and plants, and flowers, the pebbles down by the brook, and this velvety moss at my feet seem to admire me. Why, even the birds, with their beautiful plumes and charming manners, seem envious of me. It's a shame that Sam, stupid jay that he is, doesn't appreciate my beauty!"

Manchester College, North Manchester, Ind.

A PLEA TO THE CHURCHES.

National Godliness Promoted by Public Cleanliness.

WITHIN a decade the great competing nations of the world have been impressed with the wisdom of getting better results out of their actual resources. It has come to them that no single nation has effected the best all-round combination of its people in the exercise of their powers upon the resources of nature and in behalf of one another.

Comparisons of the conditions of living, of the rewards of labor, of the productivity of a day's work, and of the security against want, and exemption from disease or accident, or other impairment of working power, have been rendered possible by the careful study of each nation's industrial and social conditions. It has been found that one of the most impairing influences lies in the presence of remediable disadvantages in the circumstances and conditions under which many people pursue their daily calling. Whether on farm or in factory, in hamlet or in city, there are conditions, both physical and mental, which detract materially from the power of large classes of people to pursue without reasonable interruption their efforts to support themselves or those dependent upon them.

The discovery of these facts and the arrangement of them so as to measure the extent to which conditions result in economic shortcomings, or moral delinquency, has laid at the door of statesmanship and legislation a duty which cannot be ignored. It is the consciousness of these facts that has brought before the Congress of the United States a bill intended to establish a department of public health. There has been much confusion, and probably more misrepresentation—which fair-minded people ought to correct—about what is called the "Owen bill" with its thirteen brief sections, providing for the organization of such a department.

Its first object is to coördinate bureaus and divisions already occupied with sanitary, medical, biological and relief service, under the Federal Government. Such a step is highly desirable in this age of concentration and unity of control. The other main purpose of the bill is to collect data, and to make research, as well as to render service of its kind to other departments.

Why this proposal should be opposed by any group of public interests, on the ground of what is in the bill, is difficult to see. The fear of what it might be is no measure of its actual purpose. No part of the opposition is more unwarranted than that which claims that certain denominational influences among religious bodies are opposed to its provisions. If there were really any opposition from such sources, it could not be placed on grounds of fear as to the effects of such a department upon the higher welfare of the people.

Material well being is a condition of spiritual improvement to a vast majority of people who have any interest whatever in matters religious. A sound body and a sound mind are balancing assets in individual and institutional welfare. There may be differences as to which should come first, but all agree to the complementary service of one with the other in the effort at human improvement. For that reason the churches of the country have nothing to lose but much to gain in support of the movement to encourage the individual American to be a more efficient type of individual.

The coöperative service of all institutions which render a formative service in the upbuilding of groups of individuals is necessary to accomplish an all-round result, and nothing is more to the credit of the broad-minded leaders in religious life, regardless of denominational connection, than their ability to see that this is a cause in which right-minded citizens may dutifully enlist for the noble end to be accomplished. Religious leadership, on the other hand, is equally under obligation not to allow its name to be utilized to defeat such an object against its will. The promotion of public cleanliness, and the prevention of human impairment—to adopt and adapt a phrase of John Wesley's—stand next to the promotion of national Godliness.

JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL, PH. D.

HOW THE TREE DOCTOR WORKS.

In several American cities the general health of the trees is watched no less closely than that of the general population. The priceless value of shade trees, in relieving the long fixed lines of our city streets and bringing a breath of the country to our very doors and windows, has never been so fully realized as during the last few years. In several colleges the study of city forestry is made a special course and students are especially trained to perform this work.

The care with which the work is organized and directed will come as a surprise to the average citizen. In Brooklyn, where the city forestry work is very well organized, a complete census is kept of every tree throughout the city. There are some 35,000 of these trees, and naturally a regular system must be followed in keeping the records. A card index system is employed, in which a separate card is filled out and kept on record for every tree. The locality of the tree, its approximate age and general health are carefully observed and set down. A corps of trained inspectors go about the city visiting and inspecting every tree at least once a year, and, if the health of the tree be precarious, at more frequent intervals.

City trees are subject to a greater variety of ills than their country cousins, and the list of ailments for which they must be treated is a long one. If a tree, for example, be attacked by any dangerous insect, bug or growth of any kind, the fact is recorded on its card at headquarters, and a skilful tree doctor prescribes for it. The prescription is filled at the city's expense, and the medicine is duly administered. Scores of letters are received daily by the city forester notifying him of the appearance of tree insects or the unhealthful appearance of the trees; the reports are carefully entered in the card index, and the tree doctor is sent out to examine the patient.

The wonders of tree surgery will amaze the average layman in such matters. It is only a few years since the ravages of a severe wind storm would have proved fatal to many trees in its path. It was customary merely to cut off the broken or splintered limb and leave the wound to heal as best it could. If the tree were badly split it was removed. Today few accidents to trees prove fatal. The fractured surface is first treated antiseptically. It has been found that these exposed surfaces of living wood are sensitive to many germs. The air itself is full of germs dangerous to trees, and if these be allowed to lodge and develop they will gradually produce a sore, and if neglected will eat out the very heart of the tree.

The broken parts are then brought together and bound up. A wound of this kind, intelligently treated, will heal itself completely and the tree will in time be as strong as ever. The latest idea in tree surgery is to bind the parts together by means of metal bars passing directly through the limbs, tightened by bolts at either end. The practice of binding the broken parts together by metal bands is discouraged, since a tight band tends to check the free circulation of the sap and hinder the healing process. Then again the tree is likely to grow about the metal band and sustain serious injury.

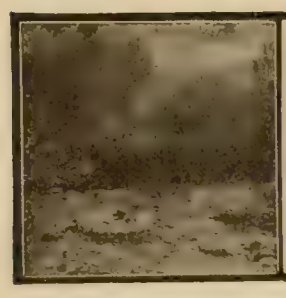
A wound of this kind, even after it has been skilfully treated, must be carefully watched. There is considerable danger of water working its way into these crevices and hindering the knitting process, perhaps causing the entire interior to decay. To prevent this, ingenious sheds of concrete or metal are built about the exposed surface to shelter them. The cutting of a limb is performed with the same scientific attention. The limbs are cut at a carefully calculated angle, and the exposed surface is treated with antiseptic washes or salves to protect the living fibres from germ infection. It is a familiar sight, of course, to see such surfaces badly healed over and with decayed centers, which eat their way deep into the tree.

When the tree is infected by fungus germs, for instance, the modern tree surgeon goes to the very bottom of the problem. The affected part is skillfully cut away, no matter how deeply it may extend, and the exposed surface is washed with antiseptics. Should the infection extend so deep that it cannot be cut away without weakening the tree, a powerful antiseptic solution is forced into the hole or crevices with a syringe. The cavity is then treated almost as carefully as that of a tooth, and is filled with concrete. The filling must be applied so that the new wood will grow about it and heal the wound neatly.

Notable progress has been made in the use of plates for bracing trees or protecting wounds. Where the tree stands in an exposed position and vibrates or sways in the wind, metal plates are used to prevent its cracking. A concrete-filled cavity, for instance, will be quickly loosened by such motion and cracked. For such patients a metal plate, carefully shaped, is inserted to keep the concrete in position. After all such operations the patient is visited regularly, even after the period of convalesence has passed, to watch its progress. In treating trees where deep cracks or holes are affected, which cannot be reached with the knife or the syringe, it is customary to fumigate the interior, first closing all escapes for the fumes. In extreme cases, where a decayed part extends through the trunk for a considerable distance, a pillar of concrete is built up inside. If the cavity be very large the concrete may be reinforced to keep it in position.

The forester anticipates the ravages of insects of all kinds by regulating treatment at fixed intervals. In the spring all the trees are carefully sprayed to re-

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THE QUIET HOUR



THE GREATNESS OF SMALL THINGS.

(A Sermon by Richard Braunstein.)

"But what are they among so many?" John 6: 9.

THE spirit of contempt with which men are always so apt to regard things that God honors, is very strikingly manifested in these words of Andrew. Five small barley loaves and two little fishes, are, to the disciples' minds, a nucleus far too mean and insignificant for the feeding of a vast multitude of famished souls, and as nothing short of that very feast is contemplated by the Master, they turn to him, and with the finger of scorn pointed at the little stores of food they have in hand, they exclaim, *"But what are they among so many?"*

Notice that their disparagement was not over Christ's ability to work a miracle or feed the hungry throng; this they did not doubt, but actually believed, perhaps, that from the stones that lay about he was able to raise up bread for all to eat, and from the flinty rocks could bring forth streams to give them drink. Their despair lay in the supposed impossibility of their little stock of bread and fish becoming the bases of a sumptuous meal for thousands. Their contempt was directed, not against the possibility of Christ's power, but against the *probability* of their possessions, and their amazement was not so much over his feeding the hungry hosts, as over his feeding them with their own provisions. And so it is always. In expression of their contempt for their paltry sum of loaves, they simply yielded to what seems to be an almost universal tendency of the human heart, namely, to despair of small things because of their very smallness, to judge by human appearance rather than by the divine idea of multiplied usefulness, by size rather than by significance. We delight to hear that God is going to perform a great work in our midst, but despair when we learn that he will perform it with our miserable means; we glory when we are told that the world shall be fed by Christ, but groan when we find he will feed it from the little stock we now possess. And it is about just such thoughts as these that I wish to speak, calling your attention to a few of the most evident lessons taught by our Savior when he fed the multitudes. And primarily there is the simplest lesson of all, which is, at the same time, one of the profoundest laws of the kingdom of God, namely, that in his kingdom,—*It is impossible that something should come from nothing.*

As some one has suggested, we have all doubtless wondered and asked ourselves the question, would this not have been a decidedly greater and more impressive miracle, had Jesus, with one sweep of his omnipotent hand, brushed aside those miserable fragments, those five loaves and two small fishes, and bid the heavens rain down food and the sands spring forth into streams? He could have done it all, and would it not have been more wonderful, much more of a miracle? Little do we understand our Savior if we so judge. This is much the greater miracle, this using the disciples' scant supply, because it reveals the greater wisdom of Christ. It teaches us that in the kingdom of God, as in every other realm and department of life, nothing can come from nothing. It is the lesson of the fields which seems to say to the farmer, "You may fertilize us, and till us, and cultivate us, for ever so many years, but we will yield you nothing until you give us something. Give us just a few handfuls of last year's grain, just a little seed, even though it does seem so small to you, and we will amaze you with the multiplicity of our returns." It is the lesson that the principles of trade seem ever to be teaching the business man saying, in effect, "Give us something to begin with, yield us your talents, give us your capital and even though it be ridiculously small we will gratify you with unfolding wealth." And to the student, too, the college halls and classrooms seem to say, "Lend us your mind, loan us your little beginnings of knowledge, and we will shortly return them all back to you, increased and beautified a hundredfold, but for nothing we can give you nothing."

So friends, does the Master teach his disciples, and so he teaches us, that in his kingdom there is no such thing as spontaneous generation, but that always and everywhere, what is to be, must come from what already is. As summer unfolds from winter, harvest from seed-time, youth from childhood, and age from youth, so must new truth evolve from what has gone before, new experience from that which is old. One reason why Christianity should call forth our keenest admiration is because of the fact that it represents the only religion

of the world that has had one unbroken continuity and unfolding glory, from the very beginning, of time. It has suffered no innovation nor secessions, Christ is but a completion, an unfolding of all the prophets and patriarchs who went before, and we are the multiplied powers of Christ. The motley multitude of isms which have sprung up in recent days cannot be true, as they have no adequate foundation, no continuity; there may be a grain of Christian truth hidden away amidst their folds and traditional dust heaps, which, if brought to Christ, could be so multiplied and developed as to be of use, but in themselves they can never feed a multitude any more than could the scanty supply of old, nor can they satisfy the hunger of a single soul.

So it must ever be in our Christian lives. We cannot dig up treasures where we have buried nothing, for "gold" is earned, not found, for we must dig and delve in order to reach it. We cannot reap where we do not sow, nor receive where we have given nothing. How can we expect to become strong Christians if we do not exercise our rare gifts? How can we ever hope to have the multitudes of our soul's demands fed, if we will not yield to the demands of Christ, our little all? From nothing, you will receive absolutely nothing, and this introduces a second and another marvelous law of the kingdom of God.

Very much may come from a very little. The teaching of this very truth seems to me to be one of the chiefest charms of the Savior's mission to us. He opened up to us the gospel of the greatness of small things; and taught us that a little babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid by a penniless mother in the manger of a cattle stall, is a worthy object for wise men as well as shepherds to worship, for kings and princes, the poor and lowly, and potentates of earth, yes, a worthy object for angels and arch-angels of highest heaven to adore with songs of purest praise. He taught us that a widow's mite when multiplied by the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion, may become a greater gift in the Lord's treasury than all the gifts of the rich. He taught us that the greatest in the kingdom of God is he, who, most like the little child whom Jesus suffered and bade come unto him, was filled with modesty, innocence and purity. And when in briefest terms he desired a parable to illustrate the amazing possibility of his gospel he said, "The kingdom of God is like unto a grain of mustard seed."

The Gospel that he taught was that of possible greatness of small things and such was the truth he revealed also in the miracle of the loaves. Nothing from nothing, but bewildering, satisfying abundance from something, even though that something be ridiculously small in our sight. When the disciples asked, "But what are they among so many?" Jesus said in effect, "They are not much, they are certainly poor, insufficient in themselves to supply this great demand, but they are the best, yes, they are all you have, and that is all I ask; give me simply what you have," and when they sadly handed him the little of which they were ashamed, he honored it, and blessed it, broke it, and gave it back to them and they to the hosts, and much, oh! very much remained over, untouched that night.

In the same manner Jesus comes to us today, and sees the hunger of our souls calling for food; he sees the famished multitudes of our city, and this land of ours, who do not express their sensation of hunger any more than did the throngs of old, but they are hungry, and they are fainting and we say, "Master, give us and them to eat, for our souls are hungry," and he replies, "Give *ye* them to eat." He would have fed them long ago if only we had done our part, which is to bring our best, however mean, our all, however small, and say, "Here Lord, we give it all to thee." Of course we have not much, and yet no life is so benighted, no heart so poor, but that he has precisely what God can use, what God will bless. The little you possess is powerless in your hands but all-powerful in *his.*

So then, let us search our souls and see what we can find, and when we learn how small it is, let us not condemn it and say, "What is this among so many?" but bring it to Christ and he will use it. Have you ever thought how much wiser it would have been of the disciples if they had said, "This little stock of food is very small, but it is of the same nature as that which would satisfy the multitude if there was only enough of it"? So we ought not to despair of the little experience or paltry truth we have, for however small, they are of the same quality as are the highest and best. Our truth is the same as God's truth, only there is much less of it; therefore we should treasure it because it is the same and pray that he may bless and multiply it.

Side by side with the revelation of the possible greatness of small things, lies the fact that the small things must be used to produce their amazing results. The loaves and fishes were not multiplied while in *disuse,* but they increased with amazing rapidity while being broken and distributed by the disciples. Grain multiplies, not in the granary, but in the field; capital increases, not in the hand but in its investment; and so talent can expand and become all powerful only in its use and exercise. And by the exercising of the Christian graces, the doing of little, but noble deeds, shall we grow in grace and become more like him, who commanded us to take up our crosses—little daily crosses—and follow him—to victory and eternal life.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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BEING READY.

The forehanded man always has the advantage over the other sort, but if there is a time above all others when his forehandedness makes itself emphatically felt as the part of wisdom and good common sense, it is at this season when preparations for winter are going on. Freezing weather is inevitable and all are aware of this fact, but at just what hour a freezing temperature will make its first visit is uncertain and many people gamble with this uncertainty with the result that every year some crop is injured, in part, at least. The forehanded man thinks more about the certainty of severe weather than he does about its uncertainty on a particular date and consequently he is always ready for it in its season.

In every calling of life there are signs and seasons by which the worker may time his efforts so as to be always in a state of readiness for the advantageous issues. It is the wise man who makes himself acquainted with these signs and seasons. A sudden turn of affairs can do him no more harm than can a killing frost to the forehanded farmer or gardener.

SOMETHING ALL CAN DO.

There are not a few people who were never cut out for the canvassing business. They are timid about soliciting even their friends, in the interest of some good book or magazine. They earnestly desire to help along any good thing and are willing to speak the word of praise or recommendation in a casual way, but when the case calls for the least appearance of actual solicitation they immediately find that their services are very much needed at some other point.

Now it is worth a good deal to any cause to get the word of praise or recommendation from these people, because it can always be counted on as sincere. Of great value also is the word of recommendation from the busy man and woman, who recognize the merit in a magazine but are too busy to give much time to pointing out these good things to the persons they meet. It is for the accommodation of these classes of people especially that we have adopted the plan of increasing the Inglenook's field of influence which is now appearing in our advertising pages.

It will require only a few minutes to cut out the coupons and mail them with letters to your friends who are not now subscribers to the Inglenook. Only the few minutes' time is the sole cost to you, as the postage will be no more than what you would have to pay for the letter alone. However, if you are willing to risk a two-cent stamp, in the hope of making more certain the subscription of your friend as well as the three months' increase to your own subscription, and you think a sample copy of the Inglenook might help in this, send us a list of the names and addresses of the friends to whom you have sent coupons and we will send them each a sample copy while our list of extra copies holds out.

Our family of subscribers have always shown themselves extremely loyal to the Inglenook and alive to its welfare. Here is an opportunity to give expression to that loyalty. How many will take advantage of it?

UNITY IN EDUCATION AND WORLD PEACE.

At the Stockholm Peace Congress Senator Henri La Fontaine of Belgium, president of the Permanent International Peace Bureau at Berne, made the address for the delegates in response to the address of welcome. After replying in particular in the way of appreciation for the honors shown the guests and congratulating the Swedish nation on its unprecedented stand as a peace agent, the speaker gave expression to some very practical ideas as to the influences which make for permanent peace. We quote several paragraphs from his address:

"Without belittling the work accomplished heretofore, which, from the modest debates of our movement, received with so many smiles and so much sarcasm, has, after a century of preaching and propaganda, brought us to the Peace Conference at The Hague, we ought not to deceive ourselves as to the fact that what remains to be done is more essential and more important than all that we have done.

"The great mission which devolves upon us henceforth is to awaken in humanity the consciousness of its unity. We have already breathed into

it a horror of war and inspired it with the love of justice; already arbitration has secured universal sympathy and war, for diplomatists and jurists, if not for soldiers, has come to be considered a duel to be carefully regulated.

"But if the world possesses laws of war, drawn up in articles of scrupulously minute detail, laws o peace are still wanting. It will be yours, in the course of the deliberations of this year, to give to the world the form of an international code. But in order that the international code may acquire its full authority, it must emanate from the popular will of the nations, and in order to state the law a permanent court must be established; in a word, the creation of an international parliament and of an international tribunal seems to be the logical next step in the movement which is drawing the nations towards a world federation.

"In this matter the American government has not hesitated to take a bold initiative; this initiative must find among us, and, through us, in public opinion, a decisive support. In the Interparliamentary Union propositions no less important have been laid down with the view of transforming that organization into a body representative of the national representative assemblies; these proposals ought to receive the benefit of our warmest approbation.

"Again, the American legislature has just authorized the creation of a commission whose duty it will be to study the foreign relations of the country and to bring about various *ententes* between the American government and other governments. In Franc there has been instituted in connection with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a bureau whose special mission is to follow all manifestations of an international character and to determine up to what point the French government should interest itself. Such committees and bureaus should be organized by all the governments.

"But all these institutions are but the wheels of an intergovernmental machine which will remain inert if life is not breathed into it. This life can come only from the will of all men directed toward the same goal of understanding, coördination and cooperation. It is to awaken this will and to show its power and to render it conscious that it is important that we work henceforth with the greatest energy

"It is in the work of the organization of intellectual effort everywhere that we must engage persistently. Thousands and thousands of men, in all domains of science and technique, live indifferent to the claims of the peace movement. These remain for them, in spite of the results obtained, utopian ideas. But if you group these men according to their specialty, if you bring them together to deliberate in common on the problems of the science or of the technique to which they are devoted, if you show them the utility and the advantage of common rules to be formulated and applied, their skepticism vanishes and with the most sincere enthusiasm they engage in the ways of internationalism. Henceforth they are parts of a machine from which it is impossible for them to extricate themselves; soon the necessity of unifying the methods of the sciences and of the correlated techniques forces itself upon them and obliges them to form more extended groups and finally to encircle the globe in one world organization of all the sciences and all the techniques. From the day when this work shall have been realized the intellectual unity of humanity will be an accomplished fact, and in all the schools, in all the universities, in all the laboratories, a single science and a single technique will prevail.

"Certainly, the vast industrial organizations which have monopolized certain productions on the surface of the earth, the spread of the most recent inventions such as the telephone, the automobile, the incandescent light, the cinematograph, the aeroplane, are the indubitable signs that men even in the most remote corners of the world are discovering the same needs which they are satisfying in the same way.

"But the human consciousness lies inert. It does not recognize the unifying significance of these marvelous inventions, because those who have invented them perceive only their direct and personal interest and those who propagate them or study them are slaves of their specialty.

"We only whose view stretches beyond special event and frontiers, we only can be the agents of this necessary awakening of the human consciousness.

"Everywhere that we can impel men to deliberate together, we ought to intervene. Each time that it shall be possible for us to show that the discoveries are all the result of the collaboration of experts and of technicists belonging to the most diverse peoples, we must repeat this far and wide."

In reading Senator La Fontaine's address it came to us that he might well have used as a text for this splendid speech the illustrious words of one of our own countrymen: "*Know* one another, and you will *love* one another." There is no better way of bringing about agreement than through understanding. When once we are able to see the situation from another's viewpoint, peace between us is well-nigh assured. We may still not think alike but we will have regard for each other's way of thinking.

* * *

"HAVE convictions of your own—be yourself, and not a mere echo."



THE HOME WORLD



A Hallowe'en Party

Hattie Preston Rider

JESSIE is giving a party for a dozen of her girl friends, next week," said Mildred to her chum, Ada Raymond. "She's asking you, as well as myself, for I saw your invitation lying on the table, when I was in there this morning."

"A Hallowe'en party?" Ada asked. "Dear me, I hope they won't do anything 'spooky,' I saw ghosts for a week, after that one at Dale's. Miriam and her cousin dressed up in sheets and masks and frightened poor old Mrs. M'Gregor almost to death, looking in the windows. I don't think it was a bit funny."

"Jessie wouldn't do anything like that, I'm sure," Mildred answered, quickly. "She's always good to everybody. I think I never saw a kinder-hearted person; so I'm perfectly willing to trust her to have nothing silly or thoughtless for entertainment. She called it a brownie party, I believe.—What kind of things are brownies, Aunt Mary?" she asked, turning to the lady who sat sewing in the bay window. "Of course we've always heard of them; but I don't know what they really are, after all."

"Brownies were supposed to be a sort of household fairy, with a benevolent turn of mind," Aunt Mary answered. "They are to the Scotch what elves are to the Saxon or German people. Brownies were always good and helpful, turning out in full force to assist the unfortunate by threshing his grain or gathering his belated harvest. They were somewhat inclined to take offense easily, however, like a Scotchman himself. If you will notice, all myths reflect, more or less, the character of the race that creates them. I can hardly say *creates*, though; for all those mythical beings are a sort of poetic incarnation of either natural or spiritual forces, and a man looks at them through the spectacles of his own nature or temperament. For instance, a stern and relentless person sees in nature and life only a mighty power that deals out pitilessly what is due and nothing more. The heart that is full of love sees in nature a great, brooding mother, and in life itself a power that yields a hundredfold of good for every pain or sorrow. So the Norseman's 'spirits' were bold, rugged and grim; the Scotsman's 'canny'; the German's first of all industrious and home-loving. The 'bad' spirits embodied those evils or weaknesses which each particular people held most in fear or repugnance. Mythology and folklore are very interesting studies, when one gets down to the real meaning underlying them."

"I know it," Mildred answered, "but somehow we are so likely to gather only bare, dry facts from the books. Study is just like food, I'm coming to believe; it isn't what we *absorb*, but what we *assimilate*, thinking it over till it is fairly a part of us, that does us actual good. But there's this party of Jessie's. She asks us to come for the afternoon and evening, and to wear our most 'inconspicuous garments.' What will yours be, Ada?"

The girls fell to planning interestedly over their available clothing, for in Glenville, though nearly everybody was well-to-do, young people did not consider it necessary to have a new dress for every social occasion.

The morning after Hallowe'en, Mildred ran up the steps of Aunt Mary's home, with a glowing face.

"Oh! we had the loveliest time, last night!" she exclaimed, catching her aunt by the shoulders and giving her a hearty kiss. "The party was a grand success, though not in the least like what any of us had imagined. Jessie had ready a lot of sewing for us; plain, warm little dresses and nighties, with some sheets to hem and pillow-cases to run up, exactly like an old-fashioned sewing bee. All the boys came at evening, just as they used to do when mother was a girl.

"Jessie brought out a lot of 'brownie caps,' that she had made from stiff, dark paper, and fitted them on us, boys as well as girls. We then donned our 'inconspicuous garments,' and by that time the boys had guessed the object of our afternoon's toil. They insisted on taking up a collection among themselves, which amounted to quite a sum of money. Then, with several lighted jack-o'-lanterns, we marched two and two down to the home of old Mrs. M'Gregor, whose widowed daughter is there with three sick children. Jessie said they had lost everything, with the husband and father, in that terrible forest fire.

"There on the door-step we left the new garments, neatly packed in a basket, and tucked under

the cover an envelope containing the boys' contribution, and on which was written in Will Masters' boldest hand:

"'With the kindest regards of the brownies.'

"Then we marched back to Jessie's and had the funniest supper—not tea—of Scotch scones and 'parritch' and black bread made into lovely sandwiches. There wasn't any 'home-brewed ale,' though, or its like! Then somebody brought out an encyclopedia, and we hunted up everything we could find relating to our prototypes, as Will Masters called them. It was the most interesting research, as you said. And this morning Jessie got the dearest letter of thanks from Mrs. M'Gregor, who found us out in her own keen fashion. She brought it right over for us to read. You see the little act just touched the good old lady's heart, being Scotch herself."

"That is the best way to do a kindness, in the spirit which its recipient can comprehend;—we might say *in the language he speaks,*" said Aunt Mary with a smile. "It shows real tact, and tact is a precious gift, which pays well for cultivating. Somebody has said it is composed of equal parts of common sense and consideration for other people; so I suppose we may all claim a certain amount to start with. But like every talent, it must be trained and used. Besides, it creates such a comfortable atmosphere for the 'bystanders,'" she added, in laughing afterthought. "Well, girlie, I am glad you enjoyed your evening."

"We enjoyed it so much," Mildred returned, enthusiastically, "that we have organized, and are going to devote an afternoon and evening twice a month to finding some brownie work to do. We found that the original race did not confine their usefulness to Hallowe'en or any other season; so we are determined to follow their shining example!"

FOR HOME-MAKERS.

"Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never give up nor fret;
You'll stand a better chance, lad,
The further along you get."

An old song, a wise one, and good for women, even if written for boys. Change the "lad" to "lass," and sing it over tub and broom, stove and pastry-board, ironing-table and sewing-basket. There is magic in the last line, "further along." Every hand's turn you do in the right spirit is giving you a better chance of being the sort of good woman you want to be, and of reaching the goal of God's "Well done."

Very well to sit comfortably at a desk and talk! The hard matter is to think these things, and sing when the rain pours down on washing-day, the fire will not burn, the children are tiresome or sick, the husband wants a dozen affairs attended to at once, the oven will not bake, the irons are smudgy, the pastry is heavy, and there is no time for the sewing that *must* be done. So it is, so it is. But you have no leisure to sit at a desk and write to yourself; and what are we, who advise you, for if we cannot hearten you up and show you how we appreciate the labor and thought that makes the house clean, the good will, and home happy?

Why do you get discouraged and feel the duties of wife and mother a load of monotony you cannot always bear? Is it not because you have a dismal idea that home work is small and lightly valued by the world? "Any fool can scrub a floor or make a pie." Indeed she cannot. Try turning a few of the wise and learned women on to these duties, and see if there are not more stupidities in Wisdom's portals than you dreamed.

Get "further along" in the direction of having a "good conceit o' yersel', mother dear." The world in general and this country in particular could not move far without you. Get "further along" in the truth that your work is as great as any in the realms of science, art, and literature. To find a new law of nature, paint a fine picture, write a clever book, are excellent achievements in their way; but what are they to yours? If you are a God-fearing, Christ-serving wife and mother, you are painting and writing the record of your life and opinions in the flesh and blood of husband and children, to descend to all future generations. Honors? Yours is the highest honor woman can know. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." That is a true saying. A man may build whatever kind of character he likes for himself, but the foundation is always what his mother gave and taught him.

Do not believe you are behind in the march of progress. Your place is in the front rank. Get "further along," Homemakers!—*The Christian Register.*

GRANDPARENTS.

Grandparents are the real aristocrats of the household. They have lived longer, seen more, accomplished more, sustained and suffered more than their children and grandchildren. This may sound trite, but the result of the longer living and the greater endurance has been to place them on the higher level of advancing years, a plane where burdens weigh less heavily and conditions are less cramping than lower down on life's hill. There may be those who are ready to dispute this assertion, forgetting that life at either end has intervals of ease unknown to those who are tramping along the dusty road of middle age. The little children have time to play. The grandparents have reached a place where they, too, may play if they choose. Of course, there are many varieties of disposition and temperament in these dear people whose heads are white. We have all heard of the little fellows who declared that they did

not want to go to heaven if grandpa would be there. Some grandfathers are morose and fault-finding, and some grandmothers are irritable and unreasonable. These, fortunately, are exceptional. The ideal grandmother is indulgent and overflowing with kindness, and her home, or her room, or her presence, is delightful to the little children and attractive to the boys and girls who bring to her their confidences. The ideal grandfather has no recollection of a period when his own sons fancied him severe. He has only toleration for the boys who are growing up to carry on a good old name.

One is always regretful when the changes and chances of life compel old people to resign their separate homes and dwell under the roof of a son or daughter. It would seem that, after a lifetime of toil and sacrifice, grandparents should keep their independence and let the children come to them, while they remain at their own fireside. Still, a home in which grandparents are loved and honored is often a home to be congratulated. The children trained there should be taught deference for their elders, should form the habit of respecting the easy chair by the window or the fireside, and the cozy corner nearest the lamp, which corner belongs of right to the oldest person in the house. The children should be encouraged by the grown-ups to perform little offices of love, to run on errands, and, in unobtrusive ways, they should be habituated to making happy the path of the aged.

I remember a household in which the oldest person was a great-aunt. She had brought up the mother of the family in the latter's orphaned childhood, and in her old age she found a calm harbor in the household of her niece. Her hair was like the driven snow; her eyes were keen and bright as those of a hawk until she had attained her ninetieth year, and her ready wit and effervescent fun were equal to the entertainment of her juniors, until one day she quietly fell asleep to waken on the shore of the river beyond whose waves there awaited her eternal youth.

Part of the training of all young people should be to understand old people and learn how to live with them, what to do for them, and how to recognize beneath the mask of time the spiritual kinship which years have no power to destroy.—*Christian Herald.*

THE DELICATE ART OF LIVING PEACEABLY WITH OTHERS.

It is not everyone who can live peaceably with others. Even though there is the strongest desire to do so, some fail. Not that they become quarrelsome and abusive, but they simply cannot get on well together. They make each other unhappy. Why so? They have not cultivated the art of being at peace with others.

To be at peace with others implies several things. First: They who live together should remember that it is a sort of coöperative process. Each one has something to do to bring about the desired peace—something to do for others. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister unto them. This is different from the view which some take, the view that they are to be made comfortable without any special regard to the ease of others. When each one in a family thinks thus of getting something rather than of bestowing something, there is sure to be an alienation, if not conflict.

Second: To live peaceably together, people have to bear many things patiently. There are unintentional occasions of offense and there is much liability of misunderstanding the meaning and the purposes of others. If anyone is easily offended, he will be often offended. When irritation ceases and anger cools down, it is sometimes given people to see how foolish they have been and how easy it had been to have kept one's temper and restrained the complaining words.

It is part of the training in the art of living peaceably with others to consider often what must happen if there is no peace at home. When tempted to complain and to condemn, it would be well to look ahead at what may result from this giving way to a wrong spirit. Where is the gain? Rather, where is the loss? Whoever has seen a home that is not peaceful knows how unhappy people may be who are compelled to live in it. There is nothing that could not have been better endured than the alienation and strife that followed the breaking up of the peace of that family.—*American Sunday-School Magazine.*

OPPORTUNITY.

SELECTED BY W. ARTHUR CABLE.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find them in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the past dead with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can";
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

—Walter Malone.

A WIDENING CIRCLE.

THERE go the Andersons in their new automobile," said Augusta, as they sat on the vine-shaded piazza. "I'm crazy for a ride in a real auto, and I've never even set foot in one. People are selfish, and I don't suppose Maude Anderson will ever think of inviting me."

"Well," said her friend Mattie, "I don't suppose they realize what a great treat it would be to you or me." She hesitated a moment, then continued, boldly, "just as you don't realize what an immense pleasure it would be to mama if you would invite her sometime when you are going for a long drive. Of course, I've been with you lots of times, Gustie, but I've often wanted to ask you to let mama have my place sometimes. She never has anything but trolley rides, you know."

"Why, I never thought of it," said Augusta, promptly. "Why didn't you ask me before? We've always had a horse, and have been so used to driving that I never thought it would be any special pleasure. Tell your mama I'll call for her Thursday, and we will take the prettiest ride I can find—where trolley cars won't take one."

When Mattie told her mother of the invitation that evening, Mrs. Loring's face lightened up. "Indeed, I should like it very much, Mattie, but wouldn't Augusta enjoy it more if you went instead?"

"No, mama, she really wants you this time. I'm not invited at all," laughed Mattie. She had not told her mother of the conversation that had led to the invitation, and that the first suggestion of the drive had come from Mattie herself.

"It has been a long time," said Mrs. Loring, "since I have had anything more than a car ride."

"Dade, thin," said Mrs. Murphy, who had just brought back the laundry, and had stopped a few minutes, at Mrs. Loring's invitation, to rest and enjoy the cool glass of lemonade that was very refreshing after her long walk, "'t's meself would be glad to get a car ride now and thin—'way out to the parks, wid me little Maggie—but it's precious few nickels I can be sparin' fer car rides this summer."

Mrs. Loring and Mattie gave a quick glance at each other, as the same thought flashed through their minds. Had they not neglected a very simple means of giving pleasure to others? They could well afford the money to give Mrs. Murphy and her ten-year-old Maggie a refreshing car ride at times.

"Mrs. Murphy, when I have my pleasant carriage drive next Thursday, I'd like to think that you and Maggie are having an outing, too. You take these dimes and enjoy a good ride. It will give me real pleasure."

"Wasn't Mrs. Loring good to give us this lovely ride?" said Maggie to her mother, as, in the very front seat of an electric car, they rode out to one of the beautiful parks the next Thursday afternoon.

"Yis, indade," said Mrs. Murphy. "And 'tis meself was wishin' we cud a brought Biddy Ryan's little lame Timmie along wid us. How he would a' liked to see the green grass and the yaller buttercups."

Maggie puzzled over this for some time. She knew it cost money for car rides, and she knew her mother had none to spare. It was hard work sometimes to get enough to pay the landlord and to buy food. Before the ride was over she had solved the problem.

"Mama, I think Mrs. McCarthy would lend me her baby carriage and I could wheel Timmie over to the square, where he could see the fountain and the grass and the trees, and it would be nice and cool. He wouldn't be very heavy, if he is 'most five. Can I do it, mother?"

"Yis, dear; an' it's a good thought, darlin'," responded Mrs. Murphy.

So the deed of kindness was "passed along." And each one found it was in her power to give pleasure to others—to share what seemed a simple thing to her, but meant much to others less fortunate than herself.—*Ida Keniston, in the Circle.*

HOW YOU MAY DETECT BAD FOOD PRODUCTS.

(Prepared by government and State food inspectors for housewives.)

SMOOTH, shiny eggs are usually bad. Rough-shelled eggs are fresh.

Good cider vinegar will give off an odor of apples when heated over a slow fire, and will leave a reddish-brown residue in a pan when evaporated.

When a sardine dressing attacks the metal of a can, the contents are invariably bad.

Good lemon extract will turn milky and oil will immediately form on top when it is mixed with equal parts of water.

Pure ground coffee will not color cold water. Coffee adulterated with chicory will stain cold water brown.

Swelling of cans containing fruits and vegetables indicates fermentation. If cans contain more than one soldered perforation, they should be avoided. Cans are perforated originally at the center of the bottom. Any subsequent perforation shows tampering to prevent swelling, and indicates a product spoiling from improper cooking.

Noodles of a bright yellow color are often colored.

Cheap, shiny candies are coated with shellac or other resin and should be avoided.

Oleomargarine may be detected by examining the

wrappers of the packages. The law requires a label "Oleomargarine." This label is often very dim and printed with ink of nearly the same shade as the wrapper. Oleomargarine crackles and gives off an unpleasant odor when placed in a hot pan.

"SPECIALISTS in child culture everywhere agree that the most strengthening environment for young children is in the isolated country home. The honor students in deportment in high schools and colleges are usually the country bred, while a very large proportion of honor students in scholarship are also from rural districts."

The Children's Corner

TEA TABLE TALKS. No. 1.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"UNCLE NED, what did our teacher mean today when she told us that at every meal we ate we paid tribute to all nations?" asked little Harry, looking up at his uncle who was spending a few days with his sister. Harry was one of our inquiring boys, those who wish to get at the bottom facts. He also knew his uncle to be what we call a "well-informed" man and it seemed to him that there was no knowledge beyond his uncle's grasp.

"She means just this," replied his uncle; "our food comes from so many and such various sources that at each meal we eat something from each part of the world, and as each merchant is supposed to sell his goods at a profit, part of our money goes to all parts of the world as profit, or as she expresses it, as tribute."

"Tell me about the countries they come from, uncle. You have been in all of them have you not?"

"No, Harry," laughed Uncle Ned. "If I tell you about only the countries where I have been my story will be very short; but I have read about many lands and can tell you what I have learned in that way."

"Oh, please do!" shouted Harry, clapping his hands.

"Well, sit down and let us think what we had for supper tonight."

"We had bread, butter, coffee, fried chicken, pickled peaches, beans, apple butter and pumpkin pie. Oh! I know where one comes from! We had mashed potatoes. They came first from Ireland."

"No, Harry, you are mistaken. The potato is ascribed to Ireland, but it is really a native of America. Many American products are credited to Europe or Asia. The Jerusalem artichoke is a native of Brazil. Maize, or Indian corn is known in parts of Europe as Turkey corn or Turkey wheat. The bird known to us as the turkey got that name because when introduced in Europe some supposed it to have come from Turkey. It was not known in Europe till after the discovery of America, while on the other hand it had long been domesticated by the aborigines of America. In my boyhood days I used to hunt wild turkeys in the Okaw bottoms, but now since the land has been about all cleared the turkeys are all gone. In parts of Mexico the Indians had tame turkeys. Now, long since the Indians have disappeared, large droves of turkeys roam and nest among the ruins of the adobe buildings.

"Medieval Europe, as we sometimes call that period of history, evidently took it for granted that everything new in the line of plants and animals came from the East, whence so many novelties had been brought by the Crusaders."

"Who were the Crusaders?"

"They were soldiers from the nations of Europe who went to the Holy Land to drive out the Mohammedans."

"Tell me about them, please."

"Some other time I may, but not now. But to return to our story. What were the tablecloth and napkins made of?"

"The cloth is cotton, but mama says the napkins are linen."

"The native country of cotton is not known. It was thought to be an Asiatic plant, but the antiquity of cotton culture in America is very great. At the discovery of America it was cultivated throughout all tropical and sub-tropical America. The early explorers found people widely separated dressed in cloth woven from cotton. It was the only art known to many of the rude tribes in the interior of the continent and so it is today. As they have learned so little since that time, and yet so long ago knew that little so well we may suppose that they have raised cotton for a very long time. Even some of the tribes who wear no clothes cultivate cotton to tip arrows for their blow-guns and as tinder in starting fires. The Navajoes, a tribe in the southwest part of the United States, make blankets so closely woven that when held by the corners water may be carried in them.

"The linen in the napkin was made from the bark of a plant called flax. Have you ever seen it?"

"No, but mama has some of the seed which she uses to put in my eyes when I get dirt in it."

"It is very good for that purpose. The best linen comes from Ireland. Merchants who want to get a good price for their linen call it 'Irish linen,' even when made in America.

"Bread is made of wheat flour, though many persons, especially those who have come from other lands prefer rye bread.

"Wheat is a grass and has been cultivated from times farther back than we know. It is usually called a native of Asia, but the other day I read an article that said a grass has been found in southern Europe which on being cultivated produces wheat."

"Then does wheat go back to a kind of grass again?" asked Harry.

"Why do you ask?" said his uncle.

"Because I have heard that wheat will turn to cheat," said Harry.

"We won't discuss that now, Harry. We might not think just as your papa does, and then you would be in doubt. But to return to flour. When I was a boy wheat was ground between two stones or buhrs, those in commonest use coming from France. The stones had grooves cut in them somewhat like those in your mama's coffee mill. The ground wheat is then sifted, or bolted as it is called, to separate the various grades of flour, bran, etc. Much flour is now made by passing the grain between rollers instead of stones. Some other time I will tell you about how roller flour is now made. I have seen the work done.

"Now run to bed and tomorrow I will tell you some more things."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HONEY BAKING RECIPES.

Honey Gems.—To 2 qts. flour, add 3 tablespoons melted lard, ¼ pt. honey, ½ pt. molasses, 4 heaping tablespoons brown sugar, 1½ level tablespoons soda, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1-3 pt. water, ½ teaspoon extract vanilla.

Honey Popcorn Balls.—Take 1 pt. extracted honey; put it into an iron frying-pan, and boil until very thick; then stir in freshly popped corn, and when cool mold into balls. These will specially delight the children.

Honey Ginger Snaps.—To 1 pt. honey add ¾ lb. butter and 2 teaspoons ginger. Boil together a few minutes, and when nearly cold put in flour until it is stiff. Roll out thin, and bake quickly.

Honey Ginger Cake.—To 1 cup honey add ½ cup butter or drippings, 1 tablespoon boiled cider in half a cup of hot water (or ½ cup sour milk will do instead). Warm these ingredients together, and then add 1 tablespoon ginger and 1 teaspoon soda sifted in with flour enough to make a soft batter. Bake in a flat pan.

Honey and Tar Cough Cure.—Put 1 tablespoon liquid tar into a shallow tin dish and place it in boiling water until the tar is hot. To this add a pint of extracted honey and stir well for half an hour, adding to it a level teaspoon pulverized borax. Keep well corked in a bottle. Dose, teaspoon every one, two, or three hours, according to severity of cough.

Honey Fruit Cake.—To ½ cup butter add ¾ cup honey, 1-3 cup apple jelly or boiled cider, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, 1 teacup each of raisins and dried currants. Warm the butter, honey and apple jelly slightly, add the beaten eggs, then the soda dissolved in a little warm water; add spices and flour enough to make a stiff batter, then stir in the fruit and bake in a slow oven. Keep in a covered jar several weeks before using.

Honey Shortcake.—To 3 cups flour add 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 1½ cups sweet milk. Roll quickly, and bake in a hot oven. When done split the cake and spread the lower half thinly with butter, and the upper half with ½ lb. of the best-flavored honey. (Candied honey is preferred. If too hard to spread well, it should be slightly warmed or creamed with a knife.) Let it stand a few minutes, and the honey will melt gradually, and the flavor will permeate all through the cake. To be eaten with milk.

Honey Cake or Cookies.—Two cups honey, 1 cup butter, 4 eggs (mix well), 1 cup buttermilk (mix), 1 good qt. flour, 1 level teaspoon soda or saleratus. If it is too thin, stir in a little more flour. If too thin it will fall. It does not want to be as thin as sugar cake. Use very thick honey. Be sure to use the same cup for measure. Be sure to mix the honey, eggs and butter well together. You can make it richer if you like by using clabbered cream instead of buttermilk. Bake in a rather slow oven, as it burns very easily. To make the cookies, use a little more flour, so that they will roll out well without sticking to the board. Any kind of flavoring will do. I use ground orange peel mixed soft. It makes a very nice gingerbread.

Honey Nut Cakes.—Eight cups sugar, 2 cups honey, 4 cups milk or water, 1 lb. almonds, 1 lb. English walnuts, 3 cents' worth each of candied lemon and orange peel, 5 cents' worth citron (the last three cut fine), 2 large tablespoons soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground cloves. Put the milk, sugar and honey on the stove to boil 15 minutes; skim off the scum, and take from the stove. Put in the nuts, spices, and candied fruit. Stir in as much flour as can be done with a spoon. Set away to cool, then mix in the soda (don't make the dough too stiff). Cover up and let stand over night, then work in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Bake when you get ready. It is well to let it stand a few days, as it will not stick so badly. Roll out a little thicker than a common cooky, cut in any shape you like. This recipe originated in Germany, is old and tried, and the cake will keep a year or more.—*Farm and Home.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Scientists who have been experimenting at the Arnold arboretum believe it is possible to grow rubber on the abandoned farms of New England.

Attorney General Fred S. Jackson, of Kansas, has filed suit against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and subsidiary corporations charging violation of the anti-trust laws of Kansas. He asks damages of $166,000.

Natural gas has been struck two miles north of Memphis, Tenn., by parties boring for oil on a farm owned by Overton and Overton of Memphis. The pressure from the well was strong enough to blow the casing block and tackle 30 feet in the air. The flow is not yet under control.

The world's record for long-distance throwing of a baseball which had stood for 36 years, was broken at the field day between the Cincinnati and Pittsburg National league baseball teams when Sheldon Lejeune of the Evansville club of the Central league threw a ball 426 feet 6¼ inches, which is 25 feet 10¾ inches over the old record. The record that has stood for more than a third of a century was made by Tom Hatfield.

The members of the Portuguese royal family left Gibraltar Oct. 16. King Manuel, the Queen Mother Amelie and the Duke of Oporto embarked on the British royal yacht Victoria and Albert, while the queen dowager, Maria Pia, went aboard the Italian warship Regine Elena. The departure of the royal exiles was marked by the thundering of salutes and the playing of the Portuguese national anthem. The British authorities accorded to the king and his party all the honors due their rank.

The two-track tunnel of the Michigan Central Railroad, which for several years has been under construction beneath the Detroit River, between Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, has been opened for service. It was considered desirable to familiarize the operating staff of the railroad with conditions before passenger service was inaugurated, and therefore the first trains run through were freight trains. This tunnel will take the place of the powerful railroad car ferries, which for so many years have been a prominent feature in transportation at this point.

A recent arrival at one of our ports was a cargo of thick liquid sugar from Cienfuegos to be used by a firm for the manufacture, in conjunction with hops and other ingredients, of cattle feed and other specialties used in the rearing of farm stock. The shipment was pumped from the vessel into tank cars in which it was conveyed to the manufacturer's works. This liquid sugar differs from molasses in so much as the noncrystallized cane sugar retains such valuable materials as pectin juice, lime, glucose and gums, which are not found in the ordinary white sugar used for domestic purposes.

New Orleans has become the objective point of the Government in its relentless hunt for evidence of fraud in the sugar customs. Frank L. Garbarino, special agent of the department of justice, has reported irregularities in the testing of sugar at New Orleans and prosecution is expected to follow.

Degrees were conferred on the following Americans at the centennial celebration of the founding of the University of Berlin: Doctor of Laws—Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, United States supreme court, and Prof. William Burgess, dean of the faculty of political science at Columbia University. Doctor of Philosophy—President A. T. Hadley of Yale. Doctor of Medicine—Theodore William Richards, professor of chemistry at Harvard.

President Taft has approved the recommendation of the army board that the battleship Maine be raised from Havana harbor by the cofferdam method. Maj. Gen. William H. Bixby, chief of army engineers, proposes to have the wreck bared by February 15. President Taft has asked both Spain and Cuba to have representatives present during the work to settle for all time the controversy as to whether the Maine was blown up by a mine or destroyed by interior force.

Fred A. Schlueter, a candy manufacturer, of St. Louis, has patented a device insuring safety for amateur aviators who are being schooled in the principles of aviation. He proposes to suspend the aeroplane from a dirigible balloon by piano wire, giving the heavier-than-air craft a radius of operation more than a mile in circumference. The operator of the dirigible is delegated to the task of sustaining the aeroplane in case it should unexpectedly attempt precipitous dives or capsize.

Australia is likely to have a compulsory system of insurance for workers. Among the foremost advocates of the plan is George Hanley Kibbes, an acknowledged authority on matters of insurance. He suggests that the scheme should be first applied to government employés on the railways, then gradually to miners, artisans, and generally to all workers. The commonwealth cabinet is known to be favorable to the proposition, which is based on schemes already in operation in Germany.

Momentous industrial consequences devolve upon the decisions of the supreme court of the United States which is just beginning its eight months' work. The cases, in number and degree of importance, are unprecedented. Foremost is the Gompers-Mitchell-Morrison case, involving the right of organized labor to maintain the boycott. The new employer's liability law will be attacked by the railroads and the status of the "hours of service law for railroads" will be determined. Peonage cases in the South will have a hearing.

Workmen are draining a small lake near Oroville in Okanogan County, Wash., to save an immense deposit of epsom salts, owned by M. McCammon of Oroville and his associates, who took up the land under a mineral right. A. W. Doland, president of the Spokane Drug Company, has made numerous laboratory tests and pronounces the salts equal to the German product, the wholesale price of which is 25 cents a pound. The lake, in which the deposit was found some time ago, is 1,000 feet in length and about 180 feet in width and of unmeasured depth. The bed and banks are covered with a thick deposit and it is believed there are thousands of tons of salt available for commercial purposes.

China has crushed out the last vestige of the government of the once powerful dalai lama at L'Hassa, according to advices from Tibet. Chinese spies are said to have arrested an agent of the lama and spirited him away to a secret hiding place, upon a warrant accusing him of conspiring to send supplies to the lama at Darjiling. An order of decapitation followed the arrest of the agent, but this was later canceled for fear it would result in an outbreak. The agent is an abbot, 70 years of age, and he had acted as the secular minister for the lama, who lived in strictest seclusion. The arrest was the final step in the movement of the Chinese government to crush the tremendous power of the lama's government in Tibet.

Beer is claimed to be a cause of pellagra. An authority on the subject of pellagra, in a pamphlet just issued, says, "Most of the beer in this country is made from corn, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that much corn that might be considered hardy suitable for the making of grits or cornmeal might be considered good enough for beer. It is doubtless true that there are at the present time more people making use of corn in the form of beer than in any other form, and it would be well for such persons to know that in the use of beer they are running greater risk of taking pellagra than would be involved in the ordinary use of corn. In the use of beer it would be impossible to tell anything about the condition of the corn from which the beer is made, whereas ordinary corn products may be easily inspected. If the discovery of pellagra has the effect to materially lessen the consumption of beer, it may be the means of accomplishing great good in the battle against intemperance."

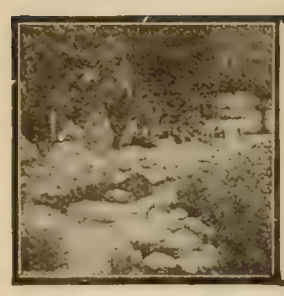
The hopeless financial condition of the country, with its debt increasing from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 a year, the corruption of the government officials and the undue influence of the Catholic church, caused the revolution in Portugal, according to Professor M. D. Harris of Northwestern University, who recently addressed a current event class. "The royal family of Portugal received $520,000 a year, and this in a country where the total income amounted to a little more than $6,000,000 a year," he said. "This money went to the support of the king, his mother and distant relatives. The recent government was dominated by the church, the cardinal of Lisbon and two archbishops having the appointment of a system of officials who acted as municipal officers in the cities, and by the Jesuits. The king played into the republicans' hands by fleeing the country and they gave him every assistance in getting out. If he had remained the monarchists would have had a chance to rally around him, but with him out of the country there was but little danger of their rallying."

With the passing of the West as a cattle country, James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, expresses the opinion that the South will in the near future become the great beef-producing section of the United States. He declares the eradication of the cattle tick will open the way for the industry below the Mason and Dixon line.

When one considers that it requires about ten pounds or five quarts of milk to make one pound of cheese one may gain some idea of the enormous quantity of milk required to make a cheese weighing over two tons. Such a cheese has been made at Appleton, Wisconsin, for the National Dairy Show, to be held in Chicago, Oct. 20-29. The cheese is so big that the maker built it upon a flat car, using a great hoop of galvanized iron 15 feet in circumference. It required over twenty tons milk to furnish the curd for the cheese, which is four feet and eight inches in diameter and three feet 9½ inches in height. It is of fine quality and is believed to be the largest cheese ever made.

Although the export of olive oil to the United States has decidedly improved and although the demand has been an increasing one, the Nice manufacturers state that the olive oil trade of the district is unsatisfactory. The reasons given by them for this are that olive oil mixed with cottonseed, peanut and other vegetable oils is sold as "table oil," "superfine oil," etc., and that the labeling of these mixtures is misleading to buyers. The price of such oils is so low that the culture of the olive tree is not so remunerative as it should be. In consequence of the low prices of crude olive oil many peasants have had their olive trees cut down and sold for firewood, planting fruit trees in their stead; others have neglected to trim their trees and to give them necessary care. The prosperous condition of the department of the maritime Alps has also caused a scarcity of farm hands, which increased the cost of production, and the olive growers and oil merchants have petitioned the central government at Paris for premiums to be paid to all cultivators of olive trees. The cold spell during the winter of 1909, which damaged the crops in all southern Europe, was an added burden.

A case illustrating the severe requirements of the laws of Russia as to military service has just been before the war department on an application of a soldier for discharge in order that he may return to that country to enter the Russian army. The soldier, a native born subject of the czar, arrived in this country on March 9, 1905, and subsequently enlisted in the United States army. His family remained in Russian Poland, where they are now. The soldier, who has made his declaration of intention to become an American citizen, reports that he has been drafted for service in the Russian army, and that unless he responds to the draft his family will be compelled to pay a heavy fine. The war department holds that, as the soldier was perfectly aware that he owed military service to the czar at the time of his emigration to the United States, he should not be discharged from the army. Besides, if he did return to his native country he would be liable under its peculiar laws to deportation to Siberia for having sought to become a citizen of a foreign state without having first asked and secured the permission of his native government. By the law of Russia, a subject who becomes a citizen or subject of another state without the permission of his own government forfeits all of his civil rights and is subject to banishment.



NATURE STUDIES



THE CRICKET.

Dainty Allis, here's the cricket,
Trim and nimble, brave and bold,
Caught a-chirping in a thicket,
When the year was growing old.

He's a patient little hummer,
Though he only knows one song
He's been practicing all summer,
And he never sings it wrong.

He was piping under hedges
After all the birds had flown;
Thrilling loud from stony ledges,
Making merry all alone.

If the bearded grasses wavered
Underneath the lightest foot,
His sharp murmur sudden quavered
Into silence at the root.

Now the cricket comes to bring you
Cheery thoughts in time of frost;
And a summer song he'll sing you
When the summer sunshine's lost.

You'll be listening till you're guessing
Pleasant meanings in the sound;
May the cricket's good-night blessing
Bring the happy dreams around!

Many and many a year hereafter
You will hear the same blithe tune,
For though you should outlive laughter,
Crickets still will chirp in June.

If some future summer passes
Homesick, in a foreign land,
There'll be speech among the grasses
That your heart will understand.

As you listen in the wildwood
To that merry monotone,
It will bring you back your childhood
When you are a woman grown.

—Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

A TRUE STORY OF AN EXPERIENCE WITH A DEER.

MINNIE O. WOLFE.

I AM not a sportswoman if I may use the term, as I have never shot to kill but two things in my life. One was a screech owl which sat in an oak tree near our sitting-room window. The other was a partridge which I shot and so mutilated, that my conscience hurt me for many a day.

My husband is a good hunter, and we both love the woods; consequently I have hunted and roamed the woods with him and have a pretty good knowledge of the animals of this northern part of the country. It was while we were camping last October that quite an unusual incident took place which I wish to relate.

We were camping on Wine Lake, in northern Minnesota, a beautiful lake about six and one-half miles long. It is dotted here and there with pretty little islands, while up either shore are many peninsulas, and small bays. Our tent was pitched at the south shore, in full view of the lake and also in view of the shores which were beautiful in their autumn colors.

We had as our guest over Sunday, Miss N., who is a teacher of Domestic Science in a near-by town. She had never seen a deer, and it was her great desire that she might have an opportunity to see one on this trip. Her wish was gratified in a most unusual way.

On Sunday morning while we were out in front of the tent preparing dinner, Miss N. noticed an object in the lake and called our attention to it. We looked quickly and saw that it was a deer swimming across the lake not far from the south shore, to the west side. It had nearly reached the shore, when it turned back toward the east side, evidently frightened by some small boys with rifles. By this time my husband and Miss N. had gotten into the boat and were rowing out toward it; the boys on the shore yelling to them to shoot it. They rowed around on the west side of the deer, and started it for the east shore,—I calling to them not to get too close, for fear it might upset the boat. I had hear of such a thing happening, though I suppose it doesn't happen very often. The deer half turned several times as though uncertain whether to go back or not.

As soon as it reached the beach, we expected it would quickly disappear in the woods; but to the great surprise of all it went about ten yards, stopped and turned around.

I ran around the point, three boys passing me, and three men following. By this time my husband had jumped out of the boat and had followed the deer.

He cautiously made his way toward it, and reaching his arms around a clump of small birch trees

which stood between him and it, took hold of its antlers. It was a beautiful animal with pretty antlers, and judging from the size of them, it must have been at least three years old. Just for a moment it showed fight, but my husband began to rub and scratch it around the head and it acted as though it had found a friend. He then went to its side, putting one arm around its neck, and still holding on to the antlers. He scratched it behind its ears and under its neck, and it stretched out its neck for more as we have all seen horses do that love to be petted and rubbed.

There were eight or nine of us standing around in perfect astonishment, watching the performance.

Once in a while one of the other men present would venture near enough to stroke its back but every time the deer would instantly turn on him, and he would move back in haste.

All of the men present were men who had lived in or near the woods, and had seen many deer, but they all declared they had never had an experience of this kind and could not account for the gentleness of the deer only in this way: That it might have been chased for miles by dogs or wolves and had been swimming for some distance, and was thoroughly frightened and tired out. It didn't seem to be exhausted, and was not breathing hard. It evidently felt safe in the presence of human beings for once.

It stood quiet for at least forty-five minutes, never once attempting to get away, and I believe if everybody but my husband had gone away, it would have followed him to camp. It was only after a few vigorous slaps that it decided to go, and with a few bounds it was quickly out of sight.

One strange thing connected with the incident was the desire of those boys present to kill the deer. They were not over thirteen or fourteen years old, and yet any one of them would have shot it as it stood there, if the men present had not forbade it.

Norman, Minn.

WHAT THE BRONCHO SAID.

I DID not know what they wished, and they never told me. I am a horse, and the horse has been for ages the servant of man, and one of the most easily trained and managed of all animals. But they insist that I am different from the rest of my kind. And so they must "bust" me. The other day I was brought out into a ring before a crowd of brutal men and women. In the throng I noticed one man in particular, a man who wore things—blinders, I suppose—over his eyes, and had prominent teeth. They called him Teddy. Well, they brought me out before the crowd, and a beast of a man tried to ride me. I was not angry, but I was frightened out of my horse wits. I was nervous, excited, and worse than all, puzzled and perplexed. The man tried to get on my back. I heard them talking about a fight, and so I gave them one, supposing that that was what they wished. The man acted as though he were my enemy. Was I to blame for treating him so? There was a fight, and I won. The man could not stay on my back. After a hard struggle I threw him.

Then some one cried: "Bulldog him!" I did not know what was meant, but I soon found out. While I was held fast by two or three men, another man reached over another horse, caught hold of my ear and bit through it. The idea, I learned, was to make me submissive. They tell me that I "shivered," and I guess I did. Certainly the pain was great. But it did not make me submissive. For when the man tried a second time I ran into a fence and through a gate, and thus upset him again. But how my ear did hurt! For that, however, no one seemed to care, not even the man with blinders in the stand. I was only a broncho, and so it did not matter. To this hour I have no idea as to what was desired of me. All I know is that the day was hot, the ground hard and parched, the crowd noisy and cruel, and that I was frightened, excited and bewildered. Oh, yes, I know, too, that my ear is very sore and painful. I have heard that in other parts of the country there are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. But there does not seem to be any such organization in Cheyenne. Perhaps people who belong to them are molly-coddles. If I am a brute, what is the man who bit my ear?—*Indianapolis News.*

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

THERE is profit in raising high grade seed. Seed crops of sweet corn, garden peas, and beans of good quality are in ever increasing demand, and the quantity needed yearly has become so large that the seed man is obliged to have the major portion of his stock grown for him by others. Within the past few years there has been an enormous increase in the quantity of seeds produced for commercial purposes. This has been due in large measure to the development of seed growing and handling as a business.

There are now nearly one thousand seed firms doing business in the United States. One of the largest of these uses buildings with an aggregate floor space of more than sixteen acres. This space is much larger than was occupied by the entire seed trade of the country only fifty years ago. The quality also has been vastly improved.

One of the most encouraging developments in the growing of garden vegetables is the increasing recognition of the practical importance of using

pure and uniform stocks of seed whose varietal characteristics adapt them to distinct local conditions and market requirements. Another consideration is the fact that the growing of seed crops of these vegetables can be undertaken without any radical change in farm practice or material increase in farm equipment. These conditions make this industry well worth the attention of farmers who are located where soil and climatic conditions are favorable for the best development of such seeds.

However, the raising of these vegetables for seed crops is not recommended for all circumstances, even when soil and climate are suitable. The farmer who contemplates undertaking seed crop farming will do well to consider thoroughly the many elements which enter into profits. Seedsmen are often able to place contracts for growing seed at very low prices—even lower than that at which grain of the species can be sold on the market. Such a condition might be due to any of several causes, but usually rests on an over supply, or a demand for an inferior product. The general tendency now, however, is decidedly in the other direction, and both seed dealer and seed growers can do much by coöperation to further this tendency. A dealer should not buy by sample, no matter how good the samples may be, but should endeavor to limit his supply to seed which he knows was grown from pure and true stock seed and, as far as possible, to that which was subject while growing to his own inspection. Knowledge, experience and care on the part of the grower will also contribute to a higher standard and consequently to higher prices and better market conditions generally.

In response to a demand for greater knowledge of the cultural methods which are best adapted to seed crop growing for the vegetables mentioned, the United States Department of Agriculture has just issued a new publication, bulletin 184 of the bureau of plant industry, under the title, "The Production of Vegetable Seeds: Sweet Corn, Garden Peas, and Beans." This publication discusses this whole subject very thoroughly and gives instruction for securing crops of seeds for these different species.—*Selected.*

HOW THE TREE DOCTOR WORKS.

(Continued from Page 1017.)

move the scales and to guard against the attacks of insects. Half a dozen spraying machines are employed for the work, each accompanied by from two to four men. The regular spraying machine is equipped with twelve sprays. The solutions used will prove fatal to all forms of plant lice. The gathering of cocoons and larvæ of all kinds goes on practically throughout the year. These are scraped from the trees, collected and burned, tons of them at a time. It is only a few years since trees were treated for protection by painting the trunks with unsightly whitewashes, or surrounding their trunks with untidy looking bands of white cotton. This treatment has been done away with and the up-to-date tree doctor attacks the trouble with knife and antiseptic solutions.—*F. A. Collins in Christian Herald.*

MACHINERY CARE.

When machinery is allowed to stand uncovered, decay soon begins around the bolts, screws and rivets in the woodwork. The sun and storm soon destroy the paint, and water gets into the surface of the wood, starting decay and softening, so that next season's wear will proportionately be much greater. The heat of the sun loosens burrs; threads on the bolts become rust eaten so they are kept tight with difficulty, if at all. For all digging or cutting implements, such as plows, disks, cultivators, etc., a coat of linseed oil paint at this season of the year or after their work for the season is finished will be found very beneficial even where tools are housed as above recommended, and will be of great benefit to those not so well provided for. The paint is easily scoured off when put into the ground in the spring. If oil paint is not convenient, any grease or oil free from salt may be used as a substitute. Where the room has a ground floor, a covering of coal cinders, is an aid to prevent rusting of tools. In the absence of these we raise plows, etc., off the ground by means of short pieces of boards. Implements needing repairs should be overhauled now while their needs are fresh in the minds of the operators, so that they will be ready for business again when the time comes for them to be used.—*G. A. Freeman.*

Between Whiles

"Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?" asked Mr. Whibbles.

"I am inclined to go further than Darwin did," answered Miss Cayenne, "and believe that some members of our species have started on a return trip."

Sure!—"What good did you do your constituents during your term?"

"Well, I done some of them mighty good."

It was not until later that it dawned upon us that our language is very subtle.

"Well, how true it is," sighs the visitor, "that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"That may be true of the world in general," replied the native, "but it doesn't apply to this town."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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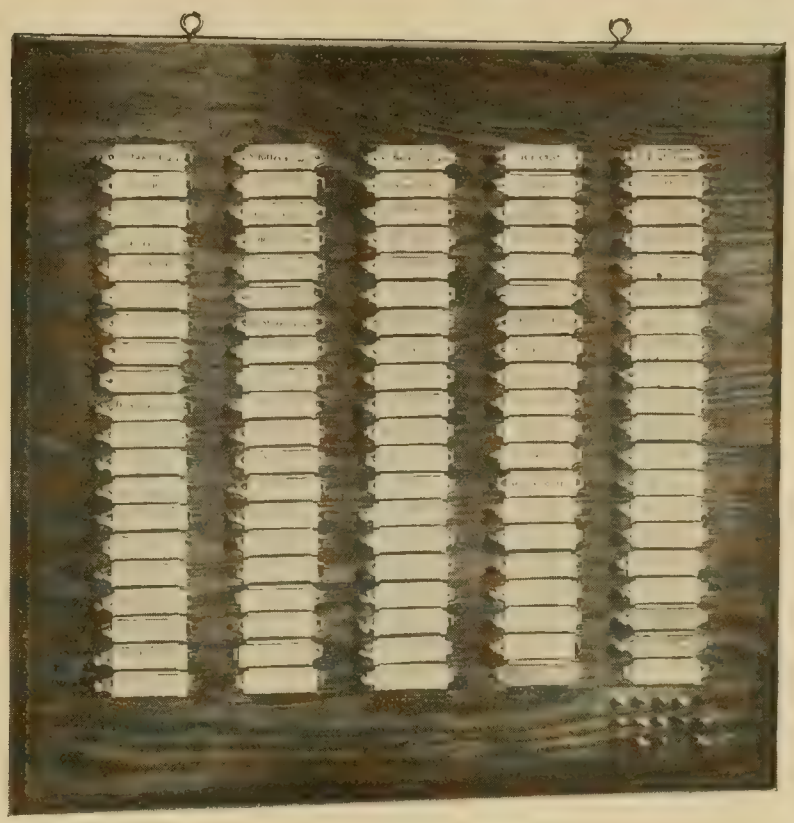
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Falls from his grasp: better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor: envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
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—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

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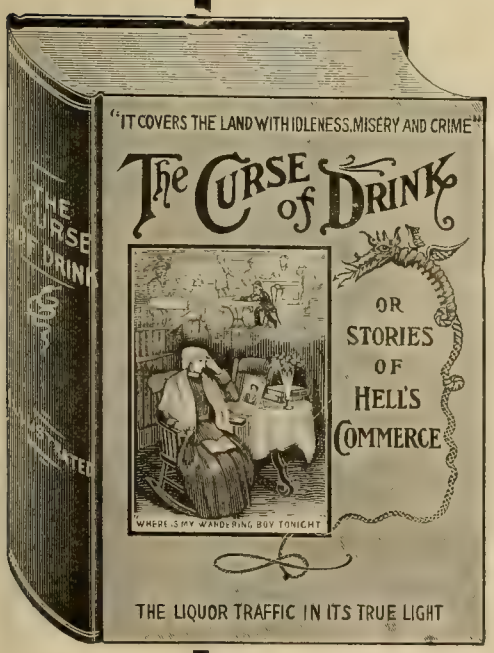
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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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THE INGLENOOK

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BUDDHISM

J. C. Flory

THE importance of the study of Buddhism is evident in the fact that for more than twenty centuries it has swayed the destiny of uncounted millions of men. Having its origin in that portion of the famous and fertile plain of the Ganges still occupied by her most ancient cities, it has spread in varying form over vast regions of Southern, Central, and Eastern Asia and their adjoining islands.

The different phases which Buddhism has assumed naturally arrange themselves in two great divisions: the Southern school, prevailing in Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, undoubtedly a much older and purer form of Buddhism, and the Northern school, prevailing in China and Japan. It may be said that the Southern school has established itself in Burma, Siam and Ceylon, but it cannot be said that she has succeeded in driving out the most ancient cults of serpent worship and spirit worship. While the people of these countries regard Buddhism as their religion, the elder cults are intimately mixed with it in the belief and daily practice of the common people. The ignorance and superstition of these cults allowed them to accept the more progressive teachings of the Buddhists.

The question may arise whether Buddhism is strictly a religion. Writers are accustomed to treat it as such, but in its primitive form it lacks important elements of a religion and is really a pessimistic system of philosophy. It has moral teaching, but morality is not religion. In all its efforts to solve the problem of human existence and devise a way of deliverance from physical ills and moral evils, it has no idea of a supreme, infinitely holy, eternal God and of man as a sinful being whose duty is to bring his moral nature into harmony with that God. Without a God, without any supernatural revelation, without a Savior to make possible a real, pure, blissful, eternal deliverance from sin, without prayer, without real worship, without duties essentially religious, it must be denied the name of religion. Yet as millions regard it as a religion, it is desirable to consider carefully its author, and its principles and doctrines.

At the birth of Gautama, Magadha and the adjacent countries were under the sway of Brahmanism. It was at first thought that Gautama's main purpose was to be a great reformer and found a religious system which would be a protest against Brahmanism. But studious investigation shows that he did not intend to protest against and antagonize Brahmanism by establishing a new religion. He culled from Brahmanism some of her teachings, but he rejected many of her principles and doctrines.

The sources of information of the teachings of Gautama are varied and comprehensive. The forty-five years of his ministry were given to the oral statement of his doctrine. His time was occupied in his public ministry rather than in writing, but volumes have been written describing his actual life and doctrines. To make a careful study and exposition on what has been written would be an endless task.

Gautama, according to the traditional account, was born about B. C. 542. This date is no doubt, too early, by a half century. Gautama was a family name, for the child was called "Siddhartha," "the one who has accomplished his purpose." The myth of his incarnation was devised to enhance his glory. He grew up in the midst of wealth and display. He married his cousin Yasodhara, and in his twenty-ninth year he became the father of a son, Rahula. For many years he pondered in his mind the thought of renouncing the world and entering upon the poverty, loneliness, and wandering of a mendicant life. This was a serious thought for him and to get the consent of his mind to make this sacrifice made him a strong character and better prepared him for the emergencies that were to come upon him. He came in contact with a couple of noted philosophers but their teaching failed to convince him that there was salvation in philosophy. In his solitude he reached a great epoch in his life. Seating himself under a banyan tree, for forty-nine days, he gave himself up to profound meditation and at last attained by it a full knowledge of salvation. For him it was a transition from ignorance and indefiniteness to enlightenment, from Gautama to Buddha.

Guatama was a man of high thought, lofty morality,

JESUS THE IDEAL

I. N. H. Beahm

IN speaking of an individual in a personal way, one should be very careful. Nevertheless it was the custom of the Apostles and even of our Savior to make personal remarks occasionally. I wish to speak at this time of Theodore Roosevelt's remarkable act in refusing to eat with United States Senator Lorimer at a recent banquet in Chicago.

Mr. Roosevelt is a wonderful man. I would not detract one tithe of honor justly due him. He is certainly one of the remarkable men of the world. But even great men may be overestimated. They may err. "To err is human." In refusing to sit at meat with Senator Lorimer he has won great praise from many quarters. I shall not make comparison with his sitting at meat with Mr. Cox, of Cincinnati, or any other seeming inconsistencies; but in all things we as Christians should take our Savior as the model, the pattern, the true example, as the lofty altruistic ideal for unerring human action.

Mr. Roosevelt is a private citizen. Mr. Roosevelt is the president of the United States with an "ex" before president. He has had two terms in the White House at the national capital. The prestige of that wonderful position of trust and honor is still his. He is not merely a private citizen. He has the power of private citizenship plus the prestige of the greatest office in this country. His opinion, publicly expressed against any man, is an awful blow. Certainly insinuations and accusations have been preferred against United States Senator Lorimer. Investigation was under way. But for even a Senator, though guilty, to receive such a blow from such a source is a serious blunder. Justice should have its way without prejudice from any source. The great anti-slavery orator, Wendell Phillips, said when John Brown was under arrest, "After Gov. Wise had issued a personal opinion and verdict of hanging against John Brown, it was then impossible to impanel a proper jury within the State of Virginia." But this is not the point I wish to make emphatic. The point to be emphasized is, that if Lorimer were guilty of all the supposed accusations against him, then, on the further supposition that Theodore Roosevelt were almost absolutely perfect, the one man who should have been at that social banquet, with its political bearing, should have been the unfortunate Lorimer, for he certainly would need the personal influence and presence and civic magnetism of the distinguished ex-president.

Jesus of Nazareth, the mightiest of all men, would have said, "I want Lorimer there!" When Matthew was converted, he made a feast for Jesus. Publicans and sinners were invited that they might see Jesus and hear him, and Jesus was glad to be among them that he might teach them and to do them good.

At another time, the inspired Word says, "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him, but the Scribes and Pharisees murmured saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Yes, Jesus would have wanted Lorimer at the feast.

Further, Lorimer as United States Senator from Illinois is evidently the logical sequence, the ripened fruit of Illinois' dominant politics; and the very politicians with whom the ex-president associated in Chicago belonged in the main to the same clique. But when Lorimer was sent away, they felt, by that act of the ex-president that their club had been sifted; the chaff was gone and only the solid wheat remained. They felt justified. If Mr. Lorimer had been present at the feast, and the same, or more, scathing rebuke of corrupt methods given, the whole banquet would have felt guilty, and there would have been hopes for real reform.

Any man who does not measure up to Christ Jesus in a given parallel case is not lofty enough in his idealism. One may be popular and yet be unrighteous occasionally.

Our foremost American, when in Iowa, was delighted with the insurgents who were so largely against Taft; yet in New York Mr. Roosevelt extols Taft. The prestige of the national official mantle still radiates from the shoulders of the ex-president and it must be embarrassing to the president of the United States under existing circumstances. If the opponents of Taft in Iowa are right, it is hard to see how that consistency—true, deep consistency—can extol the administration and the opposers of the administration. Can the real motive be the motive of our Savior—personal blessing to the individual? Let us not get our eyes off the Master who said, "My kingdom is not of this world." There was great desire to make Jesus king; but right with him was above popularity. Conscience was deeper than policy. He could eat with publicans and sinners and be blessed by being a blessing. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Let us learn, however, that though from a political standpoint ex-President Theodore Roosevelt is the foremost citizen of the world, yet Christ is our ideal.

Hebron Seminary, Nokesville, Va.

A DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

I. S. LONG.

THE following is a free translation of a lesson taken from the fifth Marathi school book. It may prove interesting because of its likeness to another story which the reader will easily recall from reading this. I am sorry I was unable to ascertain the date of the event recorded. It is in the form of a dialog, and probably forms only part of the whole story.

Jaypal—Let the king tell the dream.

King—The dream was as follows: On going out of the palace grounds and walking to the banks of the Ganges I found a boundless flood. The river was overflowing both her banks and the water, because of the rapidly flowing current, was making a great noise. Who knows but that some one will say that Mother Ganges was offended at the god of the great mountains (Himalayas) and hence goes grumbling to Father Ocean? Meanwhile her rapid current began to slow up, her rolling waves became smaller, her widely expanded bed became narrower, and her muddy water became as clear as crystal. In short, one might say that dear Father Ocean in order to soothe and comfort her has taken her into his embrace.

In all the surrounding country very many kinds of grain appeared to be growing in such profusion that for a short time it seemed to me as if the earth were showing forth all its glory. Jaypal, within about two hours and a half I saw this miracle repeated seven times. Then suddenly as I turned to go back (to the palace) the water began to grow less; and it grew less day by day till in the places where 25 or 30 feet of water should be, there not a drop of water appeared. In the places where fishes sported with pleasure they now quickly died. Grain everywhere withered and died. Wherever one would look he would see a sandy desert. This miracle also I saw seven times. Jaypal, if you will tell me the true meaning of the dream I will make your worth unparalleled in the kingdom.

Jaypal—Great King, the wondrous grace of God is upon your Honour. In his mercy he has revealed to you by this dream the great distress that is coming upon all the earth. The interpretation of the dream appears to be as follows: Henceforth for seven years there will be seasonable rains, the earth will be profuse with the finest of grain, and the word "dearth" will have been forgotten; but at the end of these seven years all this prosperity will suddenly come to an end. The clouds will no longer give their water, the earth will not bring forth even one ear of corn, and all mankind will groan and beg piteously. In short, as there will be seven years of gladness so there will be seven years of sorrow. O King, in the time of this great distress, it seems the will of God to bestow upon you the boon of becoming a blessing to the whole earth. To this end you should strive to walk according to his (God's) will. In the first seven years you should buy up heaps and heaps of grain to be used in the succeeding seven years. And in every city and district you should appoint grain overseers to look after this business. In this way, O King, all mankind will sing your praises throughout all ages.

King—Jaypal, yes, truly this is the interpretation of the dream. Who are you and how did you know to interpret the dream? What sort of divination is this of yours?

Jaypal—O King, your servant knows nothing of charms and divination. On the day when your dream was made known abroad in the town, a wandering devotee told me its meaning. His name is Narayanmurti or image of God and as he told me the interpretation of the dream he vanished from my sight. Now let whatever is false or true be so regarded.

Pimpalner, India.

FOUNDING A SCHOOL LIBRARY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

TEACHER, start a school library, by all means, no matter what the outlook. Get some reading matter and set aside some place in the schoolroom as the library, if it can be only a table, stand or a certain desk.

In some States libraries are furnished by the school boards. In that case you are excused. But if there is no library, donate or lend one or more good but inexpensive books. Then ask the pupils to do the same. Very often they have a few books at home that the whole family have read which they would gladly donate. Some will be brought that are not quite suitable for school, but accept them as graciously as you do the others, to avoid hard feelings. They can be shelved, and do not forget to put the name of the donor in every book received. It will act as an incentive.

Get or make a bookcase as soon as possible, even if you have as yet no books. They will come from some unseen source and will more than fill all your expectations. At first you may have only a few newspapers or magazines to put into it, but call it "Our library" and the books will soon accumulate.

For a beginning make some scrap-books on different subjects. One can usually find plenty of blank books or out-of-date government books in which to paste any poem or prose article deemed worthy of saving. Ask for clippings from the pupils and when one is inserted in the book be sure to write underneath the name of the one who selected it. This will cause *more* to be brought.

Write to each one of your State senators and representatives in your district, also both United States

senators and the United States representatives in your districts, asking them for any government publication that they happen to have for free distribution, telling them that you want them for a school library, and you will get a large number of reference books. And be sure to ask for a map of the United States and also for one of your own State, and you will promptly receive a large well-mounted map of each. You can also get bulletins on nearly three hundred subjects from the Agricultural Department, at Washington, D. C., by simply dropping them a postal, stating your wants. You can also get bulletins from your own State experiment station. All these are well illustrated and very useful in school work, now that agriculture is such a prominent branch in the schoolroom.

Among the publications will be the Year Book, Agricultural Report, Congressional Directory, Geological Survey of your State, History of the Louisiana Purchase, History of the Panama Canal, etc. In many States nature study leaflets from the State college may be obtained. Temperance literature can be gotten from the Unitarian Society, Boston, Mass., Band of Mercy leaflets from the National Humane Society, 119 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and bird literature from the American Audubon Society.

Then an entertainment can be gotten up which will be a benefit to the children and will bring in some money with which to buy books.

In one school we solicited for a Larkin Soap order and made six dollars. A strict record should be kept of all books read by pupils that they may know the extent of their work at the close of the year. In one school the children were told to put on their thinking caps and write a list of all the books outside of their text-books that they had ever read, with authors if possible. This to awaken them to the thought of reading. These lists were kept as references. They were then told that every high school has a library of which they are very proud and which they use very much.

"Last month we placed some papers on two desks and announced that we would call them 'Our reading table.' Last week while we were at the County Teachers' Institute we found there some very nice books which we bought (for we immediately thought of you), on purpose to loan to the 'reading table' and we are very anxious that you should read them carefully. We have here three little histories which are full of interesting stories which you may read at any time when you have learned your lessons. Now we may truly say that we have a library. And I wish you to use it, and if you have any books at home which you can give or loan it will be highly appreciated by us if you bring them." In this way we played library, imagining we had one until it was a reality before the close of the year.

Chinook, Montana.

The End of Summer

Richard Braunstein



Now autumn arrives with a honk and a whirr;
October is driving—, a reckless chauffeur!
The leaves lose their grip in a whirlwind of fright,
The flowers in the garden turn pale in the night.

The last rose of summer is now on the blink,
The housefly has hashed his career in the ink,
The skeeter no longer delights in the eats
And the house-hunting cricket is roaming the streets.

No longer the song birds intone their hosannas—
They have gone to the land of bananas;
Today there arises from the kitchen the smell,
Of the housekeeping ladies' jell.

The iceman is gloomy, the coalman is gay;
The truckmen with apples are blocking the way;
O'er charcoal the grimy Italian is bent,
Roasting chestnuts at five for a cent.

I think of the winds that will surely blow.
I think of the walks to be shoveled of snow;
I think of the furnace, I think of the plumber,
Sad is my heart, at the ending of summer.



THE GOLDEN RULE.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

THE golden rule is one of the keynotes of the Bible, whose author is God. As a law for directing us in life, it ranks above all others. Some one has said: "A rule which you do not apply, is no rule at all." Sad to say this seems to be the spirit of this present age of greed and selfishness.

Let us study this rule very carefully. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Is that not fair play? Is it not a simple method of living? Yet by visible results it seems so very different. Would it not pay the doer a large per cent, compound very often? "Prove all things" by trying this one.

For each nation to keep the golden rule would mean peace, yes, universal peace. It would be well, indeed, for each government to use courts of arbitration, instead of resorting to merciless war to settle all difficult questions. Such a principle would usher in the millennium almost at once. Regulating and adjusting all matters of importance by this rule is ideal. It would approach very near to Christlikeness among all nations.

This rule could be used in all the arts and sciences now known or yet to be discovered and revealed among men. Religious bodies should set the standard for all other organizations to follow, namely the golden rule.

The corporations of the present day could be run with better success, if this old-time rule was applied to their business. If some large trust would adopt this maxim, all others would eventually follow, because of its fairness. All would try to gain a position in the vanguard of business interests.

In many of the schoolrooms of our nation, this motto is in plain view of each pupil. Sometimes it has no effect. Why? The teacher fails to lead the golden-rule life. He does not govern his school by this law of love. Then in the end, it brings trouble to some unfortunate boy or girl; for all children generally like to imitate those of more mature years.

The townships of every county in all the States would do well to think seriously about adopting this rule in all their transactions.

The home is the place for a reform of this kind. Let the head of each family be guided by the golden rule, and, in this way, the township will become better. Then, an improvement will begin in each State; and, in due time, the nation will fall into line. That will mean the disbanding of the armies of the world, and the armorplate warships will rust past recovery in their several harbors. The golden rule will never be a success as long as it is enforced by main strength. I care not whether it is between man and man or nation against nation.

A home guided by the golden rule would be the most Christ-like example a family could set for their neighbors. It would mean idleness for the divorce courts, empty jails, and, in a short time, no insane for the padded cells.

No one can follow the golden rule and hand out as a gift, tobacco in any form, alcoholic liquors, or anything else that does not belong to the law of love.

A number of books and many magazine articles have been written concerning peace for all nations. But it remains for some able writer to solve this perplexing problem, by explaining how the golden rule would bring about this desired end. The writer could illustrate, by using the home as the unit on which to build the God-given blocks that spell "The Golden Rule." Such a tower would be "light set upon a hill." It means you, first, second, last, and all the time, while formerly "big I" is to be buried under the clay of noble deeds for mankind.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law," both the lower, man-made law, and the higher, God-made one. To separate the lower from the higher does irreparable injury to the former, and is the cause of angels weeping.

Closely criticise yourself, and at the same time do all the good you can, then I will guarantee that you won't find time to pick flaws in other people's affairs. Honest meddlers make dishonest peddlers. Nobody wants a meddling person around, much less to become one himself.

Start now to "love thy neighbor as thyself," and see how quickly the other needful things in life will come to bless you.

Rockton, Pa.

SINGING ELECTRIC LAMPS.

INCANDESCENT electric lamps with metallic filaments sometimes emit musical sounds when they are employed on alternating current circuits. Singing arc lamps have long been known. Even on direct current circuits arc lamps may be caused to sing by the slight rhythmical fluctuations in the current which are produced by the passage of the sectors of the commutator over the collecting brushes. Arc lamps operated by alternating currents often emit low notes, of pitch corresponding with the frequency of alternation. The singing arc has been developed by several experimenters, especially by Poulsen, and adapted to the production of alternating currents of high frequency, for use in wireless telegraphy. Incandescent lamps were supposed to be mute until quite recently, when the Swiss electrician Hohl observed that the metallic filament lamps of a certain establishment emitted a sound, which at times was almost intolerably loud. These lamps were operated by an alternating current of 60 cycles per second. According to Remane, if the nat-

ural period of vibration of the metallic filament coincides with the period of alternation of the current the filament is thrown into vibrations of great amplitude, which are transmitted to the bulb by the glass post which supports the filament. A number of singing metallic filament lamps were sent to the testing station of the Society of Swiss Electricians, where they failed to emit audible sounds on alternating current circuits ranging in frequency from 20 to 70 cycles per second, although the filaments were clearly seen to vibrate through a distance of 1-12 to 1-8 inch. It is possible that the transmission of the vibration to the bulb and the production of sound depend on the manner in which the lamp is suspended. M. Gerwer, the chief engineer of the station, concludes that the sound depends on circumstances which vary in different cases and that it can be prevented by changing the method of suspension.—*Cosmos.*

XANTIPPE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Now, Socrates, stand up straight. It's very tiresome to have to tell you that nineteen times in one forenoon! Why under the *canopy* can't you remember it after you've been reminded seventeen or eighteen times? What *do* you suppose your memory is given you for, anyhow? It *isn't* for the purpose of having it atrophy on your hands, I mean in your head, of course.

There! There goes your book, *ker-slam,* down on your desk! *Where* is your self-control? Did you leave it at home, this morning?

Now, don't frown that way, nor pout. If there's anything that I hate it's a boy, or young man, that frowns or pouts. I can't *think* of anything more disagreeable, and I don't want to see any more of it.

You may take your seat, now, sir, and don't let me catch you whispering! I mean don't you dare to whisper, for I shall *be sure* to catch you at it, if you do!

Do, please, for once, just once, lift your feet when you walk, and give us a new experience. One would think your legs were made of wood and your feet of iron, by the racket you make in walking!

Come, move a little more lively, sir! You needn't wait for the grass to grow under your feet. Haven't you any ambition about you? Well, there's something in my desk that's good for just such lads as you, and I shall apply it in about a minute. It's something you can't buy at the drug store, but it'll act like liniment on those stiff joints of yours.

Now, stop looking out of the window! How do you suppose you're going to get your lesson in that way?

Do I see an apple in your desk? I suppose you'll want to eat *that* next; but let me tell you, young man, I'll make things busy for you if you even attempt it! Don't you dare to take even a bite! Your grandfather Adam got into trouble by such a performance once.

Put up that knife! Haven't I told you three thousand times to leave your knife at home? *Why* do you bring your knife to school? School isn't any place for a knife—any more than it was for Mary's lamb; and I shall serve that knife as the other teacher did the lamb, if I see even the tip end of it.

Why don't you study your arithmetic lesson? How on earth do you expect to get it unless you study? Don't you know you can't pass if you don't do better work than this? A nice plight you'll be in when the others are moved up one grade, and you lag behind!

What are those bits of paper doing down there under your desk? Do you litter the carpet at home like that? Well, I don't wonder that your mother is sick half the time, picking up after you! It's *enough* to make her *crazy!* Pick up every bit of that paper and throw it in the waste basket!

No, don't go to chewing gum! Of all awkward things I do think the gum chewer looks the very worst! Besides, it's *bad* for you! People often die from it.

Well, now! Stop spitting on that slate! *Do* try to be decent, or as decent as you can! Use some water and a sponge, if you must have a slate.

Here! Stop throwing ink from your pen on the floor! Who do you suppose is going to buy ink for you to waste in that way! Ink costs money, Socrates; and these are hard times. Wait until you buy your own ink, before you begin to scatter it broadcast. You'll find it'll make quite a difference about the way you use things when you pay for everything yourself out of your own earnings.

Don't lean over that way! Have a little style about you, if you can without too much trouble! Don't exert yourself to the point of danger, of course—but sit up unless you're dead.

Do please get in order, and not look at me in that tone of voice every time I speak to you! Anybody'd think from your expression that you're high-tempered. You can't afford to be impatient at a little gentle reproof, when you know I mean it all for your good.

There goes the bell! You may all put away your books now; and I *do* hope, Socrates, that you'll come to school tomorrow determined to do better. I'm getting tired of watching a great boy like you.

There! Good night, all of you. My, but I'm glad school is out!—*Author of the "Preston Papers," in American Journal of Education.*

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious—

Friendship with the upright.

Friendship with the sincere, and

Friendship with the man of much observation—these are advantageous.

Friendship with the man of spacious airs.
Friendship with the insinuatingly soft, and
Friendship with the glib tongued—these are injurious.—*Selected.*

THE CATTABU, A CROSS BETWEEN TEXAN AND INDIAN CATTLE.

Six years ago Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, found in Texas a grade of so-called Brahma cattle. Inquiring into their origin he found that they were the offspring of a zebu bull or sacred cattle of India, which had been purchased from a circus and liberated in Southern Texas. Secretary Wil-



Cattabu Calf and Sire, the Sacred Bull of India.

son found that the Brahma cattle were remarkably free from disease and the thriftiest cattle in all the region; that the dreaded Texas tick did not attack them, and that they took quite naturally to the marshes of the Gulf coast and thrived where the American and European breeds degenerated and died.

The Secretary of Agriculture encouraged A. P. Borden, who had great cattle interests in Wharton County, Texas, to import from India a sufficient number of the sacred cattle to make a thorough experiment as to their adaptability and value. In 1906 a consignment of twenty-five head, mostly bulls, were landed and taken to the Pierce ranch in Wharton County. There they have since thrived and multiplied.

The zebu crossed with the American cattle has produced a new creature styled the cattabu, a name derived from its two parents. The cattabu is as immune from the Texas tick as is its sire. Its skin secretes a sort of wax which is distasteful to the tick. The cattabu also takes naturally to the marshes of the Gulf coast. It is believed that the creature will make possible the utilization of a great amount of waste land.—*Scientific American.*

A TART temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—*Washington Irving.*

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

No need of blazoned shield
To mark our country's story;
No need of battle's gory field
To tell of fame and glory;
These are but baubles in the dust;
Here rests our fame—"In God we trust!"

He whose unerring hand
Guides nations in their blindness,
Doth wield at once, in every land,
The scepter of his kindness.
He is the Good, the Great, the Just:
This is our strength—"In God we trust!"

No need of mighty domes
With heavenly inscription,
When daily life in hearts and homes
Makes holiness a fiction.
This doth corrupt like moth and rust,
Our safety is, "In God we trust!"

But speed the day when we,
A great and glorious nation,
In right and might, on land and sea,
Are Christ's in imitation.
Striving for this—and strive we must—
Our motto is, "In God we trust!"

Oh, men, with one accord
And holiest endeavor,
Acknowledge him as sovereign Lord
Who reigns on high forever,
And from each heart and household thrust
All idol thrones: "In God we trust!"

He bids oppression cease,
And stays war's desolation;
To him who rules, the Prince of Peace,
We bow in adoration;
And thus the Good, the Great, the Just
We recognize: "In God we trust!"

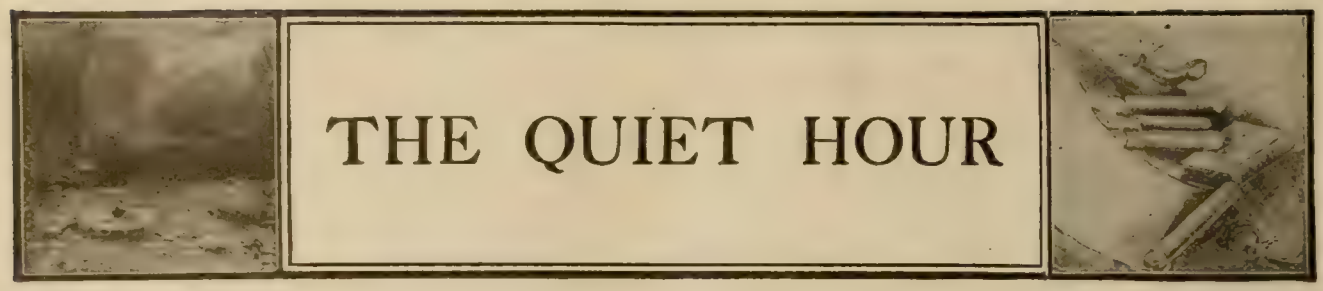
—H. A. W., in American Messenger.

WHERE THE STRAW HAT GROWS.

THE greater part of the straw employed for making summer hats comes from Italy. To obtain a suitable straw for this purpose, the wheat is sown as thickly as possible, in order that the growth of the plant may be impoverished, as well as to produce a thin stalk.

The Italian wheat blooms at the beginning of June, and is pulled up by hand, by the roots, when the grain is half developed. Should it be allowed to remain in the ground a longer time, the straw would become too brittle for the purpose.

Uprooted straws, to the number of about five dozen, the size of the compass of the two hands, are firmly tied together in little sheaves and stowed away in barns. After that the straw is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun. When the product has been sufficiently bleached, it is put into small bundles and classified.—*Harper's Weekly.*



PRAYER.

J. A. STROHM.

Sometimes we wonder if it pays,
In these enlightened lively days
To always at the dawn of day
Kneel down before the Lord to pray.

And ask the Lord his help to lend,
And be an ever present friend
To us while wandering here below,
That we at last his rest may know.

And often in this busy land
We disobey the Lord's commands;
Forget to linger round his throne,
Or thank him for his mercies shown;

Forget to have a family prayer;
Or thank him for our daily fare.
Neglect to teach our child to pray,
Till it from home has gone to stay.

Then, brother, would it you surprise,
If at the trial in yon skies,
The Judge for our neglect would say,
"Upon my right you can not stay"?

And then remind us of the days,
That we neglected him to praise,
When we worked more for worldly gain,
Than for his own ungathered grain.

Then may we e'er while living here,
Serve him with reverential fear;
That when the judgment trump shall call
And we must answer the roll call,

The One that judgeth may reply,
"Your works were right, you need not die."
And then with Christ and our dear ones
We may live where parting never comes.

McPherson, Kans.

"HE CARETH FOR ME."

SELECTED BY GRACE E. MOATS.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman. She was some forty years of age, tended her little garden and knit and spun for a living. She was known from village to village by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked.

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy," said a visitor; "you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they think of their business, of their wives and children; and then they're always afraid of troubles ahead.

"I haven't anything to trouble myself about, you see, because I leave it all to the Lord. I think, Well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor thing as I am. And so you see I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you are all the time supposing."

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy shaking her head; "always looking out for some black cloud. Why not keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into your heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

Polo, Mo.

CHRIST put himself into human nature, not only for thirty-three years, but for all time, and this mystical but certain fact we who are looking to him in faith are realizing day by day. There is no one who really turns to him as exemplar who does not find that the relation between him and his Lord is more that the relation of imitation. We are conscious that the Master is a force in our lives; he is moulding our thoughts, exciting our feelings, shaping our judgments, taking hold of our wills as we seek to enter into his Spirit of obedience.—*H. P. Dewey.*

"EXCEPT a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

OUTLINE OF THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Matt. 13: 1-23; Mark 14: 1-20; Luke 8: 4-15.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

I. Kinds of hearers.
  1. Wayside.
    (a) Careless.
    (b) None effect.
    (c) Not moved.
      (1) Then come:
        1. Satan.
        2. Evil associates.
          (a) Result: Truth taken away.
  2. Stony.
    (a) Emotions.
    (b) Zeal without knowledge.
    (c) Does not count the cost.
      (1) Then come:
        1. Tribulations.
        2. Persecutions.
        3. Afflictions.
          (a) Result: Offended.
  3. Thorny.
    (a) Careworn.
    (b) Preoccupied.
      (1) Then come:
        1. Deceitfulness of riches.
        2. Cares of this world.
        3. Lust of other things.
        4. Pleasures of this life.
          (a) Result: Choked.
  4. Good Ground.
    (a) Zeal with knowledge.
    (b) Count the cost.
    (c) Spiritual.
      (1) Then come:
        1. Thirtyfold.
        2. Sixtyfold.
          or
        3. One hundredfold.
          (a) Result: Fruitful.

(No. 1 is not in the church, or is in the world. Not in the field but on the road. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are in the church.)

II. Final results.
  1. Lost or Damned.
    1. Wayside.
    2. Stony.
    3. Thorny.
  2. Saved.
    4. Good Ground.

(Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are bad. No. 4 is good).

Mount Morris, Ill.

* * *

THE greatest pleasure is the power to give pleasure.

CHRIST WITHIN.

CHRIST does not offer to be simply an occasional shower of blessings to the faithful believer. He promises to be a *living well.* "The water that I give him shall be *in him* a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The deepest and the most urgent wants of the heart he promises to satisfy.

In true conversion Christ enters the soul. This is the very essence and touchstone of conversion. With him comes light; with him comes love; with him comes peace. The radical change of heart in conversion is just as truly a supernatural work as was the resurrection of Lazarus from the cave in Bethany. Christ, then, enters the soul, not as a transient visitor, but as an abiding guest. While he abides there he gives perennial life and beauty and strength to the believer. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Yet not I," said the happy, hale-hearted apostle, "but Christ *that liveth in me.*" And that was the reason why Paul remained a Christian (a Christ's-man) long after the first excitement of the scene at Damascus had passed away. A *well* was opened in Paul's heart that day, and its deep, cool, living waters never ran dry.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

* * *

A PROPER VALUATION OF SELF.

IF our thinking has been spiritualized by an attempt to conform our minds to the will of God, we shall have no difficulty in placing the proper estimate upon ourselves. That estimate will invariably be one combined with a deep spirit of humility. Many persons think more highly of themselves than they ought, and when they fail to receive the recognition and honor which they think they merit, their lives are made miserable by the disappointment. The world may not give a man all the praise he deserves, but if he is humble in spirit it gives all he asks, and he is content.

Too low a valuation of our ability and capacity is sometimes a misfortune, leading us to feel that we cannot do the things which we can. However, if we recognize the gifts which God has bestowed upon us and our proportionate responsibility, we shall accomplish that which God purposed. Not the pride in our ability, but the knowledge that we are divinely gifted should be the chief impulse to attempt great things. A proper valuation of self is gained by a study of our lives in the light of the Scriptures.—*Religious Telescope.*

* * *

"ONE among the earliest phases of God's guidance, one in vogue clear down to the sealing up of the New Testament record, and one, I dare say, the Lord will ever use, is his holy angels. 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?'"

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THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

At the first sight of our subject many will think of the friend in need; the one who helped them out in a strenuous time,—who arose at midnight and lent them the needed loaf. We agree that such a friend is indeed of great value and in what we shall say we shall not in the least minimize their worth. But our subject is too big for us to discuss it in all its phases at this time, and as most people are fairly appreciative of the friend who helps in a material way, we shall leave that part of the subject for the present and pass to that phase of friendship worth which some of us have considered lightly or even not at all.

We refer to the inspiration which our friends give us. Elbertus Hubbard says, "We need someone to believe in us." How much we need this someone few of us ever think. Or our thinking never comes until we face the need by being deprived of such friends.

How many people, do you think, have accomplished anything in the world without someone to believe in them, to inspire them with the courage necessary to overcome all opposition? Not many—no, not any, we venture to assert; for if they have not had the friend to stand at their elbow and give the word of encouragement or the look of confidence, they have imagined he was there. If reality has not furnished them with this necessary spur to ambition, they have drawn on their imagination and have gotten the word and look that brought victory.

Sometimes this friend knows nothing of the influence he wields, and even we ourselves never stop to calculate it. But all the time it is at work. We bend to the task of today and will not let it go from our hands with less than our best efforts because of what this friend may say or think; or if he may never know of our labors, we are true to the best in us because we know how much he prizes excellence. We plan the work for tomorrow governed by the judgment of our friend, or by what we think his judgment would be, and under this spur we make preparation for the work.

Perhaps one reason why we are so slow to recognize this worth in a friend is because we are so much taken up with natural things that we never get beyond them in our calculations. We attach value only to the things that we can see and handle and scant attention is given to any service beyond these. Then, too, the real talent for accomplishment lies in us, and we are slow to confess that this necessary element of success is worth nothing unless it is kindled into action. Here is where the quiet but powerful influence of a friend counts as the main element of success; it is the equal of any special gift because it quickens that gift to actual accomplishment.

But we should not stop in our study of this subject with the one side. We are all friends of some one and it is well for us to think of the wonderful power we possess to inspire others to great things, and make much and good use of that power.

"WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE."

Among the many books that are being published this year there are few that grapple with a great problem with the strength, thoroughness and determination of "Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls," or "War on the White Slave Trade." The book is gotten out by Ernest A. Bell, secretary of the Illinois Vigilance Association, and consists of a number of chapters relating to the subject written by those who are actively engaged in fighting this evil. United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sims, Assistant State's Attorney Clifford G. Roe, Charles N. Crittenton, President of the National Florence Crittenton Mission, Mrs. Ophelia Amigh, Superintendent of the Illinois Training School for Girls, and other prominent workers in this field are among the contributors.

Parents and all other persons who are interested in ridding our land of this great curse should read this book. They need to know the truth, however revolting it is, whether they wish to wage open war against the evil or whether they simply wish to protect and defend their own dear ones.

The House has recently taken up the sale of this book and will fill all orders sent here. The book comes in two bindings; cloth $1.50 and half morocco $2.00, both prepaid. Liberal terms are offered to agents. Address Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

In his monthly letter to the various officers of our public school system, F. G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Illinois, considers the health of the pupils in his October letter and addresses the

letter to school janitors. While there may be few school janitors among our readers, taking the term in its restricted sense, practically there are a good many, since most country school-teachers do much of the work falling to a janitor, or at least are directly responsible for it. Then, too, it is well for the parents to give some attention to this subject in order that they may know what is due their children as well as what is due the school from themselves and their children to maintain ideal conditions. For these reasons we are quoting a part of Mr. Blair's letter. Speaking of the janitor's attitude toward the boys and girls, he says:

"It is not necessary that you love them or that they love you, but it is very necessary that they understand and respect your authority and that you understand and respect their rights. You will be fortunate, indeed, if they come to look upon you as their friend not because you allow them to do as they please, but because they know that you are fair and just and considerate. You will be most unfortunate if you look upon these pupils as mere dirt-bearing, noise-producing animals. They are quick to discern your opinion of them and to live up to it. A gentleman in thought and actions is just as much needed in the basement as in the class room or the superintendent's office."

Of the janitor's particular duties and the influence on the school of these duties well done, Superintendent Blair writes:

"But, while your relation to the children as they work and play about the grounds and the buildings is important, your main work is to keep the school house a fit place for them to live and work in six hours a day, five days a week, and nine months a year. If you do not understand how much the comfort and health of the school depends upon the way you do your work, then you are not the man for the position. But if you have secured and hold your place on account of your fitness to deal with children and more especially on account of your knowledge of how necessary are clean rooms, fresh air and even temperature to the health, the convenience and the working power of the pupils, you are one of the most valuable and important officers in the school system.

"If you are the proper person you will know that the morals as well as the health of the children are affected favorably or unfavorably as rooms and basement, and toilets and closets are kept clean or filthy. The water they drink, the air they breathe, the temperature in which they work, the general atmosphere of the school home depends mainly upon your knowledge of what ought to be done, but more especially upon your determination to see that it is done. The board of education, the superintendent and the teachers may adopt rules and regulations relating to dust and dirt, to water and air, to light and heat, but their rules will not enforce themselves. You must do that. If their rules and regulations and your enforcement of them have for their only object the comfort and convenience and the health of the children, all will be well. But if you and the rules are bent on vindicating some special system or theory in spite of discomfort and inconvenience, all will not be well."

We no longer believe that disease is an accident or a whim of Fate, but that it is the result of certain conditions. In harmony with this belief it is therefore our duty as parents, teachers and children to do our part toward maintaining conditions that will insure health to the children while in school. When we have done this, we will have done much for the general success of the school.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice—a consoling voice—
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice—a convincing voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice—a pervading voice—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard,
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice—an immortal voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their mission clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

—Charles Mackay.



THE HOME WORLD



Enos Bloomfield's Victory

Hattie Preston Rider

WHEN Enos Bloomfield brought his young wife from Connecticut to the plain little home in Ohio, they both saw the future through a gold-tinted mist. Love bounded the world, for them, with the zigzag rail fences of their fertile farm, its nucleus the neat gray walls of their log cabin. Love throve there, too, like the fragrant sweet-brier beside the window, which they had transplanted, a slim slip, from the big nodding bush back at Rachel's home. Enos was fond of flowers,—and bees, and birds—all living things, in fact, that like himself were lovers of their own places.

A few years after, when a baby girl came to doubly unite their hearts, the cup of his happiness was brimming. The beautiful dream went on till little Rhoda had grown to a slender girl of fifteen; then a dark shadow settled down upon his life. Rachel, never strong or rugged, fell ill of a mortal sickness.

"You will do everything for our baby just as I would, I know, Enos," the mother begged, as her feverish hand sought his, in the last hour. "You have always been a good father, and a good husband, but there comes a time when one must put one's self out of the question entirely, and look only from the child's standpoint. If it is hard for you then, remember, dear, that I shall be asking God to help you."

Dazed with the misery of his impending loss, Enos listened; but the words fell meaningless on his ear. They came back to him, though, years afterward, when his need of them was sore.

He and Rhoda lived on quietly, even peacefully, in their little home. The wrench of parting with Rachel had been severe, and the lonely days and nights that followed were hard to bear. But he still had his home, his work, his little daughter. Though Rhoda missed her mother sorely, her sunny nature rallied. She developed womanly ways that were a constant sweet surprise to her father. The house was just as pleasant and well-kept as in her mother's time. Rhoda sang at her work, which her quiet mother had never done. She had pleasant little chatter for him when he came in at night, and girlish jests. The sweet-brier still bloomed, though a dry branch showed here and there.

Enos was a long time coming to realize that a second bereavement awaited him;—that was the light, at least, in which he regarded it. Rhoda was past twenty, and John Davenport had been coming to the house for more than a year, when the blow fell. It had never fully occurred to him that Rhoda was a woman, to be wooed and married. In the threatened calamity he saw, not her gain of happiness, but his own loss; for at best, if she did not leave him, her marriage would bring an interloper into their home. Brooding over the prospect for weeks, Enos saw in a morbid vision himself cast out, occupying a second place in the home where his interests had always been supreme; and from admiring and liking John Davenport all through the latter's young boyhood, he grew to hate and fear the man with his whole soul.

Rhoda, in her dawning happiness, guessed only faintly what was passing in her father's mind. She did not know, either, that the gentlest creatures are often most savage in defending their homes. So she and her lover were astounded, and all but terrified, when one evening Enos rose up in sudden angry sternness and drove the latter from his door, with bitter invectives forbidding him ever to cross the threshold again. Young Davenport went, too amazed to frame answer or objection; and after Rhoda had cried all night in her room, the two met next morning.

"You must forgive him, John," Rhoda pleaded, with trembling lips and heavy eyes. "He was nervous and miserable, for fear that I might leave him. He is growing old."

And John, still smarting under the hard, undeserved words of his erstwhile warm friend, answered harshly and impatiently:

"He will have to get used to his fear, then, for I shall certainly never go to live in his house now. I shall build on my own farm, and you must come to me there!"

Ready tears sprang to Rhoda's eyes.

"Why, John!" she faltered, "I couldn't leave my father alone! You ought not to expect it!"

But John, sore at heart with a yet harder farewell upon his mind, answered sharply again; and Rhoda, too thoroughly amazed at her sudden strait to speak or reason wisely, was silent in miserable doubt. The two loves on which she had builded her hopes of happiness seemed failing her alike. With a fresh burst of tears she covered her face with her hands and walked

away. In the evening came news that John Davenport had enlisted with the army and gone directly away to active service;—for these were the days of the civil war. Rhoda lived out the month in dumb waiting. Then tidings reached the village of the dreadful battle of Manassas, and John Davenport's name first among the slain.

Rhoda hid her sorrow. Her father, who since that one bitter night had been gentleness itself, was doubly tender and considerate toward her. If he realized the sacrifice she had made for him, he could not have shown more appreciation of every attention she bestowed upon him. Yet, as the days slipped by, she could see that he was failing, mentally as well as physically.

The seasons came and went, and three times the sweet-brier had bloomed. The war was done, its cruel harvest reaped, but forgotten, for the moment, by those who returned safely to joyful welcomings. One evening Rhoda walked in from the village with light steps and a glorified face.

"Father!" she cried, to the wondering man wiping his hands at the kitchen sink, "it was a mistake about John Davenport! He has come home, alive and well!"

Her voice vibrated with happiness, but sudden pallor and trembling fell on Enos Bloomfield.

"Are you sure, Rhoda?" he quavered.

Her bright face clouded.

"Yes, father," she answered, gently, but with misgiving. Was is possible that he still cherished the old hatred? "I did not see him, but his sister told me. He is going to work on his farm again, she says."

Enos laid down the towel, and taking his hat, went uncertainly out. Rhoda got supper, and waited till late dusk, with a growing weight at her heart. He came in again, at last, and ignoring the meal spread temptingly, went straight to the bed-room which he and his wife had always occupied, and seated himself beside the open window. Twice Rhoda came, with solicitous inquiry, but he sent her away, with the same gentle rejection. So she understood, and left him.

Alone with himself, Enos leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He had a battle to fight, and he knew there was no putting it aside. With tenfold force the misery of his old morbid fear had come back upon him. There was no question but the returned soldier would presently claim his own, and it was wrong that Rhoda should longer be cheated of her woman's birthright. The chains of habit dragged at his heart. He felt weak, ah! so weak, for the sacrifice.

Outside the window, a faint breeze stirred the sweet-brier, now in full bloom, and its fragrant incense floated softly in. From it rose-tinted clouds seemed to grow and envelop him, like a living, conscious Presence that spoke to his sore and quivering heart:

Love; love, it seemed to say; the love that works always for good and never for evil; that reveals "rivers of water in a dry place;" that is in itself a "covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." So the Presence said; and a mighty calm stole over him. Why, God was not a God of strife and hate, but of rightness and peace. He had only to put himself under the Shelter, and the thing he had dreaded slipped from his consciousness like a phantom into its native shadows. Then suddenly he remembered those last words his wife had spoken: "There will come a time when one must look only from the child's standpoint. If it is hard for you then, dear, I shall be asking God to help you."

"Rachel!" he cried out, sitting upright and opening his eyes. Instantly the rose-tinted clouds fled, leaving velvet darkness behind. But, thank God, the scent of the sweet-brier remained, and the peace of victory within Enos Bloomfield's soul.

Rhoda saw no change in her father, next morning at breakfast, except that he looked a trifle wan and pale. But half-smiling, half-tearful, she realized somewhat of his struggle, when he said with quaint dignity:

"John Davenport will probably marry, and he is a man well worth any woman's love. If he were to ask for the hand of a daughter of mine, I should be proud to give it to him."

All that day, he worked with childish eagerness at his home tasks, once sternly forbidding Job, the hired man, from mowing near the snow-ball bush in the front yard, lest he disturb a nestful of brown thrushes there. After tea, Rhoda saw him going out to his favorite rustic seat in the orchard. She started to follow, and then turned back, remembering his former wish to be alone, and instead went down the walk to the garden gate. It was not many moments before John Davenport found her there, and took her in his arms in the old hearty fashion. Their separation was only a bad dream, he told her, laughingly. But there was a quiver in the laughter when she related her father's speech of the morning.

"The dear old chap!" he commented, with tender irreverence. "I shall come over tomorrow, and make request for the hand of said daughter, with deferential respect that will make his heart proud. And I promise that he shall find in me the kindest of sons!"

He went away at last, boyish in his happiness, and Rhoda sought her father. The birds in the snow-ball bush were twittering restlessly, as she passed along the orchard path. The sun had long since set, but a faint glow still showed her father sitting in his favorite seat.

"He is asleep, and he will take cold," she told herself, remorsefully, as she quickened her pace.

He did not turn his head as she approached. She called softly, but he made no answer, and she bent

down to look in his quiet face. The rose tints from the west fell tenderly upon it; but Rhoda stepped back with a sob. He had gone from the shadows and the strife forever, through the gates of the sunset, into the homeland of eternal youth and bloom.

AT OUR BEST.

Have you ever noticed the change it makes
In a woman's face
And her heart and her life, that were cold and dull
And slightly inclined to common place,
When love shines on them? How there breaks
Over her nature a wave of gold,
Bringing out beauty unknown before,
Mellowing, widening more and more,
Lifting her up till her eyes behold
Ever new blooms for her hands to cull,
So she and her life grow beautiful?
Oh, there's never a woman, east or west,
But must live in love's sunshine
To live her best.

—Clara W. Bronson.

A HOME CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

THE most certain method ever adopted for the cure of the "Great White Plague" is through the diet used as per directions given below, which can be taken at home and comes within the reach of the poor as well as the rich.

The modus operandi is to force the body to take on fat, a desideratum long felt by the medical profession, but never before attained to.

During the last fifteen years I have prescribed this diet in hundreds of instances and where directions have been followed strictly it has raised the weight and increased the strength and vitality of the patient rapidly up to a normal condition, thus enabling nature to assert her sovereign right to be the dominating force in the body and the germs causing consumption have been overcome and the cure accomplished. Some have gained a pound a day and would gradually take on less until they would not increase in weight more.

The all important thing is to drink large quantities of milk strippings (the very last of the milking). This seems so simple and easy that many have refused to follow directions and demanded medicines to cure them.

To get best results a healthy cow should be selected, one that does not cough and one that gives *very rich milk*. A Jersey cow is preferable. The milk should always be tested to be sure that there is a large per cent of cream in it.

The last quart should be milked into a separate dish which rests in a larger vessel containing warm water just sufficient to prevent the strippings from cooling below blood heat. The cow should be thoroughly cleaned to prevent any dirt getting into the milk, so the patient can blow back the froth and drink at once without straining, as this cools it too much.

Begin by drinking nearly a pint in the morning and the same at night and increase the quantity gradually so that in 10 or 15 days a full quart will be taken twice a day. It should be taken *immediately* after milking before it has had time to cool any. All should be taken that can be without too much discomfort and then rest 2 or 3 minutes and drink more and rest again, and so on until a full quart has been taken as soon as it can be conveniently. In about fifteen minutes the patient should eat at the table such articles of food as are known to agree with the stomach. At noon eat as usual.

When the strippings are not allowed to cool below blood heat and taken immediately after it is milked, a full quart will be transfused into the circulation in a remarkably short time.

I never have seen a case but could take the strippings without any discomfort worth mentioning when above directions were followed strictly, although some have declared they could not before trying it; but when they delayed taking for half an hour and the milk had cooled ten degrees I have seen half a pint make them very sick. The great secret of success with it is in taking it *immediately* after milking and not allowing it to cool below blood heat, taking a full quart morning and evening and having milk that is *very rich*.

The following is a typical case. Mrs. A. E. was suddenly startled to find her weight was forty pounds below normal. She was coughing terribly and soon had a profuse hemorrhage from the lungs that came near taking her life. I at once began the use of the milk strippings after hemorrhage was stopped, and in a few days, about ten or fifteen, she had gained nearly a pound a day and was soon able to get out of bed and go around the house. She gained quite rapidly and as her weight and strength increased her cough decreased. When she had gained thirty pounds in about three months her cough had left her. I had her continue the same diet for 6 or 8 weeks longer and she gained ten pounds more and then would not take on more flesh. She was then as well as she ever had been and continued well after the strippings were discontinued.

She took no medicine after the hemorrhage was stopped excepting a little pepsin and some other digestives to aid digestion and a simple cough remedy to ease the cough; but tar, lobelia, opium, tartar emetic and such medicines as disturb the stomach and interfere with digestion were carefully avoided.

It is easy for those on a farm to carry out this method, and on several occasions parties who lived in the city purchased a suitable cow and after complete recovery, in every instance, they sold the cow for nearly as much as was paid for her.

I do not remember any case that followed the direc-

tions strictly that was not cured, but several persisted in declaring they could not take it until so much valuable time was wasted that they lost their lives by it.

I have found the same diet, when above directions were carried out carefully, equally successful in increasing the weight and strength of those run down and debilitated from other causes.—*B. J. Kendall, M. D., Geneva, Ill.*

THE WEEKLY MESSAGE.

THE deepest of human longings is just to be wanted. This is why the world so often seems a lonely and unattractive place to old people, and why they so often pray to leave it. One by one their friends depart, and, although they may be very lovable, because of lack of opportunity, old people do not make many new friends. One cannot know unless he has lived with one of them how much they appreciate being told that they are loved, and how necessary it is to repeat the little kindnesses that it is one's power to confer on them.

The constant repetition of little attentions counts more to most old people than an isolated attention or gift that would to a younger person bulk very large. And this because the very aged person forgets from day to day, and even from hour to hour, what has been said to and done for them. I know one old man who has four sons. One of these sons is a man whose hair is almost as white as his father's, but for twenty years he has never missed a week in which he did not send his father a letter. The father, I believe, while he retains a strong affection for all his sons, is particularly tender toward the one who remembers him in this simple fashion. Often the letter is not perhaps particularly interesting; often, indeed, it has to be hurriedly written, but no matter what comes or goes the letter is always in the post office on its accustomed day and always serves as a reminder that the old father has been in his son's thoughts that week. The other sons visit the father more frequently, coming long distances to do so, but though their visits are enjoyed and appreciated, they are sooner or later forgotten, while the weekly letter is an oft-recurring source of satisfaction and pleasure.—*Exchange.*

ORDERLY CHILDREN.

IN homes where the children are taught to be orderly the mother is saved many an unnecessary step and the children are all the better for the training. Disorder is ruinous to the peace of any home. For instance, the turmoil before school in many homes is enough to spoil the work of the whole household for an entire day. Each child rushing hither and thither with cries of "where is my arithmetic?" "where is my grammar?" or "where is my hat?" makes a home a Bedlam for the time being and by the time each child has found his own books or his wearing apparel, mother is too worried to go about her duties placidly and father has decided he'll leave the house earlier next morning to avoid the scrimmage. Even the children themselves start off with disturbed minds. This could have been avoided had the children been provided with a nook or table on which the school books shall be kept and a place for hats, gloves and coats. But to have a place for everything is not enough. The child must be early taught to keep everything in its place for the habit is very hard to form in after life. The mother who allows her son to grow up with no regard for the work he causes others by letting them "pick up after him," is training a man whose thoughtless habits will later on add to a wife's burdens.—*Woman's National Daily.*

"INSTEAD of doing the best we can, too many of us are content to do as well or a trifle better than the other man."

The Children's Corner

TEA-TABLE TALKS. No. 2.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

UNCLE NED had scarcely seated himself in his rocker the next evening till Harry was ready to ask a continuation of the conversation of the previous evening.

"Uncle, what is rye bread made of? You said yesterday that some bread is made of rye," said Harry.

"Yes, Harry, so it is. The flour is made the same as wheat flour, but the bread does not taste the same. It is sweeter and has a different flavor. Many of the people of southern Europe use rye for bread. As it is with the other grains, so it is with rye—just where it was first found is not sure, but it grows wild around the Caspian Sea, and on the highest mountains of Crimea.

"Another grain that is used for bread is corn. This is the principal grain of the United States. The yearly crop amounts to more bushels than all the other grains. Meal is made much the same as flour was formerly. Cornbread is not made light by the use of yeast, because it has no gluten."

"What is gluten, Uncle?"

"It is that part of wheat that makes it sticky. The yeast forms a kind of gas and the gluten makes bubbles in the dough which causes the bread to rise. Yeast does its work best in a warm place, so your mama always puts the dough in a warm place in winter."

"Yes, she puts it by the stove. Is that why it ran over on the carpet the other day?"

"Yes, that is it. The rising of the bread is caused by the same kind of germ that causes fruit to sour."

"But what causes biscuits to rise? Mama doesn't wait for them to rise."

"Biscuits are mixed with sour milk and soda. Soda is an alkali and sour things are acids. When put together in the right proportions they neutralize each other, that is, they unite and form a new substance which causes the dough to rise."

"But, Uncle, mama sometimes uses sweet milk."

"Quite true, Harry, but when she does she uses baking powder instead of soda."

"What is the difference, Uncle?"

"Soda was formerly made from the ashes of sea weeds or kelp. A Frenchman invented a way of obtaining it from common salt which is known in chemistry as chloride of sodium. Where soda is made there is also made black ash for soap making, soda ash for glass making, sal soda and concentrated lye. Baking powder is a compound—the best being soda and cream of tartar. The cream of tartar is sour and the moisture of the dough forms carbonic acid which causes the dough to rise. Some powders have alum and the like in them, but the pure food laws have put a stop to much of that now."

"How much do they take of each?"

"Now, Harry, you are getting me astray. I have made baking powder, and can tell you how, but will not now. When you have occasion to make some I will tell you how."

"Where do they get the cream of tartar?" asked Harry, thinking of how his mama gets cream.

"It is a compound already existing in the juice of grapes and some other fruits. It is held in solution by the sweet part of the juice, but when the juice becomes wine the sugar changes to alcohol and as cream of tartar does not easily dissolve in alcohol it settles upon the inside of the wine barrels, from which it is removed as *argol,* or crude tartar. The best comes from Italy and the south of France."

"Why is it that some baking powders cost more than others?"

"Some are made of cheaper materials. Starch is used in some powders, and as it is cheaper than the other things used some makers use more than is needed. Sometimes they use things that are positively an injury."

"Where do we get starch?"

"It is a vegetable product found in almost every known plant—in fact in all plants that have a green color. The commonest sources are potatoes, wheat and corn. If you want to make some, pare a potato, grate it and place it in a cup of water. Wash it till the water is clean and save all the water. Let it stand a few hours and the starch will settle to the bottom of the vessel. Pour off as much water as you can, evaporate the rest and you will have starch.

"Starch is formed of the same elements as sugar—in fact may be changed to sugar. Green apples are sour but some of them become sweet when ripe, as some of the starch has been changed to sugar."

"Is that the way we get sugar?"

"No, there are various kinds of sugar, the commonest being cane sugar and glucose. The first under the name *sucrose* includes that made from cane, beets, the maple and the palm. Glucose is made of anything of vegetable origin by the action of acids on starch or cellulose.

"Sugar cane is a grass, a close relative of corn. It probably came from southeast Asia but is not now found wild anywhere. As it seldom matures seed it is propagated by cuttings.

"Much cane is grown in Louisiana. The stems are cut, trimmed of leaves and tops, then pressed between iron rollers to press out the juice. The juice is then heated to evaporate the water. When the syrup has become thick it is allowed to cool and is placed in hogsheads with holes bored in the bottom to let the molasses drain out, or as is common now, it is placed in a hollow cylinder the sides of which are full of small holes. This cylinder is whirled very rapidly and the molasses is forced out. This is much like a honey extractor and is much faster than the old way of letting it drain."

"But how do they make it white? Mama told me that when she was a little girl they did not have sugar white as they do now."

"The raw sugar, as it is called, is mixed with water and placed in a large iron kettle. Lime and blood are added and heated to about 180 degrees F. The blood coagulates and as it rises catches much of the other impurities which are carefully skimmed off. The sugar is then filtered through cloth bags and then through bone black."

"What is bone black?"

"It is charcoal made of bones. Don't you remember the man who was here last summer and bought old bones, rags, iron and the like? To make bone black is one of the uses of old bones.

"A large tank generally about thirty feet high and from five to ten feet across has a layer of bone black in the bottom and the sugar is allowed to run through. Sometimes it is passed through a second filter.

"It is again evaporated and poured into moulds to make loaf sugar. These are either cut or crushed and sifted to make the various kinds found in the stores."

"But how is beet sugar made?"

"About the same as cane sugar, the main difference being in obtaining the juice."

"How about the things we drink sugar in? Are they made in as queer a way?"

"Bed time, my boy. I will tell you more tomorrow."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

"It is a good deal easier and far more effective to reform human nature on the installment plan than to attempt to manage it in the mass," wisely remarks an everyday philosopher. And if we could only remember to begin with ourselves as the first part of the contract —our own moods, tempers, vanities and unreasonableness—we should greatly simplify matters, and gain a wondrous amount of patience and experience with which to help our neighbor. Nehemiah made no mistake when he set about rebuilding the ruined wall by commanding each workman to repair that part over against his own house.—*Our Visitor.*

TWELVE GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

DISCOVERED BY RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

For the workman is worthy of his meat.—Matt. 10: 10.

Breakfast Rolls.—One quart of sifted whole wheat flour, butter size of an egg, rubbed into the flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda. Add milk or water to form as soft a dough as can be handled. Knead rapidly for two minutes, cut in rounds, put a few drops of milk on top of each fold and bake quickly.

Baked Cucumbers.—Peel good-sized cucumbers, cut them in two lengthwise and remove seeds. For three cucumbers allow three-quarters of a cupful of soft bread crumbs, one heaping tablespoon of finely-chopped onion, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a little bit of cayenne. Fill each half with the mixture, heaping it on over the top, lay on a buttered pan and bake in a quick oven until the cucumbers are tender.

Luncheon Dish.—If there is a little cold boiled or fried ham left from a meal, mince it well with a little onion and add it to an omelet. Spread with mixture on the omelet just before folding it over.

For the Picnic Basket.—Slice fine, *solid* ripe tomatoes *thin,* dip slices in mayonnaise dressing and lay them between rounds of white bread without butter. Wrap in paraffin paper.

Tomato Omelet.—Scald and skin three tomatoes, melt a small piece of butter in a saucepan, to which add a small amount of chopped onion, a small amount of chopped parsley, season with pepper and salt—celery pepper is better—put in the tomatoes and let them remain in the butter for two or three minutes. Turn out the mixture and set aside until quite cold. Beat up three whole eggs and mix in the cold tomatoes. Place a lump of butter, about the size of a walnut, in a frying pan, and when it dissolves, pour in the mixture, leave it over the fire until the edges are firm, then hold the pan in front of the fire until the contents rise to the top. It should be served at once. Note: When you make this tempting dish invite me to dinner.

Chicken Rolls.—Of the making of many things to eat, like books, there is no end. But there are books, and *good books;* likewise there are things to eat a-plenty and *good things to eat.* For instance: Mince sufficient cold chicken to measure one cupful. Melt four tablespoons of butter, add a little salt and pepper, a little curry powder, juice of half a lemon, the minced chicken and one third of a cupful of milk; thicken with a little flour, mould into rolls or croquettes and fry in hot fat. Serve with a white sauce, seasoned with lemon juice and add some capers.

Carrots and Turnips.—Boil both of these vegetables until tender. Mash the turnips and cut the carrots into squares. Mix both together and season with browned butter, salt and pepper.

Rice Salad.—To two cupfuls of cold boiled rice add a cupful of finely-cut beets (in small squares) and a cupful of chopped celery. A sliced cucumber, green peas, lima beans or any fresh vegetable at hand may be added. Combine with salad dressing and serve.

Nut Salad.—Shell one pound of English walnuts so as to keep the halves whole. Turn boiling water over them and allow to stand for five minutes, then remove skin, wipe dry and when cold chop them very fine. Wash lettuce and arrange on individual plates, put some of the chopped nuts on each plate and over them pour enough mayonnaise or French dressing to cover.

Tomato Catsup.—This is the time of year when tomatoes are plentiful and many are making catsup. Wipe dry one bushel and a half of ripe tomatoes and put them in a stewing kettle, with one quart of vinegar, two ounces of whole cloves, one ounce of whole allspice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and five cloves of garlic. Boil all this together for two hours, strain, and boil again until thick. Bottle and set aside. Care should be taken that the color remain red. If it loses its color it is boiling too hard; add more tomatoes, and other ingredients accordingly.

Lima Bean Salad.—This *is new.* To one pint of cooked lima beans add one shredded onion, a little piece of garlic and three hard-boiled eggs cut fine. Cover with any good salad dressing, toss together lightly and serve on lettuce leaves.

Cheese Potatoes.—Boil potatoes in salt water, rub them until soft, add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, a little milk and a little butter. Put them into a pudding dish, scatter bread crumbs over the top and bake for half an hour or more.

It has been wisely said by Owen Meredith that we can live without friends, we can live without books, but civilized man *cannot live without cooks.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The United States navy reduced its coal bill $2,000,000 last year over the previous year.

John D. Rockefeller has added nearly $4,000,000 to his endowment of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

The government board of trustees of the postal savings bank has decided that the institutions shall be opened on January 1, instead of December 1.

There will be no shortage of cranberry sauce at Yuletide, for New Jersey has the largest crop of the luscious berry in the history of the State.

The Missouri State Board of Immigration has opened, in charge of Henry Gellert, an office at Ellis Island, to inform aliens of the advantages to be found in that State.

The population of Arizona is now 204,354, according to figures announced at the census bureau. At the last census it was 122,931. The present figures show an increase of 66.2 per cent.

Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland of Princeton, widow of President Grover Cleveland, has been named by Governor Fort of New Jersey as one of the commissioners to manage the woman's reformatory in that State.

The following 11 names have been placed in the Hall of Fame: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Roger Williams, James Fenimore Cooper, Phillips Brooks, William Cullen Bryant, Frances E. Willard, Andrew Jackson, George Bancroft and John Lothrop Motley.

Poultry raising, dairying and intensive farming are to be the specialties in Zion City, according to Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who declares he soon will have absolute title to the estates founded by John Alexander Dowie. Restrictions against tobacco, liquors, drugs, drug stores, doctors, theaters, etc., will be enforced.

At the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal church at Cincinnati, Ohio, a special committee consisting of seven members of the house of bishops and seven members of the house of deputies, was appointed to call other Christian churches into a conference to decide whether all faiths shall not be amalgamated.

A record for long-distance wireless telegraph communication was recently reported by the Marconi Company. A new station which is being erected at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, has received messages that were exchanged between Glass Bay, Nova Scotia, and Clifden, Ireland. The distance between these two stations and that at Buenos Ayres is about 5,600 miles.

For the purpose of "preventing an invasion of American literature," the British government has finally agreed to grant the Dominion of Canada full control over foreign copyright within its jurisdiction. A British copyright was effective in Canada; and an American publisher obtaining a British copyright was protected in Canada.

Invitations have been issued by the British government to the premiers and other high officers of over-sea governments and to the governor of every dependency of the British crown to be present with a contingent of local troops at the coronation of King George. The coronation ceremonies are to take place during the week commencing June 18, and the crowning ceremony has been fixed for June 21.

October 27 Horace Fletcher gave a free lecture in Chicago under the auspices of the Odontographic Society. Mr. Fletcher is famous as the inventor of "Fletcherism," a set of health rules, the chief of which prescribes chewing food until it passes down the throat without any conscious swallowing. Mr. Fletcher has lectured and written much on his system and is in vigorous health at the age of 61.

A record is shown in reckoning up the Transvaal gold output for the first nine months of the year. The total value of the gold recovered from January to September inclusive is £23,776,193, against £23,257,918 for the same period in 1909, an increase of about 2½ per cent. Next year will probably show a much sharper advance, for most of the leading mines on the Rand have been increasing their plants during the last few months.

Practically all of the corporation tax, aggregating in excess of $27,000,000, has been collected by the Treasury Department. The officials declare it was collected with less annoyance and was paid apparently with less reluctance than any other internal revenue tax imposed. Some small amounts are outstanding where claims for abatement are pending and some foreign companies whose main offices are abroad have refused to pay and have no assets in this country subject to process.

A form of student government has been adopted by the student body of women at Washington university, Missouri. At a mass meeting an organization was perfected to be known as the Woman's Organization of Washington University. A constitution was adopted which provides for the election of a president and a council of eight. This council will consist of two representatives from the senior class, two from the junior, one from the sophomore, one from the school of fine arts, one from the school of economy and the president of McMillan Hall. The men of the university have had student government for two years.

Having developed his storage battery car to a point where it is available for commercial use, Thomas Edison has made another step in the evolution of suburban travel by the invention of a trackless storage battery car. The car is of the pay-as-you-enter type, and is in reality a large motor 'bus driven by electricity. At a recent test of this car, it was run over steep hills and typical suburban roads with perfect success. The cost of operation was found to be about a cent per car mile.

Professor H. C. Carel of the University of Minnesota, for many years head of the medical chemistry and toxicology and chemist to the Minnesota State Board of Health, has discovered a chemical that will revolutionize the warfare upon germ life and bring success in cases where the physician heretofore has been baffled. The new chemical, which he calls benetol, is eight times as strong as carbolic acid and yet is not a poison. Never before have physicians been able to give doses of any disinfectant in sufficient strength to kill germs.

One of the largest engineering surveys ever accomplished in this State was finished Oct. 21 in the Kaskaskia Valley, in southwestern Illinois, preparatory to devising plans for the drainage of the entire district, along the river from New Athens to Chester, Illinois. As a result of this investigation the reclamation of 300,000 acres of the finest kind of land is probable, contingent upon the acceptance of the report by the international improvement commission of Illinois under whose auspices the work was undertaken. The report just completed will be presented to the governor in December.

It is reported in Washington that President Taft has practically decided to appoint Senator Root of New York chief justice of the supreme court of the United States should the Republican party carry the State of New York in November, while he will approve the appointment of Representative W. S. Bennett as Senator Root's successor. Although Senator Root and Associate Justice Hughes are from New York and it might seem that the President would not care to appoint two men from the same State to the supreme court bench, yet in this case, it is said, he does not feel himself bound by geographical or similar limitations.

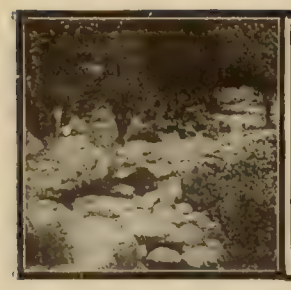
Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "America's grand old woman," an author of international reputation and a champion of the cause of equal suffrage, died at her summer home at Newport, R. I., Oct. 17, aged 91 years. Mrs. Howe was a daughter of Samuel and Julia Rush (Cutler) Ward and was born May 27, 1819, in New York. In 1843 she married Samuel Gridley Howe, an eminent philanthropist, who died in 1876. With her husband, Mrs. Howe conducted the Boston Commonwealth, an anti-slavery publication, and after the slavery question had been settled by the Civil War she became active in the work for equal suffrage, prison reform and peace. She was a Unitarian, in which church she was a preacher, lecturer and writer. Of her works as an author the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is best known. She also wrote "Passion Flowers," "Words for the Hour," "A Trip to Cuba," "The World's Own," "From the Oak to the Olive," "Later Lyrics," "Sex and Education," "Modern Society," "Is Polite Society Polite?" "Life of Margaret Fuller," "From Sunset Ridge," "Sketches of Representative Women of New England" and other works.

The United States, the greatest cotton producing country of the world, imported in the fiscal year 1910, 86,037,691 pounds of raw cotton valued at $15,816,138. This is the second largest year's importation of cotton in the history of the country. Most of the cotton came from Egypt, according to a report of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, though some came from Europe and Asia. The average price was about 30 per cent higher than that which ruled for American cotton. The importation of cotton according to statisticians, is increasing because of the greatly increasing consumption in home markets. The home consumption of American cotton grew from 1,000,000 bales in 1870 to more than 5,000,000 in 1909.

It is understood that Attorney General Wickersham intends to put the machinery of the Department of Justice in operation for a thorough investigation of the white slave traffic in the large cities of the country. United States District Attorney Sims of Chicago has arrived in Washington, and, while it was stated that his visit had to do purely with routine matters before the department, it is thought his errand may be connected in part with the prospective investigation. Special agents of the Department of Justice have been in the field for several months investigating conditions. A preliminary report, it is understood, shows the evil to be so pronounced that the federal government feels called upon to devote particular attention to it.

Preservation of public lands in America's insular possessions for the benefit of the people, development of the islanders before improvement of the islands, in the Philippines and Porto Rico, and gradual transfer from federal to State control of Indian schools in the United States, were the chief planks in the "platform" adopted Oct. 21 by the Lake Mohonk conference of friends of the Indians and other dependent peoples. Another declaration was that statehood should not be promised inhabitants of the insular possessions, nor should preparation for statehood even be considered as a problem in existence now. Citizenship for the Porto Ricans is urged in a plank which says the next Congress should enable the islanders to become citizens either through naturalization or by enacting laws which will make them collectively citizens of the United States.

Dispatches state that the Russian government is preparing to spend upwards of $70,000,000 in constructing the greatest inland waterway in the world to connect the Baltic Sea with the Caspian and the Black Seas. It is expected by the czar and his advisers that the completion of this vast project will revolutionize economic conditions in Russia's dominions in Europe. There are two steps in the undertaking. The first is to join the River Drina with the Dnieper at Vitebsk and Orsha. The other is to connect the Drina with the Volga, using the rivers Mesha, Vobspa, Warusa, Moskva and Oka. The total length of the route will be 1,525 miles. Historic Moscow, which is the great commercial center of Russia, will thus be connected by cheap means of transportation with all of the rich provinces of the empire, and the whole of central Russia will be placed in touch with the seas both north and south.



NATURE STUDIES



FOLK-LORE OF TREES AND PLANTS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

IF we except botanic science, there is perhaps no topic connected with the study of plants of greater interest than that suggested by the study of folk-lore. Much research along this line has resulted in making this a popular subject for investigation.

In ancient times, because plants lived and died, a personality was ascribed to them, many of which are still ascribed to the different plants. The Buddhist books show that early in their religion there were great controversies as to whether trees had souls, and therefore whether they might be lawfully injured.

The descent of the human race from a tree—however whimsical such a notion may seem to us—was a belief once received as sober fact, and even nowadays can be traced amongst the traditions of many races. According to ancient Icelandic literature, we learn that all men descended from the ash and elm trees. In Greece the oak and sycamore were also included in the list of trees from whence the human race sprung.

If tree-worship sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees, we can hardly feel astonished that the primitive races of mankind should have considered them as choice gifts of the gods to men, and should have believed that their spirits still delighted to dwell among their branches or spoke prophecies through the rustling of their leaves.

Among the legends of the ancient world, few subjects occupy a more prominent place than lightning. Among some of the many plants supposed to be effective safeguards against lightning is St. John's-wort. As far back as the time of Pliny, holly was on this account planted near dwellings. In the Tyrol, during a thunderstorm, the peasants threw nettles on the fire to guard themselves from lightning. The beech tree was also regarded as proof against injury from the same source.

The vast proportions which the great witchcraft movement assumed in bygone years explains the magic properties which we find ascribed to so many plants in most countries. Witches were supposed to hold their nightly revels among the hills and mountains under certain kinds of trees. The oak was thought to be a frequent rendezvous. The red-bud or Judas tree was one of their favorite retreats, perhaps because of its traditionary association with the apostle. The Neapolitan witches held their trysts under a walnut tree. The elder is another "haunt" under whose branches the witches are fond of lurking, and on this account caution must be taken not to tamper with it after dark.

Occasionally when the dairymaid churned for a long time without results, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain ash, and beat the cow with another, thus breaking the witch's spell. In Norway and Denmark branches of the mountain ash were put over the stable doors to keep out the witches.

Many plants have gained notoriety from their connection with fairyland. The delicate white flowers of the wood sorrel are known in Wales as "fairy bells" from a belief once current that these tiny beings were summoned to their moonlight revels and gambols by these bells. In some folk-tales fairies are represented as employing nuts for their mode of conveyance, in allusion to which Shakespeare, in "Romeo and Juliet," makes Mercutio speak of Queen Mab's arrival in a nut-shell. The four-leaved clover is a talisman which enables its wearer to detect the whereabouts of fairies, and is said to grow only in their haunts. A great deal of legendary lore has clustered around the so-called fairy-rings, within which the fairies are supposed to dance by night. These are produced by a certain kind of mushroom, the fairy-ringed fungus, by which the ground is made richer for the vegetation that follows. In the West of England a few stray apples are left on the trees at gathering time, to insure the good will of the fairies.

The influence of the weather on plants is an agricultural belief which is still firmly credited by many modern husbandmen. It appears that in years gone by "neither sowing nor planting, nor grafting" was ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon.

According to the "Shepherd's Calendar," if "Midsummer Day be never so little rainy the hazel and walnut will be scarce; but apples, pears, and plums will not be hurt." It is also a popular belief among the peasantry that if a drop of rain hang on an oat spray at this season there will be a good crop. According to an old proverb, "You should look for grass on the top of the oak tree," the meaning being that the grass seldom grows much before the oak begins to put forth.

A proverb in rhyme tells us this about the onion:

"Onion's skin very thin,
Mild winter's coming in;
Onion's skin thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough."

Many of the peasantry in Europe and not a few people in this country have long been accustomed to arrange their farming pursuits from the indications given them by different trees and plants. One piece of weather lore is:

"When the oak puts on his gosling grey,
'Tis time to sow barley night or day."

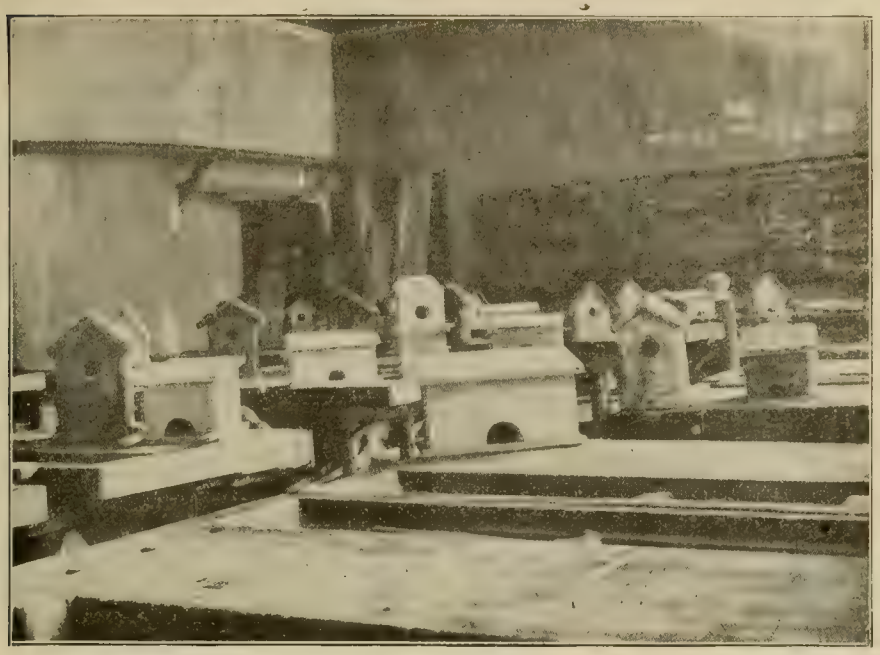
The leafing out of the elm has from time immemorial been made to regulate agricultural operations, and hence this rule:

"When the elm leaf is as big as a mouse's ear,
Then to sow barley never fear.
When the elm leaf is as big as an ox's eye,
Then say I, Hie, boys, hie."

A variation of this is:

"When elm leaves are as big as a shilling,
Plant kidney beans if to plant 'em you're willing.
When elm leaves are as big as a penny,
You must plant kidney beans if you mean to have any."

It will be found that most countries have their items of weather lore, many of which, while varying in some respects, are evidently modifications of one and the same belief.



Bird Houses Made by Boys of the Second District School, No. 1, Milwaukee, in Spring of 1910.

BOYS AND BIRDS IN MILWAUKEE.

BANG! A gun shot is heard and an object is seen tumbling from a tree to the ground beneath. A man, a foreigner, hastens to pick up what he has shot—killed—the lifeless form of a meadow lark, now a mere bundle of feathers. The life of a beautiful songster has been quenched forever.

Along the coasts and upon the nation's many islands in the sea, the millinery plunderer is doing his "best" to fulfil the crying demand for still more plumes to adorn Madame's new hat for the coming season. On the mainland and inland lakes, we are brought face to face with the so-called pot-hunters, game-hogs, spring-shooters and market hunters, whose deviltry upon harmless birds makes one shudder, whenever their names are mentioned. The above-named classes of gentlemen, I beg your pardon, I wanted to say swine, are a species of the mammalia, whose lust to kill and slaughter never ceases.

The spring-shooter delights in pursuing wild game birds in the spring and summer months, when birds are propagating. Such shooting and killing is wont to reduce perceptibly the numbers of birds and surely tends toward extermination.

Of course when we begin to outline the causes for the rapid depletion of our native birds, such natural enemies of birds like the cat, rat, dog, skunk, fox, squirrel, hawk, crow, English sparrow, etc., must not be omitted. Of those mentioned, it might be said with positive proof that the cat and English sparrow are the most injurious to bird life. Besides these storms destroy great numbers in migrating seasons.

But when one analyzes the causes of bird destruction, it becomes manifest that man, the "man behind the gun" is chiefly responsible. His "persecution is annual, perennial, extended and excessive. It gives a species no chance to recover. It seldom stops short of extermination, unless restrained by stringent laws efficiently enforced."

These are the things and more of them with which our boys of the Milwaukee public schools are made familiar. The same is also done in other cities of this country of the "free," where the more humane races abide. It is by knowledge then, by the exposition of facts as they are and by meeting their fallacies with common sense solutions, that the best results are gained.

The boy of Milwaukee is taught, and has found out for himself, that the birds of the nation, in some instances, are nearing extirpation. Furthermore, the

knowledge imparted to this youth has taught him that the birds are his friends and are of great economic value to mankind in general.

We all know that it is difficult, in fact too late, to give any one a thorough training about bird life when the person to be taught has reached the adult stage in life. As in all other worldly strivings, we must look to the budding youth to bring into realization the adequate protection of our birds in years to come.

One way in which the Milwaukee boy begins his formative period in the cause of bird protection is by building bird houses in his manual training shop. The boy is given his nature study in connection with his other class work in school; at the Milwaukee public museum he listens to instructive bird lectures as delivered by Mr. Alfred C. Burrill, but in the writer's opinion there is no form of instruction more beneficial to the youngster, when speaking of the protection of birds, than the subject of manual training. Why? Because, when he constructs his bird house, he brings into action and harmoniously develops the head, heart and hand. Within his head is ingrained a store of knowledge which enables him to see straight and reason well; within his heart are instilled the elements of love and appreciation for birds, while the ultimate result is the responding action in building a bird house in obedience to the head and heart. These are the essentials of education and of manual training. It is by strengthening the head, heart and hand simultaneously and harmoniously in a boy that manual training aims to meet some of the modern needs of the world's activities.

The subject of bird-house building found its origin at the Second District School, No. 1, and has since then grown in popularity in many sections of the city of Milwaukee. The enthusiasm shown in bird home-making knows no bounds,—even the older boys of the graduating classes delight in following the example of the boys of the lower grades. And their efforts invariably have proven worth while, for birds have readily taken to their bird houses, oftentimes the day after the homes were put in place.

Thus, bird study and bird-house making in Milwaukee has aided materially to discourage the destruction of our feathered friends, their eggs, and nests. It has shown our youth how inhuman is the killing of birds for market and millinery purposes. And most of all, the subject has aroused public sentiment and awakened an appreciation for bird life in general. Moreover, the above studies have brought about a clearer realization of the fact, that without the help of our wild birds, successful farming would be utterly impossible, because of the destruction done in the United States by insect and rodent pests upon which the birds feed.

Therefore, would it not be advisable to recommend and introduce bird-house making into every manual training work-shop for boys of every State in the Union?—*George A. Raith, Secretary Wisconsin Game Protective Association, in Our Dumb Animals.*

Between Whiles

"Corporation"—"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Corporation,'" answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"F'um studyin' de animal an' readin' de papahs. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anyt'ing else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes de same."

THE LITTLE SCHOOL.

I well remember long ago
That little school that stood
Just where the roadway bends around
A little patch of wood;
And I remember, too, the bench
Along the inner wall
By which we used to stand and read
"Leaves have their time to fall."

There oft I've stood with open book
And half-abated breath,
To gallop with the "Light Brigade"
"Into the jaws of death"—
Or surging on o'er hill and dale
With pendulum-like sway
I took the road with Sheridan
For "twenty miles away."

Even now through all this lapse of time
I still remember well
The sound of Freedom's dying shriek
"As Kosciusko fell."
And pause again to wipe away
The sympathetic tears
For "the soldier of the legion"
That "lay dying in Algiers."

I can see, just as of old,
The sights of "Watkin's Glen"
Though thirty years of wandering life
Have passed and gone since then—
Ah, can it be so long ago?
How swift the years have sped
Since, "In his dark, carved, oaken chair
Old Rudiger sat dead"!

From that old bench I've wandered through
"Sweet Auburn" many a time
And heard those far-off "Shandon Bells"
Fling out their joyous chime;
And oft I've paused beside the spring
To drink, then ride away,
While sweet "Maud Muller" mused and sighed
Till rain fell on the hay.

Ah, many a weary day since then,
Through varying heat and frost,
I've held my "solitary way,
Lone, wandering but not lost,"
For I have still in memory
The little school that stood
Just where the roadway bends around
A little patch of wood.

—Fred D. Raze, in Boston Journal.

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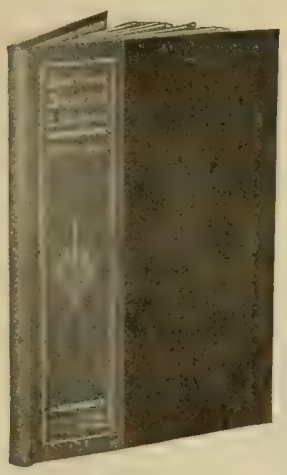
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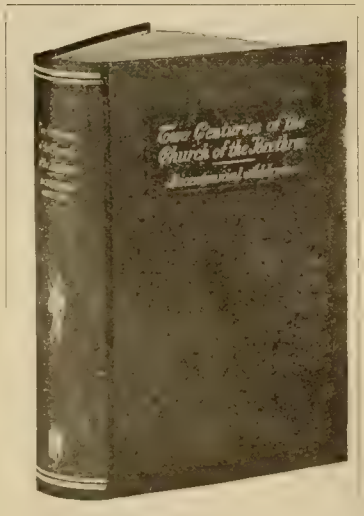
and have the benefit of it for the rest of the year, for only 15 cents. Regular price 50 cents.

¶ It is 13x20 inches in size and contains 60 pages, with the full text of one of the lessons, the Golden Text, Home Readings, Three Teaching Points, Subject and Scripture Reference on a single page. Four pages of songs. The Golden Text, Headings, etc., are printed in red, the rest in blue. The larger print can be read at a distance of ten to fifteen feet. If hung on the wall where it can be seen every day, it will keep the lesson before you all the week.

¶ The Teaching Points are suggestive and will start you to thinking for yourself and others. Here is what three great Sunday-school men say about the chart: "I have never seen anything of the kind that compared with it for helpfulness along the very lines where help is needed." Marion Lawrance. "I think your chart to be one of the most timely and helpful of all recent additions to Sunday-school literature." Dr. H. M. Hamil. "It is a practical, simple and useful help for Bible Study to hang upon the walls of every home." W. B. Jacobs. In the homes where this chart is in constant view of all the members of the family, home lesson study is made comparatively easy. After you get it and learn the value and beauty of it, you will thank us for inducing you to buy it.

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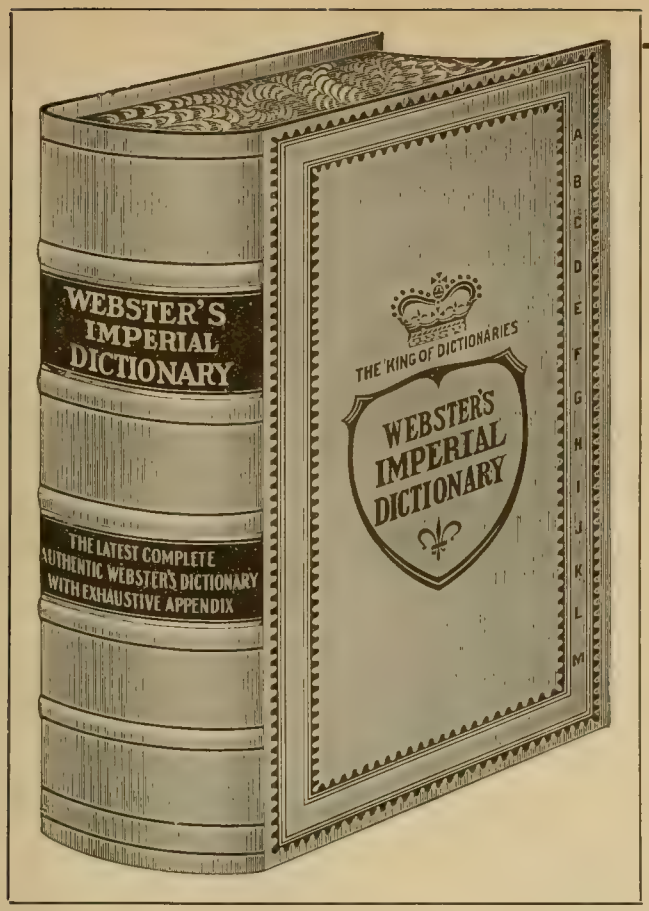


AMONG the collection of books in every Brethren home should be found this one. It will be a long time before another book of equal value and interest to the present and future members of the church will be published. In the twenty-five addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, 1908, the beginnings, growth and activities of the church up to that time are admirably portrayed in fifteen chapters, headed as follows: The Church in the Fatherland, the Church in Colonial America, the Church in the United States, the Voice of God Through the Church, What the Church Stands For; Her Doctrines, Church Polity, the Higher Spiritual Life of the Church, the Church and the Great Moral Issues of Civilization—Liberty, Temperance, Divorce, Peace, etc., the Work of Women in the Church, the Sunday-school Work of the Church, the Missionary Work of the Church, the Educational Work of the Church, the Publications of the Church, the Philanthropies of the Church, Our Pioneer Preachers.

The book is printed in large type and contains 400 pages. The frontispiece shows the portraits of the five brethren who composed the Bicentennial Program Committee, and the portraits of the brethren and sisters on the program are found in connection with their addresses, respectively. A more fitting souvenir gift book from parent to child, or from friend to friend, would be hard to find.

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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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CONFUCIANISM

J. C. Flory

CONFUCIANISM is that system of religious and ethical teaching which is the essential source of Chinese civilization. From extreme antiquity there has been a literature accepted by the great majority of China's scholars as being the source of wisdom and virtue. Confucius' teaching covers the period of Chinese history known as "middle antiquity." He does not claim that his system of religion extends back into the period of "early antiquity," but he only claims for his work that it is a transmitter, not a producer. His writings preserve only a broken picture of a rude and vigorous race in its early stages of political and social evolution. The primary teachings that remain are an unreliable idealization of the virtues of a few of the sage-rulers of China, to which the common people respond like an iron to a magnet. This has been instrumental in holding together the leading Confucian family for all succeeding ages.

Confucius, born about B. C. 551, died B. C. 478, appeared in China as a great political and ethical teacher five centuries before the birth of Christ. He became a master of the principal learning of his time which was literature. The Chan Dynasty was at his time on the decline. The throne had been occupied for some time by weaklings. There was confusion in government and society. So it was an excellent time for a reformer. Confucius looked upon the existing order of social life as a sad degeneracy from the ideals which he found recorded of the past ages, and he set himself with courage and devotion to contribute his part to the work of political and social reconstruction. But he failed to recognize one vital truth, that the ideals of one age cannot be forced upon the people of another. So, his conception of reform was not that of progress toward new things but holding on tenaciously to old things.

This policy of Confucius accounts largely for the monotonous uniformity that has always prevailed in China. This is partly to be found in the racial conditions as they exist there, but chiefly in the lofty place accorded to Confucius and Confucian teachings in the thoughts of the Chinese. It is hard to determine in full the influence of Confucianism upon Chinese thought. He was successful in gathering around him many of the choice youths of his time. They seemed to absorb the teachings of the master with unquestioning devotion. Although he did not accomplish the immediate results in reform that he had hoped for, yet he won for himself a name honored above the long line of Emperors and has accorded to himself a seat only a little below that of Supreme Heaven. The secret of his influence is doubtless to be found in his enthusiastic interpretations of the institutions of antiquity to the scholars of his time. But no doubt the results of his teachings have been the cause of cold formalism dominating all social relations and the finer sentiments that lie hid in human nature have failed.

In looking into the system of Confucianism we naturally find three separate and yet closely-related elements, *viz.*, nature worship, hero worship, and ancestral worship. Far back in the twilight of Chinese civilization the leaders of Chinese thought had discovered the unity of nature. They early determined that there was law and order in all nature. This law was named the Law of Heaven and was considered a spontaneous force always moving on right lines and toward right ends. But they failed to distinguish between the law that operates in the realm of the spirit and the one that operates in the lower order of nature. The law of nature, as understood by the Confucian, may be said to resolve itself into a system of dualistic pantheism, with Heaven as the Supreme Father and Earth as the Supreme Mother, but of the two the Supreme Father is the prime object of worship and relatively little is said of the Earth. The central thought in this system of worship is not that of propitiation,—so common in other religions,—but rather of fellowship. It is also an organic part of government, for those who have the government in charge claim to put themselves in direct harmony

with the laws of nature. And physical order in the processes of nature becomes the moral order in the relations of men. Thus order among men appears as goodness or virtue and disorder as evil or vice.

According to Confucianism, the sage has received from Heaven a perfect nature, so that the expression of that nature in words and life is always in harmony with the Heaven-determined order. He is, therefore, the interpreter of nature and his teachings are the embodiment of the Law of Heaven and are to be received as ultimate truth. The ancient sages are reverenced as the Sons of Heaven, as the uncrowned princes of China, and among them Confucius is accorded a supreme place of honor. Sage worship, along with nature and ancestral worship, is an essential function of government. Confucius is further worshiped in schools throughout China as the patron of learning. His tablet is placed in each schoolroom inscribed with the characters as above given, "The Divine Seat of the Great Harmonizer, the Most Holy Ancient Teacher Confucius." Students on entering the schoolroom and on departing are compelled to make their bows to this tablet.

Hero worship is also a direct outgrowth of the Confucian cult. Its object is to keep vividly before the minds of the people the supreme virtues of certain great historical characters, of men distinguished for patriotism, filial piety, purity of life, and fidelity to duty under conditions of special trial. Of these heroes relatively few have received national honors. Temples are erected to their names and forms of worship are observed from generation to generation. A description of many of their heroes would be interesting but time will not permit here.

The history of ancestral worship in China, if it could be completely written, would be found to constitute an integral and important part of the history of Chinese civilization. Its origin is buried in the records of prehistoric times. More than two thousands years before the Christian era, in the early dawn of Chinese history, this cult was already well developed, and was organic with the life of the family and the state. Considerable variations have taken place in the ceremonies of ancestral worship in the long successions of centuries, but the vitalizing thought has continued the same throughout,—to preserve in the minds of the living the memories of the personalities and virtues of their ancestors. The children look back upon their fathers as the source from whence they obtain all true worth.

The ethical teachings of Confucianism will bear honorable comparison with the best ethical teachings of other ethnic civilizations. Chinese civilization has perpetuated itself for more than four thousand years, in spite of social upheavals and dynastic changes, less because of unity of race than because of the character of its ethical teachings, crystallized into the laws of government and in the institutions of society. But while this is true, Confucian ethical teachings, reinforced by the system of worship, have always lacked in moral dynamics to make them more than partially realized in social life. Government and society have been held together, not so much by the general convictions of right, as by the general instincts of self-preservation. Men have used their knowledge of principles of right both as weapons of attack and shields of defense. Right conduct has been less from glad conformity to inner law, than from compulsion of outer circumstances. Thus practical ethics has been widely divorced from theoretical ethics; and while the ideal of order has always been pointed to as the final end of the family, society, and the state, the wheels of the social machinery have creaked and groaned in their revolution because of the friction of a pervasive selfishness.

Confucianism, in what it has accomplished for a fourth of the human race, testifies to the perennial ethical and spiritual aspirations of the heart of man, but it witnesses also to the need of a light clearer and steadier than that kindled by the hands of the Sages of China, and that quality of strength which is not generated by unaided human impulses, which gives to men the knowledge, the will, and the power to live consistently toward the highest life-ideals, and so to attain to that order which is only realized under the operation of the Law of Love—that law of spiritual gravitation, which holds the moral universe in place, and guides it in its course.

Daleville, Va.

IMAGINATION.

IRA J. LAPP.

IMAGINATION is a subject that receives a great amount of criticism. Although it is one of the most valuable gifts our heavenly Father has bestowed upon man, it is the object of much ridicule.

Imagination is the image, visibility, or a picture of things in the mind not yet seen by the eye,—a conception. Let us look at a few concrete things which it has accomplished and is accomplishing.

If it were not for this gift our eyes could not feast upon the great works of art. The sculptor must have a clear vision of the image into which he wishes to transform his inattractive material.

Our rooms would be destitute of pictures, but for the imagination, because the artist could not comprehend how and what to paint. We would have no teachers, preachers, and writers. We could or

would have no need of any books on the subjects of pedagogy or phychology (laws of thought). Our abode would be in caves and other natural dwelling-places, for there would be no men of architecture to build elegant and commodious buildings. We would not be enjoying the products from the hands of the inventor, for there would be no such man. Imagination is genius.

A strong imagination in a weak and deranged mind will produce absurd things. But a strong imagination in a strong mind will produce things that will make the world sit up and take notice.

If we had not been blessed with this gift, we would be in the lowest stages of barbarism. The moral sense must govern imagination, or it will be a dangerous companion to court. The senses must hold the reins in hands and curb it.

Moorefield, Nebr.

Prohibition and Prohibitions

Paul Mohler

I PRESUME there is nothing else so objectionable to the average man as an injunction, unless it is a positive command. Oh, we do hate to hear anyone say, "Don't" to us. I used to hear that word so much when I was a boy. I hear it sometimes yet, and it always did stir up something within me that smacked of rebellion. I believe we are all naturally alike in that characteristic. We don't always mind doing things or not doing them, but we do hate to be told to do them or not to do them.

It is that spirit in men that keeps many good friends of temperance from voting for prohibition. Undoubtedly there have been many criminals developed in crime by their efforts to resist external authority rather than by their love for crime itself. This innate principle, common to all of us, and the evil that undoubtedly accompanies enforcement of stringent laws, make it worth our while to carefully consider the expediency of making prohibitory laws.

It must be admitted, of course, that in a Christian community, there should be no necessity for laws or government of any kind. Every Christian has the privilege of living a life of righteousness in perfect freedom by the indwelling Spirit of God. He who lives that life never comes in contact with a prohibitory law; he doesn't have to be held in check by any system of rules. Breaking the law is not to be thought of as becoming to saints, hence a prohibitory law for that kind of people is a joke or an insult, as it may be intended. But it is unfortunate for everyone that many people in every community are not Christians at all, and many that are Christians fail to live up to their privileges. It is for such people that prohibitory laws are passed.

But why should we pass such laws when men are so prone to resist them? Why tempt them to become law-breakers? That is our question for discussion. Now, to go back to our first argument against prohibitory laws, our natural antipathy to restraining law: I remember also that while I did so strenuously object to the "don'ts" for myself when I was a boy, I did just as strenuously favor them for my brothers, and I am the same way yet. If another man is pleased to do something that injures me, I want to see him restrained. So when it comes to my natural inclinations, I find myself on one side of the question as much as on the other. So that argument against prohibitions fails.

Now, when it comes to the other argument, that the restricting law is the cause of many men becoming law-breakers because the existence of the law is a kind of a challenge to them and they cannot resist the temptation to jump over the fence, there is undoubtedly something in that. There are some men that are naturally contrary, and such men are made more obstinate by the law. Pharaoh was that kind of man. The more he saw of the power of Jehovah, the harder his heart became. According to the book of Revelation, it will be so in the last days when the plagues are poured out upon the wicked upon the earth. The more the disobedient are punished, the worse they will become. If the world should be regulated according to the notion of that kind of people, I shouldn't wish to live here at all.

And I don't think that class is as large as it is sometimes represented as being. I am satisfied that the existence of a good law against a certain evil does keep most people from doing that thing. Of those who obey the law, some obey it because they are law-abiding citizens on principle, others because they fear the penalty of disobedience. The first is unquestionably the higher motive; but in either case the public is protected. Remove all restriction from the sale of liquor, and everybody will admit that thousands of people that are now in other business would engage in the liquor business. Saloons would so multiply, and competition would be so keen as to make just as great a temptation to the dealer to

adulterate his product as he has now, and men would be ruined by the hundreds where they now are by the tens.

Sometimes it is urged against prohibitions that the Bible nowhere prohibits the sale or use of liquor or tobacco, or the practice of gambling, the attendance at theaters, bull-fights, etc. There is generally one thing very amusing about that argument; that is, the people that bring it up are the very people that don't want any prohibitions at all and that do wish to do the things proscribed by the spirit if not by the letter of the Bible. But to meet the point squarely: the Bible does prohibit every form of amusement that ministers to the gratification of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the vainglory of life. It prohibits all kinds of riot, revelry and intemperance. It enjoins the Christian against even the appearance of evil. It certainly condemns drunkenness, greed, pride, and selfish lusts. It condemns, in no uncertain terms, the underlying principles of all the evils I have mentioned, and it gives the church if not the government full authority to apply those condemnations to every other evil of similar character. The liberty that the Gospel offers is liberty from the power of sin: freedom to do the right and not the wrong.

The government that does not have the courage to stop a practice that everybody knows to be wrong, is not worthy to stand. I have more respect for a monarchy that seriously undertakes to stamp out a national evil, as China has with the opium curse, than a democracy that will not wipe out the saloon business. Give us governors that will enforce the law and we will see what prohibition will do. Give us a church that will take a stand against every widespread evil and enforce her decisions, and men will again respect the church.

Yes, I am for prohibition: of liquor selling, gambling, and any other method of corrupting the morals of the public. And I am willing to submit to the laws myself. Aren't you?

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

THE CURRENT THAT SETS TOWARD THE DOLLAR.

Is it not a fact that, with a few grand exceptions outside of our business Napoleons, America with all its vast possibilities and resources, its wonderfully stimulating conditions, and all its brag and bluster, has produced very few *master men?*

There is no other country which gives such encouragement to young men, which gives such a powerful stimulus to ambition, such liberty of choice and such freedom of pursuit of the ideal, as America; and yet the great trend of American ambition sets toward money-making, and not man-making.

This current that sets toward the dollar with such terrific force, sweeps in the majority of our youth, and often silences the call of art, of music, of literature, of scholarship, the call of the pulpit, the call of useful service, the call of the school and the college.

In spite of teaching and preaching the contrary to our children, the whole atmosphere of their training is so strongly surcharged with the dollar that it tends to cover up their aspirations for higher things.

Their pastor, their teacher, the books that are put into their hands, tell them of the beauties of man-making, woman-making, life-making, but the actual examples about them are nearly all set toward the dollar. In all sorts of ingenious ways they see men everywhere fighting like demons for the dollar. Everything seems to center in it. Everybody around them seems to think that the possession of money is the possession of power; that money will buy about everything that is desirable.

Brought up in such an atmosphere, is it strange that the children should catch the contagion?

How few youths start out in life with the determination that they will first be real human beings, and second, business men! It is usually the reverse.

The youth finds everybody struggling and straining for the almighty dollar, and he can not be blamed for doing himself what he sees older examples all about him doing.

He may have an idea struggling within him that making a life instead of a living ought to be man's first great aim; but somehow, before he realizes it, he is putting the greater emphasis upon the dollar.

Changing life into dollars and pleasure seems to be the dominant note in the lives of a large percentage of Americans. Whatever else comes to them is merely incidental, and, as a rule, was not deliberately planned.

With most Americans the struggle is not for character, is not for usefulness, not for the building up of a magnificent manhood, a well-rounded, symmetrical, complete character, not the making of the world a little better place to live in, but to get more money. This is the great life burden, and there is nothing too sacred to grind into dollars.

We coin our ability, our energies, our health, our friendships, our homes, our families—everything into the dollar. All the finest sentiments and graces are crushed out in the scramble.—*Success.*

THE only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—*Lowell.*

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower,
That makes the daisies grow.
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home:
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess and Sylph and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang,
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-sounds of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish tears,
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the Summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang,
To-ring, to-rang, toringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis,
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank,
To-link, to-lank, tolinkelinkle,
O'er the banks with buttercups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo and moo-o and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will:
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

—Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell.



THINGS TO DO IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

MAUD HAWKINS.

HAVE all written work, such as spelling lessons, examination papers, copy books, exercises in language, and drawing, done in ink as neatly as possible and dated. At the end of each month make them in a compact booklet and send them to the parents or, better still, invite the parents to come to school to examine them.

What one wishes to impress on the minds of children can better be fixed there if it is written or drawn on the board. On teaching a class for the first time, a teacher accidentally asked a question that led up to something the former teacher had dwelt upon. The pupils with one accord cast their eyes on a certain place on the board before answering. She also looked, expecting to find the answer there, but found nothing. They informed her that the teacher had it there the year before and they could yet see it there even though it had been erased, and could answer better when looking at the spot.

Pupils should be trained to pick out the moral truths of the reading lesson and they will learn to select them and will look for them in after years in whatever they read. Write something every morning on the board for the good of the school and let it remain during the day to be repeated at the close of school. It should be a memory gem of morals or manners and should be strictly followed that day.

For Friday afternoons, give pupils a subject, such as kindness, honesty, industry, cheerfulness, truthfulness, and ask them to be prepared to read, relate or recite a selection on the subject. It would not be wise to ask them to *write* on these abstract subjects, as it would probably be a failure.

A good deal of drill should be used, especially with the younger pupils. Have them tell their lesson, write it, draw it, make it. If they are to study the zones they can tell about them, they can write about them, draw them and make them in clay. In illustrating the history lesson, red crayon can be used for British soldiers or possessions and blue for American soldiers, blue for Northern and gray for Southern.

Have nature study before writing, then draw the things studied about during writing period if no regular time is set aside for drawing. Have pupils bring leaves into the room and after learning about them and their names, their outlines can be traced and then colored with crayola or water colors. After some practice the leaves can be drawn free hand. A collection of leaves should be pressed for use in winter. If these drawings are put on the wall they will be an incentive to more and better work.

Bring butterfly cocoons into the room late in fall and they will come out in February. There then is an opportunity for a lesson on butterflies and caterpillars. Plant morning-glory and nasturtium seeds in your flowering pots and you will have some nice blossoms early. Bring peach tree twigs in during February, put them in moist soil or water and they will soon bloom. Have a collection of specimen plants mounted and tacked on wall with label giving name of plant and other data, with name of owner and a poster above, designating it as the work of the botany class.

A weather record should be kept, assigning the work to different members of the school each week. Write to your Senator or Representative and ask him to send you a map of your own State, also one of the United States. These he will send with a nice letter to you. Form a Band of Mercy and send to the National Humane Society, 119 Milk Street, Boston, and receive a monthly paper, badge, instruction for carrying on the association and other literature free, or form an Audubon or a literary society, giving its management over to the pupils as far as possible with the supervision of the teacher.

Pictures mean so much to children that there should be a good supply to teach from. They should be taught to appreciate them and to cultivate a taste for good pictures, and encouraged to bring them to adorn the schoolroom, by having the name of the giver written beneath the picture. Have exercises in physical culture. Teach pupils to stand, sit, rise and walk correctly with the head up and to look straight in face, not stare. They should also be taught accuracy and quickness. If these habits are instilled in their minds when young they will soon become automatic.

No teacher has a moral right to stand before her class unless she is thoroughly acquainted with all the lesson. She should have the subject matter at her command. In a recitation of twenty minutes, the first part should be occupied by the pupil, the last part by the teacher, and a recitation should seldom pass without teaching something not in the textbook.

Advanced pupils should, to a certain extent, study the workings of Congress and the Legislatures, and should become interested in bills passed and encouraged to read them from newspapers. They should be on the alert for current events and report any new invention or other interesting matter.

Sometimes in primary history it is a good plan to tell the story of the succeeding lesson. Pupils are then more able to grasp the meaning when they study it.

The only reward given for well doing should be praise or some privilege extended. For instance,

those who have perfect lessons for a week may be excused an hour early Friday afternoon, or when Johnny has all his lessons, he may read some interesting book, or examine some pretty pictures.

Lessons should be taken up on certain subjects in favorable seasons. For instance, there are days when the wind blows so strong against the old rickety country schoolhouses that it is almost impossible to get attention or hear a recitation. The scholars may then be advised to lay aside their books and have a talk about the wind. What is it? Can you see it? Can you feel it? What causes it? What does it do when heated? When cooled? When warm air rises what takes its place? A rainy day, a snowy day, hail, frost, dewy morning, thunder and lightning, may be used in the same way.

Chinook, Mont.

THE LEGEND OF THE SPIDER.

LUELLA FOGELSANGER.

ATHENE was the Greek goddess who presided over the useful and ornamental arts, such as agriculture and navigation, spinning, weaving and needlework.

In a contest a mortal dared to come into competition with the gray-eyed goddess. This was Arachne, a maiden, who had attained such skill in weaving and embroidery that the nymphs themselves would leave their homes in the wood and fountains and come to view her work. It was not only beautiful when completed, but even beautiful in the process of completion. On beholding the mysterious beauty of her web, mortals and nymphs said, surely no other than the goddess herself taught the maiden this wonderful art. This the maiden denied, saying that she was willing to engage in a contest with Athene herself to prove her superior skill.

The challenge was accepted. The maiden selected beautiful threads dyed in the famous Tyrian purple and those dyed in other colors, and contrasted them artfully. The effect was magical. It was like the bow that tinges the heavens after the refreshing shower in June. The colors blended so beautifully that where the colors met they seemed as one but at a little distance were wholly different. Through her web were also designed figures representing the mistakes and failings of the gods. Athene could not but admire the wonderful design and the skillful execution of it, but she was still angry at Arachne for her presumption.

Athene in her turn designed figures exhibiting the end of mortals who dared to oppose the will of the gods; but even on beholding this Arachne was not daunted.

Finally Athene could forbear no longer and she struck Arachne with her shuttle, and the maiden, humiliated at the insult, and realizing at the same time her guilt, hanged herself. Athene then touched her and changed her into a spider, saying that as a punishment she shall live forever spinning her web before the eyes of mortals, that the great lesson of disobedience may be taught to all generations of mankind.

So the little spider for at least five thousand years has been spinning his delicate threads and weaving his wondrous web with skill and untiring energy.

The active spider in silence preaches to me two sermons that are eloquent beyond words. That the little spider may have a larger audience I interpret its mute appeals: As it fastens a slender thread and stops a moment to rest, the opening lines of Milton's immortal epic repeat themselves to me:

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat."

Could the oracle have told the maiden the magnitude of the punishment of her sin; could she have lifted the curtain of the centuries and have seen herself in the form of the homely little spider, toiling unceasingly through the ages, she would never have thrown down the gauntlet unreflectingly as she did. How awful the result of one act! How eternal its influences!

Colton has said, "Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious."

When I playfully tear a little rent in its shimmering home the spider preaches again. Waiting a few minutes only, it goes to the rent that yawns dangerously before it. It then begins slowly and steadily to repair the mischief by gathering up the torn threads into a firm network. When its fairy-like work is completed we look in vain for the injured part.

May the legendary sin of Arachne not have been in vain, but through the brown little spider warn us against the danger of hasty decisions; and plead with us to more patiently fill in the broken threads in the design of our life. Perhaps what has been torn from that beautifully-made design was taken away by the master Hand itself, the reason for which we shall learn through faith in the wisdom of the Father.

THE DESERT LAND AND MIRAGES.

AMANDA WITMORE.

IN traveling home from El Centro, Imperial Co., Cal., near the Mexico line, after a visit of over two years, my husband and I chose the southern route, it being the nearest route to our home in

Kansas. We passed through desert country, some of which is so barren that no green herb of any kind is seen for many miles, while other parts are dotted here and there with cactus, mesquite and sagebrush, so that cattle browse on it and look well. There is also a wild grass that looks brown and bare as if there were no life in it, at least at this time of the year (September), yet cattle and horses feed on it and do well.

Here and there are small dwelling-houses and not a green blade of grass to be seen. The homes, which are Mexican homes, are quite uninviting, yet children play about and look happy. The small towns along the railroad are desolate-looking places, and to the better class of people are *sad* looking, where the saloons play a prominent part and invite the lover of strong drink.

As we speed along and see comparatively nothing but dry and desert land, we look across to the mountain peaks which have the appearance of traveling as we travel, giving many picturesque views, showing the handiwork of a mighty God. Looking again we see a large body of water just on this side of the distant mountains and near a bank which lies just at the foot of the mountains. I wish I could show you a picture of it, so picturesque, so grand, with the mountains lying close to this bank, their peaks and small trees all along reflecting their very shadow in this body of water. Even the little ripples can be seen chasing each other across the water. The passengers are looking and wondering how this body of water can exist in this barren desert where no trace of water is seen for many, many miles.

Before I noticed the excitement among the passengers, I asked my companion to look at that beautiful mirage. The answer was, "Oh, that is a body of water. Just look at the shadows in the water and the very ripples on the water."

If I had not seen them before in Imperial Valley, California, I, too, would have said I *know* it is water, as nothing could look more real. The reflection was like the reflection of a mirror; we could see the very outline of the objects above in this apparent water. It seemed like an oasis in this barren desert with nothing but sand and growths that are common to a dry and barren country. After discussing one way and another, the train men who go by this place daily were asked. They said, "It is a vast *bed* of *pure sand*," and that settled the matter.

Never have I seen such a sight in the wonderful works of nature,—so true to the real and yet not the real. By and by it all vanished as a mist in the morning and again the desert appeared in all its barrenness. All along the way while the desert lasted smaller mirages appeared and vanished, which while not so extensive are just as mysterious. We cannot tell how they come or whither they go, but we know it is all caused by that hand which works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

As we come on our way farther east we see more vegetation. Coming through Texas, Oklahoma and western Kansas, we see the vast wheat fields waving their already well-filled heads, pointing to a bountiful harvest. On we speed until we land at our home in Kansas, glad for the journey's end and



"We see comparatively nothing but dry and desert land."

thanking the Giver of all life for our safe journey.

McPherson, Kans.

ABOUT WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

THERE are few school children but have read Longfellow's poem about the legend always connected with the name of Vogelweid. In it the birds are said to repeat his name, and one can easily fancy a bobolink singing it.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:

They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Turn to your household Longfellow and refresh your memory with the remaining verses.

Walther von der Vogelweide (as his countrymen spell the name) was the first and greatest of the mediæval German song-writers. In his own words, "Full forty years have I sung of love, and even more." He was of gentle birth, and his associates called him Meister Herr Walther, "Herr" being the title of the knightly middle-class. *Fogilweida* means *aviarium* in old High German, that is, an enclosed space where birds are confined.

An old manuscript of the thirteenth century informs us that there was an estate called Vogelweide in the Tyrol and here Walther is supposed to have been born about the year 1170. He left his paternal home to seek his fortune in Vienna, where in 1198 we catch our first view of him. Most chroniclers think all his spontaneous lyrics date from his first Vienna life. The death of the emperor Henry VI., on Sept. 28, 1197, roused in the poet a spirit of patriotism which has clung to his name ever since. There is a frank simplicity, an unfeigned childheartedness about the character of Herr Walther that endears him to presumedly all who read of him. He who loved birds and all joyous living things was sensitive to all loveliness of spring and summer. He had a peculiar insight into the heart of childhood. If this quatrain he wrote might be learned and remembered by all children, this world might be a vastly different place:—

"Children, this is reason,
Close your lips in season,
Push the bolt across the door,
Speak those angry words no more."

Herr Walther has also a good lesson to the youth of Vienna in 1217, which he often repeated in verse and lyric outburst, part of the advice being:—

"And wilt thou gild the round of life,
Of women speak thou well."

In this year he wrote a farewell to Leopold who was then starting with his Austrian soldiers for Palestine on the fifth Crusade, and two years after he was again in Vienna to welcome his returning prince.

In 1220 our singer gained the friendship of Englebert, the stirring Prince Archbishop of Cologne, under whose protection he flourished until 1225, when this gifted prelate was slain by his wicked nephew. After this event the religious tendency of Herr Walther's nature deepens. We are not surprised to meet him next at the court of Ludwig, landgrave of Thuringia. In 1226 a wave of pietism swept throughout Europe. The life-long devotion of Saint Francis of Assisi was crowned by his mystical death; and Saint Louis, an even sweeter because more human saint, appeared in France.

At the court of Eisenach in 1226 Herr Walther often met the dreamy, austere girl, the ruler of her husband, the Landgrave Ludwig, whom we know best as Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. Under her influence the poet, in 1227, addressed a burning word of exhortation to Ludwig that he start on a new Crusade to win back Palestine. In all Walther's latest poetry, it is recorded, we may trace the inspiring influence of Saint Elizabeth.

Ludwig obeyed the fervent summons, setting forth under the banner of the Emperor Friedrich, in the autumn of 1227. Two beautiful Crusade songs of this time survive, fragments only of which have been done into English. Walther's start seemed to follow the departure of the Crusade. Sad and weary he turned to his Tyrolese home after forty years of absence. It was here he composed his last and it is claimed his finest poem, his Elegy.

This fragment translated by Mr. Frank Nicholson in his "Old German Love Songs" gives us the pathetic yearning of the old poet returning home to find the old haunts changed and desolate.

"Ah me, the youths and maidens, what sorry lives are theirs!
They, whose high hearts aforetime were little vexed with cares,
Can now do naught but sorrow, ah, wherefore is it so?
I can find no man happy, wheresoe'er I go.
Sorrow hath wholly banished laughter, and dance and song;
Never did Christian man see such a woeful throng.
Now mark ye how our ladies are fain to dress their hair!
Mark ye the clownish raiment our gallant knights must wear!"

The present writer pleads guilty to these italics, and cannot but wonder what dear old Walther would say to our present styles of hairdressing. We have hardly emerged from the steam-roller into the era of the apple-pie of generous dimensions, sometimes encircling the stiff little puffs which might be pieces of apple, as our pie often lacks an upper crust!

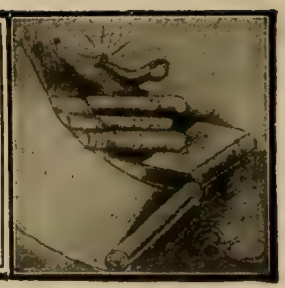
Alas! wholesome ridicule will not change the tactics of our arbiters of fashion! We can only sigh for a Jeremiah or a Vogelweide to weep the woes of our "waterfalls!"

It may be noted that when the infirmities of age drew over our poet, a great dread of winter entered his heart and mind. Mr. Nicholson truthfully translates the discontent of the lonely singer, as ever

(Continued on Page 1069.)



THE QUIET HOUR



THE TENT LOCATER.

"The Lord your God, who went in the way before you, to search you out a place to pitch your tents in."—Deut. 1: 33.

He went himself before us in the way
To search us out a place to pitch our tents;
He never sent us forth to choose the spot,
But did himself select each halting place—
'Twas not enough that he should indicate
The road that we must take to reach the land
Which he had promised as our heritage.

Oh, wondrous condescension! Who but he
Could know the valleys and the hills and plains,
And tell the safest place for us to camp?
The rocky ledge between the mountain's shade,
Where we could shelter from the coming blast;
The grassy plot beside the gentle stream,
Where we could find refreshment by the way.
He knew the storms or sunshine that would come,
And chose accordingly the camping place—
The very best for each in all the vale.

If he had let us find it for ourselves,
We should have made innum'rable mistakes,
But now, in looking back o'er all the route,
We see he always chose unerringly.
We should have pitched beside the river's bed
When floods were just about to sweep the vale,
We should have sheltered underneath the cliff
When heavy landslips were about to fall!

O foolish heart, that fears to trust his choice,
And longs to pitch thy tent on other soil!
It is enough that he should go before,
Whose eyes can see both dangers and delights—

—Author Unknown.

THE VALUE OF SILENT MEDITATION.

D. E. BRUBAKER.

MANY of the best things in life come to us only through silent meditation when alone,—apart from the busy, noisy, throbbing throng. Most people need no proof on this simple proposition. Only deep thinkers learn to unlock the closed doorways leading to the beautiful and sublime truths which lie below the surface in all departments of knowledge.

This matter of "drawing apart" for silent meditation is not an easy acquirement for some natures. There are people who revolt at the very thought of being alone. Nothing but constant contact with the busy whirl of society can satisfy—and gratify their superficial habit of life. Unfortunately such souls must be content to subsist on the mere parings of the rich luscious fruits feasted upon by their more fortunate fellows, who find beneath the surface the real "meat and drink" of the soul. The mind that can withdraw itself from mere outward allurements and place itself in close, vital touch with the great Store of hidden treasures of nature and nature's God, has a never-ending feast not found at any other banquet. Such a habit of mind is like the habit of the honey bee. In his lone, vigilant search for nectar from all wholesome flowers to add to his stores he recognizes and rejects the poisonous nectars secreted by other and equally fine appearing flowers, well knowing their deadly effects.

This silent, potent power of meditation comes only through fixed habit. Everyone of us are creatures of habit either good, indifferent, or positively bad. Habit is a law of our very being. Frequent repetition of an act, makes us strong in that act. It may be a difficult thing in our first efforts to withdraw our thought power from the commonplace things going on about us, and concentrate it intensely on the deeper and sublimer things hidden, or partially hidden, from ordinary view, but each repeated effort makes it less and less difficult, and finally it becomes a rich blessing to the individual owner, and a blessing to the world at large in proportion to the ability or desire of the discoverer to impart the truths, and laws and facts through essays, books, lectures or fireside conversation.

Very many young men had seen the common phenomenon of an apple dropping to the ground and it meant nothing more to them than an easier reach to a morsel of food to gratify an animal hunger. But one young man who had the fixed habit of intense concentration, of silent meditation, seeing this common phenomenon, back of it another and immensely greater phenomenon came to his vision—the great universal law of gravitation—which not only drew the apple to the earth, but which also holds and controls in its most sublime power the whole universe of created worlds about us.

But it is in the more common everyday affairs of life that this habit serves such a good purpose. The reason that some people are bright and cheerful

and full of sunshine and have the happy gift of imparting it to others, is not because they never meet discouragements and trials, but because of the fact that they have acquired the fixed habit of deep, silent meditation. Associated with this great, silent power, a clean, true, pure Christian life will come near solving all the perplexing problems of life, and the mind and heart will be kept serene and the joys of the future life brought constantly nearer.

THE DISCIPLINE OF HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE, from first to last, is a perpetual "trial," and the "trial" is perpetually varied. In the school of God there are no vacations. His "mercies are new every morning"; on our part there should be a new depth of trust and a new rapture of praise. We have more to thank him for today than we had yesterday; our thankfulness should be inspired with more intense passion. We are nearer heaven today than we were yesterday; our hope should rise to diviner heights, and there should be a more exulting joy in the prospect of going to the blessed home of God. If our environment remains the same, we ourselves have changed; and, with the change in ourselves, our environment becomes a new test of our fidelity to God. We should, therefore, be thankful for long life, and for the discipline—painful as it must sometimes be—which extends from youth to manhood and from manhood to old age. We should count it all joy that the "temptations," the "trials" of life are "manifold"; for every one of them may add to us some new element of force, some new touch of grace and beauty. The development of Christian righteousness is the divine end of human life; when we accept that end its sorrows and its joys alike will have a new aspect and a new meaning. The transitory delights and the transitory sufferings of this mortal condition will then alike contribute to the wealth of our eternal blessedness, and the splendor of our eternal glory.—*R. W. Dale.*

CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

SUPPOSE an East Indian, a worshiper of idols was by chance to pass by our church while we were engaged in service and seeing the doors open was to come in. Suppose he was to sit down on one of our vacant seats and without understanding anything that was said was to look on and watch what we were doing. Would he say, "What is the meaning of all this? There is one man who every now and then takes out his watch and looks at it and seems restless. There is another one who is overcome with sleep. I don't think they mean much. I do not think much is going on."

Or would he say, "There must be something of deep importance that engages their attention. Every one seems to be in earnest. They all sing as if their hearts were in their mouths, and then when the man at the end of the room speaks they listen as if something very important was being said, as if life and death were at stake. What can it be? How I would like to know. I feel such a strange power that I will find out. They must be worshiping their God. How solemn the place."

Now which of these judgments would our East Indian visitor form as he was watching us in church? We need not try to guess, but we will know which he ought to be led to form. If all with earnestness and fixed purpose join in the worship of God, the stranger coming in will be convinced that he will be impressed to see the greatness of the object of worship. The fervor of devotion and the attention given to what is said will cause the stranger to realize his own spiritual needs and may lead him to a devout and holy life.

Say nothing of the great and lasting good which is done to our own souls by devout and holy conduct in God's house; it becomes us for the sake of others to make our public worship of God bear the marks of earnestness, fervor and sincerity.

David was not content serving God to himself: he felt that he must teach others by his example. He said: "I will declare thy name unto my brethren. In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together." All this indicates how careful he was as to his behavior in the worship of God. Reverence in the place of God's worship is a theme which we perhaps need to be reminded of now and then, because like most people who have reacted against an excess of formalism, we may be in danger of forgetting that it is a serious and solemn thing to have the Savior give us such an interview as he has promsied to even two or three.

What are our thoughts before we enter God's house? How about Sunday morning? Is it like any other morning in the week, given up to thoughts of business, worldly pleasure, etc.? If we made it a plan to spend at least a few minutes at home ere we left for church, in private prayer that God would give his blessing upon out attendance at his house; how we would enjoy the worship. How we would do our part in the service with care, diligence, sincerity and blessing to ourselves and others.

The worship from heaven, as we learn from the book of Revelation, is orderly, and God has commanded that all things shall be done decently and in order. If we delight not in the services of the earthly sanctuary, what heart will we have for the worship of the heavenly tabernacle! Is not the source of irreverence to be found in forgetfulness of God's presence?—*Selected.*

WE cannot build a structure of fact upon a base of imagination.—*Arthur G. Lewis.*

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FILLING OUR PLACE.

With the recent death in the Middle West of a leading man in the nation's affairs, the familiar question recurred to us, How can such a man be spared? Who can take his place in carrying on the splendid work in which he was engaged? These questions always come up when a faithful worker or leader is taken away, despite the fact that in every similar instance in the past the need has been met and the work has moved on; if not in the same manner, at least in a way that in the end has effectively accomplished the desired results.

To be sure, now and then a work has seemed to receive its deathblow with the passing away of a leader and the loss has been considered irreparable, but with the passing of time—that equalizer of all inharmonies—the loss is found to have been covered by other plans and other workers. These facts bring to us several thoughts that we will do well to ponder.

In the first place we need to get the lesson of personal responsibility. If a worker can so give character and impetus to a work that his loss is considered incalculable, how important it is that he consecrate every energy to the work and so make his life the greatest possible influence in directing a worthy cause. Often in studying the lives of the valued workers we find that their ability has been only of the ordinary kind and we blush with shame when we compare their active lives, consecrated to a noble purpose, to our own and the half-hearted, even indifferent way we have gone about the tasks set for us. In view of the lives of these worthy workers we need to get a new vision of the Divine purpose in our own lives and make the greatest possible use of the time given us to work out that purpose.

Then, too, we should bear in mind that we are not taking another's place, even though we may continue a work begun by another. We can only fill our own place and our responsibility to do this to the best of our ability with the opportunities afforded is not one whit the less because some one else leads out or we unite our efforts with the efforts of others.

Another thought we may get and that we should keep in mind as we actively prosecute our tasks is this: We can not make the beginning of a work too big for those who come after to carry on. There is no call for our spending one particle of energy needed for work in worrying for fear the thing will fall to the ground when we are compelled to let go of it. If we have first been careful to give ourselves to a worthy cause we may be sure that it will be carried forward to success somehow, sometime. This confidence and trust should give us courage and strength as we meet the difficulties in the way day by day. Too many people spoil their own happiness and the happiness of others and lessen their working capacity by half by concerning themselves with the outcome of their efforts. Our part in the great plans of the Master is to work, to work faithfully, to work energetically and yet with peace in the heart and confidence in his purposes. Let us do *our* part.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

The beautiful days of October have kept from our minds serious thoughts of the nearness of winter with all that winter brings. Christmas has seemed to be a great way off and we have not been able to enter into the preparations for that season with any degree of earnestness.

But in spite of all the lulling influences of a pleasant season, time is passing and with steady relentlessness bringing to us new duties, new opportunities for which some preparation is necessary if we are to get the most out of them.

Not the least of the things whose value to us is proportioned according to our wise forethought is the Christmas season. Remember, we say *wise* forethought. Many people take enough forethought of Christmas time and spend more than enough effort in preparation for it, but it can not be called wise and that is why they pronounce Christmas an unavoidable burden,—a periodic delusion.

The Christmas season should be a glad and joyous one and all planning for it should be made with this thought uppermost, rejecting everything that might bring in confusion and discord or after-regrets, and adopting any means that might promote real peace and joy in our own hearts and in the hearts of all who come under our influence.

So shall we truly celebrate the giving by our Father of his great Gift to the world through which we enjoy all the blessings of the present Christian life and all the promised blessings of the life to come.

GOOD WORDS AND A GOOD WORK.

THOSE in the business department as well as the editor are much gratified over the present growth in the INGLENOOK list. Friends who have long been loyal are making that loyalty felt as an active agent in helping to increase our field of influence. New subscribers soon catch the spirit and express their satisfaction with their bargain by sending along a number of names to be added to the family. The head clerk in the business department tells us that many words of praise for the INGLENOOK accompany these lists. Here is what one, out of the many, says: "Our paper came today and we have been reading and enjoying it. I just wish I had sent in sooner so these to whom I want it sent might have it tonight."

That is truly the expression of one who of his own free will endeavors to extend the influence of a good thing. He is confident that where he finds knowledge and inspiration to strive for the best in life others may find and enjoy the same. And he knows that their sharing in these things will not lessen his part.

We are hoping that many more of our readers will take the time to make an honest comparison of our magazine with others on the point of clean, inspiring, worth-while reading matter and then act on the result of that comparison. If the INGLENOOK makes good, then help it to make its way into the homes of your friends who will appreciate wholesome reading as much as you do.

ABOUT WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

(Continued from page 1065.)

childlike, winning and plain-spoken. This is a fragment from "Winter and Loneliness."

I'd sooner eat crabs raw, I trow,
Than pass my days much longer so.
O Summer, mirth on us bestow!
You deck the country high and low;
I'd play then with the flowers that blow.
Up to the sun my heart I'd throw,
Which now is pent in winter woe.

A sloven, I've grown, as Esau grew;
My rough hair's tangled through and through;
O sweet Summer, where are you?
Planted fields I fain would view.
Rather than live as now I do,
Cramped and confined, I tell you true,
I'd turn me monk at Toberlu!

Ah, but our good Herr Meister could write to please the lady of his love, when the sun of love and romance shone high. And here is a ballad to prove the same, whose translator I do not know.

The Joy of May.

Gentle May, thou showerest fairly
Gifts afar and near!
Clothest all the woods so rarely
And the meadows here.
O'er the heath new colors glow;
Flowers and clover on the plain,
Merry rivals, strive amain
Which can faster grow.

Lady, part me from my sadness,
Love me while 'tis May!
Mine is but a borrowed gladness
If thou frown alway.
Look around and smile anew!
All the world is glad and free;
Let a little joy from thee
Fall to my lot, too!

Herr Meister Walther has written several patriotic hymns, one in praise of Germany and German beauty which ought to endear his memory to every German. One verse has often been quoted as wonderfully anticipating the famous national song, *Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?* by Ernst Moritz Arndt:—

From Elbe river to the Rhine,
And back again all round to Hungary,
'Tis the best, this land of mine:
The best of all the world, it seems to me.
If I can judge what's fair,
In body or in face,
So help me heaven, no ladies have such grace
As German women bear.

Tradition throws light upon the fact that our poet retired to an estate near Würzburg, in Franconia, which Friedrich had given him, and that he peacefully passed away in 1235, having survived all the friends of his youth. He was buried under a linden in a grass-plot surrounded by the cloisters of Würzburg Minster, open to the sky, and a leafy haunt of birds.

Out of the great love he had for his "winged rivals" there arose this charming legend which Longfellow has made so popular. Many poets sang the praise of dear old Meister Walther when he was dead. For sheer sweetness with simplicity the palm is ever awarded to Hugo von Trimberg in his couplet:—

Herr Walther von der Vogelweide,
Swer des vergaez', der taet 'mir leide.
("Who thee forgets, does me a wrong!")

—Fannie H. Runnells Poole, in Our Dumb Animals.



THE HOME WORLD



When Dahlias Bloomed

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

MR. KLING was almost eighty years old and very deaf. Most of his time was spent in the little old-fashioned garden back of their house. He spaded and weeded all the summer through and kept the table in fresh vegetables. "Pa does spend a sight of time in the garden, and as he is so deaf it's a mercy he likes to work," remarked his daughter-in-law to her niece, Janice, who had come from the city to spend two weeks with her grandfather.

"I never thought before what a dreadful affliction it is to be so deaf that conversation is almost impossible," replied Janice. She was only eighteen, and had never known a father's love; so she had looked forward to these two weeks with her grandfather with a longing for his love and care that had surprised even herself.

"He don't seem to mind it much; 'pears like he just goes about his work an' don't expect people to talk to him," said her Aunt Emma.

"I am going out to the garden now," said Janice, as she hung some towels on the rack to dry. "I want to see what he does there."

"Well, if I do say it myself, there isn't a nicer garden anywhere than ours," boasted Aunt Emma complacently.

Janice went down the back walk to the little garden which meant so much to the lonely toiler there. And as she saw the lettuce and radishes, cabbage and tomatoes, all green and thrifty, without a weed anywhere, she realized her aunt had good reasons for her boast. On the other side of the garden was a flower bed with a low border of dwarf geraniums, and on the bed were asters, nasturtiums, phlox and bluebells. But along the fence were the loveliest dahlias that Janice ever saw. She went right over to them and buried her face in their gorgeous bloom. "I never saw anything so beautiful!" she said.

"There's every kind there, I could get," her grandfather said.

"Look at this yellow one; it is like gold, and these rich purple ones and these variegated ones are the prettiest of all; oh, I never saw anything so pretty," shouted Janice.

Her grandfather nodded his head, as pleased as a child. He had not understood all she said, but he saw she was admiring his flowers. It was very seldom any one admired his garden; it was a secluded spot back of his house, and people seldom troubled themselves to talk to the old man.

"Dahlias is an old-fashioned flower; we always had them at home," he explained. "I got my first start from Aunt Fanny. Then Mrs. Jones gave me them purple ones, and I bought a few, and so they're a getting finer all the time." The old man sat down on a rickety garden chair and the girl sat close to him facing the dahlias. For a little while they talked together, the girl shouting replies that were heard all over the neighborhood and the old man relating stories about her mother's girlhood and the old farm where they had always lived before they moved to this small village.

"I wished you and your mother lived in this village too." It was said rather wistfully, and Janice shouted in reply, "Perhaps we may move here sometime, who knows?"

Her grandfather nodded and smiled. Together they walked around the garden, Janice noticing the ugly, back yards on either side. In the yard next door there had been a feeble attempt to raise some flowers but now it was given over chiefly to straggling growths of vine and weed with here and there a neglected plant.

"Good evening, Mr. Kling, mighty fine evening," came in stentorian tones from a young man who had just sauntered out on the back porch overlooking this neglected yard, his face shiny from conscientious ablutions, his hair damp from much recent brushing.

"Good evening, good evening," responded Mr. Kling affably. "Want to make you acquainted with my granddaughter, Janice."

The young man was most cordial in his greeting. "Stoner is my name," he said as he shook hands with Janice. "I have been listening to your conversation ever since you came here. It was mean to do so I know and I apologize," but his laughing eyes held no hint of penance.

"Now that was not fair," replied Janice. "I shall be afraid to talk to poor old grandpa if we are surrounded by such curious neighbors."

"She's like her grandma, she likes dahlias." It was Grandpa Kling in his quavering voice. He was eager to tell this young man that at last he had found some one to appreciate his garden, some one who admired his flowers.

"Did you ever see any as fine as these?" asked Janice, sweeping the dahlia ranks with a comprehensive gesture.

"They are certainly pretty," replied the young man, his glance wandering from the dahlias to Janice. "Where have you kept yourself in the evenings? I thought I'd meet you at Madge Taylor's party, but Madge said she had not met you."

"I have not been here quite a week and I was tired and I guess grandpa and I have been out here every evening since I came," replied Janice.

"I'd like to show you some of the places around here," began Stoner eagerly, "a row on the river now; could you go in a half hour?"

"I should like it very much," replied Janice.

"Then I'll call for you in a half hour. I must go back." He found the tiny gateway in the fence and went back through the neglected yard to the house.

Janice and her grandpa sat down for an evening chat. "Nice young man that; he is superintendent of the new factory just put up, down the river." Janice thought of many things she was anxious to know, but she could not ask questions with all the neighbors listening. So she asked, "Grandpa, how do you spend your time in winter, when this yard is full of snow?"

The old man shook his head mournfully. "It's powerful lonesome here in winter time. She," referring to his daughter-in-law, "wouldn't let me have but one geranium last winter. I kept a red one."

"Did it bloom?" shrieked Janice.

"Bless your heart, it bloomed all winter," replied grandpa, smiling at the recollection.

"How many would you like to have?" she queried loudly.

"A whole winder full, but of course when the winders are so small, it stands to reason we can't have 'em shut up with flower pots," explained the old man carefully, as if he was going over a lesson he had been drilled in.

"You ought to have been in a greenhouse all your life, grandpa, that's where you raise flowers in winter same as in summer; they're built of glass."

"You don't say now! Yes, I've heard of 'em and I certainly would like to work in one; but we never had anything like them here," replied grandpa resignedly.

Then went into the house then. Janice with her arm around grandpa, his face beaming with happiness. It was wonderful to have a granddaughter who loved one and liked flowers and took time to talk and sit down in the garden. When Mr. Stoner came, he explained to grandpa that they were going to row down the river a short distance.

"Take good care of her," quavered grandpa. And the young man smilingly said he would bring her back safe.

"Your grandpa looks and talks like a different man since you have come; you've rejuvenated him some; he is actually younger looking," laughingly said Mr. Stoner as they went down the street.

"He is such a dear. I had not seen him since I was eight years old and of course I do appreciate him; my father is dead," replied Janice.

Of that moonlight row on the river, the lengthening shadows in the water, the murmuring winds through the treetops, the slow, steady dip of the oars as they pulled against the current, Janice always kept a vivid remembrance. It represented the dawn of a new life for her; both of them were aware of a vague, intangible undercurrent in their companionship that fascinated while it startled them.

The neighbors said, that Grandfather Kling would surely miss his granddaughter when she went home. They were together on the street, and in the garden that the old man took such a ridiculous fancy to. It was a pity she lived so far away.

A year later, when the dahlias were turning their bright faces towards the sun, Janice and Mr. Stoner were married. And grandpa spent much of his time across the street in their home, where he had several windows full of growing plants to look after all through the winter.

* * *

RECOMPENSE.

What though, through all the golden days,
My low, sick-couch I keep?
Many the gladsome, sunny rays
Down through the casement creep;
And when with pain I moan and fret,
With mute, caressing touch,
They turn my garments into gold,
And comfort me so much!

And oft while gazing on the sky,
It makes my soul pain-free
To see the birds, in circling by,
Just pause to sing to me.
They never voice a plaintive lay,
But with a happy glee,
They sing, "The Lord is good—is good,
And cares for you and me."

And though I cannot pluck the flowers,
Dear hands will cull for me—
From forest aisles and fields so wide
Comes Love's sweet ministry.
Thus, though I lose some happy hours,
Some dearer ones I gain—
For loving hands are ever near
To bless and soothe my pain.

—Invalid.

THE MOTHER AS HER BOY SEES HER.

I WONDER if many a mother would not like to see herself as her boy sees her?

In listening to boys, visiting with them, working with them, I have caught many glimpses of their mothers through their eyes.

Once when about eight years old I remember playing with a neighbor boy about my own age who remarked very gravely:

"I wish my mother would make me mind."

I have heard and seen that feeling expressed in so many ways by different boys that I am sure nearly all of them rather be made to obey. Most of them will struggle at the bits and kick up more or less fuss, and take advantage of all the latitude allowed—just to test the parental authority, but they are nearly always glad to find the mother's grip stronger than their inclinations.

They feel the same way about teachers. Listen to the vast disgust in the tone of the boy who says of his teacher:

"Shucks! she just lets us do anything. We just talk out and get up and run around whenever we want to. I flipped a paper wad into Skinney's ear yesterday and he hollered right out—and she didn't do a thing."

And then note the pride in the reply from the other boy:

"I tell you, you couldn't do that way in our room. She makes us walk the chalk and don't you forget it. And she *purty near* knows what's goin' on, too."

That is another thing that adds immensely to a boy's respect for his mother—her knowing what goes on.

"I just tell you," boasted a ten-year-old boy to another, "you can't fool my ma. Jim and me stole some eggs for Easter—and she knew just where they was gone, and made us go straight and get them. And"—wiggling his shoulder—"and I tell you we caught it good."

Nearly all children have a natural inclination to deceive, and they try it on their parents. But a boy's respect for his mother is vastly increased when he sees she can not be fooled.

"What will your ma say?" asked a boy of another who had just received a mashed nose in a fight. "Won't she give it to you?"

"Naw!" replied the other. "I'll tell her I fell down and hit my nose on a rock—she'll believe anything."

A boy does not usually express himself as readily as a girl, but he is no more easily deceived; and he is very apt at seeing things—and understanding them, too—when his eyes seem not to notice.

"She—she said," indignantly sputtered a small boy, "for us to go play, 'cause it was good for us to be out-a-doors. But I know—it's 'cause they'r goin' to have company."

In fact there are few hypocrisies or deceits however small or innocent that a boy does not see; and alas! they often do not look small nor innocent to him. With no one else does entire frankness pay better than with a child. A boy who is taken into his mother's confidence can generally be made to understand the reasons of things, and will also have a greater respect for her.

And after all how crippled is love without respect. How joyful a mother should be who has the respect of her son—respect for her judgment, her fairness, her truthfulness, her authority.

One thing most essential, if the mother is to hold the respect of the boy, is to understand his point of view—and see herself and his sports and enterprises as he sees them.

Look at this mother from this boy's eyes:

For a week Sam had been struggling mightily to learn to hit Jimmy Burke's curves. At last he got on to the combination, and with a terrific swing of the bat hit the ball squarely and sent it whizzing clear over the back fence. The kids sent up a mighty yell—the cheers for the victor.

Exultant and sweaty Sam appears before his mother to tell her about it. As he describes in short jerky sentences his mighty triumph, her eyes wander aimlessly about the room and when he finishes her eyes come back to him an instant, and she says coolly:

"Sam, you've got mud on your shirt."

Can't you readily see how that boy will soon come to class his mother as "women folks," and consider her useful to mend his clothes and fry cakes?

"Where did you learn to do that?" asked one school boy admiringly as another spun a top in a novel way.

"Ma showed me how." There was a volume of praise in the tone.

If the boy sees in his mother a person who must be obeyed, who discerns between his truth and his lies, who judges him fairly—who is sincere with him and does not try to scare him into good by bad exaggerations; if he feels the mother understands what makes him feel good and what hurts his feelings, if she knows the difference between skinning a cat and turning a handspring, in fact enters into his life; then will he look upon her with profound admiration and respect.

And unless a boy does admire and respect his mother, no matter how much he loves her, he will not pattern his life after her plan.—*William H. Hamby. in American Motherhood.*

THE EVERYDAY GIRL.

She is not beautiful, as far as features go, but she is beautiful with the expression that sweetness and nobility of love lend to her steadfast eyes and tender face.

She is not marvelously clever, but she knows just how to hold the love of the husband and children, around whom all her ambitions center.

Her face may be lined by many anxious vigils over restless little fever racked bodies, her hands roughened by toil for those she loves, but her blessed mother heart is as fresh and pure and eager as a child's.

Or perhaps she is not a mother, nor a wife, but just a loving woman with a heart big enough to hold the joys and sorrows of others and to sympathize with them.

But, whatever her station in life, thank God, she is not scarce; there are millions of her type.

The everyday woman is the homemaker, and she is not restlessly seeking a career and stretching out groping, unsatisfied hands for the unknown. What she wants is love and home, and fortunately for her she usually gets it.

The everyday woman is the backbone of the world.

If she is a mother, she rears her children wisely and tenderly, teaching her sons to be honorable, manly men, and her daughters to be good women.

If she is not a mother she is interesting herself in the cause of her sex and taking an intelligent stand on the issues of the day. She may like pretty clothes, but she is not frivolous, and she is not so complex but that her friends may understand her; and she is not brilliant, but loving.

I do not know that the everyday woman ever inspires a great passion, but she does inspire a very true and lasting affection.

Men of genius usually fall in love with women of the average type. It may be a question of the law of opposites—restfulness and peace appeal strongly to the nervous, excitable mind of genius.

The average woman has her hours of depression, when she feels that she is commonplace and envies her more brilliant and beautiful sisters.

But she need not feel that way, for the world could not get on without her. Her sweetness and common sense are indispensable to mankind in the making.

The everyday girl is wise when she tries to beautify herself, but she should never try to be witty; wit must be spontaneous.

She is good and she is sweet and she is intelligent, and men revere and love her. The everyday woman is not to be pited, but congratulated.—*Exchange.*

LETTER TO A BRIDE.

The following letter was written by an old friend to a young lady on the eve of her wedding day:

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it; and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal and the burial. To the first we bring only weakness, for the last we have nothing but dust! But here at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promises that arms each other's heart to help on in the life struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauties from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their flounces will look solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on all that its sacred thoughts pant for; and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated, that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some laugh over it as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

And now, can you, who have queened it over so many bending forms, can you come down to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, warming only his breast, making only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart, where time and ticking shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the Central Heart of all.

Hoping that calm and sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature.—*Manford's Magazine.*

* * *

THE BREAD I BAKE.

You tell me that you hold me dear,
  You say that for my love you sigh;
You're only happy when I'm near,
  Without me you would want to die.
That's very nice, I won't deny,
  Your heart I do not wish to break,
But will you joke about my pie
  And will you scorn the bread I bake?

I've heard of husbands who would sneer
  And scold when matters went awry.
Who keep their wives in dread and fear,

Who carp and grumble and decry.
Of course, you know, I don't imply
That such a course you're apt to take,
But how about the chops I fry,
And will you scorn the bread I bake?

Perchance within one fleeting year
You might not rate my charms so high,
You might say that my roast was queer
And call it tasteless, burnt and dry.
For me all dangers you'd defy,
You'd brave the gallows or the stake,
But will you call my coffee lye,
And will you scorn the bread I bake?

—Kenneth Harris.

LUCKY is the land that is tilled by the men who own it.—*James Oliver.*

The Children's Corner

TEA TABLE TALKS. No. 3.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

ON the evening after his uncle told him about sugar, Harry was ready to hear more; so as soon as supper was finished he said: "Now, Uncle, I want you to tell me about the things we drink."

"All right, Harry. Let us begin with tea as you like that so well. The tea as we buy it in the stores is the prepared leaves of a shrub which is a native of India. The plant yields its first crop in three years from planting the seed. After several years the shrubs are cut down and new shoots come up and yield a profusion of leaves. This is done because at the seventh crop the leaves are hard and scanty. After that they are cut each year as long as the roots live, which is usually from seven to thirty years. The leaves are picked three times—in April, in May and in June or July. The first crop is the best and is usually kept at home.

"The different kinds of tea are only different ways of preparing the leaves. Some are dried as soon as picked and are green; others are allowed to dry awhile before firing and are darker; then sometimes coloring matter is added, or certain odors are used. The leaves are placed in pans over a slow fire and rolled by hand.

"Coffee is the name applied to the seeds of an evergreen plant, a native of Abyssinia, where it yet grows wild. Like the tea plant it grows about twenty to thirty feet high, and like it also is pruned down to from five to ten feet. The tree blooms eight months in the year, so ripe coffee can be gathered at almost any season of the year. The fruit resembles a cherry in shape and color; the flesh is sweet and good to eat. The berries are picked by hand at intervals during the season, but in Arabia where no rains come to beat it from the trees it is left on the trees till almost ready to drop and is then shaken off onto cloths spread under the trees.

"The most of our coffee comes from Brazil, but that shipped from Arabia brings the highest price, so much of the Brazil coffee is shipped to some port in Arabia and then to the United States."

"But, Uncle, is not this cheating?"

"In one sense it is; it is trying to sell goods on the reputation of something else. When you know of something being sold for what it is not, or under a name sounding like something else, you may depend upon the article counterfeited being the best in its line. Poor things are not counterfeited."

"How does chocolate grow?"

"In one sense not at all. It is prepared from the seeds of the cacao, an evergreen tree growing from twelve to sixteen feet high. It was first found in South America, Mexico and the West Indies.

"The fruit looks much like a cucumber about six inches long and half an inch thick. Each fruit contains from twenty to forty seeds, arranged in five rows in the pinkish white pulp. The trees fruit in June and December, not ripening all at once, but for three or four weeks in each season. The fruit is placed in piles to heat, then the seeds are squeezed out by hand and dried in the sun.

"To make chocolate (the Mexican name is chocolat), the seeds are roasted as we roast coffee. After cooling the husks are taken off by sifting and fanning. These husks are called cacao shells, and by some people are preferred to chocolate. The seeds are heated to about 130 degrees, then pounded in a mortar or ground in a mill. This makes a kind of paste which is mixed with from one-half to equal parts sugar and sometimes spices, then it is turned into moulds.

"When used it is dissolved in hot water or milk."

"How is bitter chocolate made? Mama says that she likes it better."

"It is made just the same as the other kind, only the sugar is not put in. It is the better kind to use where there are any small boys—it keeps longer. It also hardens better when used in cakes."

"How are cranberries grown? I like plenty of sugar on them, too."

"They are the fruit of a small shrub which grows best in lowlands where there is plenty of decayed vegetable matter. It is one of the plants that will grow only in the northern countries. It has been raised in the north of Europe for hundreds of years. The first settlers in New England found cranberries growing so plentifully that there was no need of cultivation.

"To stock a bog the land is ditched and all timber and other growth cut and burned on the ground. Sometimes the top soil is hauled away to the depth

of several inches and sand put on in its place. The whole bed is made level and a dike made around it so that the bed may be flooded when desired. The bed is kept clean for three years, then the bushes keep down all other growth.

"The fruit is a small red, sour berry that ripens in October. Usually the picking is done by hand, but sometimes a rake is used."

"When you told about bread you did not tell about oatmeal. Teacher says the Scotch people use it very much."

"It is the ground grain of common oats. The people of many countries of Europe use it but Scotland uses more than any other. It must be good food, because the Scots are a vigorous people both in body and mind.

"The husk of oats is indigestible, so it is removed and the grain ground to various degrees of fineness. When the whole kernel is used, just as it is freed from the husk, it is known as groats."

"Is any use made of the straw?"

"Certainly. Oats and wheat straw are used in packing, and are made into paper. Rye straw is tougher. It is used in making straw goods that are made of braided straw. It is used to pack horse collars as also is wheat straw. One of the many uses of corn stalks is to pack between the inner and outer plates of battleships. The pith is pressed into bricks and when from any cause a leak comes the pith swells and closes the opening."

"Mama sent me to the store today to get some cinnamon. Where does that come from?"

"Rather late, Harry. Wait until some other time," said Uncle Ned.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

KEEPING BABY'S MILK WARM.

Cover a hot water bag with one of outing flannel in which there has been made a pocket about the size of the baby's bottle. When going to bed fill the bottle as usual and place it in the pocket. Then fill the water bag with hot water and put it at the bottom of the baby's crib, covering it with a blanket. When the baby wakes for its bottle in the night the milk will be ready in an instant.—*The Delineator.*

FARMER STEW.

Farmer stew is one of the most palatable ways of serving round steak. Pound flour into both sides of a round steak, using as much as the meat will take up. This may be done with a meat pounder or with the edge of a heavy plate. Fry in drippings, butter or other fat in a Scotch bowl or, if more convenient, in an ordinary iron kettle or a frying pan; then add enough water to cover it. Cover the dish very tightly so that the steam can not escape, and allow the meat to simmer two hours, or until it is tender. One advantage of this dish is that ordinarily it is ready to serve when the meat is done, as the gravy is already thickened. However, if a large amount of fat is used in the frying, the gravy may not be thick enough and must be blended with flour.—*Selected.*

FOR THE COOK.

Salmon Soup.—Put two quarts of milk on the stove to heat; season with butter, salt and pepper and add one can of salmon. Serve hot with crackers.—*Sister Frances Smith, Juniata, Nebr.*

Boston Baked Beans.—Soak 1 quart of dried beans in a gallon crock over night. In the morning drain, mix in 3 tablespoons table syrup, 1 tablespoon salt, a dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon soda and ½ pound bacon sliced fine. Mix thoroughly with beans and fill crock ¾ full of water. Place in oven before it gets hot in the morning and with a steady fire they will be ready to serve for dinner. Keep well covered and add water while baking.—*Sister Nora Petry, Westminster, Md.*

Boston Brown Bread.—1½ cups sour milk, ½ cup sour cream, 1 cup cornmeal, 1 cup of white flour, 2 cups of graham flour, 1 cupful syrup, salt to taste and 2 teaspoonfuls soda. If sour cream is not obtainable use 2 cups sour milk and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Steam three hours in cans. [One-pound baking powder cans are nice for this. Do not fill more than two-thirds full.—Ed.]—*Sister Myrtle Holsinger Julius, Modesto, Cal.*

Quince Honey.—Peel and grate four quinces. Put four pints of sugar and one quart water on the stove; when boiling add the quinces and boil twenty minutes. Pears may be used with the quinces if desired.—*Sister Geo. Wrightsman, Virden, Ill.*

Velvet Sponge Cake.—Take 2 eggs beaten light; beat in 1 cup of granulated sugar, then ½ cup sifted flour; next ½ cup flour sifted with 1 teaspoonful of bakingpowder, and lastly ½ (scant) cup of boiling water very gradually. Bake immediately in a well-heated oven. The batter will seem very thin but the cake is excellent.—*Sister Sarah Wrightsman, Virden, Ill.*

Apple Sauce Cake.—Take 1 cup of sugar, 1½ cups of unsweetened apple sauce, ¾ cup of butter and lard, 3 level teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the apple sauce, 1 cup of seeded raisins chopped, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful of cloves, ½ teaspoonful of nutmeg and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Put in cake pans and bake. Any kind of icing may be used.—*Sister Elizabeth Piper, Ossian, Ind.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



During the first half of the year 1910, it is officially announced, the births in France exceeded the deaths by 21,189. During the year 1909 the deaths exceeded the births by 28,203.

Reports received from Uruguay are to the effect that the political situation there is serious. Armed revolutionists are gathering on the frontier and a revolt would have already been started save for a shortage of horses. The revolutionists are opponents of the candidacy of Jose Battle y Ordonez for the presidency.

The Oklahoma supreme court has handed down a decision upholding the constitutionality of the "grandfather clause" amendment to the State constitution. The court decides that the amendment has no relation to races but that it puts an educational requirement on all voters, or voters' descendants, who did not have or exercise the right of suffrage in 1866.

The United States government has established in Chicago a bureau of the department of justice, making that city the headquarters for a great federal war upon the white slave traffic, violations of the immigration law, illicit oleomargarine selling and all sorts of bad trusts. Charles F. Dewoody is in charge of the bureau and he has been created a special assistant attorney general.

Saloons all over Tennessee are being closed on the authority of a restraining order issued against them by United States District Judge McCall. Four hundred saloons have been closed in Chattanooga and 200 in Nashville. The injunction was obtained by the Law and Order League, and according to the leaders will be made permanent at the early hearing of the case in the United States courts.

Beginning Nov. 21 and lasting for four months, the government will offer for sale at public auction all of the unallotted lands of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma, including the Choctaw nation forested area. The land includes 1,540,000 acres in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, 114,000 acres in the Creek and Cherokee nations and 3,460 acres in the Seminole nation. The Choctaw forested lands, which will be disposed of later, aggregate 1,365,000 acres.

The monorail car, running between Bartow and City Island, New York, which met with an accident on the first day of its operation three months ago, has been rebuilt, and the road, which has been carrying passengers experimentally for some weeks, hopes shortly to commence regular service under a new franchise. The car is carried on two trucks on a single rail, and is supported by a strong trolley running on a rigid overhead rail supported from standards placed on the side of the track.

As the result of three cases of tetanus developing following the vaccination of public school children, the St. Louis board of health has ordered the temporary discontinuance of vaccination in the public schools. An investigation has been started.

The postoffice department has issued a warning that several foreign countries will not accept mail matter to the front of which are affixed Christmas or other charity stamps or stickers that resemble postage stamps. Guatemala, Uruguay and Portugal are among such countries. Other foreign nations will accept mail matter bearing charity stickers provided they are placed on the back. Among such countries are England, Germany, Austria, British Honduras, Jamaica, Bermuda and the Transvaal.

The highest office in the executive branch of the federal government that has ever been held by a negro will be given by the President to William H. Lewis, according to semi-official reports. Lewis, who is now assistant district attorney at Boston, is to be made assistant attorney general of the United States. He is a graduate of Amherst and Harvard Colleges and has served one term in the Massachusetts legislature. He is 41 years old. The appointment, it is understood, will have the approval of Attorney General Wickersham.

By a decision of Judge Munden in the superior court of Oklahoma, modifying a previous order restraining railroads from shipping liquor into that State, the roads will be required to give bond to indemnify the State for whatever expense it may be necessary for it to contract as a result of the shipment of liquor and to pay damages to any person for any loss that may result to property or individuals as a result of such shipments. The case has been carried to the supreme court by the railroads and the bonding arrangement applies only until a decision is handed down.

Some of the smaller European towns of economical habits have been complaining because they are obliged to light their streets all night for the benefit of a few belated citizens, and have been trying to discover a method whereby the citizen who needs to have his pathway lighted in the small hours of the night shall pay the costs himself. On one of the streets of a small German town, such a system has actually been put into operation. The street is a little over half a mile long, and is provided with nine lamps. At each end of the street is a penny-in-the-slot machine, and whenever anyone wishes to light up the street, he has merely to drop in a ten-pfennig piece, which turns on the current for twelve minutes. This allows him ample time to walk the length of the street. The street is normally lighted until 10 o'clock. Thereafter the prepayment meter must be resorted to.

It is predicted in Washington that many weeks will elapse before the supreme court of the United States hands down a decision in the Panama libel case, which it has just taken under consideration. The case was begun on orders of Theodore Roosevelt, then President, and is an action for libel against the Press Publishing company (New York World). The case reached the supreme court on a writ of error from the United States circuit court of the southern district of New York, which decided against the government.

The commission which Mayor Gaynor appointed to investigate the claims of feminine school teachers in New York City for equal pay with male teachers where equal work is performed has decided in favor of the women. The commission holds that a certain salary should be provided for each school position and that the salary should be paid without regard to whether the position is held by a man or a woman. It also recommends that the minimum salary for women, $600, be made the same as for men, $720 a year.

After February 15 uniform qualifications will govern the issuance of air pilots' licenses in all the important countries of the world. The international aeronautic conference has decided that candidates must cover 5,000 meters, rise 50 meters, describe a perfect figure eight and land within 50 feet of a given spot in order to be licensed. The conference also awarded Le Blanc second place in the international balloon race of 1909, which was won by Mix, an American. The effect of this decision is to overrule the verdict of the Swiss Aero club, which disqualified Le Blanc.

The inventory of the estate of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) as returned by the appraisers to the probate court shows that the late author and humorist left a fortune of $611,136 of which $70,000 represents realty and the remainder personal property. The copyright values of Mark Twain's books appear nowhere in the list. Mr. Clemens' literary treasures are to be sold at auction. Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, daughter of the late author, will dispose of the bulk of his library, retaining only such books as have intimate family associations and signed volumes from living writers.

Uncle Sam's experts say that throughout the vast potato growing area of the United States, which produces a yearly crop footing up $200,000,000 in value, a bacterial disease on the stems of the potatoes called "blackleg" is becoming more widely distributed. Speaking of the disease and its ravages, Prof. W. J. Morse says: "Blackleg was introduced into Canada from England, and from there into the United States. It occurs to some extent at least over a considerable area of the potato-growing sections in the eastern United States and Canada. The blackleg is largely distributed by means of germs in the wounds, cracks, and decayed areas of the seed tubers. The propagation and spread of the disease can probably be controlled by the selection of seed from fields free from disease, the rejection of all seed tubers which have wounds, cracks, or decayed areas, and by treating the remainder with corrosive sublimate or formaldehyde solution, as is done for potato scab. Potato growers should be on their guard against its introduction into new areas, or its further dissemination in regions already known to be infected."

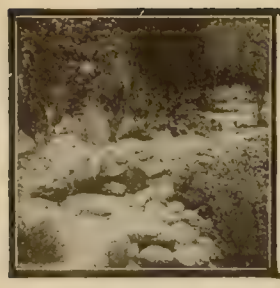
Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, has issued orders that will result in radical changes in the administration of army departments. Red tape is to be cut out wherever possible and departmental commanders are to be relieved of much detail work and will be expected to give more time to making inspections.

The total quantity of Portland, natural and Puzzolan cements produced in the United States during 1909 was 64,196,386 barrels, valued at $51,232,979, an increase over 1908 of 21 per cent in quantity and 15 per cent in value. The Puzzolan cement is made by mixing blast-furnace slag with slaked lime, but its output decreased from 557,252 barrels in 1907 to 160,646 barrels in 1909. One of the newer developments in cement manufacture, says a late bulletin of the Geological Survey, is the production of white non-staining Portland cement. This supplies a growing demand for ornamental work and surface finish.

The Scottish subjects of the late King Edward have made up their minds to establish permanent memorials to him as a reminder to their descendants in the ages to come of their love for that sagacious ruler. One of two schemes is to be adopted—the improvement of Holyrood Palace or the restoration of Linlithgow Palace. The former seems to find most favor, possibly because of the idea that with Holyrood thoroughly habitable the present king and queen might use the ancient palace for a short time every year. Holyrood is in a fair state of preservation, whereas Linlithgow Palace, on the shore of the beautiful sheet of water of that name, is in ruins.

The report of the British Board of Trade on railway accidents in the United Kingdom during the year 1909, shows that only one passenger was killed in an accident to the train in which he was traveling, and that this was the first fatality for twenty preceding months. The number of passengers injured while traveling was 390, which is the lowest average for several years past. As 1,264,000,000 passengers were carried during 1909, the death record is certainly remarkably small. By accident to passengers from other causes—falling between trains and platforms, etc.—directly traceable to personal carelessness and disobedience of orders, 82 persons were killed and 2,148 were injured.

A mammoth cave has been discovered in German East Africa in Mt. Nangoma, about an hour to the south of Nandembo. Though discovered in August, 1909, it was not explored till February, 1910, when the police officer, Weckauf, and a missionary named Ambros Mayer made a partial investigation of it. The entrance is 43 meters wide by 21 meters high, and the whole cave has a length of 329 meters. It is of pipelike shape and has a funnel-shaped opening, caused by a cave-in. It is in a chalk mountain and caused by water erosion. The natives had long known of it, but concealed its existence from the whites. During the uprising of 1905-06 they used it for a hiding place for thousands, completely baffling the enemy. It contains a spring of fresh water, which gives it additional value as a refuge. Its entrance lies in the primeval forest. Evidence is strong that it has been the habitat of thousands of bats through untold years. It is hoped that funds will be forthcoming to provide for a thorough exploration, since this can hardly fail to yield prehistoric remains and antiquities of great interest and value.



NATURE STUDIES



DO ANIMALS SEE COLORS?

How can we answer the question, for example, whether an animal has color vision? I have already said, "By watching what he does." Let me illustrate, from some of my own experiments upon the color vision of monkeys, how the psychologist makes the animal tell whether it has color vision or not. Two colors (obtained by passing sunlight through a prism), red and green, or yellow and blue, are made to illuminate two small metal food-boxes, set flush with the floor of the apparatus, the whole being placed in an otherwise dark room. In the food-box (closed by a hinged lid which the animal must pull open) illuminated by the red we place a single grape; in the box illuminated by the green we also place a grape, but arrange the conditions so that the animal can open only the box illuminated by the red light. The grape is kept in the other box so that we may be sure that the animal is not being guided by smell. We first train our animal outside the dark room to get food by pulling open these little boxes. What happens when we take him into the dark room and confront him with the two boxes illuminated by the two different lights? Obviously he can choose either of the two boxes; he does not know which one to open, no association has as yet been established between red light and food and green light and no food. As a matter of fact, he is just as likely to go to one as to the other—that is, make as many wrong choices as right. If we leave the red color on the same side always, the animal will learn to go to that side even though it is color-blind, by merely forming the habit of going always to the right or left—a so-called position habit. We must guard against this by having our apparatus so arranged that we can present the red now on the right, now on the left. The animal must learn to follow the red light regardless of its position. If our tests are continued long enough, an association is established between red color and food. It required about twenty-five days for Jimmie, a rhesus monkey of mine, to form this simple association. At the end of this time he would choose the red (color with food) about ninety times out of a hundred on the average. It began to look as though he might have color vision, but our test had not been carried far enough. So far we have said nothing about the difference in the brightness or intensity of the two colors. We know that colors as they are seen in the sunlight spectrum differ to our eyes quite a little in their brightness. A color-blind person could learn to distinguish between red and green in the above test by reason of the fact that they differ so in brightness. The apparatus must be so constructed that we can easily and immediately change the brightness of either the red or the green, and the monkey must be able to choose the red always if he has color vision, under these several conditions: red very bright, green very dark; red very dark, green very bright; both red and green dark; both red and green bright. Many such changes were introduced into my tests in order to confuse the monkey if possible, but without much success. The monkey apparently possesses to a very high degree the ability to choose between colors.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

Butterflies are slender in body; moths are stout. The feelers of butterflies are slim and long and have tapering ends like Indian clubs; those of moths vary, sometimes hair-like, sometimes knobbed, often feathery. Butterflies fly by day; moths, by night. Butterflies fold their wings together vertically over their backs; moths never.

In development these insects are alike; compared with their wonderful life history the "seven ages of man" are commonplace.

The eggs are laid by the provident mother usually in some place concealed from observation and promising a supply of food for the young offspring. Out of the egg comes a soft, squirming creature furnished with six legs, a well-equipped mouth, and a devastating appetite for "greens." This is the *larva,* worm-like in appearance, but not a worm.

Your cabbage, today fair, plump and beautiful, tomorrow is riddled with holes, reduced to a poor, wilted skeleton through which the breezes shiver; or perhaps it is your favorite rosebush, or some choice vine or orchard tree, all despoiled of its June foliage, victim of the caterpillar's appetite. To the larva, trees are made to bear leaves for him; to man, the fruit is its reason for being. Which of them has the right of it—who shall say?

The larva finds his skin growing tight and uncomfortable. His squirming cracks it down the back, and he shuffles it off. The inner skin, tender at first, but flexible and big enough, soon feels all right, and eating is resumed. Several moults are made, and when the larva has attained full size, it ceases to eat, and enters on a new state of existence. He casts his skin and becomes a pupa. If he is a "tomato worm," he goes into the ground and needs no cocoon. If he is a "cabbage worm," he hangs himself up to the nearest post, or against the side of some building. Here he will cast off his caterpillar skin and become a chrysalis. If he is a "woolly bear" caterpillar, the chances are that he will nip off the hair from his own back and weave it into his cocoon. The silk worm has a large amount of saliva, and makes the entire cocoon by drawing this fluid out into fine threads that dry as the larva rolls over and over, adding constantly to the thickness of the cocoon walls. There are many moths that roll themselves up in dead leaves, then wrap all up tight with the silk.

When the tired weaver finds his thread all gone, he drags himself out of his last larva skin and goes to sleep. Here under cover of the brown skin is passed the third or *pupa* stage of its life. Though the creature is apparently inactive, there are mighty changes to be wrought before that which fell asleep as a caterpillar can awake transformed. Out of the dry chrysalis or cocoon comes the imago, the perfectly developed insect, the ultimate result of all the energy gathered and expended during the three preparatory stages.—*American Journal of Education.*

ABOUT THE MOLE.

THE fortress of the mole is often completed in a single night. The young are not born in the winter fortress, but in a separate habitation made by the female alone. It is built on the same plan as the fortress, but usually simpler in construction and without the bolt-run. The female produces only one litter a year, and the young, which are born from the end of April to the end of May, vary in number from two to six. Naked, blind, and pink, they turn lead color in ten days; after a fortnight a gray velvet pelage is visible, which becomes black at the end of three weeks, when the eyes open. The ears are opened on the seventeenth day. Attempts to rear the young by hand have hitherto proved futile, for, though they will suck freely from flannel or cotton wool soaked in warm milk, they pine and die on the third or fourth day.

There has always been much discussion as to the mole's power of sight. Dissection has shown that the size of the eye is greater in the embryo than in the adults, indicating that the sight of the race has deteriorated. From numerous experiments the writer is convinced that the adult mole is practically blind. Moles encountered in the daytime have taken no notice of a human being waving a hand close in front nor at night do they show signs of consciousness of a light waved before their noses, but if the slightest sound is made the greatest excitement is instantly shown.—*Lionel E. Adams, in Nature.*

WHY FISHES CHANGE COLOR.

THE colors shown on many well-known colored plates of West Indian fishes published in standard works on ichthyology are, we find, not those of normal conditions, but rather those of dying, dead, and rapidly fading fishes. Experiments in the New York aquarium have shown that such colors are merely the vestiges of the last convulsive color excitements of the specimens used. This is the explanation of the rapid changes for which the dying dolphin is celebrated. Even if painted from newly caught wild fishes, held in a portable aquarium, as some of them were, they show hiding or alarm colors only, and in every case represent merely one of several possible phases of coloration.

In fact, it has been possible to show by experiments with living fishes in the aquarium just which paintings and photographs reproduced in standard works were made from dead specimens and which were not.

It is well known that Northern sea fishes habitually frequenting green or yellow seaweed acquire to some extent the general color tone of their habitat, and that trout from dark water are dark-colored, while those inhabiting waters where there is sandy or gravelly bottom are light-colored. Such conditions have long been appreciated at the aquarium, where fishes kept in tanks lined with white tiles habitually wear their lighter colors, only an occasional blind fish remaining unchanged. The pale, colorless fishes of the Mammoth cave gradually become darker when exposed to light in the aquarium. These fishes, although with eyes that are virtually useless, are still able to distinguish light from darkness.—*Century.*

GERMANY'S CARE OF FORESTS.

GERMANY'S practice of forestry is a model for all other countries. No nation in the world makes more thorough utilization of its resources. Forest experts of all nationalities agree that German forestry is remarkable in three ways—it has always led in scientific thoroughness and now it is working out results with an exactness almost equal to that of the laboratory; it has applied this scientific knowledge with the greatest of technical success; and it has solved the problem of securing through a long

series of years an increasing forest output, coupled with an increased profit. The German Empire has approximately 35,000,000 acres of forests, of which about 32 per cent belongs to the state. When it began its system of scientific forestry many of its forests were in as bad shape as our own cut-over areas. In a little more than half a century it has increased its production of lumber more than threefold, besides vastly improving the quality, and the revenue therefrom has been multiplied seven times. What Germany has done the United States can do, and now is the time to begin.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

VALUE OF SEPARATOR.

An experienced dairyman who not only produces large quantities of milk and cream for the city trade, but also purchases cream for butter making, recently remarked that any one having five or six cows should have a cream separator, and that it was foolishness to be without one where eight cows are kept.

Those who have never used a cream separator in dairying can scarcely realize how much more cream will be saved in a month's time. The machine will extract much more cream from the milk than can be secured by allowing the cream to rise in crocks. Under ideal conditions a large proportion of the cream will rise with the old method, but the conditions are seldom ideal. If the weather is warm or if the milk is stored in a warm place so much of the cream never rises that the amount remaining in the milk in a year's time will be enough to pay for a medium priced separator, and in two years' time enough cream will be lost to purchase a high priced machine.

But this loss is not all. Where milk is set in crocks for the cream to rise something nearly always happens to one or more of the crocks and the cream for that day is ruined. The crock is often upset and the milk and cream spilled. Not infrequently dust and dirt, with the most careful precautions, will fall upon the surface of the rising cream in the crock and this cream cannot be used because the dirt cannot be separated from the cream. Milk crocks must be covered, but the covers are often knocked off and the cream damaged.

With the cream separator, all of these losses are prevented. The cream is run from the machine into a small mouthed can, and this is covered and set away with no waste. Where the farmer can purchase a separator on easy terms he can pay for the machine in saving of cream alone as the payments come due.—*Selected.*

HEALTHFUL FOODS.

A successful poultry woman writes that onions chopped fine and mixed with the hen's food occasionally will promote health. Onions are a great poultry tonic, and they are relished by fowls old and young. Our little fall-hatched chicks tumble over one another to get to their feed when onions are mixed with it.

Some folks have a good deal of faith in the advertised egg-producing foods. These foods are all right when fed in right amounts, but if fed too liberally and too often they are apt to cause disease. And the indiscriminate use of stimulants is also to be condemned. The first things some people do when a hen gets out of condition is to pile red pepper down her throat. And they season the hen's feed liberally with cayenne pepper to increase the egg yield. All stimulants are weakening in their effects, and cayenne pepper is a stimulant and should be fed sparingly. The best egg stimulant and health promoter is a variety of good, wholesome food adapted to egg production, dry, comfortable houses and sanitary surroundings.—*Green's Fruit Grower.*

Between Whiles

Just What He Wanted.—Representative Livingston says that he was once in a little cross-roads store in Georgia, when an old darky came shambling in.

"Hello, Uncle Mose!" the proprietor greeted him. "I hear that you got converted at last at the camp-meeting, and have given up drinking."

"Yas, sah, ah done seed de error ob mah ways an' turn roun' an' headed for de narrer path," Uncle Mose declared, fervently.

"Well, you deserve a great deal of credit for that, Uncle Mose," the merchant said, approvingly.

"Yas, sah, tank yo, sah," Uncle Mose exclaimed, delightedly; "dat's des what ah thought, an' ah 'lowed ah'd come in hyah an' git you all to gib me credit fer some side meat an' meal."

This is said to be a true story which comes from Christian County, Ky. An automobile with two young men was going from Hopkinsville to Dawson Springs when, in a lonely road, where hardly any automobiles had passed, they met an old negro and his wife driving a mule, which became badly frightened. One of the young men leaped from the automobile and hastened to the old man and said: "Uncle, can't I help you get your mule past?" And he replied, "No, boss, I can handle dis here mule; but you kin see if you kin lead the old woman by that thing."

A school teacher instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, and received, next day, this note from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar as I prefer her to ingage in useful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars myself and I can't say they did me no good, I prefer her ingage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano."—Everybody's.

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By Otto Winger

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Jennie Taylor

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The sky is blue; the tinted leaves
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In rustling heaps;
The river winds its placid way along;
The birds repine; across the path
The timid bright-eyed squirrel
Frisks and leaps.

The sumac proudly flaunts its crimson dress;
The breezes sleep; the rattling sound
Of falling fruit rings out
On frosty air;
A smoke-wraith hangs in hazy purple folds
Above, and lends a charm—a magic power;
The mellow sun illumes the land, and leaves
Its benediction there.

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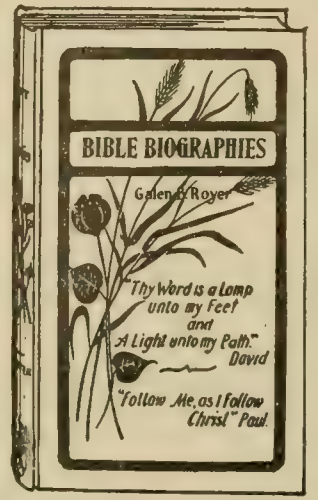
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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

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THE INGLENOOK

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THE BOWMAN BROTHERS

John W. Wayland

THE Bowman Brothers, with whom this sketch deals, were natives of what is now Frederick County, Virginia; but they played a prominent part in the early history of our country as a whole.

One of the pioneer settlers of the lower Shenandoah Valley was Jost Hite, a German, who led a number of families into the district about the present city of Winchester in 1732. One of Hite's three sons-in-law, who came with him, was George Bowman. Bowman had married Hite's oldest daughter, Mary. He located on or near the North Branch of the Shenandoah River, not far from the present town of Strasburg, and on a part of the field since made famous by the battle of Cedar Creek and Sheridan's ride from Winchester.

The sons and daughters of George and Mary Bowman were thirteen in number. Most of them grew to mature years; several of them, Joseph, Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham, became famous. With these four we have to do.

John Jacob Bowman, second child of George and Mary, was born December 2, 1733, and was killed in battle at Remson's Mill, June 20, 1780. He is chiefly identified with the early history of Kentucky and Ohio. He was possibly with General Clark in the conquest of the Illinois country in 1779. He took a prominent part in the Indian wars, holding the rank of captain, possibly that of colonel. He was the first county lieutenant of Kentucky, when Kentucky was organized as a county of Virginia, in 1776. His wife was Grizel Greenlee.

Joseph, eleventh child of his parents, born at the old stone homestead in Frederick in 1752, was perhaps the most distinguished of the Bowman Brothers. He was second in command of the famous expedition, led by George Rogers Clark, which resulted in the conquest of the Illinois country in 1779, an achievement which, considering the difficulties overcome, the small number of men engaged, the magnitude and importance of the results accomplished, has few parallels in the history of the world. By this conquest the country now mainly comprising Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio was made a county of Virginia, and being thus held at the end of the Revolution it came to Virginia in the treaty of peace; otherwise it would doubtless have gone to Great Britain, and would probably be a part of Canada today.

The importance of Clark's conquest is coming to be given more recognition in the best textbooks, and already perhaps the children in most of the schools are familiar with it. They are no doubt mainly attracted by the descriptions of the heroic struggles made by the little band in the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes; of Clark interrupting the midnight dance of the British officers and the Indian maidens; of the long weary march through the water-covered plains, in the dead of winter, toward Fort Vincennes; of Clark and the little drummer boy leading the van into the flooded swamps, when the courage of the rest had almost failed. It is a story to stir the soul.

As I have said, Joseph Bowman was second in command of this expedition. He held the rank of captain, later of major. He had enlisted his company in the Shenandoah Valley, where many of the family names are still familiar. His death, resulting from wounds, occurred at or near Vincennes, in August, 1779. His age was only twenty-seven.

Much of the information we have concerning that wonderful campaign has been obtained through Major Bowman. He kept a journal, or diary, in which he wrote down from day to day the record of the proceedings. I have a copy of this journal before me. The first entry is made under date of January 31, 1779; the last, under that of March 20, following. Some of the entries are very interesting; for example:

"Feb. 12th. Marched across Cot Plains; saw and killed numbers of buffaloes. The road very bad from the immense quantity of rain that had fallen. The men much fatigued. Encamped on the edge of the woods. This plain or meadow being fifteen or more miles across, it was late in the night before the baggage and troops got together. Now twenty-one miles from St. Vincents [Vincennes].

"13th. Arrived early at the two Wabashes. Although a league asunder they now made but one. We set to making a canoe.

"14th. Finished the canoe and put her into the river about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

"15th. Ferried across the two Wabashes, it being then five miles in water to the opposite hills, where we encamped. Still raining. Orders not to fire any guns for the future but in case of necessity.

"16th. Marched all day through rain and water, crossed Fox River. Our provisions began to be short.

"22nd. Col. Clark encourages his men, which gave them great spirits. Marched on in the waters. Those that were weak and famished from so much fatigue, went in canoes. We came one league farther to some sugar camps, where we staid all night. Heard the evening and morning guns from the fort. No provisions yet. Lord help us."

From the 18th to the 24th, when they received the surrender of the fort, they were practically without food. Nearly all the time they were in mud and water, sometimes wading up to their necks. From such circumstances we may gauge the caliber, mental and physical, of the men who followed Clark. Major Bowman was one of those men.

Isaac Bowman, one of the youngest of his family, was also with Clark in this expedition. At that time he was only twenty-two, and was lieutenant in his brother's company. In November following he was captured by Indians. After many interesting experiences and severe trials he escaped, and finally reached his old home in the lower Shenandoah Valley. He married Elizabeth Gatewood. His son Philip, who married Isabelle Richardson, moved to Indiana, where their descendants are numerous.

We come now to Abraham, the tenth child of his parents, and the last of the Bowman Brothers to be noticed in this series of sketches. He was born October 16, 1742; when he died I have not been able to learn. During the Revolutionary War he was a member of the famous 8th Virginia Regiment, and as colonel commanded it after Muhlenburg was made brigadier general. This regiment was and is familiarly known as the German Regiment. It was made up originally, at the beginning of 1776, of 680 men, chiefly from the counties of Augusta, West Augusta, Berkeley, Culpeper, Shenandoah, Fincastle, Frederick and Hampshire. The officers and the men of this regiment were made up of the German settlers with whom northern Virginia abounded; hence the name, the German Regiment. In the various campaigns of the Revolution the German Regiment took a conspicuous part, being one of those at Yorktown in 1781 when Cornwallis surrendered. From 1777 to the end of the war its colonel was Abraham Bowman; and from January 1, 1779, to May 12, 1780, Captain Abraham Hite, another grandson of Jost Hite, was paymaster.

So much for the Bowman Brothers, Jacob, Joseph, Isaac, and Abraham. The Bowman family is one of the most numerous in the United States today; and many of the name trace their ancestry back to the famous sons of George Bowman and Mary Hite, who settled in the Shenandoah Valley in 1732.

WINNING SUCCESS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE first lesson a man is given to learn when he enrolls in the school which qualifies for success is to put by part of his salary every week. The truest friend, next to God, in time of adversity is the bank account, and the surest foundation upon which to build a fortune is accumulated savings of months and years.

The habit of putting money away is reflex in its action. The money itself is a valuable accessory, and the quality of mind and character developed through this habit makes for ultimate success. The man who can calmly pass by the tinsel and glitter of civilized life, whose money is not drawn from his pockets by every tinkling sound, is a man who will have small cause to complain of hard luck. For the thousands of young men going out into the world fresh from schools and colleges, in business or some vocation, the following advice from James Campbell of St. Louis is well worth thinking over, as it has points if followed that will lead to success: "No man can go contrary to the direction in which his fellow beings are moving and be a success. Pull in the same direction with the other fellows, but pull longer and pull stronger. If you have to elbow somebody, don't try to elbow everybody or you will miss the fellow you are after. I have made my greatest success in trading by just showing the other fellow every side of the situation. If he clearly understands a good proposition he becomes anxious to invest. A doubtful proposition is a boomerang to character and future business. It pays any man to hold the hand of an infant venture until it can stand alone. It is not details, but the great vital generalizations that count in working out a big proposition. Technical experts can handle the details if you keep the general organization in good condition. Success has an increment of success which leads to greater success. It is patience and faith that bring fortune to man. Faith in one's own judgment helps to success and establishes the confidence of other men. There is an element of chance in every career; stick to it with patience and wait and you will win out." To a great extent life is what we make it, but not always is this true. Perseverance and strong will power can overcome many obstacles in our way. But our physical and mental conditions are sometimes the result of heredity and environments, as the present is the effect of the past. We may never achieve greatness because of our inability to rise, or the opportunities for great deeds may pass us by, no matter how capable we are. We may also make a mistake and find we have taken the wrong road to success, for our natural mind is not sufficiently developed to look into the future and foresee how our experiments are going to turn out. "Life is a school of experiments where we usually make fools of ourselves before we are graduated." Some one has

said, "Youth and age are yet but scholars in the lower school. Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool." Spiritually, we can more easily make life what we desire it, although there are persons with whom it seems an impossibility.

Sometimes a man's worst enemy turns out to be his best friend. Many an individual needs the invective of his foe to give him a view of the dangers which lurk in his pathway, and to help him into the right path. It was upon the same principle that the old writer thanked God for the good fortune which sent him right in the midst of bitter foes who gave him not exactly an intimate view of himself but a view of what he might eventually become in case enlightenment and consequent wisdom did not come to stay. It is said no misfortune can come to a man which could not have been worse than it really was. So long as one lives and has an ear and a heart receptive to the voice of wisdom there is a chance that the next year may be marked by a better outlook upon life and a more accurate conception of the duties and opportunities of the passing hours. Man is always capable of improvement if he is willing to learn wisdom from experiences of his daily life. Cheer up, kind friends. Plod on, for tomorrow will be better and brighter than today.

Chinook, Mont.

INDIAN SUMMER.

KIZZIE HAYS.

INDIAN SUMMER is the name given to a period of mild summer weather which generally occurs toward the end of autumn in the United States. It is one of the most welcome and pleasant periods of the year, since it steals quietly in and revives for a few days what the autumn frost and the north wind had been slowly destroying.

The year puts on a false garment and all nature accordingly arrays herself. The atmosphere is of a hazy or smoky appearance, especially near the horizon, and the clouds, which float in the sky of the purest azure, are adorned with brilliant colors. The insects, birds and plants come forth with new life. The days possess enough heat to prevent sensations of gloom or chill, while the nights grow cool and frosty.

The name of this poetic season is derived either from the custom of the Indians to use this time in preparation for winter by laying in stores of food, or from their belief that it was caused by a wind blowing directly from the court of the southwestern god, their great and benevolent god Cautauowwit.

Broadway, Va.

AUTUMN DAYS

Effie Reed Polk

The autumn days are with us,
The saddest of the year;
The leaves from all the branches,
Are falling brown and sere;
The wind oft blows from northland—
There is frost at break of day!
The autumn, with its golden glow,
Is a season of decay.

We loved the merry summer,
With all her warmth and cheer;
And we were loath to part from her,
We fain would keep her here;
But she fulfilled her mission,
Heeding neither sigh nor tear;
And has given place to autumn,
The saddest of the year.

Although we loved the summer
And fain would keep her here,
That we might idly wander
And drink in Nature's cheer,
We kindly welcome autumn,
For she is rich in store;
And in her days are garnered
Earth's fruits from shore to shore.

Yes, welcome golden autumn,
To rule o'er hill and plain;
She will fulfill her mission,
Before the winter's reign.
A lesson from the seasons,
We mortals all may gain:
To be content whate'er our lot,
Nor murmur, nor complain.

Mansfield, Illinois.

JUDAISM

J. C. Flory

JUDAISM today consists of two great sections, the Orthodox and the Reformed. Both divisions agree on the fundamental principles of Judaism, which are as follows: "(1) We believe that there is one God, an only Being, eternal, spiritual, and most holy, who created heaven and earth and ruleth the world with perfect wisdom, with infinite justice, and everlasting love. (2) We believe that all men are children of God, endowed with an immortal spirit, destined to share in the eternal happiness by following his ways of righteousness. We also believe that Israel, having been the first to recognize God, hath received a special revelation of his will with the mission of being his chosen priest among the nations to lead them to truth and salvation. (3) We believe that God ruleth and judgeth all men and nations in righteousness and love. By rewards and punishments, by joys and sufferings, he educateth and leadeth to ever higher aims until at last they shall arrive at the end of all time, when truth, justice, and peace shall unite mankind in the life of divine love and eternal salvation, and God will be King and Father of all. This is the Kingdom of God for which we all hope and wait, and for which we work with all the strength of body and soul."

At the close of the twelfth century Mamonides formed thirteen articles of faith, which the Orthodox Jews accept. They pertain to the following subjects: God and His Attributes, Revelation and Prophecy, God's Providence and Justice, the Messiah and the Future Life.

The Orthodox Jews also believe that in addition to the law of Moses as we have it recorded in the Bible, Moses received two revelations and that one was handed down by tradition for a number of years and was later written and formed the Talmud, the teachings of which are strictly observed by the Orthodox Jews. They hold tenaciously to the letter of the law. The Old Testament is crowded out by the Talmud. Six hundred and thirteen precepts are contained in this immense work, which controls and governs the life of the Orthodox Jew and decides every question of the highest moment for him.

The Reformed Jews are now agreed in their dissent from Orthodoxy, but are divided in principle, some entirely ignoring the Divinity of the Old Testament, some accepting so much of it as Divine as suits their own tastes, and some retaining a little of both Scripture and Talmud. They have given up hope of the coming of a personal Messiah, but they are waiting for a Messianic age, "when justice will reign supreme and love will bind man unto man." All sacrificial prayers are omitted, and laws and statutes are set down according to the present time. Thus the creed of the Reformed Jews is a mixture of Unitarianism, indifferentism, and intellectual rationalism and elevates philosophy above religion.

Reformed Judaism is more and more conforming its service to those of the Christian Church. Sabbath-schools, Young Men's Hebrew Associations, and Ladies' Societies, together with the use of the organ and hymns and choirs are proofs of this rapidly-progressing, external conformation. In a few cases the Jewish Sabbath has been changed to the first day of the week, the Lord's Day. There is thus no need of discussing Reformed Judaism, except to remark that Reformed Judaism still clings, at least outwardly, to the great Jewish Holy Seasons, to the name Jew, and the majority of its followers to circumcision.

The Jewish religion has its evils, for neither the Reformed nor the Orthodox holds to the Word of God closely. The Orthodox Jew has added to the Word of God; the Reformed has taken away from it. The Orthodox Jews have a prayer book that is very misleading. It contains eight volumes. It is a compendium of ritual in which symbol and ceremony are blended, types and shadows substituted for Scripture realities; fasting and prayer in place of sacrifice. The Psalms are classified as charms and amulets for all the events and vicissitudes of life. Dreams are elevated to the position of divine revelation, for which a repertoire of interpretation exists, and a very pathetic prayer for dreams is inserted in the solemn service of the synagogue on high festivals. Zionism is another weakness of the Orthodox Jews. They consider themselves a homeless people, longing for their rightful home and a suffering and persecuted nation for liberty and happiness, for safety and peace, find expression in this movement.

Reformed Judaism is weak in that it gives up the hope of the coming of a personal Messiah and the faith in the Scriptures of the Old Testament as the inspired Word of God, and its more and more apparent drift toward intellectual rationalism. Their conceptions of the Scriptural teaching concerning sin and atonement are very imperfect. They have no place for "iniquity," "sin," or "wickedness," as such. The Jewish view of sin is not scriptural. There is no reference in it to the sin of ignorance, nor to the sin of infirmity, nor to original sin. Sin, Judasim teaches, is disobedience to the law of God which must be confessed to God and atoned for to our fellow-men, and then it will be forgiven. The difference between the

Talmudic and the scriptural view of atonement is vast. Modern Judaism, both Orthodox and Reformed, has lost all conceptions of the scriptural idea of sin and atonement, and the doctrine of human merit has been enthroned by it.

Orthodox Judaism has been branded with a number of evils; which we can only mention here. It leads its adherents to become selfish and narrow. The Talmud brings many unstable fables before its devotees. A greater weakness is that the demands of the Talmud are so exacting that the followers do their utmost to evade them. The Talmud is so rigid on demands of women that where it is enforced to the letter women are found in a painfully degraded position and where it is not enforced we have the other extreme. Divorce is granted on the most frivolous pretexts. Women are excluded from the public worship of God, having to be satisfied with a gallery in the house of God without being able to take part in the honorable and meritorious acts of worship.

Judaism, though just as far removed from the Old Testament as Popery is from that of the New, has as its basis divine revelation. It has some good features. It teaches monotheism as it taught it to the world in the times of greatest spiritual darkness. It holds forth a future state of rewards and punishments, and prescribes the duty of charity, almsgiving, and hospitality. Judaism in its purity is the root of Christianity; and salvation is of the Jews, because Jesus Christ himself was a Jew. But one thing is lacking—the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Judaism is rightly called a strong religion, not so much because of the truth it contains but rather on account of the deep hold which it has on the minds of its followers.

We may sometimes criticise the Jews unjustly. It has been well said that "every one really acquainted with the character of the Jewish people, in their more favorable circumstances, will pronounce them to be a literary and highly intellectual race, who, at every period of a long and calamitous history have given birth to authors of distinguished name, and who at present can boast of an extensive literature." We should be thoughtful of the good qualities of the Jewish religion, but we ought on the other hand to be able to show to them conclusively wherein the Christian religion contains all the good features of Judaism and in addition has many things that are very vital and essential for the highest welfare of the human race.



The Jews' Wailing Place
Where Orthodox Jews Come to Mourn Because Strangers Are in Possession of Their Beloved Zion, Jerusalem.

RUBBER PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES.

INTERESTING facts relative to the production of rubber in the San Antonio country have been developed in the lawsuit of Otto Koehler of San Antonio, Texas, against Wm. H. Stayton of New York, president of the Texas Rubber Company and the Big Ben Manufacturing Company. These two corporations are allies and do an immense business. The suit involves certain contracts and the ownership

stock representing several hundred thousand dollars. In the proceedings it was brought out that each ton of rubber manufactured and sold by these concerns showed a clean profit of nearly a thousand dollars. The rubber is made from a shrub called the Guayule plant. This plant grows about eighteen inches in height with a spread of equal dimensions. The leaf is long, narrow and light, covered with veins running to the top of it. Above the plant are numerous lesser stems that bloom and bear seed. It flourishes best at an elevation of about 5,000 feet and is found in great profusion along the low rocky hills and the high tablelands of the upper Rio Grande in Brewster and Pecos Counties.

The plant is gathered by Mexican laborers who pull the shrub up. It is baled in the field like hay and hauled to the factories. Here, after careful inspection, it is put into a machine that cuts it into powder resembling sawdust. This powder is then transferred to the pebble mill, which is a revolving drum containing over 100,000 pounds of flint pebbles about the size of an egg. Water is added and the whole mass is revolved for several hours. The macerated pulp is then transferred to a large vat where chemicals are added and the water heated. The rubber rises to the top in a sort of scum like molasses. This is taken off and carried to the cleaning department where all impurities are removed. The rubber is then pressed into sheets and cut in sizes, generally six inches wide by two feet long. The rubber is then dusted with soapstone, wrapped in cloth and nailed in boxes. The shrub delivered at the factory costs about $35 a ton. Some idea of the profit may be gauged by the fact that in this suit it is alleged that between the first of last November and the first of May the two plants mentioned cleared over $300,000.—*Woman's National Daily.*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

H. D. MICHAEL.

WHAT one of the Nook family has not received a package with an express label and that terse notice, "Do Not Crush," on it? But how many of those packages looked as though they had not been crushed?

Then it might interest some to know how expressage is handled.

The magnitude of the business done in one city might surprise one if unacquainted with the situation. Picture in your mind two of the largest, if not the largest two mail order houses in the world situated in one city; then numerous minor ones that each do an immense amount of business by mail. Besides that, so many tailoring establishments do a large business their line. A large part of this business is handled by express though of course the freight gets most of the weighty goods.

To be told how many car loads of express are shipped from this one city daily would be far too much for some to believe. Suffice it then to tell of what business one company does and how it is done.

Each day (except Sundays) their wagons (about three hundred in number) gather in what bundles are ready through the day. But in the evening all are exceedingly busy. Everything is gathered into their express depot where on the first floor the heavy irons, bundles, boxes and crates are sorted, routed and billed. The smaller bundles that are not prepaid are tossed from the wagons onto an overhead revolving endless belting which carries them up an incline to the second floor.

Once there, they are sorted and tossed from a few feet to fifteen or twenty feet into box trucks. This sorting is to determine which railroad each is to be sent over. These trucks are then run to the "trunks," as they are called, which are in reality express "strong boxes." Here they are again sorted to be placed in the trunk going nearest that locality of the certain State to which they go.

Now come the weighing and billing, each one being weighed and a bill made, showing to whom sent, their address, its weight and the name of the sender, if given. All packages sent "Collect on Delivery" are thus marked and billed. The waybill shows the amount to be collected and the package carries off a "C. O. D." label. The prepaid packages are handled in an adjoining room, each one being billed much the same as the ones sent collect.

Now that we have come to where the trunks are to be packed, imagine the sight if you can: those strong boxes—large square-cornered trunks about two by two by four feet in size—about three hundred to four hundred in number, all in one spacious room with their lids thrown open like alligators' mouths awaiting their prey. To pack them full looks like a large job and is somewhat on that order. The packages are laid in as closely as possible and stacked up from a few inches to a foot or more above the top of the trunk. The lids are then dropped and two or three men jump into them to crowd the packages down until the latch will work. To see that part one soon realizes why the packages look as though that notice not to crush was disregarded.

Next comes the sealing with a lead seal which fits them to "set sail."

But first it is necessary to truck them to a chute in which an endless chain with hooks on it slowly revolves. On each pair of hooks a trunk is placed and one by one they descend the inclined chute to the floor below. Express wagons then take them to the various

depots of the city to be sent out on the trains upon which they belong.

This rush work comes each evening from about six until nine o'clock. The expressage comes to the office in large quantities at that time. The small day crew is then swelled in numbers to a far larger size to handle the work. This extra work is termed "the student work," a large percentage of the evening workers being students of different schools and colleges, students that are in school not for *pleasure* or for a *pastime* but to better fit themselves for life's duties. If it were not so they would soon flunk on finding it necessary to do this work to keep themselves in school.

So many of the larger things are sent "loose" that the trunksful seem only a small item. This one company sends out from forty-five to fifty car loads of expressage each day. There are then four other large express companies and a number of smaller ones, each doing a thriving business. That fact may picture to you the magnitude of this business.

Chicago, Ill.

HEN AND I.

M. M. WINESBURG.

In Three Parts.—Part One.

HEN was my cousin. His home was in the city, but every summer, after school was over, he would come out to my home and stay until school started again in the autumn. And if Hen was not very big or very old, he generally managed to make himself so useful that I, for one, was always sorry when the time came for him to go back to the city again.

Of course, my cousin's name was Henry—Henry Starr—and his father and mine were brothers. But then, who ever heard of a small boy getting called by his full name, when half of it was easier to say? So it was Hen I called him, and in fact so did every one else but his mother.

While as a rule Hen was a right good little boy, yet he had a share of mischievousness and liked to attempt daring deeds. And I don't think that I was any better in that respect. He was always trying something new, but in tree climbing Hen finally outdistanced me, for although I was at home in the top of the largest apple tree, or could climb any cherry tree on the farm, yet there were several trees I looked longingly at but could not climb, and one of those trees was a large shell bark hickory which stood near our spring.

That particular hickory tree was something of a giant, with a huge trunk, and straight up without any limbs for probably ten feet, then it bunched out like a pine tree. But oh! how tantalizingly full of nuts it was every year, and what times the gray squirrels would have up among its branches, while we would have to wait for the nuts to fall, and then race with the brown-striped ground squirrels to get them and of course they were the winners. And then, too, there was many a time in the fall that the hickory-nut tree made me forget to hurry back, when I was sent to the spring for water; for when I would see one white nut gleaming from amid the brown leaves on the ground, there would come tantalizing visions of other treasures, hidden beneath the leaves, or just over the bank on which the tree stood. Never but once in my memory had the hickory-nut tree been compelled to yield up its store of nuts, and then a young uncle had climbed the tree, while we youngsters held our breath in amazement, and when safe among its branches, he had shaken down a shower of snowy nuts, for us to scramble after.

Hen and I had both made several attempts at climbing the hickory tree, but I'll confess that there was neither heart nor confidence enough in my efforts to take me up to the first limbs, and I think that Hen was in the same boat until the last summer he staid at our house. That fall when he left, to start to school, he said to me: "In October, when the hickory nuts begin to fall, I'm coming out some Saturday, and climb that hickory-nut tree by the spring."

"I'll bet you don't," I replied.

"Just wait until October and you'll see if I don't," retorted Hen. The hickory tree was laden with nuts that season and when the frosts came the shells began to open and drop to the ground, and I began to stay longer, when I went to the spring. I will say that just then I did not care how often I had to go for water, for I usually found a nut or two on the ground and had some fun in chasing the ground squirrels.

Then one bright Saturday in October Hen and a younger sister came out for a nutting. We visited all the chestnut trees and gathered walnuts and beat them out of their jackets, which stained up our hands nicely. But it was little we cared if our hands were black; and then we went to the hickory tree and chased away the ground squirrels, for they had got about all the nuts that had fallen during the past night and morning.

We raked away the brown leaves and found a few nuts that the squirrels had missed. But up in the tree they gleamed out from their brown shells and taunted us into throwing sticks and stones at them. But if there could be such a thing as nuts a-laughing, those hickory nuts surely laughed at us then, for it was only occasionally that we hit a twig or branch hard enough to bring down a nut. Finally Hen threw down a handful of stones he had picked up, and said:

"I'm going to climb that tree and shake it."

"I bet you can't," came from yours truly.

"I'll show you if I can't," was the reply and then Hen tackled the tree. But it proved a bigger job than he had really reckoned on, for he could not reach around the trunk with his arms far enough to get a good hold for shinning up, and after two or three slides

down, we set a couple of flat rails up against the tree and then Hen coonied up these to where the tops of the rails rested against the trunk. Above the tops of the rails, the tree was smaller and smoother and Hen got a good hold around the tree with his arms, and then wrapping his legs around the trunk also, he began to shin slowly but surely upwards. The rest of us watched him breathlessly and I know that I gave a start of fear several times when some long pieces of loose bark fell to the ground, and glad I was when I saw Hen grab hold of the lowest limb and draw himself up into the forks of the tree.

That long hug and pull up the tree had been no easy task, and Hen sat in the forks of the tree until he got his wind again and rested his arms. Then he let us know that he was a real, live boy, for his first act was to let off a ringing whoop of triumph before he began work. Then he attacked the branches one by one, and showers of white nuts and brown shells rattled down to the ground, while he sang, whistled and shouted as he shook the branches. When he had shaken all the nuts, that would fall, he slid down the tree and reached the ground in safety.

But the victory had not been gained without more or less damage to Hen's apparel, for his sleeves were torn almost in ribbons, and his pants were happy from their contact with the rough bark of the tree. But we had the nuts, and he was the champion climber, and besides that, he had proven that pluck and the will to do and dare could accomplish the seemingly impossible.

WHAT DOES MY ROOM-MATE THINK OF MY RELIGION?

HERE is a test that very few of us would care to submit ourselves to: yet, why not?

There is little reserve in the matter of our roommate; he wakes with us in the morning, he knows our habits of the day, he catches us off our guard at odd and uncertain moments, he is not under any restraint with us, at the end of the day perhaps his goodnight is the last thing we hear. There is practically no subject in heaven, or earth, or the regions under the earth that we cannot discuss from beginning to end with him—books, friends, home, morals, love—we go together into them all! The opinion of such a one is of the greatest consequence whatever faith we claim to be following.

What of those of us who have declared our allegiance to Christ? What of those of us who have seen the heroic, conquering figure of Jesus of Nazareth in the full blaze of his glorious manhood, and have expressed our determination to follow him? Our roommate would never expect us to be angels, but he would expect us to be men. It is an angering question that we often throw from us with peevishness. We shall throw it from us only to have it return again and again. He has seen me in a moment of incautiousness do the sneaking thing; he has heard me speak things that ought never to have soiled my lips; he has been with me when I have kept silence when I would have spoken; he has witnessed my petty cruelty; he has sometimes seen me play the traitor to God and man.

Not when I am in church, not when I am comfortably in my own home among its sacred surroundings guarding me from wrongdoing, not when I am discussing religion with sympathetic outsiders—not at these times am I put to any test; no; it is when, in the common way of my daily duties, I have to do again today the hard thing that I did yesterday, when I have to face a constant temptation leaping out every hour, when I have to separate out from simple, well-known things the evil and the good—to cast the one away and take the other into my life.

It may be that my room-mate has seen me sometimes, in the face of great temptation, joyfully do the right thing. It may be that, though often in the wrong, he feels that he can trust a truth deep down in me. He has seen my meanness, but he has also seen my generosity; he has seen my hate, but he has also seen my love. And besides, I am his room-mate; he needs me as much as I need him.—*The Intercollegian.*

THE BOY THAT WENT TO COLLEGE.

Every acre we had mortgaged,
When we hoped for better days,
In our lofty aspirations
After more æsthetic ways.
Till our farm was over-burdened,
And disaster loomed apace—
But we sent a boy to college,
And 'twas that that saved the place.

We had filled him with the wisdom
That our fathers handed down,
With the rural dispensations
That are rife in every town;
But we more than half suspected
That our modes, antique and gray,
Were exceedingly back-numbered—
So we sent our boy away.

In the school of agriculture
Learned he new and better ways,
Weighed he all the trusted precepts
We inherit from old days.
Sifted out the chaff and cockle
From the body of the grain,
Till he saw for future sowing
Only perfect seed remain.

Then our farmers saw what science
And a fertile brain can do
When our boy came home from college
Filled with aspirations new;
For our fields grew somehow fairer,
And our trees in fruitfulness
Bent beneath their heavy burdens—
And our debts grew ever less.

We have other boys true-hearted,
Just as brave and strong as he,
Always dreaming of and planning
For the work that is to be,
Always using brain with muscle,
Not a whit behind in grace,
But the boy that went to college
Was the boy that saved the place.
—H. F. Thursten, in The Student Farmer.

MAN'S BIGGEST ASSET A STIFF BACKBONE.

You can not beat the man who will not be beaten.

"Seems to me the frost comes earlier and earlier every year. I can't get any corn ripened before it is cut down. I am about ready to give up farming."

You have heard men say that. Looking over the fence you have seen their fields of potatoes, green and thrifty yesterday, today black and wilted, cut down by the hard freeze of the night before. Discouraging, isn't it?

What can be done about it?

If the frost comes earlier in the fall, start in sooner at the other end of the season.

Down the road not half a mile from the farmer with the poor, dead crop of potatoes, another man has harvested a splendid crop. The same kind of potatoes, perhaps; no better soil; the season was just as short down there as it was up here; and yet—well, just look down in his cellar and see all those bins just running over with beautiful potatoes! Why was it?

The crop that got ripe was started three weeks before that of the neighbor, and that three weeks marked the line between success and failure.

You can not keep some men down. There are many men in this world who do not know when they are whipped. If frost comes, cutting off their crops, they strike in next spring so early that Jack Frost is away up north when he intended to be on hand to attend to things on that particular farm. If the whole world turns against them, they smile, get up and go at it again.

That is the kind of men we need in this world—men who can't be beaten. If there is anything that takes the heart out of us it is to see an able-bodied man sick a-bed with the blues.

What a good thing it would be if there were not so many juniper trees scattered up and down life's highway. They are a temptation to so many travelers to lie down and give it up.

A man I know of says that the reason why he has not made a greater success in life is because there are so many good places to sit down and rest. The very sight of juniper trees makes many a man want to sit right down and shed tears. If they could all be cut down, this would be a braver and a better world than it is.

If there were never any frosts, or if we should, somehow, be wrapped up in a bedquilt every time it got a little chilly, the farmer folks of this country would soon get so they would expect to have the road strewn a foot deep with roses every time they stepped out.

If you ever find a man who can not be beaten, you may make up your mind that he has been through some things that may well be called tough. Such a man is not going around telling about it, but if you can in any way get the key to his lips, and sit down by his side a little while, he can tell you some things that would make your eyes stick out.

Because men who do things have had things done to them, and they have lived through them, is what has made them strong and brave to do what comes to them to do. *They* hurt by the early frost? Why, frost only put the fire into their blood, and made them the more determined never to be conquered! *They* defeated in the battle of life? Every square inch of their bodies bears the marks of the fight they have been through! *They* driven from their farms by the little discouragements that come day by day? They have used discouragements to climb up by!

Strike these men with the club of disappointment and they will snatch it away from you and turn it into a palm of victory.

And there are many of these strong, brave, true men all about us. Are you one of them?—*Farm Journal.*

HOW BELLS ARE TUNED.

When certain bells in a chime produce discord they can be tuned. The tone of a bell may be raised or lowered by cutting off a little metal in the proper places. To lower the tone the bell-tuner puts the bell in his lathe and reams it out from the point where the swell begins, nearly down to the rim. As the work proceeds he frequently tests the note with a tuning-fork, and the moment the right tone is reached he stops the reaming. To raise the tone, on the contrary, he shaves off the lower edge of the bell, gradually lessening or flattening the bevel, in order to shorten the bell, for of two bells of equal diameter and thickness the shorter will give the higher note.

A notable instance of bell-tuning was at Lausanne, where twelve bells, in three neighboring steeples, produced only seven distinct notes, and produced a most curious discord.—*Selected.*

"Too many folks who freely admit that there is wealth in the soil are content to take somebody's word for it."



THE QUIET HOUR



THE MUSTARD SEED.

One planted a seed—'twas a little thing
To sow in the field of his Lord and King—
A grain of mustard. It grew and spread
Till it sheltered the weary toiler's head;
And under its branches sweet songsters rare
Sang hymns of praise as they nested there.
And he who planted the tiny seed
Forgot his shame at the humble deed.

And one gave his life—'twas a little thing,
But 'twas all that he had to give to his King.
The Master sent him where darkness dwelt,
Where the blind and lame to strange idols knelt.
'Twas a lonely land, but he looked above
As he brought to the hopeless the message of love.
And many whose gropings had been in vain
To the life of the Spirit were born again.
And his life, poured out for a world in need,
Was multiplied like the mustard seed!

—William Merrell Vories, Hachiman, Omi, Japan.

THE SILENCE OF THE ETERNAL.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"There was silence, and I heard a voice."—Job 4: 16.

SILENCE, like God, is eternal, and to dwell in God is to abide in the silence of eternity. The realization of this blessedness is a condition for the revelation of God's deepest thoughts, when the still small voice of his infinitely loving heart becomes audible to the soul. To dwell in the silence of nature, in the midst of sublime and beautiful scenery, is at times profoundly impressive and awe-inspiring, but what is that compared with the influence of God's silence, when all the thoughts, desires, yearnings and inspirations of the soul are swallowed up in the sense of God's holy and glorious presence?

It was after Eliphaz the Temanite *had passed into the deep silence of the eternal* that he heard the still small voice. In the vision he had a strange sensation of spiritual influence passing before, or over his face like the swift, gliding motion of a breeze over a hayfield or the surface of smooth water. It was the breathing of the eternal upon him. Then suddenly there stood up before his eyes an indescribable image which filled him with terror. He felt ensphered by the overpowering silence of the eternal, in which he heard his whisperings in the depths of his innermost soul. These are gradatious in the inward revelation of God in the soul.

To form an idea of perfect silence we have, in imagination, either to ascend into the serene heights of the blue sky, or to descend into the still depths of the ocean. All noise is between these two realms of perfect silence. Sometimes Nature helps us to realize how the two deep silences are blended into one.

Let the reader imagine himself sitting on a bright, clear day in summer, by the side of a placid lake up in the hills, which distinctly mirrors the serenely tranquil blue sky above his head. As he continues his gaze in a reverent spirit he will feel that he has before him striking symbols of two eternal silences; that in looking downward he is looking upward, when the silence of height and the silence of depth blend and harmonize into one!

We have silence corresponding to these in our own nature, the silence of sublime heights and that of sublime depths. God is heard in the two, or rather the silences themselves become vocal. The one is the silence of heavenly aspiration, and the other that of holy meditation. In the one we are far above all tumults, storms, clouds and mist, and in the other beneath the raging waves of the sea of life. In the one we ascend the sublime heights of being, in the other we descend into its eternal depths!

There is nothing in nature that gives us a better idea of absolute silence than the eternal repose of the serene blue sky. To gaze at it with an admiring mind, and an adoring soul is to pass mysteriously into it, or rather into what it symbolizes.

At these rare moments the soul passes through the luminous mystery into the realm of eternal silence, and listens with unspeakable delight to the music of God's voice and learns the deep meaning of the words which say that noise is human and that silence is Divine.

There are times when men express their innermost thoughts better in silence than by the use of words, when their fellowship is closer, sweeter and more delightful. There is a story related of Carlyle and Tennyson spending long hours together, one evening in absolute silence. When at last the latter arose to depart the former said "Aye, Alfred, but we've had a grand evening together." But what was this in comparison with the revealing power and delight of Divine silence

when all the faculties and powers of the soul are in touch with the Eternal, and flooded with the heavenly radiance and blessed influence of his presence!

This deep silence of the Eternal indicates the operation of the mightiest powers and forces. Men wrongly conceive of silence as a state or condition of inactivity, whereas all energy flows from it. The greatest forces in nature are the most silent in their operation. But what are these forces compared with the power that silently causes the motion of the heavenly bodies, and the vital energy which works mysteriously in the countless living things which grow out of the earth! Yet these, after all, are but symbols of the mighty forces which are ever at work in the eternal silence of the spirit world. There is a realm of deep silence at the center of the soul where thoughts are conceived, ideals created, aspirations breathed and prayers offered; and these are the invisible forces which find expression in prophetic utterances of poetry; music, painting, literature, and everything that is noble, and enduring in human character, life and work.

It is when alone with God in the serene and sweet tranquillity of his holy presence that the soul is filled with Divine energy. God's ministering angels live and move in this blessed silence.

"With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb."

When the soul thus sits dumb in the eternal silence of God's presence, the smiling faces of angels speak eloquently to it of their love, sympathy and solicitude for ministering strength and comfort to it. And above all things it hears in the silence itself the heart-beatings of the Eternal Father. This is the everlasting source of the mighty creative energy from which all things come, and into which all things return, that God may be all in all. Noise implies discord, conflict, friction, opposition, strife, antagonisms, while silence implies order, harmony and tranquillity in which all things are in tune with the Eternal. Who can conceive of the power of the thoughts, volitions, and yearnings which are ever silently at work in the unfathomable depths of his nature! The whole creation slowly moves towards that glorious realm of everlasting silence and perfect peace, and when this blessed consummation is attained, all discords, storms and tumults will have ceased forever in the silence of the eternal.

Dormansville, N. Y.

FAITH AND THE CHURCH.

Every man tries in some way to interpret his spiritual impulses. To this work men have given their best thought and greatest effort. From their search has been revealed the universal need of worship and religious training which the church service and pulpit satisfy. We accept the pulpit as a present necessity and believe that its place in civilization can never be otherwise occupied. Back of the pulpit stands the church which sustains and supplements the pulpit's influence. Back of the church stands the influence and power it has exerted over the world in every age while its history was in the making. But back of the pulpit and the church and their history lies the faith in the Son of God, without which the church would have often found herself helpless.

The church is not a repository of faith, neither merely a company of believers, but it has always been a means of defense for the weak and an agency of helpfulness for the erring. Interested in the redemption of mankind from sin and the continuity of believers in the faith, it stands today as a shelter from every storm and refuge for all the harassed and weary. A man entering the Christian church surrounds himself with conditions conducive to spiritual growth and appropriate for rectifying his conduct and nature. Endowments that had been subjected to selfishness and pride are now nurtured and unfolded by sympathy and love.

By faith we overcome doubt and make the new life possible, when righteousness becomes our chief concern. Unconsciously we thus overcome all the evil influences of the world. The church, through faith in the Son of God, is also moving forward and bringing the world into subjection to the will of God. By faith the victory is assured.—*Religious Telescope.*

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.

If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelation.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands, and read the third chapter of James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm 126 and Galatians 6:7-9.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

When you are troubled about what you ought to say to some one who is seeking salvation, read fifty-fifth Psalm.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

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The article entitled "The Bowman Brothers," is the first of a series of historical sketches of brothers who have made their name famous in the history of our country. The writer of these sketches, a history scholar of note, is well fitted to write on these subjects. We would consider our readers fortunate in having these articles at any time, but especially so now when our younger readers may, while they are fresh in mind, weave them into their history lessons at school.

If your teachers in the public schools are in the habit of giving a few minutes daily to some discussion of current events, you who are scholars may find a number of items in our news pages worth mentioning at those times. In these days of much reading matter it is an art worth acquiring to be able to sift out the worth-while news from the trashy kind. In the making of the Inglenook we consider it our duty to print only the worth-while news so that readers may easily acquire the taste for this kind.

While most of us know a little in a general way about the great religions of the world, it would be difficult for us to give a clear idea of the principles upon which they are founded. For this reason the series of articles by J. C. Flory on this subject should have a wide reading. A better knowledge of the great religions will not only help us to see, in a measure, how the followers of other religions must view things, but it will help us more fully to appreciate the Christian religion with its deeper truths and more lofty ideals.

INDUSTRIAL WORK.

The man who labors with his hands as well as his brains is in these days coming into his own. To be sure, there has always been some account taken of his work and in that sense he has been considered a valuable addition to society. But for all his acknowledged value, he has not, until recent years, been accorded the high place and honors that are his due. Today the man who rolls up his sleeves and wades into a job that calls for muscle as well as brain and skill often occupies a higher position in society than the one with soft, white hands, immaculate clothes and a pencil behind his ear. True, the attitude of society does not really make the man, but it is proof that it is coming to the right idea of values and argues for a healthy condition of things that cannot help reacting favorably on the whole working world.

The Inglenook family is made up of people who are workers. They do not belong to the class which has lately been converted to the idea of the dignity of labor, but they have always held to this idea and may therefore well take their places in the forefront of the present movement. And they are doing this in various ways,—as the best practical farmers, as teachers of agriculture and as teachers of manual training in the city schools.

While our readers are all workers in one line or another, it is possible for many of them to have a broader knowledge of the various kinds of manual work. Then, too, many of our younger readers lack knowledge as to how to work; while they are getting acquainted with themselves and their powers they should be trained to develop these powers for practical uses. To further this end we have decided to have a manual training instructor give our readers a series of lessons during the coming year. For this work a man has been secured who is well qualified to give us an excellent course along this line. For years he has been teaching and continues to teach manual training in one of the high schools of a leading city in the Middle West.

Just to give you an idea of the ground that will be covered in this series, here is a list of subjects that will come in for treatment. Others may be added, as our instructor proceeds:

"Industrial Work in the Public Schools."
"Meeting the Needs of the Time."
"How to Fit Up a Workshop."
"How to Make and Read a Mechanical Drawing."
"The Use and Care of Tools."
"Stains and How to Use Them."
"Wood to Be Used for Different Purposes."

Following these will be an indefinite number of practical lessons on the making of particular articles, such as, fireless cookers, brooders, etc. We imagine we can see the eyes of our boys, old and young, sparkle with pleasure at the thought of following a series like this and being able to file away the articles for future reference. But if the boys are the only ones who read these articles, then our readers of the opposite sex are altogether different from many we know who can drive a nail as straight as any man and "just love to make things" with hammer and saw and nails.

To get the best out of any good that comes to us it is necessary to share it with others, and often our enjoyment is proportionate to our personal effort to share, or to pass along the good to those who otherwise would not possess it. We believe it will be so in this case. Suppose you tell your neighbors and friends of this new feature of the INGLENOOK for 1911 and see how much even that little effort will add to your interest in and enjoyment of this new department.

"TEETOTALERS PREFERRED."

IN recent years in various ways it has come to be very generally known that brewers, saloon-keepers and all who deal in a business way with intoxicating liquors discriminate against the drinker when it comes to hiring men for work, just as do business men of dozens of other businesses. But this knowledge on their part is not of recent discovery; no doubt it dates back with the individual as far as his first knowledge of the nature of the stuff in which he deals. And since the making and selling of intoxicating drinks has been an active business for centuries, we may safely conclude that distillers and saloon-keepers of remotest history have given expression, in public or private, to the sentiment found behind the following want ad which one of our readers sent us:

> MEN WANTED—A couple of good men wanted at the Perth Distillery; no drinking characters need apply; and those who do not use liquor at all preferred.
>
> John A. McLaren.

In an issue of the same paper of later date the ad appeared again with a number of verses following explaining, though not to the credit of the distiller, why he inserted certain conditions in his ad. We reprint the verses here so that our readers may get the force of the "explanation" in the keen, sarcastic lines of the rhyme maker:

WANTED—two men to work for us,
Good, honest men and willing;
Two strong teetotalers preferred
Who understand distilling.

Their work will be to make and sell,
On no account to buy;
We know the stuff and know it works,—
No drinker need apply.

No man can do his duty well
Who drinks the liquid fire;
And we must have our money's worth
From people whom we hire.

It's money we are after, not
The pains, and rags, and snakes,
So want no man who's fool enough
To swallow what he makes.

Our stuff is made for other folks
To garnish bar room shelves;
That's where we send the article,
But never go ourselves.

And men can be respectable
Who only make and sell it;
And none but fools would drink the stuff
Who always have to smell it.

We want two men with ready hands,
And brains to plan and think,
Who know enough the drink to make,
But know too much to drink.

A man should no more drink the stuff
Who labors at a still,
Than he should be a hog and eat
Because he makes the swill.

WANTED—two good men to work for us,
Good, honest men and steady;
To make, but not to take the drink;
For such our money's ready.

It is a repetition of the familiar spectacle of the liquor people giving themselves away. But how can they do otherwise? When a business is bad from beginning to end it is impossible for even its most loyal supporters to transact business with others or meet them in society without often proving, in a sense, a traitor to it. Oh, readers, good men and women true, will we not rise in our might, when we have these arguments put in our hands, and help these distillers and saloon-keepers to give away the business so completely that it will never be able to come back to pollute our fair land and ruin our homes?

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,
And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done;
There's something sort o' thrillin' in the flag that's wavin' high,
And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by;
But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done, somehow
We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade,
And through all the awful darkness that the smoke of battles made;
In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men debate;
In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great,
There is not a single person who'd be doin' bizness now
Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty heights;
We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're settin' things to rights;
We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run;
Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have done,
And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do now,
Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

—S. E. Kiser.



THE HOME WORLD



The Week's Work

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

IT was eleven o'clock and Mrs. Daniels was busy hanging out her clothes. "I hate Monday with its washing and its general disarranging of our household affairs more than any other day." She said this to Phoebe Miller who was sitting on her back porch paring apples.

"I think you have done very well this morning," smiled Phoebe. "Your clothes will dry nicely, and you had better sit down a moment and rest before you put your tubs away."

Alice Daniels came and sat on the porch step, and fanned herself with her sunbonnet. "John is not coming home until this evening. So I have all afternoon to get ready for tea, and it's lucky; I am so tired."

"Washing is always hard work. No matter how we scheme and plan, it is still one of the hardest tasks that confronts a housewife," said Phoebe.

"You did not wash this morning, and I have noticed that you seldom wash on Monday morning. Why do you put it off? If I am not too—too—"

"No, you are not inquisitive or anything of that sort," finished Phoebe, laughingly. "I am glad to tell you all I know about the mysteries of housekeeping. I used to dread Monday so, that at last I washed on Tuesday and then I never went back to Monday."

"Oh, please tell me all about it," said Alice, eagerly. She was so anxious to do the right thing, and so conscious of her many deficiencies that Phoebe's heart warmed towards her.

"We both sweep on Friday, and you know a house is very likely to be untidy and dirty again by Monday morning," began Phoebe.

"Didn't I spend over two hours this morning trying to get the house in order, putting books in their places, and magazines on their shelves? The dirty clothes were hard to find and sometimes I miss some of them because they happen to be left at some unthought-of place," replied Alice with the conviction born of experience.

"For just such reasons I have changed my wash-day to Tuesday. On Monday morning, after the dishes have been washed, I make a tour of the house. Then I get the sweeper and here and there I gather up all the dirt and dust the rooms. I also brush our clothes and put them all away and throw out the withered flowers and put things where they belong. And I find it takes the greater part of the morning to do this. Most of the time I do a little baking, too, so that we have some pies and cake to tide over Tuesday and Wednesday." And here Phœbe went into the kitchen to look at some beans which were baking.

"All that must be done over at my house right now," said Alice when Phoebe returned.

"Yes, I dare say," replied Phoebe. "This afternoon, I shall look over my soiled clothes for the thin spots and mend them before I wash them. This saves time; the small rent in the tablecloth or napkin I darn today would be much larger if I washed the article first. I am almost afraid to tell you that I do some mending on the sewing-machine because it saves time and work. I look over the clothes for fruit stains, too, and pour boiling water through the linen and never have any difficulty to get rid of them. I am always careful to soak napkins and tablecloth in cold water first of all. on account of milk or cream which may have been dropped on them. This prevents those ugly brown stains which are almost impossible to remove from table linen. Then I also sort the clothes, so that Tuesday finds them all ready for the tubs."

"Do you soak your clothes?" asked Alice.

"Yes, I put them to soak on Monday evening. And on Tuesday morning early I wash them. Half my washing is done by proper soaking and good soap. And then I am careful about hanging them out properly. I fasten garments by the bands; they are less liable to tear soon. I hang the napkins all in a row and group most of the articles together. It is easier to dampen all the napkins at once, all the towels, and so on. Then I do not hang starched articles in a strong wind and expect them to retain much of their stiffness."

"I never knew there were so many things to do in order to have clothes look as yours always do," sighed Alice.

"Neither did I, when I was your age," replied Phœbe encouragingly. "When Wednesday morning comes, I have a perfectly smooth ironing board, with the cloth over it stretched without a wrinkle. My irons have been in a clean place and are smooth and ready

for the ironing. We can make our clothes look nice if we iron them with a light pressure until they are smooth, then press harder. Be careful to iron napkins and handkerchiefs evenly and fold perfectly square."

"I have learned to do that," put in Alice triumphantly. "And I am very careful to put away the clothes carefully, too; I don't put in a half hour ironing a shirt-waist as it should be and then crowd it away somewhere, so that I can hardly tell whether it really was ironed when I come to wear it."

"Good!" exclaimed Phoebe, "that is quite an important item. On Thursday, we do as little as we can; I try to have Thursday for a half holiday. I do my mending and look after odds and ends. Sometimes I clean the silver and there is always some little task to be done if the domestic wheels are to run without creaking."

"Oh, I have found that out to my sorrow. I'll keep putting off some little task only to find it must be done at some very inappropriate time. And if you do those things on Thursday, they cannot trip you when you are not expecting trouble," said Alice.

"On Friday I sweep and clean the house thoroughly. I really dread Friday more than wash-day. Let us hope that with vacuum cleaners and other electric contrivances we may be able to lighten our task of Friday's cleaning."

"Yes, I dread Friday, too," said Alice, reminiscently.

"On Saturday—we are continuing almost like the little nursery rhymes—but on Saturday I bake and prepare for Sunday. I cook all I can, so that Sunday dinner is an easy matter. With the fireless cooker, I have a good hot dinner, and do not perspire and worry over it as I used to do. I scrub porches and sometimes wash windows on Saturday, and do all the odds and ends necessary to have the house comfortable for us all, over Sunday."

"So that is how you manage to have so much leisure on Sunday. I shall certainly have to come to you for more help. I am sure your plans are much better than my own," said Alice as she went home.

LOVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Love is the wind, the tide, the wave, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horsepower. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move with the globe without a resting place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without. But, though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and every human heart, is sooner or later more or less made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the power of all successful social machinery; but as in physics we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generally applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied as yet.—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

BEGINNING TO THINK.

"There's Mrs. Merrill coming. And she's wheeling little Harry."

"We'll go and help her."

Two of the children who were sitting with their mother on the front porch ran and assumed charge of little Harry and the go-cart.

Two older ones added their words of pleasant welcome to mother's, one bringing an easy chair, the other going for a glass of fresh water and a fan.

"Just like you all, dears," Mrs. Merrill smiled her appreciation of the little attentions. "I always do tell Mr. Merrill, and in fact many others, that you are altogether the most polite and well-behaved young people I ever have the pleasure of meeting. Don't let Harry bother you—come up here with me, little boy. He isn't very well and has been fretful all the morning."

Harry clung to the younger ones, plainly feeling no desire to stay by his mother.

"We'll take care of him," said Nellie. "Harry, we'll go to the barn and see the kittens."

"And there are strawberries in the garden," said Phil.

"But perhaps he ought not to have them," cautioned mother.

"He may have six, if he will be satisfied with that many," said Mrs. Merrill. Harry gave the promise and was borne away for what he knew would be a happy time.

There was much pleasant chat between the two mothers and the ones who remained. Lucia brought mother's last new waist to show the visitor, and then had a long hunt for the address of the person who had made it. George brought a nursery swing outgrown by Phil and wrapped it to be taken home for Harry's use.

Later it rained a little, when there was a laughing rush with umbrellas for the small ones in the garden. Then George went home with Harry and his mother to hold an umbrella over the go-cart.

"I've been a good while," he said, as he came back after an hour's absence, "but Mrs. Merrill found that the girl had gone out and taken the key of the door she expected to get in at. So I waited a little and then climbed in a window to open a door for her to get in."

"I like Mrs. Merrill," said one of the children as the four gathered again with mother.

"You like me, too, dears?" asked mother.

"Ho, mother!" Four pairs of eyes turned on her in puzzled questioning.

"I have been thinking as I sit here," she went on meditatively, "how nice it must be to be Mrs. Merrill."

"Why, mother!" Astonishment was joined to the questioning.

"Nicer than to be yourself?"

"Nicer than to be our mother?"

"Oh, dear, no," she said, with a laugh. "Of course I should want to be your mother just the same, and I don't wonder you are surprised, for really I don't see myself how it could be arranged. And after all I don't know whether my purpose would be served if you were my children, I being Mrs. Merrill."

"Well—I like that," said George.

"Mother," said Lucia, half fretful, "I do wish you would stop talking riddles and tell us what you are trying to get at."

"Don't take it hard, dears. I was only thinking how nice and polite you would be to me if I was Mrs. Merrill."

"Now—mother!"

Half in reproach, half with the entering of a new thought, came the exclamation. The four pairs of eyes now gazed questioningly into each other.

"If I were Mrs. Merrill," went on mother, "you, George and Phil, would take off your hats when I came. All of you would look to see how you could be polite and attentive to me. You would hurry to relieve me of a burden. You would bring me a chair, and wait kindly on me. You would—" mother smiled as her arms reached far enough to take in four, "be just the dear children you all are."

"O mother—mother—." Lucia shook off the caressing arm, "we don't deserve your lovingness. It's just as you say. We are politer to everyone else than we are to you."

"Anybody might think, you know," said mother, gently, "that you thought that other people were more worthy of your best behavior than—"

"Now, mother, you shan't!" Four pairs of arms circled her with a pouring forth of a confused torrent of loving, repentant words. "O, O, O—as if anybody could ever deserve good things more than you!"

"It's just because we haven't thought—"

"But we're going to think, think, think."

"And do, do, do."

"You'll see, mother."—*Sidney Dayre.*

* * *

THE LAW OF HER MOTHER.

"Addie says you won't let her go to the band concert with me, but you will, won't you, Mrs. Cummings?"

Mrs. Cummings looked at the bright face turned so winsomely toward her own; looked at her daughter's pleading one, hesitated, almost gave assent, and then with a sigh and a smile shook her head.

"You two would go alone, dear? I thought so. No, Addie is right; I must refuse. I do not approve of young girls going to band concerts alone, and there is no one here to go with you, I am sorry to say."

The pretty face clouded.

"You're awfully particular, Mrs. Cummings. Mama says it's perfectly safe."

"But I do not care to have Addie go," repeated Mrs. Cummings more decisively, and with this the two girls were forced to content themselves, the younger and neighbor girl leaving the room with a positive scowl upon her wide-eyed little face.

For a little there was silence in the room; then Addie's mother turned with a sigh to her caller, a gray-haired woman lately become a resident of the town.

"Do you think me 'awfully particular' Mrs. Gates?"

"You are particular, surely," responded the other gently, "but not too much so. What does the little daughter herself think?"

"She thinks mama knows best," interrupted a loyal young voice at the door. "She always is right, Mrs. Gates. But oh, mama dear! I did so want to go. It is the last band concert of the year, you know, and I have not been to one."

The caller made a sudden decision.

"Nor have I," she announced, gaily, "and if your mama will give her consent we will enjoy this one together."

Nothing could have pleased Mrs. Cummings more, for the accident which had held her a prisoner in the house since early summer had seemed especially onerous for the reason that her daughter was thus deprived of many outings, which only motherly companionship could make possible—for *her* daughter.

"And," said Mrs. Gates when Addie was ready, "suppose we ask your little friend to go with us." Addie went on the errand delightedly but Mrs. West somewhat curtly informed her that her daughter had already gone.

"I really can trust my child," she said haughtily, "and I must say, Addie, that I do think your mama fussy to an extreme." And Addie bit her lips to restrain the quick words which indignation prompted.

During the evening it was most evident that many mothers agreed with Mrs. West, for everywhere were to be seen girls of ten, twelve, fourteen and fifteen, strolling about in pairs, or, arm-in-arm, with boys of their own age. Older young men were of-

ten to be seen with many young girls who plainly were unrelated to them. Without exception, too, the manners of the children allowed thus to promenade the "square" without the protection of an older person, were boisterous and unladylike.

The last selection given, Mrs. Gates and her charge turned homeward. Addie broke the silence at length.

"I'm so glad I didn't go tonight with Nellie, Mrs. Gates. Not only because I have enjoyed being with you, but also because—well—because—oh! I'm just glad my mother doesn't let me go out alone in the evenings."

And Mrs. Gates quoted softly the ever-old, ever-new truth:

"Forsake not the law of thy mother—it shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck."—*American Motherhood.*

MAH ARMS IS COL' AN' EMPTY.

I's a li'l honey baby, 'way up thar in glory.
Wundah ef ah'll evah get tuh see dat baby eny mo'?
In de chu'ch ah lissens to de good ol' pahson's story,
But ah seems tuh sorruh aftah, jes de way ah do befo'.
Mah arms is sholy col'
Wivout my honey chile tuh hol'.
Ah knows she's up in heaben, but oh, ah wants her heah!
De birds is in dey nes'
Close to dey mammy's breas'—
Mah arms is col' an' empty, mah eyes is full ob tear.

O Lord, ah ought to thank yuh, dat you tuk mah chile to heaben.
(We-uns is so po' an' black, an' de ways we go is bad.)
Ah tries tuh see it dat-a-way—how kin ah be fo'gibben—
Fo' ah cain't, ah jes cain't do it, when mah hea't's so pow'ful sad.
Mah arms is sholy col'
Wivout mah honey chile tuh hol'.
Ah knows she's up in heaben, but oh, ah wants her heah!
De birds is in dey nes'
Close to dey mammy's breas'—
Mah arms is col' an' empty, mah eyes is full ob tear.

—Margaret Adams, in Lippincott's.

SOME CAUSES OF INDIGESTION.

IMPROPER food, that is, food that is not suitable, or does not agree with the person. For example, some people can not easily digest animal fat, milk, bananas, cabbage, onions, pineapples, strawberries, etc.

Food cooked in a certain manner. For example, fried food, for frying toughens the food and burns the fat. Baked potatoes will digest in much less time than when boiled or fried. It is the same with meats, fish, and most other foods. Pastry is hard to digest.

Salted meats, fish, etc., are harder to digest and less nutritious than when fresh.

Coffee or tea may prevent or retard digestion about thirty-three per cent. There are no nutrients in coffee or tea.

Eating too much and too often.

Eating too fast and without thoroughly masticating the food and mixing it with saliva.

Washing the food down with liquids, as water, coffee, tea, etc.

Taking too much drink or fluid with the food, especially cold liquids. Probably when much fluid is taken with the food the stomach has to get rid of it before digestion begins, else the gastric juice might be too much diluted. When cold liquid is drunk too quickly the stomach is somewhat chilled and has to regain its normal temperature before digestion can proceed. If cold drinks are taken very slowly, or sipped, the chill may be avoided.

Toasted bread, no matter if a little burnt, if well masticated, is good for indigestion or for dyspeptic persons.

"When troubled from indigestion, from whatever cause, the sufferer obtains decided benefit by partaking of foods which contain a large per cent of matter in a soluble form."

A legume soup will promote digestion.—*Cooking Club Magazine.*

WHAT THE BABY NEEDS.

A BABY must have a plentiful supply of pure, outdoor air. A baby cannot thrive on poisoned air. It cannot grow healthy and strong in air that has been breathed over and over again, that may have passed in and out of its own lungs half a dozen times. It simply poisons itself under such circumstances. The baby should have fresh air and plenty of it. You really cannot give him too much fresh air. If he can live or sleep outdoors, so much the better. The more nearly the quality of the air he breathes approaches that of the pure outside atmosphere, the stronger and healthier he will become. If you are afraid of a draft on your little one, then he must suffer because of your ignorance. Indeed, it is pitiful that a poor little innocent human mite must be deprived of that which is food and health and life, one might say, because of a mother's or father's gross ignorance. A draft never has hurt a baby and it never will hurt one, and thousands, yes, I venture to say millions, of little ones have struggled and suffered and gasped solely from the want of life-giving oxygen. The circulation of a new-born baby is, as a rule, far better than your own. Although it is not advisable to expose it to the cold, it should nevertheless be supplied with pure, outdoor air, no matter how young it may be. As long as the body is kept warm, with a sufficient amount of clothing, there is not the slightest danger of catching cold. In fact, even if the body is not kept warm, if it is not overfed or the blood filled with poisons of various kinds, a cold cannot possibly result.—*Household Journal.*

HEALTHFUL SCHOOL LUNCHES.

THE subject of school lunches is certainly one of supreme importance. Probably the first thing to be considered is—daintiness. Here are a few items which I have found useful in tempting the capricious appetite dulled by the necessary school confinement.

Secure plenty of plain white paper napkins (the flowered ones so often fade on the food) and use these in wrapping the various articles, sandwiches, etc., for a "mixed up" lunch is an abomination.

If possible, have two lunch boxes, or whatever may be used, and allow the box to air every evening when brought home, and from Friday until Monday. If this is not done, an indescribable odor will cling. A schoolteacher once told me she could hardly stand the odor in the room after the lunch boxes were opened. This can be easily avoided.

Small jars or jelly glasses with tops are nice for small custards, stewed fruits, salads, etc. If white bread is to be used for sandwiches, take the biscuit cutter or a baking powder tin and remove the crust. These make lovely round sandwiches. Or slice the piece diagonally, making diamond-shaped sandwiches. Even a change of shape is tempting. Above all, have the bread sliced *thinly*.

For the white bread sandwiches here are several recipes for filling: 1. Season cream cheese with a little salt and work smooth. Chop a green pepper and after straining the juice, add the chopped part to the cheese, and mix in a little butter. Spread between the layers. 2. Take a small portion of salmon, free from bones and skin, add a little salad dressing and one pickle chopped fine. A few English walnut meats will add to the flavor. 3. Nut sandwiches, composed of finely chopped nuts and a few olives mixed with a salad dressing, are delicious.

If brown bread sandwiches are desired, steam the bread in pound baking powder cans, and then slice. Here is a fine recipe for brown bread: To one pint sour milk add half cup molasses, one scant cup sugar, one teaspoon each of salt and soda, one tablespoon melted butter, one cup each of flour and corn meal, and two cups graham flour, sifted. Steam 2½ hours. This quantity will make three small loaves, baked in the tins.

The same fillings may be used for the brown bread, or the slices may simply be spread with butter, preserves, etc.

If possible, have some fresh fruit, or, if not obtainable, baked apples are excellent, or stewed fruit of any kind. This can be placed in glass jars. When baking make small individual pies and cakes. Salads are excellent and can easily be made in small quantities, placed in jars and will be thoroughly enjoyed.

Surprises are delightful—a few salted nuts, or dates or figs stuffed with nut meats, and then rolled in sugar, pure, plain candies, grape juice, or a little lemon juice with sugar—enough for lemonade for the little lad or lassie—all these help to make *Mother's* lunch the best in the room.

I have tried in this article to name some things not usually seen in school lunches, and hope it may prove of assistance to some mother in dealing with a very difficult problem.—*Farm and Home.*

The Children's Corner

TEA TABLE TALKS.—No. 4.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"Now, Uncle Ned, I am ready to hear about cinnamon," said Harry next evening as they sat around the fire after supper.

"All right. What does cinnamon look like?"

"It is a kind of bark, is it not?"

"Yes, that is right. It is the bark of a species of laurel. The best kind comes from the island of Ceylon, but we don't get much of that. What we get is usually a poorer grade from China. It has also been introduced into the West Indies. The inner bark is stripped from the trees twice a year and dried for export. It is one of the oldest known of the spices, being mentioned in the Bible."

"Where, Uncle?"

"The first place I remember reading about it is in Genesis 30:23. It is also mentioned in the book of Proverbs, chapter 7, verse 17. The tree grows to be about thirty feet high and sometimes is one and one-half feet thick. The buds are also used. The flower is a pretty white one.

"Anise is the name of the seeds of an annual plant first known in Egypt. It grows from one and one-half to two feet high. Besides its native country, it is now cultivated in most of the countries of southern Europe and also in Germany. The German people are very fond of its flavor. They also use a kind called star anise which comes from China, the fruit being in the form of a star. This kind grows on a tree. They use it for flavoring various foods, but especially in apple butter."

"Have you ever eaten any of it?"

"Yes; you see much of my time has been spent among German people and I have learned much about their ways. I used to assist in a store in a town where almost all the people in and around it were German. We sold them large amounts of spices of all kinds.

"Allspice was another for which we had a large demand. It is so called because it is supposed to have

the flavor of all spices, especially cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. It is sometimes called Jamaica pepper because much grown there; also known as pimento.

"Coriander seed are often mixed with bread by the people of northern Europe, and is also used to flavor drinks. It was first known in southern Europe where the plants grew to a height of one or two feet. The whole plant when fresh has an offensive smell but the dry fruit has a pleasant taste and smell.

"The commonest, perhaps, of the spices is pepper. Found in the East Indies, its cultivation has spread till it is now grown in all tropical and sub-tropical countries. The plant is a climbing shrub, bearing a fruit about the size of a pea and bright red when ripe. It begins to bear at about three years old and yields two crops a year for about twelve years. If the berry is dried with the flesh on we call it black pepper; but when the seed is freed from these parts it is white pepper."

"I thought they were two different kinds. Then what is cayenne pepper?"

"It is the fruit of a different plant from South America; but is now found in all warm countries. The Mexicans stew a kind with cabbage and the like. They are very fond of it, and can eat it readily, even if most of the cabbage is omitted."

"What is ginger? I have heard you say that you liked ginger bread."

"It is the root of a perennial plant found in the East Indies where it has been cultivated so long that no one knows when it was first used."

"What is a perennial?"

"A plant that grows year after year is a perennial, one growing the first year and fruiting the next is a biennial, while one that makes seed the first year, then dies, is an annual. Much of the ginger we use comes from Jamaica.

"Another food not much used in parts of this country is caper sauce. It is made of the undeveloped buds of the caper plant which is grown in the southern part of Europe. The bushes are often grown on walls and in various waste places. They are pungent and slightly bitter. They are used to make a sauce for meat."

"Then it is used as we use mustard, is it not?"

"Yes, much the same, though the plants are quite different. Mustard is one member of a large family, of which cabbage and radishes are members. To use it the seeds are ground and mixed with vinegar to eat on meat, or is mixed with potato salad. Black mustard is used for this. In making mixed pickles the white is generally used.

"Another spice is nutmeg. It is a native of Asia, Madagascar, South America and is also found in the mountains of Mexico. The part we use is the kernel of the nut. The outer covering is used but not so extensively. It is known as mace. In mixed spices you may find yellowish white pieces, looking something like thick paper. Sometimes you can find them so near whole that they show the shape of the nutmeg. These are only a few of the things we might mention, but if you will only keep your eyes and ears open you can learn about many more. You need not be what we call inquisitive, but when you talk with any man ask him questions along his line of work and he will be glad to tell you many things of interest. 'Men are only boys grown tall' is as true today as ever. You know how a boy likes to tell something that he thinks the other fellow does not know; so it is with men. Now to bed."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

KEEPING DRIED FRUIT.

JENNIE NEHER.

We have been very successful in keeping our dried fruit free from worms by destroying the larvæ. We simply put the dried fruit in good tight barrels; to each barrel we use one ounce of bisulphide of carbon in a teacup placed on top of fruit. Then cover closely the barrel with grain sacks or carpet. When the carbon is all evaporated your fruit is then ready to sack and store away. One thing you should be careful to observe, and that is, never be near the fire when using bisulphide of carbon as it is combustible.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

PUMPKIN PIE.

The crisp November air sharpens the appetite to a keen edge and makes us love pumpkin pie, the climax of the season's delicacies.

Shall I tell you the origin of pumpkin pie? Once upon a time, a poor inventor came upon a pumpkin while walking through the fields. He took it home, thinking he could extract gold from the yellow orb. He let it boil into a pulpy mass and poured it on top of a pan of dough that his wife had ready for making apple pie. Into the oven he put the pumpkin and the dough. He argued that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold; but it came out of the oven, not gold but pumpkin pie, and looked so good that the hungry inventor bit into it.

Creditors broke into the house about this time, demanding the gold the poor inventor was so sure of extracting from the pumpkin. "Men," cried the old man, "I have discovered pumpkin pie! Who cares for gold?"

The creditors sat down, also, and helped the old man get away with the pumpkin pie—and all were happy ever afterward.—*Fannie M. Wood, in Farm Journal.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Dr. Nansen, in a paper read recently at Berlin, examined the evidence in view of the Icelandic discovery of America, and repudiates it. He believes that Columbus was the first to discover America.

Information has reached the Panama Canal commission that there has been another landslide in Culebra Cut on the Canal Zone. On October 22, 175,000 cubic yards of earth slid 75 feet, filling the pioneer cut drainage channel, destroying four construction tracks and burying 16 flat cars, two locomotives and two steam shovels.

When Secretary of the Navy Meyer returns to Washington it is believed he will recommend that Guantanamo, Cuba, be selected as the site for an auxiliary naval base for the defense of the Panama Canal. Secretary Meyer made a close study of available Cuban sites offered. Guantanamo Bay is large and capable of containing a fleet of any size.

The American Peace Society has issued an appeal to the clergy of all Christian churches of the country and to the leaders of all other religious organizations to observe the third Sunday in December of this and succeeding years as peace Sunday, and on that date to urge by prayer, song and sermon "the abolition of war and the substitution of imperative, universal arbitration."

A carefully organized scheme for the overthrow of Sultan Mohammed V. and the accession of Abdul Hamid to the throne has resulted in new guards being sent to Salonika to guard the former ruler. The financial straits of the "Young Turks" regime has caused widespread dissatisfaction and there is fear of another bloody revolution such as put Mohammed in power. That the cabinet members who recently resigned have cast their lot with the friends of the former sultan is openly stated by the press.

The law creating postal savings banks, which was signed by President Taft June 30 last, will become operative within a few weeks. Since the date of approval of the law the postmaster general, the secretary of the treasury and the attorney general who constitute the board of trustees, have been diligently at work, assisted by a special committee of employes of the postoffice department appointed by the postmaster general to perfect the details for putting the postal banks in operation. Owing to the fact that congress appropriated only $100,000 to start the work the board of trustees has been compelled to go slow in the matter of selecting the cities in which the first banks will be located. After much figuring the board decided on 50 cities, the names of which will not be given out, it is said, until everything is ready for the postmasters to begin business opening accounts with depositors.

The census bureau has made public the following population returns: Iowa—State, total, 2,224,771; last census, 2,321,835; decrease, 3 per cent. Referring to the decrease in the population of the State, officials of the census bureau will make no comment, but it is believed the decrease is due to the emigration of Iowa farmers to Canada, which country has been making special inducements to western farmers in search of rich agricultural lands.

Two thousand railroad workmen, track layers, bridge workmen, graders, etc., were thrown out of employment when the Union Pacific, Burlington and Northwestern railroad systems ceased building for the season. These men have been employed in building operations in Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado. Each year the roads cease all construction work on November 1. The Union Pacific shops in Omaha were closed for three days and reopened on reduced time.

Crown Prince Frederick William has set out on a journey that will determine the policy of Germany in the Orient. On the report which he will make of his observations, the kaiser will formulate in great measure the plans to be followed in the commercial combat with Russia and England in the far east. The crown prince will be accompanied as far as Ceylon by the crown princess, but she will then return, fearing the climate of India, where the prince will stay two months.

One per cent is all that any Illinois county treasurer is entitled to for collecting municipal taxes, according to an opinion rendered recently by Attorney General Stead in response to an inquiry by State's Attorney Robert H. Scholes of Peoria. The attorney general explains that while the law provides 3 per cent, 2 per cent or 1½ per cent for the collection of county taxes, according to the class of county, the amount for collecting municipal taxes is specifically fixed at 1 per cent.

Arrangements have been completed for the successful outcome of a persistent and energetic campaign on the part of the Southern Industrial Educational association for the moral and material uplift of the poor white boys and girls of the southern mountain regions. These mountain people are the direct descendants of the early settlers from England and Scotland, and very many of them can trace their ancestry back to men who were prominent in the colonies and in revolutionary days. Chief Justice Shepard of the district court of appeals, who has just returned from a prolonged visit to the mountains of North Carolina, where he visited a number of schools aided by the association, says that he met there three young women, natives of that district, who are direct descendants of John Witherspoon, signer of the declaration of independence and first president of Princeton university.

The first airship line in the United States is going to be organized between Cleveland and Detroit by the Detroit and Cleveland Aero company, composed of the officials of the Detroit and Cleveland S. S. company. The new airship line will be put into operation as soon as possible. The distance from Detroit to Cleveland is between 120 and 125 miles as the crow flies, although the steamer route is much longer owing to the roundabout course which has to be taken.

In the convention signed Nov. 5 by Special United States Commissioner Thomas C. Dawson on the one hand and General Estrada and his ministers on the other for the continuance of Estrada in the presidency for two years, Mr. Dawson promises to use his best efforts to obtain a loan for Nicaragua from the United States. This loan is to be guaranteed by 50 per cent of the customs duties, and will be used for the purposes of funding the internal and foreign debt, building railroads to Matagalpa and Rama and establishing a gold standard.

Postmaster General Hitchcock's plan of requiring the magazines to pay increased postage on their advertising pages sufficient to eliminate postal deficits was officially explained Nov. 3. Mr. Hitchcock believes that more distinction should be made between advertising and what is termed legitimate reading matter. He does not favor, under present conditions, an increase in the rates of postage for carrying reading matter. In view of the vanishing postal deficit Mr. Hitchcock thinks that if the magazines can be required to pay what it costs the government to carry their advertising pages the department's revenues will be large enough to warrant 1-cent postage on first-class mail.

It is said that the French colonial army intends to establish aerial transportation across the desert of Sahara to link the French North African possessions with those of the Congo. One critic remarks that in alighting, sand is likely to work itself into the motor, and that unless the aeroplane flies at a height of over one thousand feet, sand storms may play havoc with the machinery. The French are likewise considering carrying mail by aeroplane in Madagascar between Antananarivo, Ambositra and Fianarantsoa. The distance each way is 250 miles, and it takes a week to deliver the mail at Fianarantsoa. An aeroplane could cover the distance in six hours.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for October, as compiled from the records of the Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, shows a total of $37,188,300. A comparison with last year and with the preceding months of this year shows that the month just closed was the most severe as regards fire loss since April, 1906, when the San Francisco conflagration occurred. There were no less than 309 fires during October, which caused a loss in each instance of $10,000 or over. Of the twenty-nine fires credited as having caused a loss of more than $200,000 each four were forest fires with a total estimated loss of $14,600,000, but with comparatively little insurance involved. The losses of forest fires during October, 1910, are estimated at $14,600,000, somewhat less than the United States government figures for a smaller territory. They include damage to buildings and contents in the burned sections. The losses other than through forest fires, aggregated for the month $22,588,300.

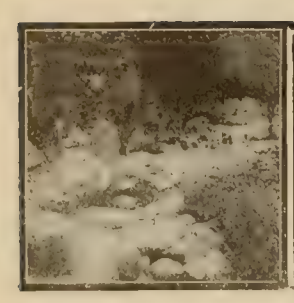
The population of Los Angeles, Cal., is 319,198, as compared with 102,479 in 1900, as just announced by the census bureau. This is an increase since 1900 of 216,719, or 211.5 per cent.

The liquor business fared ill in the recent elections in Washington. Besides carrying the large cities of Bellingham and Everett and a dozen other towns in the northwestern counties, the "drys" of Wenatchee, the seat of Chelan County, doubled their former majorities, and Dayton, the seat of Columbia County, multiplied its majority by more than five. The State anti-saloon league announced that all five of Washington's new delegation in Congress are pledged to vote for an amendment to the interstate commerce law which will forbid the carrying of liquor from one State to another, which has a statute against such importation.

President Taft has announced the personnel of the new endowment fund committee of the National Red Cross. The Red Cross at present is without any endowment in this country, but it is hoped that through the efforts of the committee named by the President an ample fund may be secured. President Taft, as president of the National Red Cross, is the ex-officio head of the committee. Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh is named as chairman, and Charles D. Norton, secretary to the President, is vice chairman. The entire membership of the committee is nearly 200. The Chicago members are: Cyrus H. McCormick, Robert T. Lincoln, Robert S. McCormick, H. H. Kohlsaat, Victor F. Lawson, Michael Cudahy and James Keeley.

Immigrants entering Canada must have a larger share of this world's pelf hereafter if they desire to be permitted to remain in that portion of the British dominions, for the administration has decreed that from the beginning of this month until March next the minimum sum of money which immigrants must have in their possession on landing—unless going to assured positions as farm laborers—will be $50 instead of $25, as required during the past spring and summer months. It will be remembered that a similar course was pursued last winter, so as to restrict arrivals during the season when the opportunities for securing employment were limited. Immigration to the dominion for the past three months is away ahead of last year's corresponding period. The total for this year will reach close to 300,000.

Careful compilation of the crop, live stock and feedstuffs supply of the United States by Clement-Curtis shows that while the total supply of available feeding stuffs is only 4½ per cent larger than a year ago, the supply of feeding animals is 5 per cent larger and that there is therefore a close approximation of the supply and demand. According to the figures, which are compiled from thousands of correspondents' reports and applied to government acreages, the corn crop is 14 per cent larger than last year and the supply of coarse feeding stuffs has been greatly reduced by the shortage of 4,800,000 tons in the hay crop. The total corn crop is estimated at 3,168,000,000 bu. against the official of 2,772,000,000 bu. last year. Of the total this year there are 1,615,000,000 bu. in the seven surplus States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, or 240,000,000 bu. more in these States than last year. Farm reserves of old corn are estimated at 5 per cent Nov. 1, or 138,000,000 bu. An average increase of 5 per cent is reported in feeding animals.



NATURE STUDIES



SONNET TO NOVEMBER.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

November smiles, as balmy summer day,
To tell us Indian Summer is now here.
The farewell flowers of the waning year,
Chrysanthemums, now, don their garments, gay:
"Good night, for all the year's fair blooms," they say,
As winter blows on them, so cold and drear,
The autumn leaves have fallen far and near,
And trees their trembling arms stretch, bare and gray,
To wait for leaves, returning in the spring.
The summer beauties have lain down to sleep,
And even joyous birds have taken wing,
They've gone, in warmer climates, now to cheep,
No more, we hear the frogs and crickets sing,
To sleep all winter, in some hole, they creep.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHESTNUT FAMILY.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

AMONG the American nut-bearing trees there are none that surpass the chestnut, or Castanea *dentata,* in desirable qualities aside from its beauty. The generic name, castanea, is the classic name of the Old World tree and is supposed to be derived from a city of that name in Thessaly; and the specific name, dentata, refers to the sawlike margins of the leaves. Fossil remains of this genus of trees have been found in the Arctic regions of both hemispheres and in western North America.

The chestnut is a common tree in the forests of eastern North America from Maine to Ontario and Michigan, and southward to Delaware, and along the mountains to northern Alabama and Mississippi, and westward to Illinois and Arkansas.

Everywhere a giant among trees, the chestnut shows its stately trunk and lofty branches to the best advantage in winter when there is no foliage to attract our attention. The tree is tall and slender in the forests, but broad and spreading, with somewhat drooping branches, forming a round top when growing in the open. The deep and narrow furrows of the bark sweep up and down the trunk, and divide into small, irregular scales of a dark brown color. The twigs are slender and round, and are grooved on both sides down from the base of each leaf-scar. They change through various shades of yellow and red to dark brown. The winter buds are long, sharp-pointed, and covered with thin, bright brown scales, and are set crosswise on the twigs.

It is a law of nature that every tree has an unvarying mathematical arrangement of the leaves on the branches, and different trees follow various systematic disposition of their leaves according to kind. But the chestnut seems to be a law unto itself, as the arrangement of its leaves may vary upon different twigs of the same tree. It seems to follow its own sweet will in its leaf-arrangement. It is late in unfolding its dark green glossy leaves, the beauty of which must strike the most casual observer. Each one is so long and taper-pointed, gradually narrowed to the wedge-shaped base, so prominently veined beneath and sharply-toothed on the margin, so green and shining above, and so placed among its fellows as to make it a beautiful and useful part of the broad dome-shaped head of green in summer. In autumn the color changes to a bright yellow, forming a crown of gold.

It is also late in blooming, for not until after the leaves are fully expanded in June or July do the strong-scented, cream-colored, plumy catkins brighten the whole tree. The upper catkins are more slender and their staminate flowers are smaller than those on the lower branches. At the base of the pistillate flowers is borne the two or three stalked globular involucre, armed with crowded stiff spines. These develop rapidly, and by the latter part of August the whole tree is covered with spiny green globes which ripen in September and October. The burs open spontaneously on the tree after a few sharp frosts, when the nuts are shaken out by the lightest breeze; the nuts are flattened on one side, bright brown, with a broad scar at the base, and with tufts of soft silky hairs at the apex. The nuts of the American species are sweeter than those of the Spanish type; but they are much smaller, and they vary greatly in size and quality on different trees. It is a rapid growing tree and lives to a great age. Throughout the East it has been extensively planted along city streets and is valued quite as much for its nuts as for its shade. The wood of the chestnut is soft, weak and coarse grained and of a yellowish brown color. It is much used in making inferior grades of furniture. It is also used for posts and railroad ties, being very durable when used in contact with

the soil. The wood is rich in tannic acid and has been used in tanneries. The leaves are used medicinally, being a specific in whooping-cough.

The nearest relatives of our chestnut in this country are the chinquapins, a small castanea or chinquapin of the dry sandy soils of the southern and southeastern States, and the golden-leaf chestnut of the Pacific Slope being of the most importance.

The southern form is a beautiful small tree and should be more frequently used in ornamental planting. Its leaves are thick and firm, sharp-pointed and might easily be mistaken for the leaves of its larger relative. The flowers appear in May, and the shining, sharp-pointed nuts ripen from August to October. The nuts are gathered and sold in the markets of the South and West, but seldom reach those of the North. The golden leaved chestnut or castanea, is an evergreen tree found growing on the western coast, from the Columbia River southward to the San Jacinto Mountains. The leaves are leathery, gradually taper-pointed, and wedge-shaped at the base, and the under side is covered with golden-colored hairs. The leaves turn yellow at the end of the second year, and gradually fall off. It requires two seasons to mature the fruit, the sweet, edible nuts ripening and falling in the autumn of the second season. The bark is so rich in tannin that it is used almost exclusively for tanning purposes in the Pacific States.

Spiceland, Ind.

A FIERCE FIGHTER.

THE harpy eagle is one of the fiercest and most powerful birds of prey in the world. Judging from the creatures he attacks and kills, it would appear that his power is unsurpassed among the feathered tribes of the air. As I started to draw this savage, his piercing eyes were turned directly toward me, and his set of blue-black crest feathers were immediately erected, giving him a more formidable appearance. He leaned forward, and, with slightly-opened wings, as if to dart toward my head, he kept his sharp gaze on me. When he found that I had come to stay—and stare back at him—he settled down and composed himself. Savage as he was, I found much about him to admire. There are, probably, no sharper eyes in the world than his. As he sat there, erect as a drum major, his coloring from crested crown to cruel claws was very beautiful.

Dr. Felix Oswald, that great physician, nature-lover and traveler, has given a splendid description of this bird in the *American Naturalist* for March, 1878. He writes as follows: "A square, strong head, armed with a most viciously-curved, powerful bill, that can crush a man's finger bones without any special effort, and dislocate the neck of a squirrel or monkey by a single wrench. Broad, compact wings, moved by shoulder muscles of enormous strength, and a pair of stout legs feathered to below the tarsi, that terminate in claws of such extraordinary power and sharpness that they leave marks on the skin of a quadruped, and even on the tough leather of a Mexican saddle, like the bite of a wild cat. The harpy often is killed for the sake of its feathers, the featherbed value of its plumage by the Mexican Indians, and if plucked yields about four pounds of soft, grayish-white down, besides the stiff wing and tail feathers and the bristling tuft which crowns its head. This plumage is so elastic, so compact, and so firmly imbricated, that buckshot striking the wings or the breast of the bird at a certain angle, glance off or fail to penetrate to vital parts; and monkeys or foxes which in their death struggle snap at what they mistake for the throat of their captor, shut their fangs upon a mass of elastic down, which baffles their efforts till the grip of the destroyer closes upon their own throats. The harpy can overtake the swiftest birds of the tropical woods, and in spite of its size steers its way through the labyrinth of forest trees and hanging vines with amazing skill, and rarely fails to rise without a pheasant or woodcock, or a small mammal in its claws, after plunging like a meteor from the clouds into the leafy maze of the tierra caliente."

This bird attacks and kills full-grown turkey cocks, young fawns, sloths, large foxes and badgers, middle-sized pigs, and even the black sapajou monkey, which exceeds the weight and size of this bird more than three times over. Besides the above-named animals, the harpy finds young woodcock, fat lizards, snakes, and even fish as pleasing to his palate. He is indeed the terror of the tropical forests and over the birds of the air he reigns supreme.

The coloring of the harpy eagle is very striking. His head is a beautiful slate color with dull black crest feathers, and the collar about the thick neck is also dull black. The breast is covered with feathers of snowy whiteness, bounded by the powerful wings which are of dull black. The tail is striped with black and dark, slaty blue. The nest of the harpy is constructed of sticks and moss, and is usually placed on an inaccessible mountain crag or in the top of some lofty forest tree. It is so compactly built that it is difficult to distinguished from the dark-colored clusters of the Mexican mistletoe.

Four or five eggs are usually laid, but not more than two hatch. The Indians say that the old bird feeds the first two eaglets that hatch out with the contents of the remaining eggs. The little eaglets have extraordinary appetites for the first six months of life, and it keeps the parents busy from morn till night looking after the commissary department.

An interesting incident is related by Devega,, the biographer of Cortez, stating that the only injury that great conqueror received during his adventures in Mexico was from his harpy eagle, which avenged itself

upon its master, who fatally wounded the bird while in a fit of passion. The bird raised its head before it died and grabbed the first right-hand finger of its master, crushing it through completely with its powerful beak.

The Incas and Aztec noblemen trained harpy eagles like falcons, and preferred them to tame panthers which were used to capture deer and young peccaries. —*Harry B. Bradford, in Comrade.*

HOW COCOANUTS ARE USED.

A cocoanut tree in the Islands of Trinidad and Tobago begins to produce nuts in four or five years after planting, and reaches maturity in twelve or fourteen years. The average life of a healthy tree is fifty years, often very much longer. The production of nuts does not average more than 100 per mature tree. At present cocoanuts for export are invoiced at from $13 to $22, a probable average of $16 per 1,000, copra at 4 to 5 cents per pound, and the oil at 90 cents a gallon. The nuts are mostly shipped to Philadelphia and New York, the copra to Europe and the oil to other West India islands.

Cocoanut trees are planted about 150 to the acre and fifteen to eighteen feet apart. Unskilled labor, coolie labor chiefly, is paid 30 to 50 cents per day, while the pickers get 90 cents per 1,000 and a higher wage if the trees are very tall. In some sections the trees are being affected with bud rot, but every effort known to science is being used to limit the spread of the disease. It is not, however, generally prevalent, but works most injury in sections where there is too much moisture. Insect pests have also to be contended with, but these thus far have not caused much alarm among the producers. The natural annual death rate of the trees, as stated by a leading horticulturist, does not exceed five per 1,000, and 5 to 10 per cent in sections of plantations where the bud rot prevails.

The cocoanut industry is considered very profitable and is rapidly growing here. The largest producer grows 5,000,000 nuts a year, another 3,000,000, while the remainder are mostly small producers.

The shells are looked upon as waste, except as they rot and become fertilizer, or when used on the large estates for road making. An effort was made a few years ago to utilize the fiber as a marketable product, but the effort proved unsuccessful, probably because it was not carried out on the right lines.—*United States Consular Report.*

BATS TO KILL MOSQUITOES.

Grow bats and kill off the mosquitoes is the advice given the citizens of San Antonio, Texas, and the country at large as the result of experiments and a long study of the bat conducted at the United States experimental farm on the outskirts of San Antonio. Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell, in "The Eradication of Mosquitoes by the Cultivation of Bats, Their Natural Enemy," has started a movement that bids fair to sweep through the South, attracting the attention of boards of health and city administrations. He claims, following long study of the habits of the velvety-winged birds of night, that better than oil or any other preventive measures is the turning loose of the bat to prey upon the disease-bringing and painfully-active mosquito. The experiments have been kept secret, for the scientists at the government experimental station feared possible ridicule, until they had established beyond cavil their theory.

Much curiosity has been aroused by a pyramid-like structure of timber about 100 feet in height built upon piles. It occupies a central position at the government farm and at twilight the air is darkened by great clouds of bats winging their way out of what is called "the battery." It is built of slats permitting the winged inhabitants to enter at will and remain in the darkness within until the time for their mosquito-hunting peregrinations. To populate the battery "want ads" were inserted in the daily papers addressed. A quarter for a pair of bats was the price and in a few days nearly a thousand bats were introduced to their new habitation. By observing these the doctor discovered that the bat scents the mosquito and pounces upon it like a hawk on a chicken. It possesses a voracious appetite for the singing, stinging insect, and it will keep eating them all night. The doctor says there will be no mosquitoes if the householder will build his own "battery," placing a small structure of slats in his back yard and tenanting it with a family of bats. Not only will the bats keep the premises clean of mosquitoes, but of other insects. —*Woman's National Daily.*

Between Whiles

Valuable Advice.—"You are always asking me for advice, but you never seem to take any that I give."

"I know it. You see, I am frequently in doubt, before I consult you, as to what is the best thing not to do." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Keeping Him Lively.—He was the slowest boy on earth, so his parents had apprenticed him to a naturalist. But even the naturalist found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stick a pin through a dead butterfly and four to pick a convolvulus.

The only point about him was that he was willing.

"And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon changing the goldfish's water, "shall I do now, sir?"

The naturalist ran his fingers through his frenzied locks.

"Well, Robert," he replied at length, "I think you might now take the tortoise out for a run!"—London Answers.

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A bargain if sold soon. Members of the Church preferred. Address,

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DAN W. JONES,

Comanche Co., **Protection, Kansas.**

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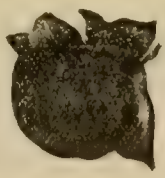
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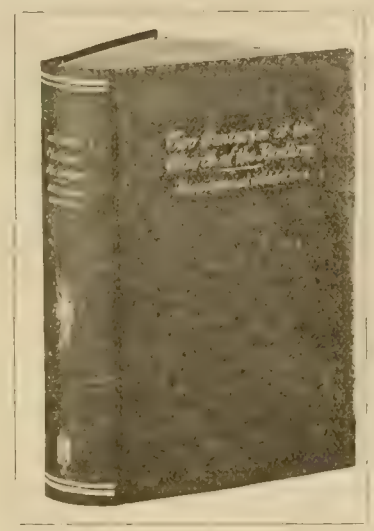
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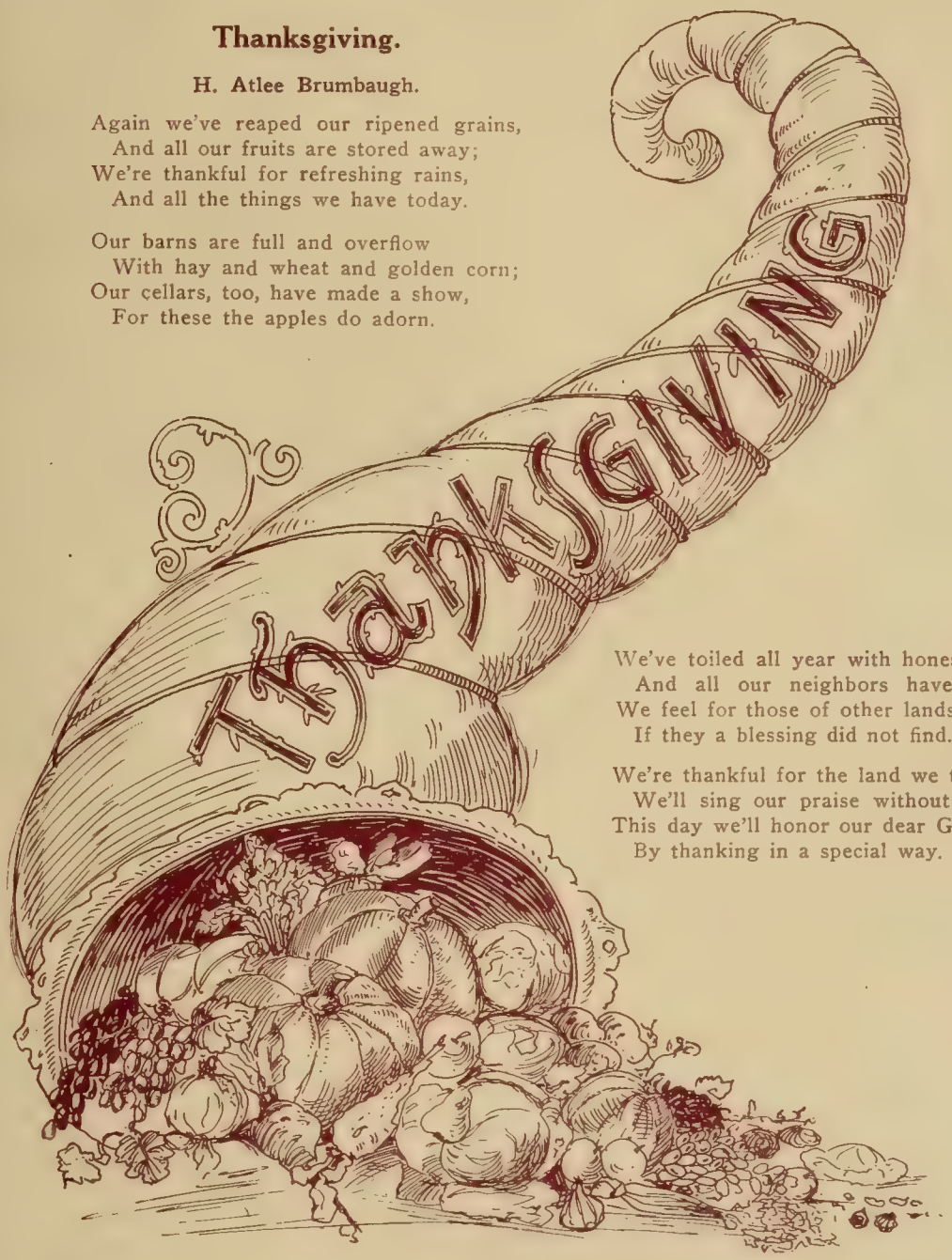
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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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The Origin of Thanksgiving

Maud Hawkins

IT is to the Pilgrim Fathers who landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, December 21, 1620, that we are indebted for the custom of observing one day in the year set apart for general thanksgiving.

The persecution with which Queen Mary afflicted the reformers of England in her bloody effort to restore Roman Catholic faith in that country caused many of the most eminent men of the English church to seek safety in the continent of Europe.

Upon accession of Queen Elizabeth the Church of England became once more the church of the state and the reformers were free to return to their own country.

They came back with broad and liberal views, and there sprang up in the church a party which demanded a purer and more spiritual form of worship. To ridicule them they were called Puritans, but they adopted the name and made it an honorable distinction.

The queen was determined to compel her subjects to conform to the established church and above all to acknowledge *her* as its head. The Puritans claimed that it was their right to worship God in their own way, and to acknowledge the queen's supremacy over the church was blasphemy.

Failing in their efforts to reform the church, they desired to be let alone to form their own organization and to worship God without the pale of the Church of England. The queen and bishops were not content to allow this freedom, and all who refused to conform to the ceremonies of the church were punished by banishment, and if they returned they were put to death.

These persecutions drove many nonconformists into exile. They fled to Holland and Switzerland where they found freedom to worship. In spite of the severe measures of England, the Puritans increased steadily in numbers. They were hopeful that when James I. came to the throne he would prove a more lenient sovereign than Elizabeth, but his real character was unknown in England. While king of Scotland he had shown great favor to the Presbyterians of that kingdom, because it was to his interest to conciliate them, but this contemptible monarch had scarcely become king of England when he uttered the famous maxim, "No bishop, no king!" The Puritans met him with a humble petition for redress, but he at once constituted himself their enemy.

The Puritans then demanded permission to hold occasional ceremonies of their own, but he refused, saying, "I will make them conform or I will hurry them out of the land,—or else worse; only hang them, that's all,"

The severe laws were enforced that year with so much energy that three hundred Puritan ministers are said to have been imprisoned, exiled or "silenced." Finding it impossible to live in peace at home, they determined to seek refuge in Holland. A vessel was hired to carry them across the sea, but the royal officers were informed of the intended voyage and seized the whole company as they were about to embark. They were searched, their possessions seized and they were thrown into prison.

In a short time, however, they were released. They once more attempted to leave England. A Dutch vessel this time was engaged to carry them to Holland. They secretly met on a lonely heath. The men of the party went to the rendezvous by land and were safely on board the ship, but the boat carrying the women and children was captured by a body of horsemen sent in pursuit. The Dutch skipper, fearing trouble with England, at once put to sea and the exiles were separated from their families who were treated with great harshness. They were taken from place to place, and at last, not knowing what to do with them as they could find no cause for punishment, they were released to join their friends in Holland as best they could.

But they were unwilling to look upon Holland as their permanent home, hence they again petitioned the king to grant them liberty to exercise their re-

ligion in the wilds of America. He, however, gave them a half promise to pay no attention to them in their new home. In the solitude of America they could establish a home where they could have freedom of worship and rear their children in the way that seemed good to them. Thither they would go. A company was formed, consisting of themselves and several merchants of London who were to advance the money for the enterprise, while they were to contribute their entire services for a period of *seven years,* as their share of the stock. Sixteen pounds of English money was put up as equaling seven years of labor of the emigrants.

The night before their departure they assembled in prayer and religious exercises which continued till dawn, when they prepared to go on board the ship. Arriving at the shore they again knelt and their pastor led in prayer. On the sixth of September, the company numbering one hundred and one sailed from Plymouth, England, in the *Mayflower.*

Their little vessel was but a frail barque compared with ships that now navigate the sea; but a band of braver, more resolute souls never trusted themselves to the mercies of the stormy Atlantic. Sixty-three days were consumed in the passage. They cast anchor at Cape Cod Bay, instead of the mouth of the Hudson as they expected. Their first act after anchoring was to organize themselves into a body and to form a government; the first constitution of New England, democratic in form, and resting upon the consent of the governed. It secured to the people "just and equal laws for the general good."

A party was sent out in a shallop to explore the coast and choose a site for the colony. At nightfall a violent storm of rain and snow drove them into a small cove for shelter. They at once landed and with great difficulty built fires to keep them from perishing. The next day being *"ye sabbath,"* they spent it in rest and religious exercises although there was much need of prompt action. The next day they landed at Plymouth which was chosen as the site for their settlement. They soon built themselves log huts, but the intense cold caused over half their number to sicken and die before spring.

The next autumn more people came over. They brought no provisions and depended upon the scanty stock of the colony which soon threatened the settlers with starvation. They soon made friends with the Indians and a treaty, and in course of time became prosperous.

The merchants in England were displeased with the smallness of the profits they had received from their investment and in many ways made the colonists feel their dissatisfaction. In 1627, they managed to purchase the entire interest of their partners. The stock and land of the colony were then divided equally and the share of each man became his own private property.

In the autumn of 1623 the best harvest was gathered that had yet blessed the labors of the Pilgrims, and it put an end to all fears of famine. Governor Bradford sent out men to collect game in order that the people might enjoy a *Thanksgiving* feast.

On the day appointed the people "met together and thanked God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it." Thus was established the custom of an annual Thanksgiving to God for the blessings of the year, which though a celebration peculiar to New England, has at length become a national festival.

THANKGIVING.

EFFIE REED POLK.

November winds are blowing,
Thanksgiving day is near;
At eve the family gathers
Within the home so dear;
And as they sit enjoying
The fire-light's cheerful glow,
Outside the shuttered windows,
The ground is white with snow.

Then grandpa tells the children
How, in the fifties, he
And grandma used to gather
Their children, numbering three,
Within their home's safe shelter;
For on New England's shore,
November winds blew fiercely,
And the ocean's voice would roar;

And how they raised their voices,
And thankfully would pray
To God, for all his bounty,
On each Thanksgiving Day.
Then after while they wandered
Far out into the West,
And made their home and trusted
The Lord, and he had blest

Their efforts, although fortune
Smiled not in vast degree,
On grandpa and on grandma,
And on their children three;
But still he trusted Jesus,
And would until the end
Of life, and then go with him,
Eternity to spend.

Then let us all who gather,
On this Thanksgiving day,
Trust Jesus, as did grandpa,
As thankfully we pray,
For all his goodness to us,
For all his love and care;
And when our life is ended,
May we his glory share.

Mansfield, Ill.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THERE is a large house of eight rooms, more or less, standing near the center of a 160-acre farm in the Bunker Hill school district. This house is surrounded by an orchard and many outbuildings that are used to shelter the stock that roam over the several hills of this farm and as storehouses for the abundance of everything raised on the farm.

The house and outbuildings have now begun to tell the tale of the hot summers and cold winters that have come and gone since they were new buildings, as also the frost of many winters has left its traces on the now silvered heads of the father and mother that have long had their abode there, which is as much as to say that old Father Time is no more a respecter of persons than he is of inanimate things. The house has several times been repainted, thus hiding the scratches and many carved letters, evidences of pocketknives wielded by proud and careless hands, that were once showing so plainly. Those on the outbuildings and board fences have long been blackened by the rot. So time has also sought to erase all things that point to the fact that this is the place where children once lived, but there are two objects where his attempts have been little noticed. The minds of father and mother almost imagine yet they hear the patter of little feet and the hum of glad voices of children. So it will be remembered of each of us, some of our childish things.

Such as these persons and things you would see were you to visit the place now. But this is not the picture you would have seen, had you with me visited a Thanksgiving scene almost a score of years ago.

It is the Tuesday evening just before Thanksgiving. Father and mother are at home, but not alone, for at this happy time you might have counted six children around the fireside. One is a boy that, ere another autumn is numbered, will have reached his majority, or, as we say, will be of age; tall, awkward, and bashful, especially when mention is made in the presence of company, of one—one of six sisters—who lives in courting distance. Next in order of birthdays a sister, modest, rosy, and respected of all her five brothers. Then there is the fat boy, who is at home anywhere, having never met a stranger, and who has many greater pleasures than that of studying books. But we omitted John, who was rather quiet, in the corner near the lamp studying tomorrow's lessons. Then there are two smaller boys, the youngest just able to say, "I be here when they till old gobble," at mention of which the fat boy declares that they will need him at home next day to help, too, but he is given to understand that there will be a vacant seat at Bunker Hill to be filled by him next day.

After this he is quiet for a few minutes until father says that it would be advisable to catch the turkey while he is on the roost. The boys think it would be more fun to run him down, and coax until it is decided to leave the catching until morning. But it is past bedtime for the boys and they set up the wail that they are not sleepy and each declares that he will be up next morning in good time. But the tardy appearance of the boys Wednesday morning is proof that something unusual has caused their house to be just a little irregular.

It is almost laughable to hear the plans of the boys as to how old gobble, as they say, is to be immediately cornered and captured. And when he is located near the hog house and chased 'round and 'round the orchard and barn some half dozen times, and just that many times their plans have failed to secure the object of their exercise, some grave doubts begin to circulate in the minds of the younger ones about getting the turkey at all. The little one, calling "Gobble, gobble," hardly gets along fast enough in the race to get to the barn until the swiftest, with the turkey still at a safe distance ahead, are at the farther side of the orchard, and about the time he gets to the close side of the orchard they are around to the barn again.

At the time when everyone is getting too tired to run and has relapsed into a slow trot, old Shep is remembered and, on hearing his name repeated, is presently on the scene of action and, in a short run with the already weary Thomas, ends the race, and a well-directed blow of the ax on the woodpile, wielded by John, ends his recollections of this and all other Thanksgivings and sends the turkey where all the good turkeys go.

Three-quarters of an hour later old gobble is well under way to the Thanksgiving table as is shown by the steam that escapes from the vessel over the fire. Neither is it until this time that the boys can be persuaded that they are ready for school, which has already been in session almost half an hour. Today school does not seem very attractive to the boys of our story; in fact, no one seems to think the day before Thanksgiving was made for study, and it is even whispered that Miss Nannie is thinking of tomorrow's dinner and company rather than of school.

At last school is over for this long, dull day and the boys are only too anxious to get home to see the product of their morning's chase, in the person of old gobble. And how the mouths of four hungry school-children do water at the sight of cooked turkey, dressing and pumpkin pies!

"But this is all for tomorrow," says sister, when they hint about "seein' just if he's really done."

The eventful day dawns at last. Grandmother and grandpap come early, with several uncles and aunts and, best of all, several cousins. And what a dinner when everything is ready! They gather 'round the long table and proceed with the hour's destruction of of all that is good, until the capacity of old and young

is filled to the limit. Then come apples, popcorn and nuts that the boys have gathered from the trees that now look brown and dead. These are all touched lightly, by reason of so many previous touches given at the table.

About sundown ends the annual, half-day, Thanksgiving rabbit hunt of the larger boys and with the departure of the company ends this Thanksgiving day, spent just as many more were spent about that period of the lives of father and mother.

Things have changed and the Thanksgiving tomorrow will not be spent as this one was. Among the many blushing brides that have crossed this man's threshold, his only daughter went away as one, and nearly all the boys have led their choice back to the old fireside to be welcomed as daughters-in-law. It is father and mother to all that come no more, but grandfather and grandmother to quite a few merry youngsters that fill the places in their hearts made vacant by the growing-up of their own children.—*Walter Mason, in K. I. Review, Kidder, Mo.*

THE LEWIS BROTHERS

John W. Wayland

JOHN LEWIS, born in Ireland of Scotch ancestry, after a quarrel with his landlord that resulted tragically for the latter, came to America and settled in the Shenandoah Valley in 1732. It was the same year that Jost Hite came. Hite located near the site of Winchester, in the lower Valley; Lewis came ninety miles farther up, and built his settler's cabin near the group of hills that now encircle the city of Staunton. Jost Hite represented the prolific German colonies of the lower Valley; John Lewis was a leader of the Scotch-Irish that peopled upper Augusta, Rockbridge, and adjacent districts. The Germans were preëminently farmers and frugal patrons of domestic arts; the Scotch-Irish were Indian fighters. They were more than that, but that with distinction.

John Lewis had at least four sons who became distinguished in the history of the new nation: Thomas, Andrew, William and Charles. There may have been a fifth, named Samuel. All of these, except Charles, were probably born in Donegal County, Ireland, before their father left the Emerald Isle; and all of them, except Samuel, took part in the winning of the West, after he settled in Augusta. The West for a long time began at the Blue Ridge and ended at the Ohio River.

Thomas was the oldest of the Lewis Brothers. He was born about 1715—the year in which Louis XIV, the Grand Monarque, died. On account of some defect in his eyesight he was disqualified for military service, but being a man of culture and influence he held various important offices. He was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, in which capacity he voted in favor of Patrick Henry's famous resolution of 1765 opposing the Stamp Act. Ten years later he was a member of the constitutional convention that drew up the first constitution for Virginia, and in 1788 he sat in the convention that ratified for Virginia the Constitution of the United States. In 1777 he had been sent as a commissioner to treat with the Indian tribes on the Ohio; and in 1778, when a part of Augusta was erected into the county of Rockingham, he was made the first county surveyor for the new county. His home was in the eastern part of Rockingham, on the Shenandoah River, at or near the present station of Lewis. He died October 31, 1790.

William Lewis is said by some of his descendants to have been a physician. He is described as being as powerful in body and as daring in spirit as any of his brothers, but less disposed to seek fame in war. Governor Gilmer wrote of him: "He served in the army only when required. He was an officer under Braddock, and wounded at his defeat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian, or the old covenanting sort." He was an officer in the Revolutionary army at the time the British colonel, Tarleton, drove the Virginia legislature and Governor Jefferson away from Charlottesville, but being sick at the time was unable to be in active service. When the men of Augusta, however, were rallying at the Blue Ridge to dispute the British advance, William Lewis' three boys were found among them. These boys were aged respectively seventeen, fifteen and thirteen. As they were leaving home their mother said to them, "Go, my children, keep back the foot of the invader from the soil of Augusta or see my face no more."

It is said that this story was reported to Washington and that he exclaimed: "Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

Charles, the youngest of the Lewis Brothers, figures as almost a hero of romance. His deeds of daring are wonderful. He was one of the most skilful of all the Indian fighters; and he met a tragic death at an early age in one of the greatest

conflicts that marked the struggle along the Ohio Valley. On one occasion, while out hunting, he was captured by the Indians, who inflicted many ingenious cruelties upon him. Barefoot, with his arms tied behind him, and goaded on by the pricking of sharp knives, he was forced to march in the Indian file for many miles, perhaps clear across the Alleghany Mountains. All the while, however, he was looking for a chance of escape. Finally, as he was passing along the edge of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a swift mountain torrent, he suddenly turned and sprang down the precipice. As he did so he succeeded in breaking the cords binding his hands. The Indians leaped after him, and gave him a hot chase down the canyon. Leaving the ravine he ran across a more level place, covered with tall weeds. Here, exhausted, he fell down; and his pursuers failed to find him, though they made a long search for him. While he was lying thus hidden in the weeds, with the Indians yelling in pursuit, he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled near his face and ready to strike. Silently he waited motionless, knowing that the slightest movement would mean death. Finally the snake glided away without striking. In 1774, when on the tenth day of October, the Virginia troops fought the Indians under Cornstalk and Logan at Point Pleasant, Charles Lewis was colonel of a regiment made up of four hundred Augusta men. It was in this battle that he was killed. I have heard it said that he was wearing a bright scarlet hunting shirt, and that this made him an easy mark for the Indian bullets.

But the most famous of the Lewis Brothers was Andrew, born in Ireland in 1716. He was over six feet in height, a giant almost in frame, and some one said the earth seemed to rumble under him as he walked. He was of stern countenance, and repulsive to strangers. Yet his friends learned to know him as a brave and generous man. To the Indians the very mention of his name, like the bones of King Edward I. to the Scots, was supposed to bring terror.

An expedition against the Shawnees on the Ohio River, in 1756, commanded by Andrew Lewis as major, accomplished little. Nevertheless the Governor of Virginia soon afterwards sent him at the head of a body of troops into the Cherokee country, now in Tennessee. There he built a fort on the Tennessee River, some thirty miles south of the present city of Knoxville.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to Lewis' whereabouts in 1754 and 1755. According to some authorities, he was an officer in the Virginia forces under Braddock, and was with that ill-fated commander at Duquesne in 1755. In 1756, when it was reported that the French and Indians, coming from Duquesne, were intending to attack Winchester, Lewis was ordered to raise a force of Cherokees and to lead them up as an aid to Washington, who was defending the Virginia frontier. The Cherokees being unwilling to serve, Lewis brought with him only seven warriors and three women, instead of the four hundred fighting men that had been expected. Governor Dinwiddie was again much disappointed, but he finally learned that the Southern Indians could not be counted on to fight the Indians and French of the North and West.

In 1758 the English General Forbes was sent to take Fort Duquesne from the French. Washington joined him with one thousand eight hundred Virginia soldiers, among whom were two Augusta companies under Major Andrew Lewis. Lewis and his troops were sent ahead with several other companies who suffered a fate similar to that which had befallen Braddock in the same vicinity three years before. Lewis fought hand to hand with an Indian warrior and killed him, but finally surrendered to a French soldier to save his life. He was grossly mistreated, being stripped of all his clothing and carried to the fort. Forbes took the place a little later, but Lewis was meanwhile a prisoner with the French. He was taken to Montreal and other points in Canada, but was probably released after a short period. In 1768 he was Virginia's commissioner in the treaty negotiations with the Indians at Fort Stanwix (Rome, N. Y.); and when Botetourt was made a separate county from Augusta in 1769 he was made a justice of the peace for the new county. At this time he lived in the vicinity of Salem, not far from the present site of Roanoke.

In 1774, when trouble again broke out with the Indians along the western frontiers, Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, got together a force from eastern Virginia and the lower Valley and marched toward the Ohio. Lewis was appointed a brigadier general and was commissioned to raise one thousand one hundred men from Augusta, Botetourt, Bedford, and adjacent sections, march west and meet Dunmore at Point Pleasant. This is the point of land between the Great Kanawha and the Ohio River, opposite Gallipolis, Ohio.

One of the regiments in Lewis' army, as already stated, was commanded by his younger brother, Charles. One of the companies in Charles Lewis' regiment, which was made up of Augusta men, was under Captain George Matthews; and it is said that nearly all the men in this company were over six feet two inches in their stockings, not one of the company being under six feet They wore fringed hunting shirts dyed yellow, white, brown, and even red. "Quaintly carved shot-bags and powder-horns hung from their broad belts. They had fur caps,

or soft hats, moccasins and coarse woolen leggins reaching half way up to the thigh. Each carried his flint-lock, his tomahawk and scalping knife."

General Lewis and his men, eleven hundred strong, marched from Staunton and other sections of the Valley toward the rendezvous at Point Pleasant. They were expecting Governor Dunmore to meet them there. Dunmore did not appear, but they were attacked there on the tenth of October by a large force of Indians led by Logan and Cornstalk. The Indians perhaps numbered two thousand and they fought with desperate valor. All day long the battle raged. The white men, adopting Indian methods, fought from behind rocks, trees, stumps, and bushes, and often engaged their dusky foemen hand-to-hand. Repeatedly above the din of battle the voice of the Giant Cornstalk could be heard cheering on his braves: "Be strong! Be strong!" It was one of the most notable conflicts that ever took place between the white men and the red men. Finally the latter were put to flight, but at a heavy cost to the victors. Two colonels, seven captains, three lieutenants, and seventy-five privates were killed; and one hundred and forty men were wounded. A border song of the time began

"Let us mind the tenth day of October,
Seventy-four, which caused woe,
The Indian savages they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio."

The conduct of Dunmore in this campaign was very suspicious, and his movements later soon caused the Virginians to recognize him as their foe in their struggle against Great Britain. In less than a year after the battle of Point Pleasant General Andrew Lewis was heading the Virginia troops that were chasing the Governor out of the Colony.

It is said that Washington had so much confidence in Lewis that he recommended him for commander-in-chief of the American forces. For four years of the Revolution Lewis served the patriot cause as a brigadier general. In 1780, probably on account of ill health, he resigned his command and started home. At Colonel Buford's, in Bedford County, he died. His body was carried on across the Blue Ridge into Botetourt, and was buried on his plantation, "Dropmore." near Salem. Salem is now in Roanoke County. A tall shaft now marks the grave of the sturdy pioneer. In 1857, when the famous statue of Washington in Capitol Square, Richmond, was unveiled, the statues of six other great Virginians were placed on the pedestal around it. One of these six is that of Andrew Lewis. The other five are those of Mason, Jefferson, Marshall, Henry and Nelson.

* * *

"HAPPINESS is what you might have had if you hadn't preferred pleasure."

HEN AND I.

M. M. WINESBURG.

Part Two.—A Foolish Trick.

THERE was one trick my cousin and I played which I often think of, for it shows just how silly children can act and also what little judgment they have in doing their work at times. One day father was fixing the pig pen, and in roofing it he found he would need several pieces of timber for rafters. As there was either no lumber the size he needed, or else none he wished to use for that purpose, he told us to go to a strip of woods near by and bring up three or four small pieces of green saplings for rafters.

We gathered up a light ax and went to the little strip of timber and after looking around we selected a small, straight sapling that we thought would do. Hen, who was carrying the ax, said he would cut it down, and as I didn't care very much about the job, I raised no objections. So he went at the sapling with a will. A few blows with the ax and the sapling tottered and fell, but not to the ground, for it lodged against another sapling just below it. We shook and pulled at the lodged sapling, but it resisted our efforts to pull it down and at last I grabbed up the ax and said, "Now, Hen, you hold up on the butt of the sapling and don't let it fall down on my head, and I'll cut the other bush down."

Hen valiantly grabbed hold of the end of the lodged sapling and I hit the other bush a few licks with the ax. It creaked and tottered and then I lit flat on the ground on my back and saw a million of stars, for as the under sapling pitched down the bank, of course the end of the lodged one was jerked out of Hen's hands, and hit me kerwhack on the top of the head.

I was not knocked senseless, but I lay there for a moment or two with my head buzzing, as if there was a swarm of bumblebees inside of it; and when I rose to a sitting posture my head swam and throbbed. But as soon as Hen saw that I was not badly hurt he just simply yelled with laughter. My head hurt where the sapling had struck it, and I rubbed the bruised place and blubbered, until Hen's peals of laughter aroused me to anger. Then I accused him of dropping the sapling on my head on purpose.

"Indeed, I didn't, Sid, it pulled out of my hands," protested Hen between his peals of merriment. But I had seen stars and my head hurt, and what was still worse, he was laughing, therefore I did not believe him, and sat on the ground blubbering angrily while I insisted that he did let the stick fall on me purposely.

At last Hen quit laughing, but I was still mad, and what was still worse, the coveted sapling was

not on the ground yet, for the two of them were now resting on the top of a third one, and its top was bent away over. I was too sulky to suggest any way to get them to the ground and when Hen said, "I am a-going to climb up there and push them off," I never said a word but sat still and watched him.

Hen shinned up the bent-over sapling and sitting down on the bent top, he pushed with both feet on the lodged bushes. A little shove and then a big one, and the lodged saplings slipped from their resting place to the ground with a crash, while the bent-over sapling rebounded like a bow, and Hen shot up in the air. He turned a summersault and came down head first, with arms and legs outspread like a frog, and lit on his head in a heap of small stones, where he wiggled for a moment and then fell over.

When I saw Hen's catastrophe, I was scared for a moment, for I was sure he was killed. But when he scrambled to his feet again, it was then my turn to laugh, which I did, and shouted, "Goody, goody you dropped that stick on my head," while I doubled up with laughter.

Now, while I had been hateful enough just a few minutes before, Hen went past the limits, for he fairly stormed in anger. And the more I laughed the madder he got, and finally said some words that caused me to stop laughing and read him a lecture for using, as they were forbidden words at our house.

Hen was a great deal more mad than he was hurt, but finally he cooled down, and then we both saw the funny side to our mishaps; and we lay on the ground and laughed until we could not laugh any longer. Then we got up and cut off our rafter pieces and took them up to the pigpen.

"What were you two making all that noise about?" asked father who could hear but not see us. Of course we up and told him the whole affairs, and he laughed until he held his sides, and then he said:

"Hen, didn't you have sense enough to know that if you pushed the lodged sapling off, the other one would rebound and throw you?"

"I guess I didn't," grinned Hen.

"How about you, Sid? Did you have no more wit than to really think that Hen could keep that sapling from falling on your head?" and I had to admit that I had been just that witless.

Hen had a skinned wrist and jaw and I had a sore head for a few days, to teach us better sense in the future. And I think they did teach us, too, for the memory of our foolish, yet laughable actions, kept us from performing similar ones later on. I know that they did with me, for I tried to put a little judgment into my tasks afterwards.

MOHAMMEDANISM

J. C. Flory

THE faith of Islam is believed by nearly 200,000,000 nominal adherents and is thirteen centuries old. It extends over three continents. Mecca is the Holy City among the Mohammedans and one to which they look with much pride and the one which every faithful Mohammedan makes a special effort to visit some time during his lifetime. Among these millions of Moslems there is a great diversity of language, race, education and civilization, but all have one book and imitate one prophet.

Islam is divided into many sects and schools of thought. The vast majority of Moslems belong to the Sunni Sect, which has four orthodox schools of theology and jurisprudence. These agree in essentials, but differ in their interpretation of ceremonial laws and are more or less rigid. Islam means positive resignation of the will of God and it fitly designates their religion from a philosophical standpoint. Mohammedanism is its proper name from the practical side, because Mohammed is to all Moslems the ideal of character and the model of conduct. Moslems describe their religion under two heads, Iman and Din,—what it is necessary to believe and what it is necessary to do for salvation.

A Mohammedan believes it is incumbent to have a firm faith in six articles: God, his Books, his Prophets, the Day of Judgment, and Predestination. The Moslem says, "There is no God but God." Gibbon calls it an eternal truth, but Palgrave, Noble, Osborne, Haure, and other students of Islam have questioned whether the monotheism of Islam is worthy to be compared with that of Judaism or of Christianity. Islam reduces God to the category of the will. The Koran shows that Mohammed had a measurably correct idea of the physical attributes of God but an absolutely false conception of his moral attributes. The conception of God is negative. Absolute sovereignty and ruthless omnipotence are his chief attributes, while his character is impersonal, that of a monad. The Christian truth that "God is love" is to the learned Moslem blasphemy and to the ignorant an enigma. The Moslem

believed in three species of spiritual beings, *viz.*, Angels, jinn, and devils. Angels were created out of light and are endowed with life, speech and reason. The jinn, or genie are either good or evil. They were created from fire, are of divers shapes, marry and propagate, and are mortal. The devil has a proper name, Azazil. He was expelled from Eden for refusal to prostrate before Adam when God commanded it.

Islam is decidedly a bookish religion, for Moslems believe that God "sent down" 104 sacred books. Their doctrine of inspiration is mechanical. The Koran is the most essential one. It is uncreated and eternal; to deny this is rank heresy. The Koran is a little smaller than the New Testament in extent; it has 114 chapters, bearing fanciful titles borrowed from some word or phrase in the chapter. The book has no chronological order, logical sequence, or rhetorical climax. Its jumbled verses throw together piecemeal fact and fancy, laws and legends, prayers and imprecations. The Koran is remarkable most of all, not because of its contents, but for its omissions—not because of what it reveals, but for what it conceals of "former revelations."

The Koran is full of false teaching: (1) It is full of historical errors; (2) it contains monstrous fables; (3) it teaches a false cosmogony; (4) it is full of superstition; (5) it perpetuates slavery, polygamy, divorce, religious intolerance, the seclusion and degradation of women, and petrifies social life. All this, however, is of minor importance compared with the fact that the Koran ever keeps the supreme question of salvation from sin in the background and offers no doctrine of redemption by sacrifice.

The Mohammed of history and the Mohammed of Moslem tradition are two different persons. In the Koran, Mohammed is thoroughly human and liable to error. He is now considered to have had a preexistence before creation, to have been perfectly sinless, and is the only powerful intercessor on the Day of Judgment. He is the standard of character and the model of conduct. Every detail of his early life is surrounded with fantastical miracles which prove his divine commission. His name is never uttered or written without the addition of prayer. Yet a calm and critical study of his life proves him to have been an ambitious and sensual enthusiast, who did not scruple to break nearly every precept of the moral law to further his ends. Mohammed is related to have said that there were 124,000 prophets and 315 apostles.

The Day of Judgment occupies a large place in the Koran. Moslems believe in a literal resurrection of the body from a living principle which resides in the "os sacrum." This bone will be impregnated by forty days' rain before the resurrection takes place. One of the characteristics of the Moslem belief is predestination. Most Moslem sects, "deny all free agency in man and say that man is necessarily constrained by the force of God's eternal and immutable decree to act as he does." God wills both good and evil; there is no escaping from the caprice of his grace.

Islam, in general, means resignation to the will of God. Mohammed stated that it was, especially, to be submissive to his will in the observance of five duties. These five duties merit reward and are called "the pillars," or foundation, of religion. Their pious observance is the mark of a true Moslem; to break loose from any one of them is to be in peril of damnation. Their creed is the shortest in the world, has been oftener repeated, and has had more power over those that uttered it than any other. The creed is so brief that it has needed no revision for thirteen centuries. It is taught to infants and whispered in the ears of the dying. The Moslems pray often, early, and earnestly and have elicited the admiration of many travelers, who, ignorant of the real character and content of Moslem prayer, judge it from a Christian standpoint. What the Bible calls prayer and what the Moslem means by the same name are, however, to a degree distinct conceptions. One who was for many years a missionary in India, and who is an authority on Islam says: "Prayer is reduced to a mechanical act; and, in judging of the spiritual character of Mohammedanism, we must take into careful consideration the precise character of these devotional services five times daily." The five proper times of prayer are at dawn, just after high noon, two hours before sunset, at sunset, and again two hours later. It is forbidden to say morning prayers after the sun is risen. Their posture in prayer was of special significance. They always prayed facing Mecca.

They were strong advocates of fasting. They likely borrowed their belief on this subject from the Christian Lent. They set apart an entire month for fasting. They believed that fasting was for God alone and that he would give the blessing. But regardless of their enthusiasm along this line, both the rich and poor spent more money for food during this month than for any similar period of time.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the strong pillars of the religion of Islam and it has proven one of their strongest bonds of union and has always yielded a strong influence as a missionary agency. Even today when the pilgrims return to their home towns from Mecca they are considered ambassadors of the greatness and glory of Islam. The number of pilgrims that come to Mecca varies from year to year, although a Moslem tradition says that it is always 72,000, the angels completing any deficiency

in the number of the earthly pilgrimages. Many Moslems have run a narrow risk of their life to visit the Holy City. This trip is compulsory on every Mohammedan, who is of age and who has sufficient means for the journey. Although the pilgrimage to Mecca had some desirable effects yet it may be said that the two sacred cities of Islam are hotbeds of every form of immorality and, by the witness of Moslems themselves, sink-holes of iniquity and dens of robbers.

Polygamy, divorce and slavery seem to be inherent in the system of the Mohammedan religion. A Moslem who lives up to his privileges and who follows the example of "the saints" in his calendar can have four wives and any number of slave concubines; can divorce at his pleasure. Arabia, the cradle of Islam, is still the center of the slave trade, and according to the Koran slavery and the slave trade are divine institutions.

Other points of strength are worthy of mention. It is a religion without costs. It extinguishes all distinctions founded upon race, color, or nationality. They will not stand for nor tolerate error. They are enthusiastic for missionary work. They fight energetically against the influence of infidelity. They sincerely believe that the Koran is the word of God and they believe and reverence it with their whole heart.

The weakness of the Moslem religion is in its foundation. It is rotten at the core. False religions may wear the appearance of health but one and all are dying of heart disease and their end is only a matter of time. The Islam religion is only an imitation, as regards its idea of God, when compared with Judaism and Christianity. Mohammed teaches a God above us; Moses teaches a God above us and yet with us; Jesus teaches a God above us, God with us, and a God in us. Mohammedanism has no incarnation nor atonement for sin. Their ideal of character is degenerate. Even Mohammed himself did not possess any of the cardinal virtues but to the contrary was the impersonation of the seven deadly sins. He makes provision for lying. Most Moslems seem to have their "conscience seared with a hot iron," and minds too full of the sensual to admit of a spiritual conception. Surely the Mohammedan religion is very inferior to our own Christian religion, and our hearts should go out in sympathy for them until we should be willing to make any sacrifice that our wise Creator may ask from our hand for their spiritual uplift.

A PSALM OF TEACHING.

A Parody.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Teaching is an irksome work.
For the teacher's dead who grumbles,
Waiting but a chance to shirk.

Teaching's real! Teaching's earnest!
One short lesson not its goal;
For reward to thee returnest
In the shaping of a soul.

In the schoolroom's field of labor,
In its daily din of strife,
Thou dost teach not brainless cattle;
Thou dost mould a nation's life.

Trust no school-board, howe'er pleasant;
Rest not on thy well-filled past.
Base thy record on the present,
On each well-appointed task.

Work is large, and time is fleeting,
But our hearts, if light and gay,
Will, like martial drums, be beating,
Joyous music all the way.

Lives of teachers all remind us,
We can live such lives as they,
Either leave a record glorious,
Or a name for but a day.

Lives so useful, that another
Sadly wielding birch or pen,
Some discouraged heart sick brother,
Seeing, will build new again.

Let us, then, keep right on working,
Our pupils' good our only goal;
For self-improvement always striving,
And each enrich his growing soul.

—Ohio Teacher.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Recount thy blessings, O my soul,
Consider well, I pray,
And see if thou hast any cause
For gratefulness today.

While many lie on beds of pain,
Or else below the sod,
Thou still hast life, and strength, and health,
For which to praise thy God.

His faithfulness has met the clouds,
His mercy spans the sky,
His lovingkindness crowns thy head,
He hears thy faintest cry.

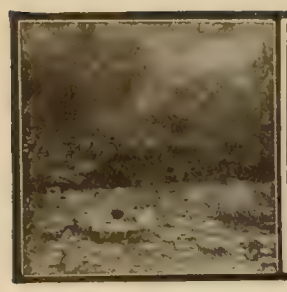
He satisfies thy mouth with good,
And thus renews thy youth;
He is thy Rock and sure Defense,
Thy Life, thy Way, thy Truth.

He healeth all thy sicknesses;
Forgiveth all thy sin;
Bless the Lord, my heart, my soul,
And all that is within.

Thanksgiving, honor, praise belong
To him, thou knowest well.
The revelations of his love
Are more than tongue can tell.

—Jessie F. Moser.

I DO not blame the man who makes mistakes, unless he makes the same mistake the second time.—*James Oliver.*



THE QUIET HOUR



GIVE THANKS.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

Give thanks, give thanks, O heart of mine!
For the blessings you daily enjoy;
For the glorious sunlight that gilds the earth,
Its radiant beams turning sadness to mirth,
Unmixed with a ray of alloy;

For this beautiful world—its rocks and its rills,
Whose beauties so brightly unfold,—
For sweetness of flower, and song of the bird,
And music that thrills till passion is stirred,
Giving praises we cannot withhold.

Give thanks for the heaven that arches o'erhead,
With its jewels of gold set in blue;
For the storm-king that threatens in grandeur sublime,
For life-giving rain, for all blessings of time,
So abounding for me and for you;

For the breath of the woods as we gather their store,
Filling our souls with delight;
For mountain and valley that echo our song,
And health-giving breeze as we wander along,
All nature revealed in our sight.

Give thanks, O my soul! for friendship and love,
The love that can never grow cold,
But liveth and waxeth till hearts blend in one,
And the life that we live is but heaven begun,
Ere reaching the upper fold.

THE MORNING STAR.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."—Rev. 22: 16.

"I AM the bright and morning star." Throughout the Bible, the star is made a symbol of dominion, glory, and triumph. There is great beauty and aptness in the figure in this general use, and especially in its application to Christ. There is no more lovely object in the universe of God than Venus rising in the east in the morning. She sits there in the vast dome, serene and calm and bright, and as she appears the other stars go out, and the night slowly vanishes, first into the twilight and then while her calm light is still pouring forth its solitary beauty into the atmosphere over the earth and sky, the daylight comes on.

What more exquisite figure, more apt in illustration is this, in relation to Jesus Christ; to his kingdom, and to the destinies of humanity! The star appears small up yonder and yet it is a very vast planet; so Christ seems small to the bystanders at his coming—a mere humble man like ourselves. How little did they know what was in him! The star is small, but how widespreading its light! What small twinkling Venus—all the continents, the hemispheres, and islands are bathed in her delicious lustre! And so, in reference to the breadth of Christ's kingdom and its extent, is the figure exquisite and applicable.

There is a passage in Numbers which brings together the two extremes of Pentateuch and Revelation as containing the same thought. It is the prophecy of Balaam: "I shall see him, but not now, I shall behold him, but not nigh; there shall come a star out of Jacob and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel." Here we have the dawn of history in which Christ was predicted under this figure of a star—the star and the sceptre together as symbols of dominion.

The star appeared in a time of gloom. There had been days of far greater brightness in prophecy and history. There was a time in the Jewish history when the glory of the earth seemed to be centered in Jerusalem, and men might fancy that the last development of God's kingdom was there in the splendor of the temple on the summit of Moriah; but all the glory and beauty and magnificence of that temple of Solomon had passed away forever. So all that had been rich and great in their civilization was rotten to the core, and political dominion gone, and the dominion in art and science going. The Roman empire was apparently in its pride and strength, but as we all know now, it was bloom outside and the worm within. All the hopes of the Jews, one after another, had disappeared. The desires for the coming of a deliverer, which had been cherished and expressed here and there and yonder—not merely in Judea, but in all other countries by the foremost minds, whether inspired or uninspired—had failed, and it was an era of desolateness, vice and darkness, of intellectual pride along with intellectual weakness, when Christ came upon the earth. It was what the apostles called the *fullness* of *time*. It is fitting that this manifestation of

Christ at such a time should be called the dawning of the day-star. Job tells of the eyelids of the morning, and this star, first shooting from the eyelids of the morning upon this dark night of the earth, was the first premonition of the coming of the day.

The birds of night can not stand before the coming dawn when Venus shines in her lustre in the sky. They all betake themselves to their secret places, and beasts of prey prowling only in the night wander off as the dawn comes and hide themselves.

When Christ appeared on the earth, the very first scintillation of the day-star was to warn all the old systems of wrong and outrage, oppression and darkness, and error, that their time had come. What has become of the civilization of the ancients? Of their superstition, and strange worship and stranger temples? The temples of Jupiter and Juno, and other grand structures and architectural piles of stones, dedicated to the thirty thousand gods of the heathen mythology? The ruins of them are strewn around Eastern cities, majestic ruins and remains at Rome and Athens. But the spirit that hung over them during their ages of power and dominion has forsaken them *forever.* It had to vanish when the star of the morning dawned!

So, too, it was with the system of Judaism, which as God's own, was something very different; but before Christianity all that system vanished; sacrifices, priesthood, all went away when the true final Sacrifice, the last and the greatest High-priest came.

The *light of the world* shines among us and lights up the dark places where wrong and sin, and error of all kinds lurk. Let us be thankful for its shining!

TRUE GRATITUDE.

It surely ought to be possible for everyone to be decently grateful for the blessings and providences of life on one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five. And to do that is something; yes, we fear it is more than some people succeed in doing. To sing one little song of real gratitude in a year of complaining and faultfinding and self-seeking—that would be a real achievement, an achievement that might gladden the heart of many who heard it, that might even cheer heaven with its music.

Many of us, most of us, are selfishly, paganly, wickedly ungrateful for the many good things of so many kinds which fill and crowd and overflow our lives. The very best things in life have come to us without our seeking or our asking, and we use them, enjoy them, let them slip through our fingers, carelessly, indifferently, with scarcely ever a thought that they are the priceless gifts of a love and a power altogether beyond our reckoning. We are so busy pushing and shoving and grasping for the things that are really of little importance or value that we have not time to appreciate and be grateful for the things that are worth while.

We say that many of us do not succeed in being decently grateful even for one short twenty-four hours in the year, and the reason is because real gratitude is a habit of the soul. We learn to say "Thank you" to the God in whom we live and move and have our being, the Giver of all our blessings and the Author of all our joys—we learn to say it as we ought to say it, with our hearts as well as with our lips, only as we form the habit of cherishing the thought of his goodness. If we have only one thanksgiving day in the whole three hundred and sixty-five there is small chance indeed of it being in any sense worthy of the name.

Gratitude is something to be cherished and cultivated; it is, indeed, one of the crowning graces of the Christian character. There is no danger but men will always pray, that is, in the sense of asking blessings of the hand of God. Men will always feel the need and insufficiency and narrowness of their lives, and they will always, in the time of their keenest realization, cry out to heaven for help. But there is a great danger that men should forget to thank heaven for the help and blessing when it comes. And forgetting that, they will surely miss the fullness that the blessing ought to bring them. The mercies we are grateful for are the mercies whose use brings real joy. Ingratitude makes life miserable, no matter how full it may be of good things.—*Christian Guardian.*

THE COMFORT OF HIS PRESENCE.

We always need Christ with us, but when evening draws on we need his presence in a special way. It is growing dark, and in the shadows we need his protection. Night makes for us a sense of loneliness, and we need his companionship. Night has its dangers, and Christ's presence gives us a feeling of safety. Life is full of evenings in which this prayer is fitting. There are evenings when the skies grow dark, and if we do not have Christ to come in and abide with us we shall be uncomforted, while his presence fills our hearts with light. To all of us will come at last the evening of death. It will be very still about the house. The breathing will become shorter and quicker—the end will be near. Then we shall need Christ. If he does not come in to abide with us it will be unutterably dark for us. We shall need him to light us through the valley of shadows. Our prayer should be, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." Then his coming will bring light and joy.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

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THANKS LIVING.

The Thanksgiving season is again here and people are preparing to recognize it in one way or another. In the first place, there is no doubt that we have the greatest reasons for the deepest gratitude to a kind, heavenly Father. In the second place, with few exceptions, the people in multitudes welcome Thanksgiving Day. But in general that is as far as it goes. To have a real Thanksgiving we must have a truly grateful people before a truly gracious King.

If one is to judge by actual results (one might naturally look for decided improvements everywhere after listening to a Thanksgiving service), it must be concluded that most of our thanksgiving ardor was spent in our songs and prayers and other "observances," with little left to move the great drive-wheels of everyday life.

The real test of all our claims to any noble sentiment or condition of mind and heart lies in our ability to change it into the coin of this realm—practical service in the life of every day. This is a world of form and while it sounds heavenly to hear people declaim concerning their noble sentiments toward a God above and their exalted ideas and ideals in regard to the betterment of mankind, after all, unless these ideas are mixed with brawn and made to minister to earthly beings they are really worth nothing and their possessors are a reproach to human kind.

We sing,

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My dear Redeemer's praise,"

and we say with David, "Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." But is this the end? Have we ever given the Lord any real expression of thankfulness?

As earthly beings, how can we utter words of gratitude to a heavenly Father, and at the same time disobey him, setting up our judgment against his and speaking great swelling words about what constitutes the duty of man, every syllable of which would make him out a liar? How can we be thankful and at the same time disobedient and disrespectful? Of such the Lord says: "They sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness."

Let us get back in mind and heart where we belong and where we are in truth, all the time, despite our presumption,—earthly creatures of a heavenly Creator—needy supplicants of a wise and generous Benefactor—humble subjects of a merciful King and Lord. It is only then that we can be truly grateful and can take an honest part in a real thanksgiving service. And it is only then that the Lord can give us the rich blessings he holds in readiness for all those whose lives are a proof of their relation to him as children.

"Happy is the people whose God is the Lord," and thrice happy shall they be if they honestly and openly own him as such in whatsoever they do. Then Thanksgiving will not be bounded by one day's sun; it will be thanks living all the days of all the years.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK.

There are books and books, and in these days of much book-making one must needs become more and more discerning if he is to give his time to the kind that in return will enrich his mind and heart. Fortunately in the endless making of books, the good ones are given considerable attention and every worthy subject is treated in styles to suit the most exacting reader.

Among the books gotten out by the House this year is one which we are sure will find particular favor with many readers and become a household friend in many homes. The author of this book is Bro. J. H. Moore, office editor of the *Gospel Messenger*, and the book consists of a number of editorials written especially for this paper, as well as a number of others that have not before appeared in print. The subjects treated have to do with the home and home life, as seen by the following: "Mush and Milk for Supper," "The Copper Kettle," "Calling on Busy People," "A Mistake in Marriage," "The Wise Mother," and "Grandfather."

The general subject under which a number of these essays appeared as editorials was "Our Saturday Night" and this is the title of the compilation as it appears in book form. This title is particular-

ly suggestive and the contents of the book attest to its fitness. We are confident that those who have Christian homes, or are interested in the founding and prosperity of such homes, will find great interest and inspiration in the reading of this book. It would make an excellent Christmas present for any one belonging to this class, or a certain reminder at any time of the year of the giver's interest in the cause of pure, wholesome and instructive literature.

The book is not sold separately but can be secured only with a subscription to the *Gospel Messenger* for thirty-five cents extra. The *Gospel Messenger* for one year is $1.50; including "Our Saturday Night," $1.85. The book and paper may be sent to separate addresses and an additional book may be secured for each year's extension of your subscription.

TRAVEL ARTICLES.

THERE are few people in the reading world for whom articles of travel do not have some degree of attraction. Next to visiting strange and beautiful lands ourselves is the pleasure of following the accounts of the jouneyings of others. At different times in the past the readers of the INGLENOOK have had this pleasure,—even to a trip around the world. But the world is large, and the viewpoint of those who travel its highways and by-ways is as varied as are the characters of the travelers, so that whether one ventures into unknown fields or treads the beaten paths, it is quite possible for him to bring us a new story, full of interest and attraction.

Such we are sure will be the nature of the articles we now wish to tell you about. They are written by Bro. Galen Royer and are concerned with points of interest visited by him and his wife during their recent four-months' sojourn in Europe. The writer of these articles is familiar with the ground generally covered by travelers in writing for our periodicals and he will aim to give us something entirely new. Add to this the new viewpoint from which he will treat these old-world scenes, and we may confidently count on finding an unusual pleasure in the articles.

These travel articles will appear in early issues of the INGLENOOK,—perhaps the first in next week's issue. Illustrations will add to the value and interest of the articles.

We take opportunity to say here also that H. M. Spickler will give us several articles in the near future. Two of these will be on aeroplanes and will be illustrated. Considering the public's present interest in this subject and this writer's spirited style and interesting descriptions, our readers are sure to find these articles well worth reading.

GIVING THANKS.

We offer thanks for food, then through the time
That intervenes until our next repast
We go our devious ways, nor often think
That he who ne'er forgets our daily bread
Sends too the other gifts that we enjoy,
Yet count as commonplace. For not a soul,
Nay, not a creature lives, howe'er forlorn,
But has some blessing to be thankful for.

God's mercies every morning are renewed,
Not only in the giving of our food,
But in the light, the vivifying air
Which makes our pulse to faster beat and thrills
Our very being. Fields and wooded hills
In all their beauteous verdure we enjoy,
Though having not their care. The paintings rare
In radiant sunset, or in autumn scene
Of foliage rich,—more wonderful by far
Than all the art in palaces of kings,—
Are ours to claim, fresh from the living brush
Of him, the Master Artist. Flowers and books,
The birds around which chirpingly proclaim
That he who watches them has care for us;
The sparkling water; intercourse with friends,
The hour we spend with those, the true and good,
Which gives a nobler purpose to our life
And makes earth fairer seem; the handclasp warm
To cheer us on our way when hope is low,
The helpful word,—all these are daily ours,
To make us thankful.

Yea, the trials too,
Or that we count as such,—the words that wound,
The weariness, the loneliness of soul
Which fain would crush us, yet which drives us close
To him who only can our need supply,
And teaches us his nearness; griefs which come
But which he with us shares and so makes light,—
Do we give thanks for these?

Yet all these things
Our Father sends to us, and we are told:
"In **everything** give thanks." Is it a form
When we each day give thanks to him for food—
For that he sends to fill the body's needs—
And then ignore, and thank him not at all,
Or else but seldom, for these other gifts?
Or is it that we simply value less
The blessings which he sends to satisfy
The hunger of the soul?

Oh, give us, Lord,
With all which thou so freely hast bestowed,
One other thing,—a humble, thankful heart,
A heart to take whatever thou shalt send
And call it good and thank thee for the love
In all thy gifts. So shall they bring to us
Fresh visions of thy goodness, loveliness,
And as we see, our hearts shall quick respond,
And every day a glad thanksgiving be.

—Pearl Waggoner, in Lifeboat.

HE who gives us better homes, better books, better tools—a fairer outlook and a wider hope—him will we crown with laurel.—*Emerson.*



THE HOME WORLD



BOOK FRIENDS

Hattie Preston Rider

DORA came straight across the long piazza, the click of her brisk heels sounding a vigorous tattoo on the tiled floor. But the white-clad figure lying in the hammock did not stir, till the visitor laid hold of the rope and gave it a mischievous shake.

"Oh!" Caroline protested, peevishly, closing her book but retaining her place with one finger. "It's you, is it, Dora! What a wonder you wouldn't speak, instead of creeping up on a person like that!" Then, as if suddenly realizing her lack of courtesy, she sat upright and added more cordially:

"But take the rocker and make yourself comfortable. I didn't mean to be cross. This is the loveliest book! I quite forgot I was on earth, it is so interesting!"

Dora leaned over to look at the title, and found it to be that of one of the late so-called "society" novels. An odd expression flitted across her face, and she glanced half-curiously at her friend.

"I do not know it," she commented. "Mama and I read part of one by the same author, once, and we did not like it, so we never finished it. There are so many books that we thoroughly enjoy, we hardly wish to spend precious time on those for which we do not care. What is this story about? I remember the author has a very crisp, clear style."

"That she has!" Caroline answered, enthusiastically; "and the plot is *so* interesting! It is about a woman that was unhappy in her married life, and she met and fell in love with a real clever man at a summer resort. He was engaged to a poor but lovely girl; and then there's a wicked rich man just dead in love with the girl, too. The married woman had lots of other lovers; but the girl has stayed good, so far. I'm just crazy to know how it all comes out." She half-opened the book, gazing at it with secret longing, and then closed it, reluctantly. Dora leaned forward, staring in astonishment and incredulity.

"It *would* be interesting to know if any girl 'stayed good' in such company as the characters you describe," she admitted, rather dryly. "Your book certainly takes the palm, even over the one I commenced reading. Does your mother like it, too?"

"Mama's busy with my blue dress, and getting ready for the club meeting next week," Caroline answered, carelessly. "I never bother her with what I read. She wouldn't take the time to listen if I did. She doesn't care about many of the things that interest me, anyway. But I just love a story about people who dare do things that shock other people. They seem so—so sort of brave, you know."

Dora was silent with sheer inability to answer the astounding sentiment. She and Caroline had been friends all their lives; not intimates, especially, but moving in the same quiet circle, and "knowing all about each other," as she would have expressed it. Caroline's mother was well enough in her intentions toward her daughter; but like thousands of busy mothers, too carelessly indifferent, with her multiplicity of other interests, to give proper thought to the more important matters of the soul. Dora and her own mother were chums in the best sense of the word. While the elder always rigidly refrained from prying into her "little girl's" affairs, Dora was invariably so sure of her warm and intelligent sympathy that she never failed to confide in her in all matters of consequence; and the two enjoyed a great similarity of tastes. But this astounding taste Caroline was developing! From what source could it possibly have arisen, Dora asked herself. She swallowed twice with embarrassment, before she spoke, as her convictions forced her to do.

"Mama says the real test of a story-book is the same in every case, and it is this: 'Would I like these people for intimate friends and associates, if they came to live every day right in my neighborhood?' She says that the people and things we read about are taken so closely into our minds that, whether we realize it or not, they weave themselves into our characters; and the atmosphere of a book or article is to our minds just as the air we breathe is to our bodies,—pure and wholesome and strengthening like the air of the hill-tops, or harmful as the miasma of swamps and marshes. . . . As for the 'courage' of those people in the book, in disregarding what others think of them,—well, mama says public opinion is so often in the right that it is wise

for us to at least consider it. My brother used to say jokingly that a man doesn't prove his bravery by sticking his fingers deliberately into a sausage-cutter. . . . Caroline, dear, do you think you'd like to have the characters in that story for your intimate friends?"

It was Caroline's turn to stare; then slowly, steadily, a hot crimson flush crept up to her temples. Why!—what in the world!—she had never thought of that! For her intimate friends! A woman openly untrue to her marriage vows, a man false to his own love, a girl whose virtue was wavering, and a roué! The clever plot she had deemed so "interesting" flashed before her in its true light, a hideous tissue of filth and pollution, woven about women with whom she would have been ashamed to associate, men whom even her untaught girlish judgment would have led her to shun as the pestilence. Involuntarily she let the book slip from her fingers to the floor, and raised her eyes, full of shame and resolution.

"In the name of all that is decent and sensible, Dora Farney," she exclaimed, with a laugh that quivered on the verge of tears, "why didn't somebody present that view of the case to me before? I never thought of it in such a light. And here I've been reading the same things by the dozen! Well," —glancing down with a look half scorn, half comical pity at the recumbent volume—"I think I've done with that sort of 'company' for all time. Once in a while I may have formed a decent acquaintance among then; but as to the majority,—oof!" She made a gesture of repulsion, and, picking up the offending book, laid it gingerly on the table beside her.

Dora laughed with sheer delight. "I wish every girl carried her common sense where it is so easy to get at," she said. "You've a lot of it, I must say." She rose with sudden inspiration, forgetting her urgent errand of a recipe for perserving, and held out her hand.

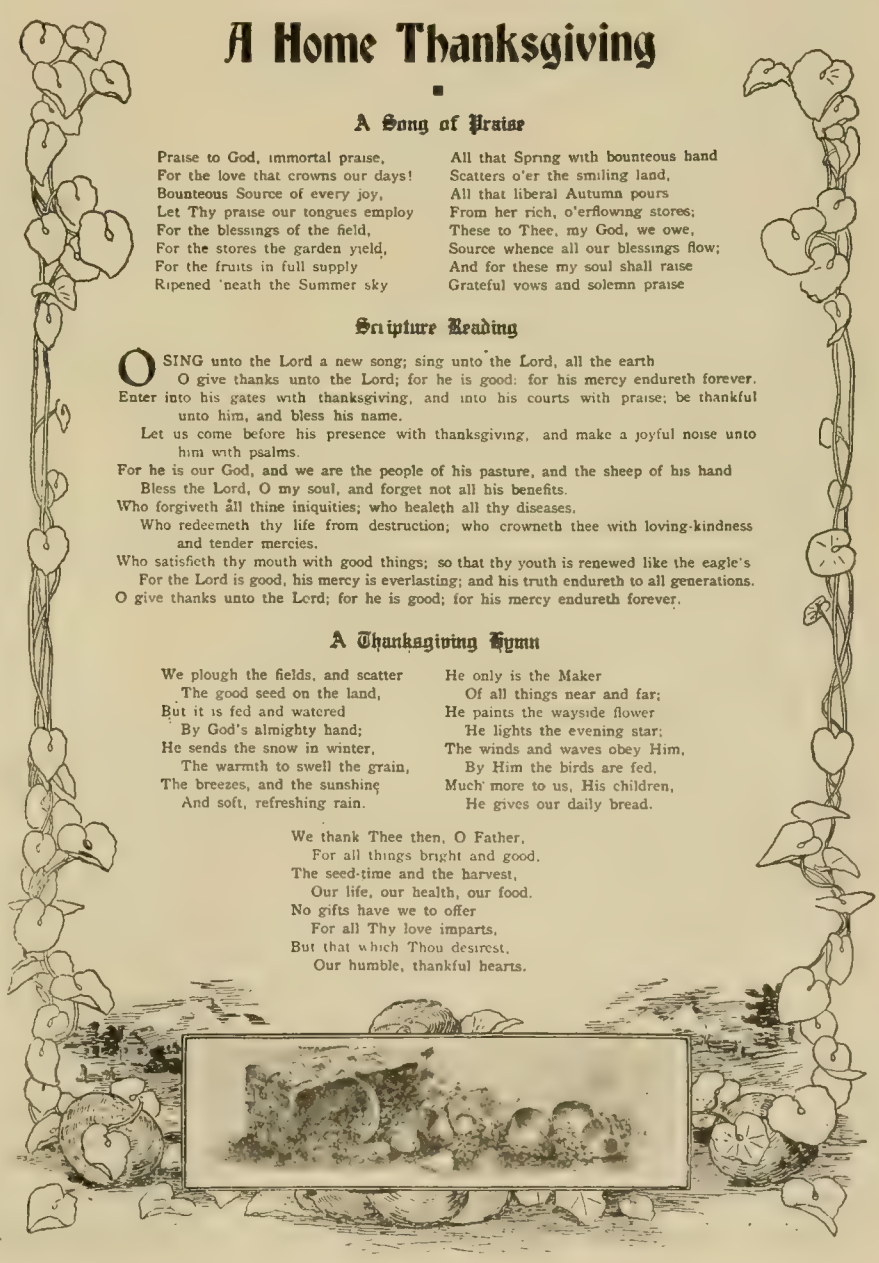
"Come on over to my book-case, Caroline, and I'll introduce you to some lovely paper people. I know you will like them;" and away the two went.

HOUSEWORK.

EZRA LUTZ.

THE standard of every one's usefulness is not the same because of the different conditions of life around them. Birth, education and environment are three different things, and each has its influence upon the lives of all for good or evil.

Perhaps the reason I am in this class of writers is because I was educated into it; just why I am not able to say, unless I was like the fifth wheel of a wagon,—not needed at any special place and only called upon when the burden became too great for the others to perform. Being the middle one of the family, having two brothers and two sisters, two older and two younger, I became somewhat of a pendulum swinging from house to barn and from



barn to house, helping to perform the duties of life at either place which were too great for the other members of the family to perform.

Thus I soon became jack of all trades but unlike the old maxim, "Master of none," I soon learned the trick of doing things easy. It was no unusual thing to be called upon to patch mittens and knit, and now being in this circle of work the old grandmother's style of knitting became too slow for me, and if there was any easier and quicker way of doing things, I was in for it.

It was not long before I learned to take a spoon handle, file a hook on the smaller end and make a pair of mittens large enough for a grown person in one day, after washing the breakfast dishes and before being called upon to perform the same duty after supper.

In quality they were considered second to no other yarn mitten made. All those who have examined this way of making mittens pronounce it the *quickest, easiest,* and *best* way of arranging yarn into a pair of mittens.

I made it a specialty until called by the church into the ministry,—a new circle of study which demanded the calling into play of every faculty of the mind and body, that the gospel ministry might be honored to the intent of its purpose.

Another interesting thing in the program of doing housework is *house cleaning.* I believe the most-dreaded of all is the moving of the heating stove from its place in the spring to its place back again in the fall. In the performance of this part of house-cleaning, the writer believed in moving the stove with as little expenditure of manual labor as in anything else.

The taking of the stove through doors and hiding it in some corner in some back room often resulted in a bruised finger or knuckle or sprained back and perhaps some injury to the stove which often required much time with uncalled-for expense to restore.

Up to this date when the heating stove must go through such a course we do as we have done for the past quarter of a century and it is the *easiest* and *safest* way we think to perform the task.

Take an old strip of carpet, lay it down from the stove to be moved to the place where it is to be stored away, take a small hand sled, place it under the stove and remove the legs and it is then ready to move. One person can move a very heavy stove in this way. As you do not need your sled during the summer, leave it under the stove till replaced in the fall.

If the old saying of our forefathers be true,—"If a person can move a stove and replace it again, suffering the bruises with the haps and mishaps of the same and not say warm words, with temperature of 100 degrees and pulse to 130, to his wife or children, he has the first qualification for the ministry," and the maxim that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," we feel assured that the hand sled will be a *preventive* and will aid in qualifying one for the higher duties of life.

Every victory won only adds to your strength for overcoming the many battles of life which confront us all. Choose to utilize your forces to the honor and glory of God.

Lena, Ill.

THE KEY TO BEAUTY.

MANY of our girls write me for advice as to how they may become beautiful. I have just returned from a western trip, to my old home, and from meeting many of the associates and friends of the long, long ago. Many of these old ladies were women with families of their own when I knew them, and they are now well past the four-score mark; but they were every one "good to look upon," and some of them were really beautiful. Often I heard the expression, "What a lovely old lady!" as the younger generation passed them. Every face was scarred or seamed with care; their complexions were not as the rose leaf, and their patient eyes had a look of "only waiting" in them. Over the once bonny hair, the frosts of time were thickly powdered, and their faded cheeks showed the washings of tears; the once smiling mouths had pathetic droops at the corners, and their hands—oh, so worn by years of love's service;—trembled as they clasped my own, and gave me greetings for the old, old days' sake. Many of these were past the four-score mark, while a few were past ninety years old. Yet they were as beautiful, if not more so, as their sisters who laughingly acknowledged that the three-score mark was now behind them.

There were a few others—beautiful in a certain sense, yet the lines were not such as to beautify; life had been hard with them, and they had hardened with it, and the fretlines were deep all over the pitifully aging faces, while the faded eyes saw all the shadows in the faces of others, instead of the sunshine. One dear, beautiful woman, whose life had been cruelly hard, in every way, and who stood alone in her old age, greeted every one with the words, "How good you look!" and her tender eyes smiled, even though you could see the glint of tears behind them, as she said, "Yes, we are alone now—just the dear Lord and me; but so long as he is with me, Heaven is not far away." And many turned from her patient star-lighted beauty with tears in their own eyes, feeling as though they had "seen a vision."

Another class would greet others with the words, "Yes, I see you are getting old, too; you have a great

many wrinkles, and your hair is so grizzled. If it was white, it would not look so bad. Yes, the children are all gone, and just me and the old man, and I have a great deal of trouble with him." Or, "Yes, I am a widow; there's nobody cares for me now. The children? Oh, yes, they are all gone; but children don't care for the old folks now-a-days."

As I met and parted with these old friends, the thought came to me that a wonderful lesson could be learned from them by our girls, if they but gave it a moment's thought. Did you ever see a face that you loved that seemed ugly to you? No matter the lines, or the color, or the contour; if you loved it, it was beautiful to you. And every one of you knows some old lady whom everybody loves, and they say, "She is such a lovely old lady!" If any one refers to her wrinkles, and faded color, it is to say, that every wrinkle is a badge of honor or for some beautiful deed done or thought of helpfulness to others. No cosmetic, no lotion, emollient, wash or powder, or external beautifier can give such an effect. And right now is the time to begin this self adornment. Look only for the beautiful, the good, the true; be tender and helpful and true, yourself, and fight out all feelings of envy, selfishness, anger, fretfulness, or ugliness toward others. Let the "inner light shine," and the outer will be illuminated. A fond mother, looking on her remarkably talented and sweet mannered daughter, said, "Yes, I like to think that Louise is beautiful, and graceful and talented; but I love best to know that she is good."

Think of this, girls, when you look into your mirrors, and try the happy thinking, the "doing of good unto others," along with right physical living, and note how the expression becomes you—how it endears you to others. It is the one unfailing key to beauty.—*The Commoner.*

PASS ON THE PRAISE.

"You're a great little wife and I don't know what I should do without you." And as he spoke he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And forgetting all she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang on as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door, and a woman there caught the refrain and sang also; and two homes were happier because he told her that sweet old story—the story of the love of a husband for a wife. As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle and one man thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and contented."

And because she sang her heart was mellowed, and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor old woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home with a quarter to buy something needed. So, because he kissed her and praised her the song came and the influence went out and out. Pass on the praise. A kind word, and you make a rift in the cloud; a smile, and you may create a new resolve; a grasp of the hand, and you may save a soul from being lost. Pass on the praise.

Does your help do well? Pass on the praise. Tell them that you are pleased. Good help does not work for salary alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Thus, you see, good, better, best.

Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "Mother." Don't plead, "Hear me, Mother: you were a kind mother: you were a good mother and smoothed away a rugged path for me." Those ears can not hear that glad admission. Those eyes can not see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands can not return the embrace you now wish to give. Why call so late? Pass on the praise today—pass on the praise.—*Selected.*

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

We live in an age when even barnyard fowls are hatched not as of old by brooding mothers, but in incubators, and when sociological doctrines are proposing to improve upon God's old-fashioned methods by the introduction of institutional arrangements for the raising of humanity to a higher level. I have no sort of disposition to disparage institutional arrangements when nothing better can be done but the wit of man has never devised, and never will devise, anything comparable to the home for the development of noblest manhood. And just so in the matter of the world's evangelization.

Far be it from me to disparage what we call the ministry. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." . . . But what we call the ministry of the pulpit was never meant to be a substitute for the more sacred and effective ministry of the home.

Nor would I belittle the (Bible) schools. But we do well to remember that the thought of Robert Raikes in the founding of the (Bible) school was to make provision for neglected waifs, whose parents were poor and irreligious and unable to furnish them with education, either secular or sacred, but never dreamed of relieving Christian parents of this personal responsibility for the religious education of their children. God meant the father to be the priest and the mother the priestess of the family, and when these sacred ministries are transferred to others who have neither the love nor the authority of the parental relation, then the decadence of Christianity has begun, and God only knows to what depths it may sink.

Time and again we are treated to impassioned discussions of the revival that is needed, and the revival that is coming, and of the methods that are needed for its successful inauguration; but let us be sure of this, that it will not be brought about by flaming evangelists in monster mass meetings, but by the rebuilding of family altars and the rekindling of family religion. There is no more religion anywhere than there is in the home. If we would serve the world, we must serve the home. And the Lord himself has solemnly assured us that the latter day glory will only be ushered in by the "turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers," and that means the revival of religion in the home.—*P. S. Henderson, in Episcopal Recorder.*

THE KITCHEN.

O little room, wherein my days go by,
Each like to each, yet each one set apart
For special duties—nearest to my heart
Art thou of all the house—in thee I try
New issues, when the old ones go awry,
And with new victories allay the smart
Of dismal failures; and afresh I start
With courage new to conquer or to die!
O simple walls, no pictures break thy calm!
O simple floor, uncarpeted below!
The inward life has visions for its balm,
And duty done is solace for all woe,
And every modest tool that hangs in view
It fitted for the work it has to do.

—Unidentified.

PLANS FOR WORK ON BUTCHERING DAY.

JENNIE NEHER.

During the past six years, we have butchered two hundred and eighty-seven head of hogs. For the benefit of the readers of the Nook I will give our plans for work. Everything being in readiness, when the weather is suitable, we call in the hands. We use a forty-gallon feed cooker for heating water; also for making lard. It is placed inside the milk house; a spring of water is also in this house. The house has a flat roof and a four-inch open space just under the roof on two sides for the steam to escape. The hogs are scalded the old-fashioned way, in a barrel. After being cleaned, they are hung up one at a time on the old-fashioned beef-scaffold, hooks being used instead of the gambrel.

After the hogs are dressed and heads taken off they are cut down the middle of the back around both sides of the backbone, leaving all the fat on the sides. The parts are then taken to the granary and weighed, then hung up to cool.

The entrails are placed on a table, near where the hogs are dressed, the fat being carefully removed from the small intestines and placed in a vessel of water which takes up the animal odors. The fat from the large intestines is not removed because of offensive odors.

The heads, after the jowls are removed, are cut up, mostly into sausage and lard. The brains are taken out and sold. The tongues are used for pickling. The throat is carefully removed, as it is very offensive.

After the hogs are all cut up, the pieces are placed on tables (but not piled up) to finish cooling to be salted the next day. Care is taken not to let the meat freeze, as freezing makes the meat harder to cure and is apt to make it strong.

We grind the sausage with an Enterprise mill bolted on a small table for the purpose, a hole being cut into the table for the sausage to drop through into a tub placed on a shelf about six inches above the floor and fastened to the table. In seasoning we use one ounce of salt to four pounds meat and one tablespoonful each of sage and pepper to twenty-five pounds of meat.

The lard, having all skins removed and being cut in small pieces, is rendered the next day and placed in our customers' vessels to be delivered when cooled.

While butchering is going on one of our daughters is taking orders over the phone for ribs, backbones, sausages, feet, etc., to be delivered the next day in our town. No butchers' license is required for taking orders outside of the corporation for delivery anywhere in town.

We usually kill about eight head of two hundred-pound hogs at a killing.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

THE LUNCH BASKET.

School lunches should be wholesome and appetizing. Sandwiches are the usual standby. They need not necessarily be of meat, though pressed chicken or chopped beef sandwiches are excellent. Peanut sandwiches (pass the peanuts through a meat chopper, add either a little butter or salt and cream) are good, as are those made from fruits, jams or jelly. A glass of baked beans, rice pudding (cooked with raisins), or tapioca with fruit, are fine for the lunch basket. So are all kinds of fruit, either apples, bananas, oranges or canned fruit, when fresh is not obtainable. For sweets, do not give much pie, but for a change add it occasionally. Graham wafers or sponge cake (baked either in gem pans, with jelly between layers, or spread with jelly and then sliced) will give variety. Never give children rich, heavy cakes for lunch.—*Selected.*

"A roasted or boiled lemon filled while hot with sugar, and eaten still hot just before retiring, will often break up a cold."

CABBAGE AS MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

SELECT a firm, medium sized head of cabbage, remove the outer leaves and soak the remainder in salt water for a few minutes; tie the head in a cheesecloth and put in a kettle of salted water and parboil. Remove from the kettle and drain. While the cabbage is boiling wash and scrape salsify, cut it in small pieces about an inch thick and boil in salted water until it is tender. Then make a white sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, stirring in a tablespoon of flour and then adding a cup of rich milk. Stir it until it makes a smooth paste, boil a minute to let it thicken and then put the salsify in it and cook a minute. Cut off the stalk end of the cabbage, so it will lie flat on a plate, and with a sharp knife cut out the center, cutting from the top to make a cabbage bowl. Place the cabbage in a buttered baking dish, fill with the salsify, cover the top with bread crumbs, drop a few pieces of butter on it, put in a hot oven and bake until brown, basting with milk. Serve hot with grated cheese; or, if preferred, the grated cheese may be sprinkled on the top of the cabbage before baking.—*Woman's National Daily.*

MOTHERS, save your boys by starting them in the right direction at your knee. The destiny of this nation is in your hands.—*Cyrus Smith.*

The Children's Corner

FORGETTING TO THANK MOTHER.

OF course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you" when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, papa and mama taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word. "Where are my rubbers?" cries Jack, as he is about to start to school some rainy morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my rubbers alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mama says quickly as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I set them beside the register to have them get nice and warm." And perhaps Jack says, "Oh," and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start in this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those two little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—*Exchange.*

LITTLE BERTIE.

ONE day little Bertie Green came running in from the fields. She carried something in her apron, but no one could see what it was. She went up to her mother's room. Her mother was very tired, and was resting in the big easy-chair.

"Oh, mama," said Bertie, "let's play three wishes!" Mama laughed, and said she would try.

"Good!" said Bertie. "You'll see what a lovely game it is. Mama, now shut your eyes tight, 'cause we're going to begin! There's something in my apron mama, and I'll grant you three wishes. Now, *wish, wish!*"

"Well," said mama, closing her eyes, "let me think of somthing to wish for."

"That's right, mama, wish for something very nice—a flower or a cherry or anything."

"I wish for a—flower," said her mama very slowly.

"Here it is," cried Bertie, laughing with joy, and handing her mama a lovely rose. "Now wish again, mama."

"Let—me—think," said mama again; "now what *shall* I wish for?"

"Something to eat!" Bertie hinted.

"Oh, yes, something to eat!" mama said, "well, I wish—I wish for two nice cherries."

"Good, good!" shouted Bertie, giving mama a bright, little red bunch. "How *did* you know? Are they sweet?"

"Yes, indeed," said mama, "and I thank you very much, but there were to be three wishes. I can have another wish, you know!"

"Y-e-s!" said Bertie, looking troubled and letting go of the little empty apron; "only I don't know how to play any more wishes."

"I do!" said mama. "I wish for a kiss!" Then you should have seen the happy Bertie climb up, throw her arms around mama's neck and kiss her again and again!

"That was the very best wish of all," said mama.—*Bessie Hill.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Florida, as a result of the recent election, has declared for local option. About one-half of the returns are in and they show a majority for the local optionists of 2,841. This may be somewhat reduced by later figures.

The most romantic royal courtship in the modern annals of Europe culminated Nov. 14 in the marriage of Prince Victor Napoleon, Bonapartist pretender to the throne of France, to the Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of the late King Leopold.

From a canvass of the banks in the United States, national and private, conducted by the comptroller of the currency for June 30, 1910, it is found, according to a report just made public, that the capital of banks amounted to $1,879,900,000, an increase of $80,000,000, and that individual deposits aggregated $15,283,400,000, an increase of $1,247,900,000 over last year.

The diplomatic representatives of the United States, Germany, Russia, Sweden and Norway notified the foreign office Nov. 11, that they were authorized to resume negotiations with the Portuguese government on current affairs. This action, following the same notification by the British, French, Spanish and Italian governments, is regarded as virtual recognition of the republic.

The big Democratic gain throughout the States has a material bearing on Canada. While the reciprocity commissioners now at work at Ottawa, Ont., still maintain their sphinxlike silence it is known that the Democratic victory improves Canada's position. Should Canada accept none of Messrs. Hoytt and Pepper's overtures, she still stands to gain. Democratic gains means lower tariffs for the dominion.

That Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian novelist and philosopher, has been spirited away by the Russian government and possibly imprisoned for his anti-government teachings, is the fear expressed among friends in London. This followed a report from Moscow that Count Tolstoi had mysteriously left his home on Oct. 10 and had not been seen since. According to the cable report the writer declared that he was going into voluntary exile to spend the balance of his life in solitude. The countess is in despair and has twice attempted to commit suicide since the count's disappearance.—Later: It has been learned that Count Tolstoi attempted to carry out his intention to go into exile, to escape the annoyance of continual visitors and the moving picture photographers and so finish his writing in peace, but was overtaken on his way to a monastery by an attack of bronchitis. He is detained at Astapova, a little railway station, where his daughter Alexandra is nursing him. The physicians say that no immediate danger threatens though many are of the opinion that the aged writer will not recover.

More than $10,000,000 worth of gold has been received by the United States assay office at Seattle since the first of the year, according to a statement given out by the assayer. The total receipts from Jan. 1 to Nov. 8, from Alaska and British American mines is given as $10,507,621.94. Of this amount $9,309,109.75 came from Alaska, $1,036,296.03 from British Columbia and $97,021.75 from the Yukon territory.

New rules governing the parole of prisoners from the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., have been announced by Attorney General Wickersham. They provide that the applicant must have served one-third of his total term, which service must be in excess of one year; that his record of conduct must be good; that the board of parole must be satisfied he will live and remain at liberty without violating the laws, and that the board must be satisfied that the release will not be incompatible with the welfare of society.

After March 3, 1911, the Southern States will be in practically indisputable control of the House of Representatives. They will be able to say what legislation shall be enacted and what the rules of that body shall be. The only thing that can shake this control will be a breaking of party lines. This situation is made clear by the fact that of the 226 Democrats elected Nov. 8 to the new House, 127 are from the Southern States and only 99 from Northern States. This will give the southerners a clear preponderance in all party caucuses.

On the 31st of August Señora de Costa, founder and president of the South American Univeral Peace Society at Buenos Ayres, and famed for her work in securing the erection of "The Christ of the Andes," gave at her home a great peace banquet and reception. Those present, all members of the Society, signed an address to the new President of Argentina felicitating him on his declaration that he would shape his presidential policy in accordance with the program of the pacifists. President Saenz Peña, in his reply, declared that it was his purpose to follow faithfully the program which he had put forward.

What is said to be the highest electrical sign in the world was recently erected by the Prudential Insurance Company at Hoboken, N. J., where it can be viewed to good advantage from New York City. The principal feature of the sign is the large illustration of the rock of Gibraltar, outlined with electric lamps. The sign is erected on a tall building, the top of the rock rising 200 feet above the ground, and the sign is designed to withstand a wind pressure of 250 tons. Altogether 3,000 electric lamps are used, consuming 100 horsepower. The lighting equipment is sufficient to illuminate a large town. The principal words in the sign are written with letters ten feet high.

The Chicago board of education has indorsed a plan outlined by Mrs. Isabella O'Keefe by which penny lunches will be served to the hundreds of half-starved children who daily attend the Chicago public schools. The lunches will consist of warm, nourishing soup and plenty of wholesome bread and butter.

Sociologists in Washington have received official reports from London stating that the total number of paupers receiving relief in England and Wales is 823,825, and that the children in receipt of relief, outside of insane and casuals, is 254,611. The reports add that nearly 4,000 girls of this class have been trained by the state and sent out to domestic service; over 200 of the whole were reported to be satisfactory in conduct and in their work, and 792 had "no serious faults recorded against them." As regards the boys, concerning whom similar reports were received, 1,310 out of 3,234 were declared satisfactory, and only 59 unsatisfactory. One boy graduating from the training ship Exmouth gained the first prize in the advanced class in his majesty's ship Impregnable. Another boy educated under the poor law now occupies the pulpit of a parish church in Yorkshire, and another is a schoolmaster.

Speaking about the comparative status of British and German workingmen, Dr. William Osborne of London, now on a visit to this country, says: "As to wages the skilled English worker gets a trifle more than does his fellow in Germany; but in that country the unskilled laborer receives better wages than one of his class gets in Great Britain. The pay in Germany is based on piece work as against the day system in our land. The German hours of labor are also longer by a small margin, but unemployment is less common there than in England. German wage earners on an average have cheaper rents than ours; and as regards the prices of eatables in both countries, the average is nearly the same, except that meat is a shade dearer in Germany. The use of horseflesh there is confined to the very poorest. The children of German working people seem well cared for, and they are kept remarkably clean. On the whole, the laboring class of that great empire exhibits little of the outward signs of poverty. In the cities, the workmen are models of sobriety, thrift and reliability in attending to their employment."

The American School Peace League offers again this year the two sets of Seabury prizes. The subject for the first set, which are open to the Seniors in normal schools of the country, is, "The Opportunity and Duty of the Schools in the International Peace Movement." The subject of the second set, open to Seniors in the secondary schools, is, "The Significance of the Two Hague Conferences." On each of these subjects three prizes of seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five dollars will be given. The essays must not exceed five thousand words in length, and must be in the hands of the secretary, Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, 405 Marlborough Street, Boston, not later than March 1, 1911. The judges are Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, Cal.; Wilbur F. Gordy, Superintendent of Schools, Springfield, Mass.; J. Asbury Pittman, Principal State Normal School, Salem, Mass.; Samuel T. Dutton, Columbia University, New York; P. P. Claxton, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Miss Edith C. Westcott, Principal Western High School, Washington, D. C., and James H. Van Sickle, Superintendent of Schools, Baltimore.

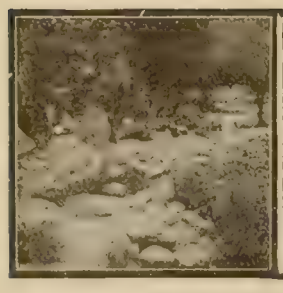
President Taft has made an active trip of inspection of the Panama canal. Following his first day of conferences it was reported he would recommend in his next message to Congress that $2,000,000 be appropriated to begins works of defense.

The Mohonk Arbitration Conference offers again this year the Pugsley Prize of $100 for the best essay on International Arbitration by an undergraduate student of any American college or university. The contest will close on March 15, 1911. For information in regard to the prize, address Mr. H. C. Phillips, Secretary, Mohonk Lake, Ulster County, N. Y.

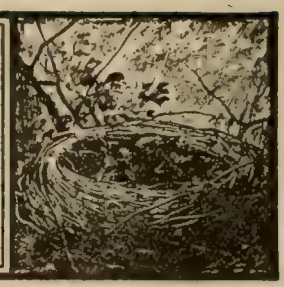
One of the principal drawbacks of wireless telegraphy is the fact that no very efficient call system has been invented which will serve to call an operator who is not in direct attendance upon the instruments. According to press dispatches, when the Wellman airship sighted the steamship "Trent," it was impossible to call the vessel by means of wireless telegraphy because the operator was not at his post. Instead of that, light signals had to be used, and it was not until the "Trent" had been notified by means of signal lamps that the "America" was equipped with wireless apparatus, that wireless communication could be established. Had there been a fog at the time, wireless calls for help on the part of the crippled airship would have received no response.

Diplomatic dispatches state that the Prussian government will in its next budget ask for a large grant or appropriation to provide for itinerating housekeeping schools. These are to move from place to place, and give instruction in housekeeping to the daughters of laborers, craftsmen and "farming people." The plan of instruction comprises cooking, baking, conserving and putting up fruit, vegetables and other food articles, dairying, feeding and taking care of farm animals, poultry culture, raising of fruit and vegetables, sewing, repairing and cleaning of clothing, laundering, cleaning and sanitation of the home, nutrition and health. The course of instruction will take about eight weeks. Schools of this sort have been in existence in the Rhenish province and in some of the other German states and have been of great benefit. It is intended eventually to provide such an itinerating school for every county in Prussia.

Officers in the revenue cutter service are firm in their belief that trouble is certain to come between Japan and the United States over the sealing season. Officers of the revenue cutter Manning declare that wholesale slaughter and poaching by Japanese is going on along the three-mile limit of the Pribyloff islands. The Japanese are declared to be operating under a subsidy granted by the mikado's government. The Manning has spent the season cruising the sealing grounds in conjunction with the Perry and Bear and Tahoma, protecting them from invasion by the Japanese. Just outside the three-mile limit the Japanese had 25 schooners, one small boat and 816 men engaged in killing seals. It is estimated that they obtained 5,000 to 7,000 skins. The corporation having the islands leased from the American government caught about 12,000 skins valued at $40 each. During the season the cutters captured forty Japanese who ventured over the line into American waters. That the seals are the property of the United States is recognized by all nations but Japan.



NATURE STUDIES



BIRDS OF PREY.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE birds of prey are called raptores, though they do not deserve the name, which means robbers. They have their place in the economy of nature, and fulfill their mission as fully as the animals upon which they feed. From the fact that they live upon flesh and some of them kill animals of use to man, the whole tribe has been placed under the ban.

The birds of this order have hooked beaks and powerful talons. The plumage of the sexes is usually different, though the young for two or three seasons may resemble that of the mother bird.

The order is divided into three families as follows:

Eyes lateral. Head naked. Claws blunt. VULTURE.

Eyes lateral. Head feathered. Claws sharp. HAWK.

Eyes directed forward. Outer toe versatile. OWL.

A large majority of mankind look upon a bird of prey as something to be exterminated. True, some do occasionally take a fowl, but we should not for that reason pass sentence of death upon the whole race. To do so is to act as the Indian who holds all whites responsible for the acts of a few.

Also they are often misjudged and the work of some sly, thieving cat is charged up to them. Only a few of the birds of prey feed upon poultry, when they can obtain their favorite food, while the cat, once she forms the habit of catching poultry, seldom or never reforms.

Hawks and owls are complementary to each other, the hawk hunting in the day and the owl by night. Again, owls are not as migratory as hawks, some species spending the winter in the same land where they summer. They often swallow their prey in large pieces or even entire, then when the process of digestion is completed the indigestible portions are regurgitated. An examination of these pellets gives a correct index of the food habits of the birds.

The swallow-tailed hawk is one of the most useful birds we have, as it feeds upon reptiles and insects, never being known to catch birds or quadrupeds. It is said to feed upon the cotton worm, and if this is true it is worthy of protection for that alone.

The little sparrow hawk is an impudent little fellow and if he chooses to build his nest near the poultry yard will prove to be a source of terror to the housewife during the nesting season. A pair here last summer would fearlessly enter the dove cote and carry away the young birds. They made their visits daily with great punctuality until the wrath of the Junior Naturalist was aroused and he took a hand in the game with a shot-gun, the result being that one of the pair became a subject for practice in taxidermy.

There is another well known little fellow commonly called the mouse hawk. He gets his name from his fondness for mice of any kind. The farmer has learned that he is a benefit and as a consequence he has little fear of him. Hovering in the air, he remains almost stationary, with his keen eyes ever on the alert for the mouse to be turned out by the plowshare or by the moving of the shock of grain. Then with a quick turn of his wing he is down upon the fleeing mouse to bear it away in triumph to an adjoining fence where the hawk will make his meal. So fearless is he that the writer has many a time observed one pick up a mouse within a few feet of him and occasionally one would snatch up a mouse from behind the plow before even the plowboy had stepped over it.

Swainson's hawk is a large bird, capable of doing much mischief if so disposed, but grasshoppers and rodents are its favorite food. Yet this bird in common with its fellows is persecuted and hunted to death by those who are not aware of the good they do.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

WE are fortunate in Wisconsin to have so economically important a bird as the purple martin, quite common in many parts of the State. How many readers of *By the Wayside* know that it has changed its mode of life from nesting in hollow trees to bird-houses put up by man, so that if people neglect to give them house room, the bird is almost sure to decrease? The people

who have discontinued keeping bird houses for them claim that the English sparrows have driven the martins out, and such people would rather take the houses down than give the English sparrows a chance to multiply. Do such people realize that purple martins may be colonized if they will not come back of themselves nor set up housekeeping in a region where no martins have been before?

The United States Department of Agriculture has called attention (biological Survey Circular 56) to more active measures to induce colonization. The fact that the martin loves its birthplace so well that it is very conservative about coming back every spring to any other than the home locality, gives trouble to those who would introduce it in a new neighborhood. The Circular says it is suggested to make "the transfer at night of one or more martin houses, with both parent birds and nestlings, from their old homes to new ones." This experiment was tried in the zoölogical gardens of Philadelphia, in 1889, by Mr. Robert D. Carson, who, by means of a trap house, secured a colony of nine pairs with thirty-two young from the grounds of Mr. Josiah Hoopes, of West Chester, transporting them to the distance of about twenty miles by train at night. When released next morning, the old bird deserted the young and returned to West Chester. The temptation of the old home so close by proved too strong even for parental affection. Most of the young, however, were successfully raised by hand feeding, being fed chiefly cockroaches, grasshoppers, crickets, meal worms, and "prepared food." This is a mixture intended for insectivorous birds, and, according to Mr. Carson, was well liked by the nestlings and agreed well with them. It consists of "dried and ground beef heart, raw meal, ground zweiback, boiled and mashed white potatoes, grated raw carrot and grated hard boiled eggs. Probably any similar mixture would answer equally as well."

This points the way to the methods others might follow with success in establishing colonies. Perhaps one can not exchange with his neighbors for fear of desertion, but he can get martins from people at a distance to rear by hand, or if the parents are taken also and are moved to a district far beyond their ordinary flight for food, it would seem that they might be induced to stay by their young. I imagine the twenty miles noted above hardly removed them from the immediate neighborhood of their foraging grounds, and that while the birds naturally fly long distances, a removal beyond a hundred miles would have taken them out of their usual hunting grounds sufficiently to insure the parents staying by their brood.

The other way to attract martins is to set up your box and hope against hope that some pair will come along house-hunting and look favorably on the apartments provided. This was the method of one of my correspondents, Mr. Frederick Wahl, of 591 Frederick Ave., Milwaukee. He says: "It took me a number of years even to get a single pair of martins here. Since then they have increased, until I should judge fifty or one hundred pairs have raised broods within a mile circuit. I have watched and have had the birds for forty years, ever since I was a small boy, wherever I lived." He speaks of four of his neighbors having respectively, seven, eight, twelve and twenty room houses, besides many others, all comfortably filled with the birds, he being the pioneer in this locality. "These houses are all within a few blocks of my place, and there are quite a few large colonies that I know of in various portions of the city, proving their popularity. A person on the south side has a thirty-six room house, which seemed comfortably filled with martins when I was there last year. A large colony is at Grove and Walker Streets, the accommodations in all the houses there being for thirty-five to fifty pairs. A house in a telegraph pole in Juneau Park had about four pairs with families in it this July. I had fourteen pairs nesting at one time on a building at rear of fifty-nine Oneida St., where I was for about nine years. One year I had three pairs nesting in my attic in little boxes, with peep holes in them, and I have watched them nest building, brooding on the eggs, heard the pleased notes when the eggs hatched, and watched the whole feeding process until the young could fly. This lot raised twelve young. The birds seemed to have gone for the year, although yesterday, Aug. 28, a bunch flew through my yard,—to take a last look at their home before their long flight South."

Mr. Wahl, the Director of the Public Museum, gives the usual date of departure for the South as near August 21, but this season was so late in starting that it is no wonder that the young would be longer in getting strong enough to make their long flight southward. In this connection, the bank swallows were more than a week late in starting their nesting at the great colony at Bay View, Milwaukee.

Mr. Wahl further states that in 1908 the martins held an apparent convention in his vicinity. He estimates them to be from fifteen to twenty thousand birds. At that time "the telegraph and 'phone wires were covered with them for blocks. Some of the young birds got into chimneys, and were found dead, when furnaces and pipes were cleaned later." In an earlier letter of Aug. 7, he estimates for the city "the number of pairs of purple martins at least three hundred pairs. There are so many bird houses up in this locality that there are not enough birds to go around. Years ago, the purple martins nested in buildings or dwellings where a board happened to be broken off under the eaves; but now they only nest in bird houses, as the sparrows occupy the old nesting places. And, of course, the young birds nest again in houses similar to

those where they were raised," so they do not go back to their older types of haunts.

This is a cheerful report for the increase of martins about Milwaukee, but I note in Kumlien and Hollister's report for the State "Birds of Wisconsin, 1903," that they are not nearly so common as twenty or thirty years ago, due to the nest-stealing of English sparrows. This report states that many young die in the nest each year for some reason unknown, which has been dwelt upon at length in the report of the State ornithologist for Massachusetts. The latter considers that cold rainy turns in the spring weather cause the decrease of swallows, like the martins, more than any other one cause, for a dearth of insect life for more than a day or two in such weather means sure death to the surviving migrants that arrive about the first of April.

In the photograph Mr. Wahl sent me he shows a twenty-six room house which had seventeen pairs this season, each successfully rearing a brood of young. He says, "They return every year, the advance guard being generally one bird, followed within a few days by more. All the available birds were accommodated with nesting places this year, as I saw none flying about unable to find one, there being nine unoccupied rooms in my bird house. One year I had blue birds, tree swallows, purple martins, and house wrens in separate houses." Dr. Dernehl (in the 1900 bulletin of the Wisconsin Natural History Society, p. 190) called attention to the martins as driving out barn and tree swallows, but tolerant of sparrows, robins, wrens, orioles, etc., where the birds had different habits. Now, much to my surprise, I saw martins, sparrows, and tree swallows living together in the caves of the Madison Observatory last year. These notes on tolerance and intolerance evidently conflict, so that I would suggest it is worth the while of those so situated to see why the martins tolerate the sparrow and the tree swallow in one place and not in another. Finally, the Audubon Leaflet on the martin claims the sparrow a great enemy of the martin, but that the martin's greatest decimation comes through the awful slaughter of these birds in the Carolinas. It makes the appeal that the birds should be cared for, if for no other reason, because they are mosquito destroyers. The malarial mosquito occurs in our State; and the presence of martins about the house, will insure greater difficulty for the malarial mosquito to run the gauntlet to get into our houses in their search for human blood.—*Alfred C. Burrill, of Milwaukee Public Museum, in By the Wayside.*

PRACTICAL USE OF BIRD HOUSES.

In Westerly, Rhode Island, lives George E. Hoxie, a bird lover who believes that any farmer will find it profitable to cultivate their acquaintance. He has on his farm twenty-two bird houses, all of which were occupied last season, there being two nests of bluebirds and twenty nests of swamp swallows. Besides these there were raised about the buildings four nests of barn swallows and seven nests of eave swallows, totaling about two hundred birds, young and old. Then there were within five hundred feet of the house ten robin nests, one oriole, one waxwing, one house wren, two chippings, two ground sparrows and one kingbird, making in all eighteen nests, with three hundred insect-destroying songsters that were not only a continual joy, but a source of profit.

Mr. Hoxie attributes a big yield of apples last season to the destruction by birds of the insect pest that assails the apples from bloom to finish, and he advises other farmers to encourage bird life.—*Rural Life.*

Between Whiles

As He Understood It.—"Why is it," asked the ambitious young orator, complaining to the editor of the morning paper, "that you always report me as having said, 'among other things'?"

"Well, as I understand it, you are usually among other things when you say them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PASSING IT ON.

(Republished at Father's Request.)

The College President.

Such rawness in a student is a shame
But lack of preparation is to blame.

The High School Principal.

Good heav'ns, what crudity! The boy's a fool.
The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

The Grammar Principal.

O, that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared.

The Primary Principal.

Poor Kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That preparation! Worse than none at all.

The Kindergarten Teacher.

Never such lack of training did I see.
What sort of person can the mother be!

The Mother.

You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame.
Your father's family are all the same.

—Exchange.

Lady (to her gardener)—"John, I wonder you don't get married You've got a fine house and a good wage. All you need is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife?" John—"Yes'm; but he didn't keep his job long after he got her."—Tit-Bits.

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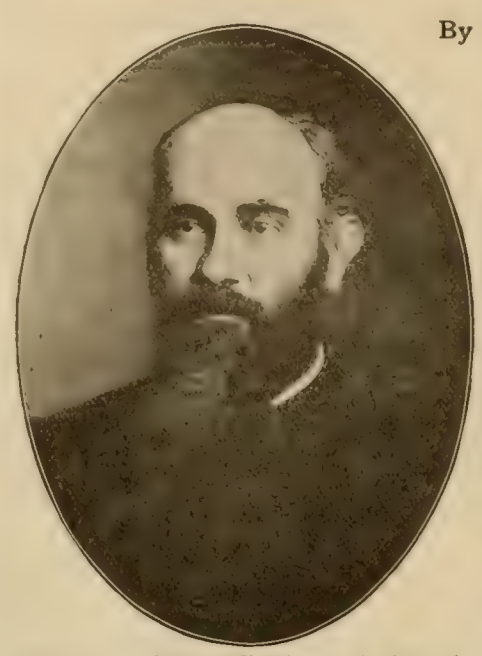
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57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
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63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.





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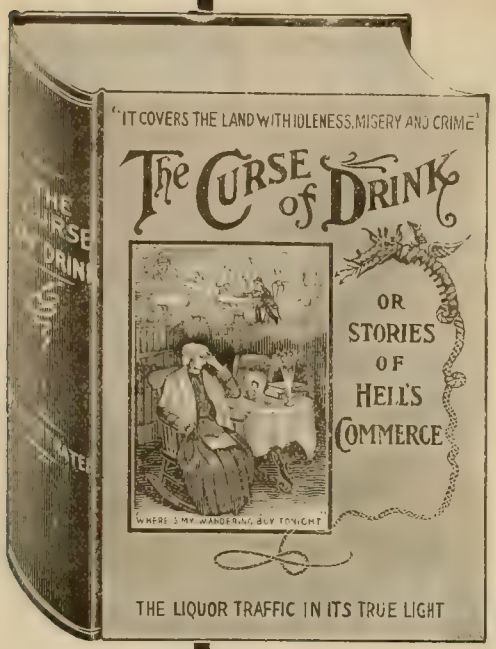
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The purpose of this book is **to show how to succeed in life.** The author's dedicatory words explain his aim: 'To all those who are struggling to attain true development of mind and heart, success in life, and happiness here and beyond, this book is respectfully dedicated."

It is a book for young and old, children and parents, men and women, husbands and wives, boys and girls, the weak and the strong, the poor and the rich, the discouraged and the hopeful, the low and the high, the careless and the careful, the laborer and the professional, the wicked and the pious, the sad and the happy. To the young it aims to bring radiant hope, wise counsel and friendly warning; to those in middle life, practical suggestions and hearty encouragement; and to the aged, calm and soothing reflection. The material for this work is the result of many years' gathering by observations made in a great metropolis in the whirl of a busy life. The wise maxims, rules of business and words of warning will help and save many a soul who reads them.

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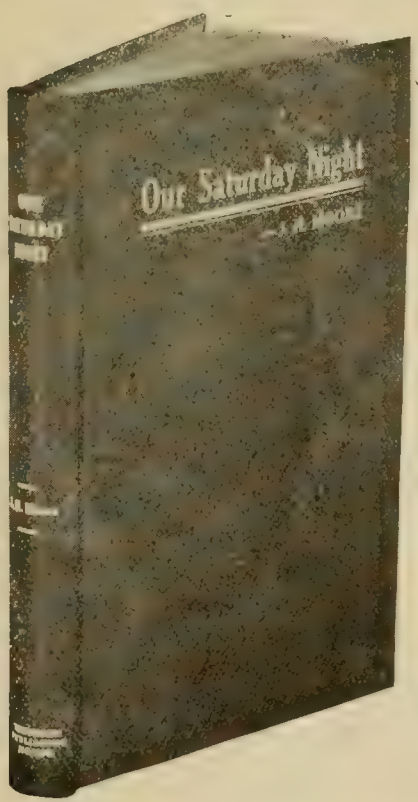
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A PROSPEROUS YEAR FOR IDAHO

1910 marks another epoch in her history of prosperity. Large crops of grain, hay, potatoes and sugar beets were grown this year, and sold at remunerative prices. The Fruit Crop was the largest ever grown in the State. More than $1,000,000 will be realized from the apple crop alone. We invite the settler to see and investigate Idaho before locating. Land values are yet comparatively cheap, but rapidly advancing in price.

The following table will show how it ranks as an agricultural State:

IDAHO IS FIRST

Average Yield Per acre for the Years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, According to the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. November 29, 1910. No. 48.

A UNIQUE RELIGIOUS SERVICE

B. F. Heckman

BETWEEN the business district of Chicago and the levee—the ill-ventilated, crowded, filthy slum district to the south—stands a police station known in the criminal annals of this city as "The Harrison Street Police Station." It stands in a dingy place, indeed. Just in front of it the trains rumble past into the La Salle Railway Station. To its rear are more dingy buildings, one of them a saloon in which hundreds of fallen men, the down-and-outs, the outcasts of society, congregate to spend what little money they have in drunken orgies.

For thirty-seven years this special building has stood here as a signal to the evil doer that he may come this far and no farther until judgment for his misdeed be meted out. Those who keep records of such affairs tell us that more criminals pass through this prison than any other in the world. This seems quite reasonable, especially when we know that the Bureau of Identification of criminals is located on the third floor of this building and that many from all over the country are brought here for this purpose. Among its inmates have been some famous criminals, but for the most part they are of the common run, from the man who is arrested for spitting on the sidewalk to the man who has burned a house and is here waiting to hear his sentence.

Strange surroundings for a religious service, do I hear you say? Surely, if ever the Gospel of Christ might shrink back it would be in a place like this—a veritable den of thieves and doers of every conceivable crime. But the men who have the Gospel of Christ in their hearts need not shrink. In fact, there has been no shrinking here. For the past five years an ex-drunkard has held four religious services each Sunday in the various corridors of this dingy place.

Fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-five (14,725) men and women, during that time, have watched him open his baby organ with feelings which varied from indifference to open hostility and of that number 12,295 have raised their hands for prayer and have knelt on the floor of that basement with him at the end of the service. This is no exaggeration for effect, only a record of facts, though figures may tend to give far more importance to the work than it rightly deserves. But this man, Rollo H. McBride by name, through faithfulness of effort has really done things.

It is not a theological training that has enabled him to do this, for his experience has been along more practical lines. His training consisted of several years in a railway office at a good salary and other years in the levee in barrel houses. It came to an end in the Lifeboat Mission into which he entered, thinking it to be some new and untried saloon; but he soon found it to be a gospel service and there found Christ. Thus it is not through pulpit oratory that he reaches the men, but when they see him, a plain-spoken man like themselves, they are willing to listen to the things he may have to say.

On Sunday, October 30, another brother and myself entered the open corridor of the station. We descended the Stairs of Sighs, so called because the prisoners are taken down those stairs with their sorrows in their hearts. At the bottom of the stairs is a great iron door. And here description must stop, for foul smells cannot be translated into words and sounds that fill the air of this foul basement may not appear on paper. This basement is carved into four corridors by dividing walls, with a row of six cells in each corridor. Women have the first,—practically the only difference made in favor of the weaker sex,—the next two are filled with criminals and the fourth is devoted to drunks. The walls are dingy with the accumulation of years. They are painted dark as high as a man is tall, as though they might be soiled by coming in contact with the people they enclose. Water, dripping from the pipes overhead, forms puddles on the floor. The strong disinfectant does its best to overpower the more aggressive odors of the prison. Wm. T. Stead, when he visited Chicago, said that this particular prison was worse than any he had seen in Russia.

There were several women in the party to assist in

the services and when McBride set the organ down in the middle of the first corridor facing the cell, they began to sing, "There's Sunshine in My Soul Today," and surely sunshine was sorely needed in the hearts of these women in the cells, for very few rays could pierce those dingy basement windows and they had none in their hearts. The song books had been passed into the cells between the bars, but very few of the inmates even opened the books, for that sentiment could not be theirs. There was some scoffing, some sneers, but more tears and more sorrow. Several short testimonies were given and the saving power of God was held up to these fallen ones and they were urged to cast their burdens upon Jesus. Some hands went up to call for prayer. An earnest prayer went up to their Father in their behalf with the workers on their kneers in the corridor and the women on their knees in the cells. Then individual work was done by some of the workers while the organ was moved to the head of the criminal corridors.

This service was also begun by singing. Song books were passed in between the bars to the prisoners. Mr. McBride stood square in front of the wall which divides the corridors and began: "Men, we have been coming down here for a good many years to hold gospel services on Sunday. In all these years I have come to bring to you, who are in trouble, a Friend that helped me when I was in trouble. Now, we are going to sing some gospel songs and if you want to forget your troubles, just join right in; and if there is a song you want sung, call it out. And now out of respect for this service I am going to ask you to take off your hats and stop smoking. Thank you, boys, thank you." Every hat came off and we began to sing:

"Throw out the Life Line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been."

A woman played the organ and a half dozen workers joined in while McBride walked up and down the corridors, urging the men to join in the chorus and tactfully getting the unused books into the hands of men who needed some cheer. This was a rather dangerous business, for men had spit upon him and cursed him and ordered him away, but there was nothing of that kind this time. After several songs different workers gave short, pointed testimonies to the saving and keeping grace of God. There was no oratory—except what might be expected when the speaker could see nothing but the brick wall which he faced, taking for granted that the men on either side of the wall were hearing and being inspired to better things. To bring the service to a climax McBride said the service was to be concluded by a season of prayer and that every man who desired the prayers of the workers should raise his hand. Hands went up in every cell. The prayer was offered for the men and the service concluded.

Up to this time we had not seen the drunks, though we were not unaware of their presence from the sound of their vile songs and curses. It was a new experience to me and I followed with some misgivings. But before we were hardly aware of it the singers had commenced, giving the men no chance to interfere. In the first cell was a curious trio—a German, a Negro and a Bohemian—who could speak no word of English. The next cell had two men in it who seemed oblivious of our presence. The next cell a man crazed by drink sat alone. Another cell had three men in it one of whom had his head bandaged and another's face was badly bruised, showing the result of some drunken spree. Sometimes as many as six were placed in one cell, though the wooden bench afforded sleeping space for only one and there was little enough room on the cement floor. A bucket full of water to drink, a tin cup to fit between the bars, a few slices of dry bread and a bench were the furnishings of each cell.

Though there were only twenty-eight people in the jail that morning, we were told that was the smallest number for a long time and that over two hundred were known to have been in there at one time. This day it was a motley crowd, but nearly all of them joined in singing—the best of the morning, and it would really put to shame some church singing, though the technique was not always correct. Yes, the singing and the testimonies took, for when McBride closed with an appeal to better things men were in tears and every hand went up for prayer, except of the man who was in a drunken sleep. Again on our knees we prayed for the men and we believe them to have been in earnest. But, some one says, this class of men are the easiest to reach. Try it, my brother. Yet one almost marvels at the reverence shown. McBride does not try to explain; he says it always happens that way. Surely it was the power of God in that prison house.

After this we held a regular cottage prayer service in the dormitory for young girls upstairs away from the more hardened class of criminals. The mothers also were kept there. Only four had been brought in and we were glad there was not need for more. Two of them were real young girls though by their ways we knew them to be all too familiar with sin. They, too, learned of Jesus as a safe example to follow in life. This concluded a two hours' service in the prison and we were glad once more to breathe the pure air of the outside.

What about the results of such work? They are hard to determine. Should the work be followed closely,—every man helped after leaving prison,—no

one can estimate the amount of good that can be done. Mr. McBride hopes for all this when some one sees the need of such work sufficiently to furnish the means to help fallen men. Here is just one experience that McBride has had: There was a young fellow in the prison one Sunday morning who had tried to commit suicide during the night. McBride spoke to him and was spit upon for his trouble. A second time he spoke and again he was spit upon. The third time the fellow turned his back and that was all for that day. But early Monday morning the sergeant telephoned Mr. McBride that the man had been calling for him. He came and the two knelt together in the midst of a pushing crowd of friends, lawyers and bondsmen gathered for the opening of court. Together they laid the man's troubles before the Father and received his counsel and help. McBride left, but in the court that morning the young man who had been arrested on a trivial charge confessed he had committed a forgery the year before in Kentucky. A few weeks later a letter came, asking for a beginners' Bible and still later he wrote that he had organized a Bible class of one hundred and twenty-one men and continued it throughout his sentence. Did that Sunday morning service pay?

Unique as this service was, it was a most impressive one. If any one thinks the gospel message fails to reach the hearts of men let him try it on the hardest class of criminals. It is a mighty strengthener to one's faith to see men melt under its influence. It is sowing time. God alone knows the result. It was really getting next to God with men who need him most. Would that there might be less dispute and discussion of scholars and more preaching of the Gospel to those who need it and more saving of lost souls. Or, as one has aptly put it, "Why should scholars stand and shout their failure to find God in a test tube? It were better for them if a thirty days' sentence were hung about their necks and they were cast into the Harrison Street Jail." There they would have a chance to hear of a God that saves.

3435 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago.

DIVINE DISCONTENT.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented,
There is a healthful restlessness of soul,
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve;
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.

—Author Unknown.

NOVEMBER

John Walter Wayland

Farewell to summer sunshine,
And fields bedight with flowers;
Farewell to summer breezes
And perfume-laden bowers:
The summer is past,
Its joys sped fast—
Sped fast with the fleeting hours.

Farewell to autumn outings
And songs of woodland rills;
Farewell to Indian summer
And the tints of autumn hills:
The leaves are flying,
Autumn is dying,
And the heart of nature thrills.

Welcome to journeying storm clouds,
That come when the north wind blows;
Welcome to old King Winter,
Enrobed in his ice and snows:
The clouds hurry past;
The snows melt fast;
And beneath is the summer rose.

A VISIT TO GENOA, ITALY

Galen B. Royer

THE fast express was pulling out of Pisa at about three in the afternoon. To the right was the wonderful Leaning Tower, having for its background the slopes of the Apennines, tinted and hued into varied shades by cloud and sunshine. The famous Carara marble mines are hurriedly passed and one gets but a glimpse of the mountains of white soiled somewhat by the dust of the ages. A shrill whistle gives warning of an approaching tunnel. It is the first and last warning, for the in and out of the tunnel is so constant for the next four hours that the passenger feels he is more minutes in the stuffy, dirty tunnel than he is out admiring the beauties of the Riviera, the narrow mountainous coast line on the east shore of the Adriatic.


GENOVA -- Casa di Cristoforo Colombo.

The Riviera is a dream of beauty. One must have a peep at its bewitching landscapes before he can even dream extravagantly enough to match its wonderful grandeur. Bold promontories, alternating with wooded hillsides and richly cultivated plains, all in the profuseness of nature's abundance, vie with each other for the admiration of the traveler. The railroad cuts through the mountain range to the seashore but there finds nothing but rocky cliffs for its way. True to the ingenuity and persistency of man, he opens the path for the steel by tunneling these hard granite cliffs even if he robs the passenger of some of the finest of nature's scenes. Indeed, when the train is out of the tunnel and the passenger looks about and up, he sees vineclad mountain sides, so steep that ten feet of wall had to be built to have five feet of level on which to plant a row of vines. Thus the mountains are walled up and bearing the finest of grapes. Dotted here and there over the scene is a modern Italian cottage while the tops of the mountains are crowned frequently with an old castle of feudal times. High above all is the Italian blue of a sunny sky azuring down upon the deeper blue of the Mediterranean with its path of gold, leading towards the setting sun. The scene is so entrancing that one is lost in admiration and stands meditating in the darkness as the next tunnel all too soon enwraps him.

How long the wait! How loud the roar of the train! How trying to think that mountains of beauty are passing unseen!

Again the light. Bright green forests of pines, luxuriant growths of figs, citrons, oranges, oleanders, myrtles and aloes greet the eye. Towns nestled in these cultivated wilds, castles crowning highest points, little chapels surrounded by sombre foliage of cypress give a touch of the heavenly to one of the Father's greatest smiles on earth. These are some of the hasty glances of nature one may have as he travels northward to Genoa.

The shades of night are upon the city. The omnibus rattles over the noisy pavement, winding about the narrow streets to the hotel. A night of attempted rest in one of the noisest cities in southern Europe has been endured and a walk about the city is begun.

A main thoroughfare of business under the front of a solid line of buildings! A "sidewalk" between the outer tier of shops and the inner series and taking up the first story of the buildings overhead. How odd! The wares are those of every market, but the Italian is behind the counter and he has long since learned what a tourist or traveler means to him.

But the streets that lead off,—how narrow they are!

Here is one not over four feet wide, another perhaps six and none wider than ten feet. One stops, looks and wonders. His first impulse is to shrink from walking in such a narrow way towards an outlook that seems closed. But people turn in and hurry on, and why not he? With cautious eye he enters. Looking upward past the six or seven stories the street has the appearance of a great crack and no more. The way bends to the left, crosses a street no wider, bends to the right, makes a half circle and the stranger begins to wonder which way he is going. Even up does not look very clear, as shutters, lines full of clothes and other obstructions shut out the view of the heavens. Whether he looks forward or backward all now seems uncertain. But he presses on, interested in the shops, markets, stores,—the selling of clothing, jewelry, meats, groceries,—the bakeries, blacksmiths, tailors and every industry incident to city life which lines these streets. On he goes having all the time to go eastward to Cook and Sons' and finds after a long walk that he has completely turned round and come out within half a block from the starting. The quaint city labyrinth has been too much for him.

But it is all so interesting and novel. As one follows the narrow pathway of this network of buildings here and there he comes across an ancient church with barely room to get a good view of the entrance. Behind the doors are the treasures of art, the stores of wealth, the extravagance of a mistaken ideal of adorning the place of worship, rather than the heart of the worshiper. And yet, entering and passing through aisle and nave, and beholding the faces of some of those who on bended knee and eyes fixed on some image in the recess before them, one is puzzled to understand it all and is made to feel that some of these worshipers though in blind ignorance and with souls groping in earnest after the real and the true, do find an answer to the call of their deepest cry, and a hope on which to anchor their all as life slips from them. Surely all Protestantism says they are mistaken; but more surely God who knows the heart will deal justly and mercifully while in that great day all the earth will shout "Righteous and holy art thou, Lord God, Almighty," and there will be none to find fault with his conclusions.

The home where Columbus lived and labored is in this network of buildings, a tall narrow abode, now in one of the most unlikely parts of the city. A marble tablet with some inscription in Latin recites the distinction the place bears. But the noisome smells, the filth and general disorder of the rabble promp one not to linger long at this shrine of interest.

This is the old town of Genoa. Its history goes back before the tenth century, for even earlier than this its location made it a famous harbor and seaport for Roman and other vessels. Many have been the struggles waged on this mountain side which slopes gently into the sea. At one time Genoa's prowess was great and she possessed strong settlements at Constantinople, in Syria, Cyprus and Tunis. But her power waned and was at last absorbed in the greater kingdom of Italy.



A Wider Street Showing Obstructions Overhead.

Today Genoa is a city of over 150,000, the seat of a university and of an archbishop of the Roman Catholic church, and the headquarters of the 4th Italian army corps. Her ten forts, frowning down from their lofty locations west and north of the city, connected by nine miles of strong walls, form a rampart almost invincible to invasion and the entire fortification hovers over the city and sea with majestic protection.

The city is also the Mediterranean terminal of a number of steamboat lines which ply between the

great inland sea and the United States. For the most part, however, the load of passengers is taken on at Naples and the hurried tourist misses this interesting city. Yet two days in this throbbing centre of Italia's fairest province, is a most charming last look at

" . . . the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
E'en in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility,
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
—Byron.

PANDORA.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

IN Greek mythology we read the following account of the creation of woman: Jupiter, the great god in the heavens, became enraged at man, and planned for him a curse in the form of woman. The bewitching evil was fashioned, every god and every goddess contributing something. One gave her beauty, another persuasive charm, a third the faculty of music, and they named her Pandora, "the gift of all the gods."

Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth and presented to man who accepted the gift willingly enough. The immortals had placed a casket in the hand of Pandora and had forbidden her to open it. But having received curiosity as part of her inheritance from the gods, she could not withstand the temptation to lift the cover and look in. But alas, from the casket escaped a multitude of ills for unfortunate man—rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, and many other diseases for the body; envy, hatred, revenge, and avarice for the mind—which scattered themselves far and wide. Frightened at what she had done, Pandora hastened to replace the lid; but one thing only remained in the casket and that was Hope.

According to the biblical account of the creation, woman tempted man and caused him to sin. By this act sin was brought into the world. According to the Greeks' account she brought sin in the form of ills for both mind and body, the soul being affected through them. The Babylonians had an indistinct, unfavorable idea of woman's part in the early drama of life. Thus from prehistoric times to the twentieth century has woman been compelled to hear of her disgraceful conduct upon her entrance into this world. And as earlier and later peoples have agreed in the story of her early sin; so have they acknowledged hope to be one of her strongest characteristics. She brought trouble to man, yet by her hope she succeeded in cheering him and making his life brighter, notwithstanding.

Her faith and hope have brought to her many tributes, and crowned her with many laurels. "It is for man to reason, for woman to hope; for man to fear, for woman to trust." One writer has said, "The errors of woman spring almost always from the faith in the good or her confidence in the true."

In prosperity the woman is like the ivy, clinging gracefully to the hardy plant. The stronger plant lifts the vine into the sunlight and protects it against the storms; but when the plant is broken by a strong gale the vine clings closely and keeps it from falling altogether, gradually binding up its broken parts by its little tendrils. Disappointments and adversities call forth woman's most beautiful characteristics; and she cheers and comforts, ever hoping brighter times will come.

Hope is her talisman of the present; her sesame of the future. Her heart so often sings:

"Be strong to hope,—
Be strong, O heart of mine;
Look toward the Light."

FOR at the end of all exists the Great Hope,—*Eternal Life.*

"THE HARPER AND HIS GOLDEN HARP."

JAMES R. REED.

THE Harper of the Universe unrolls the scroll and glides his fingers lightly over the strings of his golden harp. Faintly the tones are wafted from the far-distant past; and scarcely audible are the first notes down the dim gray vista in the beginning of Creation.

Give ear to the song of the Paradise of the Earth and the sad story of the Flaming Sword. The music swells as the sons of men begin to possess the earth and to spread their habitation where never before was set the foot of man.

Suddenly there is a change of key; and the shrieks of drowning millions clamoring on mountain tops to survive the deluge come down through the ages.

Again; clearer and fuller becomes the strain, the time quickens to the forward march of rising nations, with here and there the major chord boding, now the favor, now the wrath of God upon the children of Abraham; now the mandates from the thrones of the Pharaohs; now the songs of deliverance in the wilderness; and the thunderings about the summit of Mount Sinai.

Closer, stronger grows the chorus. Line after line; space after space; note after note is added; tone after tone bursts upon our ear in the great increasing medley of melodies and discords—melodies repeating the Psalms of David and the Songs of Solomon, living anew the lives of Ruth, Esther, and the prophets; discords, breaking out in terrible war, cry for conquest and revenge, in the extravagance

of wicked kings, and in the collapsing of falling walls.

The musician plays on; and the music swells into dancing, throbbing pulsations till from out the confusion, as if tempered by the summer air, the evening zephyrs bear the sweet fragrance of lilies from the fields of Galilee, and waft the tender melody of a spotless life, the Christ; but ere this begins to abate, deep, angry tones, like breakers on the rocks above the din of the tempest, burst out, "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!"

The player is inspired by Euterpe; the silver strings leap to the quickening pace of civilization toward the Occident. We no longer can trace tones, but all is lost in the great overture, with here and there tones that stand out for an instant marking the headlines of history. We can distinguish the frenzied yell of the thousands about the Roman circus; Rome is burning; the struggle between tribes for supremacy; the founding and dissolution of kingdoms; the contest of Christianity to maintain its existence; the development of art and science.

Like an on-coming storm with heavy rolling along the sky and floods of light across the western horizon, the ever-increasing strain iterates the vicissitudes of nations and peoples through Mediaeval times, and bursts into the modern era with the impulse of modern progress. The very air is tremulous with symphony and noise. Church bells unite their chimes with the hum of enterprise. The song of worshipers is mingled with the curses of villains. We are completely confused and bewildered by the flood of music.

The Harper plays on; but the strain grows weaker, weaker, farther going until it is lost to the ear in the uncertain future. The scroll will have been rolled up. The human song will have been sung; for human existence is but as a chant breathed on the evening air; time duration is but a parenthesis in eternity.

We have seen but one measure in the infinite sequence; and know nothing of what goes before nor comes after, save an occasional glimpse into the great unknown, and a few tones echoed from the eternal shore. Before our eyes has passed the scroll with all its bars and swells and ties and accidentals. Every life is a note, long or short, perfect or contorted. Every life is a tone, long or short, pure or discordant.

Human ambitions, fear, pain, and pleasure are too circumscribed by the trivial affairs of life. If our highest aspirations were realized, what would be our gain? Some folks are concerned more about a mere facial blemish than they are about the purpose of life itself. Some realize their consummation of satisfaction in their fine body. They feel secure in their splendid physique, but forget that disease lurks at every man's door, and ere another sun their once plump and rounded form may have set to death's mould. In the moments of sickness and death the passions lose their grip; and the body its charm.

Objects of beauty are far too limited in the æsthetical elements; and our sense of safety is in the insecure.

We stand beside the gigantic Corliss, its tremendous arm constantly carrying round and round the massive wheel that drives millions of spindles to and fro as the metronome of the world's enterprise; and we exclaim, "What power!" But this is mockery to the dynamics of the earth itself. Men erect structures of steel and brick half a thousand feet high, build great butments of stone and iron, but let the earth tremble, and the works of man lie broken like egg shells beneath a giant's tread. The obelisks of Egypt crumble; and the pyramids of the Pharaohs, that stand like monuments of human strength and skill, yield to time's brushings.

We speak of everlasting hills. Many a mountaineer's cottage nestles behind the frowning brow of a congenial crag; and his children watch the winds play over the snow-crowned peaks with the feeling of utmost security in their mountain home. But beware of the hidden anger; in another second the pentup forces of centuries may rend their rock-bound caverns and scatter the fragments of earth's sweet defense to the distant valleys.

The herdsman feels safe from the waves that lash their sides in feline anticipation of human life; he sets his foot on the material that seems to him the sure and everlasting; but every wind that fans his sunburnt brow or bears the low of cattle across the western plains, removes and replaces tons of the very stuff; every rain that swells the pools and sends hundreds of gushing brooklets down the winding ravines bring to surface pages from Nature's record, telling the story that once this landed expanse was the playground for the nymphs of the deep, dark sea. And who knows, if we could but draw a line from eternity to eternity, representing the time when this earth was thrown into space, a seething mass of nebulous confusion, till it will plunge to its doom into the heart of some great furnace, whether it would have an appreciable length, and the portion representing the time in which mankind imposed its existence would scarcely have dimension? The earth is a great red-hot ball cast in the freezing pan of the solar realm; and the people are as minute organisms that flourish for an instant.

The earth is growing old. Already the hoary polar caps are creeping nearer and nearer the tropics. Slowly the boundaries of organic existence will

continue to approach until the last haggard human being or struggling brute will breath its last of earth's thin air; and the life that now animates this globe will have become extinct. The earth will be dead and cold—pursuing for a while its lonely course in the heavens. And then what? Finally the good old earth will reel and totter into her nebulous grave; but long ere this many of her children will have entered into a secure city where they may stand on its permanent walls—look out into interstellar space and behold the grand march of worlds, muse on the music of the spheres, and clap their hands and shout for the victory of soul over mortality and the material.

HEN AND I.

In Three Parts.—Part Three. When I Played 'Possum.

M. M. WINESBURG.

IT was the last summer that Hen staid the whole season at our house, when he and I were left to keep house one Saturday, while the rest of the family went into town.

We were pretty quiet kids that day, for I was just recovering from a light brush with the fever and didn't feel very frisky yet. In fact, about all I cared to do was eat and sleep.

Hen did up the odds and ends of work that were left for us to do, and then we amused ourselves as we pleased. I lounged on the porch with a book while Hen whittled out some contraption out in the yard. Finally I heard the clock strike ten and it reminded me that it would soon be dinner time, and as I rather prided myself on being something of a cook, I said:

"Hen, it's ten o'clock; and if you will bring in an armful of stove wood I will get us some dinner." But just then Hen was too interested in whittling to care whether dinner was ever forthcoming or not, and he only said: "Wait a little bit, Sid, until I finish this." And went on with his whittling.

I waited a long time,—it seemed an hour to me,—but still Hen had not finished whatever he was making. I was getting hungry and finally I said somewhat pettishly, "Hen, if you don't get me some wood I won't get a bite of dinner today."

"I don't care whether you do or not," retorted Hen who was not always hungry, like I was.

At that I got up in a huff and went into the dining room and flopped down on the couch that stood in one corner and soon forgot my hunger in sleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by a terrific crash in the pantry near my head. I arose and listened, but everything was as still as a mouse for a moment or two, and then I heard somebody lift something heavy up from the floor and lay it on the cutting table. The somebody was Hen, I knew, but what was he doing? Out in the kitchen, I could hear the fire crackling in the stove, and the teakettle singing merrily.

Then, I heard Hen softly whetting a knife, and I decided what had happened to make all that noise. He had dropped the ham when he was getting it down from the hook. "Well," I thought, "Hen has got the wood and started the fire, and now he is cutting the meat before he wakes me up to get the dinner. I believe I will just pretend that I am still asleep and let him wake me."

So I cuddled down again and played 'possum, with my eyes just about half shut, so that I could see what was going on around me. Soon Hen came tiptoeing out of the pantry with some huge slices of ham on a plate and he tiptoed softly over to the couch and peered down into my face. But I was asleep, to all appearance, and Hen drew a long breath of relief and stole silently out into the kitchen where I soon heard him busy with the pots and pans, although he seemed to be trying not to make any noise.

Then it flashed into my mind that Hen did not intend to wake me; he was going to get the dinner himself, and I thought, "Well, I will just lie still and see what kind of a dinner he can get up; and I know that if he can eat it, I can try too."

Soon I heard the grinding of coffee and then the sizzling of the ham in the frying pan, and pretty soon I saw Hen slip into the pantry and then out again, with a plate of cold boiled potatoes in his hand and then, in a short time I heard them, too, frying on the stove.

By being perfectly still, I could hear every movement that Hen made in the kitchen; hear him turning the meat in the frying pan and stirring the potatoes, so they would brown even, and lastly try his hand at making ham gravy. Then I heard him move the frying pan to the back of the stove, and the next moment he came softly into the dining room, and again tiptoed over to the couch and looked down at me. But I never opened my eyes, for I just wanted to find out what he was driving at.

After a long look at me, Hen softly went over to the table and began to lay it for dinner, for two, and if he made the slightest noise he would stop and look quickly to see if he had awakened me; while to tell the truth, it was hard for me to keep from betraying the fact that I was only shamming sleep.

At last Hen had everything arranged to suit him, with the bread cut and on the table, and then he went to the celler, and brought up a big pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. Then with another look at me, he went back to the kitchen, while I opened my eyes and took a survey of the table and laughed silently.

I had barely time to get my 'possum face in shape again before Hen came back into the room. This time he had both hands full, for he was bringing in our dinner. A couple of trips to the kitchen and then the dinner was all on the table, coffee poured and all. Then Hen stood back and surveyed the table before he came over to the couch and called: "Sid, Sid wake up."

I moved and rubbed my eyes sleepily, while I mumbled out, "Have you got that wood for me yet?"

Then Hen giggled gleefully, as he said in a tone of intense satisfaction, "Get up Sid, and come to dinner; it's ready and waiting."

Then, I threw off my 'possum face and sat upright, while I asked in a tone of pretended astonishment, "Dinner ready? Why, who got it?"

"Why, I did," laughed Hen, gleefully.

"Why didn't you wake me up when you brought in the wood?" I asked.

"Because you were sleeping so good and I wanted to show you that I could cook a little, too," laughed Hen. "But you had better hurry up now, or the grub 'll get cold."

Then I rolled off the couch and went out and bathed my face and hands; and we sat down to the dinner Hen had cooked. What a merry time we had over our dinner, for it tasted real good too, and Hen was so proud of his success that I had the grace not to tell him I had played 'possum while he cooked it. We both laughed heartily when he told me about dropping the ham in the pantry, and how afraid he was that the noise had wakened me.

Dropping the ham was just what had wakened me, but I did not tell Hen so then. And it was a long time afterwards before I confessed to him that the ham falling had awakened me that day, and I had played 'possum while he cooked dinner.

Bellaire, Ohio.

TALKING OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

A FEW days ago I was dining in one of the restaurants of the city. At a table next to me sat a party consisting of a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, a couple of Mexicans and a Scotchman. The conversation turned upon the comparative beauty of languages. Each one of the party contended that his own language was the superior of all others. The German based his contention upon the wonderful strength and self-sufficiency of the German language, and the virile character of its thoughts and literature. The Frenchman claimed that the French language not only had no superior, but no equal, in its ability to express all thoughts accurately and with true beauty and depth of feeling.

The Italian and the Mexican each claimed that his language was possessed of one beauty to which no other language could lay claim, the beauty of sonorous sound. The battle waxed hot between these two, the Italian claiming that Spanish had no more true full vowel sounds than any other living language.

Finally both appealed the matter to the Scotchman, who had, contrary to the characteristics of his race, not taken any part in the discussion, good, bad or indifferent.

Sandy scratched his head for a moment, as though reflecting deeply, then he said: "Ah, weel, a dinna ken but wha' ye be baith richt, for ye ocht to ken yer aine langwidge weel. But when it cooms to talkin' o' vowel soons a dinna ken ony langwidge that can coom opp to thae Scotch. A 'll jist gi' ye a wee story that illustrates what a wad tell ye:

"A man ance went into a store in Dunkirk, an' catched a piece o' cloth atwen his finger an' thumb an' he said to the storekeeper:

"'Oo?'

"An' the storekeeper said: 'Ay, oo.'

"'Aw, oo?' said the man.

"'Ay, aw oo,' answered the storekeeper.

"'Aw, a oo?' asked the man.

"'Ay, aw a oo,' said the storekeeper.

"There's a complete business transaction carried on wi'out the use o' a single consonant soon. A dinna ken if either Italian or Spanish, or any ither langwidge can equal that."

The above story, as told by the Scotchman, is here given with the representation of the sounds of the words, in preference to the Scotch spelling, which might not be familiar to some readers. The translation of the conversation which took place between the merchant and his customer is as follows:

"Wool (oo)?"

"Yes, wool (ay, oo)."

"All wool (aw oo)?"

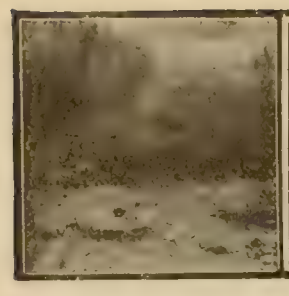
"Yes, all wool (ay, aw oo)."

"All one wool (aw a oo)?"

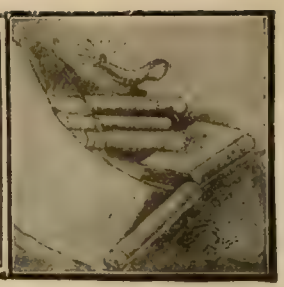
"Yes, all one wool (ay, aw a oo)."—*Herald.*

ATHLETIC GRIST OF COLLEGES.

ATHLETICS in a mild measure are good for any one, but it is not the whole of life to be the best halfback or pitcher, the best tennis player or bowler. These things we ought yet to have done and not to have left the other undone. The real complaint against our colleges is that they are not able to give young men those ideals and those ambitions which are going to be of best service, not only to them but to society, when they get into the fierce conflict where the fittest alone survive.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



THE QUIET HOUR



HOME-GOING.

Where will he bring me home? I cannot tell
Amid what mountain slopes or vales declining
The angels rove, 'mid beds of asphodel,
Where God's own face-light is forever shining;
I only know that somewhere waits for me
A blessed home, where "many mansions" be.

How will he bring me home? I do not know.
It may be by a thorny road of pain;
It may be by a path prolonged and slow,
Over rough deserts, or by sandy plain;
But this I know, however, it may be,
I cannot miss my goal—"He leadeth me."

When will he bring me home? that too is hid;
Perchance there yet is labor I can do;
It may be that my work shall be amid
These earthly scenes a few brief years or so;
It may be he will say, "Thy work is done,"
Before the setting of tomorrow's sun.

But **will** he bring me home? Yes, that he will!
The promise faileth not he giveth me,
And like sweet music all my life doth fill
His message, "Where I am, ye, too, may be."
What matter where or how my life is passed,
If I but see my Father's face at last?

—Ella C. G. Page.

DID HE TAKE ANYTHING?

IRA P. DEAN.

"YES, George got all his upper teeth extracted this morning."

"Oh! My! I never could stand that. I think it's bad enough to have one tooth drawn without talking about all of them. Didn't he faint?"

"No, he never said a word, didn't even holler."

"Did he take anything?"

"Yes, he took cocaine."

"Oh! then it was easy; he didn't mind it."

How about the man or woman who gives twenty-five cents to the church and takes a ticket for a supper, or an apron, for it? Why do people accept anything when they GIVE to the church?

If people want to give why don't they simply *give* and leave buying out of the transaction? The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,—nothing is said of a good buyer. Did you ever stop to think when some one offers you something in exchange for a sum of money for the church, that that amount of money will either buy a blessing or the article the party is offering? but it won't buy both. You get what you pay for or you pay for what you get.

When you give to the Lord, do you take anything so you don't mind the giving? Some people think they can't afford to *give*, but they can afford to buy some fancy little unnecessary trinket for the benefit of the church, and when they get what they pay for, verily, they have their reward. There are ladies' aid societies and mite societies and many other auxiliaries to the church for making money; they make sun bonnets, aprons, dishcloths, fancy pin cushions, match-holders, etc. Some make ice cream, cake, sauerkraut, etc. Then they get a corps of goods sellers and start out.

Now, this work is very good, but when the Lord said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," he either forgot to state the blessing connected with selling or else there is none. These societies claim Dorcas is their mother. Then they better obey their mother, for the Bible says, "Children obey your parents." Did Dorcas sell anything? My Bible says she made garments, etc., and that the poor had them, that she was credited with almsdeeds. My Bible says after she died the widows showed the garments she made, etc. Is selling almsdeeds?

Well, but people will give twice as much, if they get something, as they will if they don't get something.—Can't trust the Lord for the blessing? must have it right away? They mind the giving more when they don't take something than when they do, so the something they take eases the pain of giving. Cheap charity; poor quality of giving.

Treat the Lord fair once, GIVE; let buying alone. Try him and see if he will not open up the windows of heaven and shower upon you blessings that there will not be room to contain them.

Well, but these societies can't afford to make these things and give them away for nothing. Well, if the societies can't afford it, don't do it. The Lord doesn't ask you to do something you can't do. The man at the gate Beautiful expected something from Peter and John, perhaps he looked for money; but Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, but ***such as I have*** GIVE I thee." Can't these societies do that much?

Suppose Peter would have said, "I don't have any-

thing to give, but here is a garment Dorcas made I will sell you cheap." Did Peter say, "What will you give me for what I give you?"

How different giving is from buying and selling. Giving sometimes hurts more than buying or selling; we feel it more. But stop. Jesus Christ, God's own Son, *gave* something that—hurt—when he gave his LIFE for you—and—me. Did he take anything? No. Must you take anything?

Now it's time for you to go to your secret closet of prayer and talk with God.

TWO KINDS OF PREACHING AND THE KIND WE WANT.

About ten years ago two young fellows, just out of high school, were converted and felt a call to the ministry. For a year or two they attended college together. Then, for some reason unknown to me, Jim dropped out of school. John graduated, both from college and from one of the leading theological seminaries. Today they are ministers in a certain conference of the Middle West. As a layman who knows them both, I wish to make a comparison of the two.

John is a very able preacher. Having made a special study of oratory, his gestures are always graceful, and his delivery almost faultless. His sermons are always carefully prepared, his sentences polished, his thought logical. He reinforces his argument by frequent reference to original root words, by allusions to history, science, and philosophy. For a man so young, he is an unusually profound thinker and able speaker.

Jim is not a "fine" preacher. He knows little of Greek and Hebrew, and but little of the art of oratory. His thoughts are not always presented in logical sequence. Sometimes he even lets slip a grammatical error. Unlike John who always stops at exactly the scheduled place, with an eloquent, impressive sentence, Jim is likely to go on for a while in exhortation—for he doesn't find it so easy to stop. His gestures are as unstudied as his words. But Jim always has a red-hot message, and he preaches with all the passion and abandon of one who yearns for souls.

People listen to John's studied eloquence, say it it "fine"—then go away to lead the same kind of lives as before. They listen to Jim's faulty sermons—and are stirred to the depths. John never forgets himself nor his beautiful polished sentences. Jim simply loses himself in his message. John gets numerous calls for commencement addresses, and has even, in a small way, begun to lecture. But when people want a revival they send for Jim. The number of conversions under his preaching has gone up into the hundreds. The number under John is—well, he always has somebody else to preach during revival meetings.

What is the natural inference? Making all due allowance for difference of temperament, the only logical difference is this: John has been longer in the "upper room." In blunter words, John has more education, but Jim has more religion.

Let me be understood. I am not so narrow-minded as to object to an educated ministry, nor to deny the great truth that training enlarges a man's power for good. But what I do mean is that learning should be kept in its proper place—as a humble inferior to that pentecostal experience which alone can make a real preacher. It is something more than the product of a laborious mind over books that the people want today.

And by "people" I mean all of us. It is a mistake to think that educated people must have the Gospel served to them in some nice correct style, that a little rhetorical mistake will so offend their fastidious taste that it spoils all the force of a plain, searching sermon. If our colleges turned out small-minded pedants as that, they would better quit—but, with few exceptions, they don't do it. As for myself, when I want something to feed my mind, I go to my library. When I want something to feed my soul, I go to church. And, if the preacher thinks that, because I have been in school a few years, he must bolster up his message to me with a lot of history, science, and abstruse reasoning; if he thinks he must drag in Cæsar and Cicero and Socrates, and all those old fellows, he is badly mistaken. Rather let him tell me that I am a poor mortal on my way to the judgment, and that Christ can save.—*A Layman, in Western Christian Advocate.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND FAITH.

To be a Christian means more than to appear religious; it implies a growth of reason, conscience, and judgment with the final result, righteousness. Righteousness is the central idea of the Scriptures. The Jews said righteousness may be attained through sacrifices, forms, and laws. Jesus and the apostles taught that these had failed and that faith in Christ was the only foundation upon which to build a holy life. To use all our physical, mental, and spiritual powers properly is righteousness, which can be accomplished only by a continued guidance of the Spirit, and a persistent following of such guidance. By faith we see the results of a life of self-denial, and consequently we bring all our faculties into submission to the purpose of God.—*Religious Telescope.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

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Subscription Price, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance

The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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NOTICE.

For some time our advertising manager has been running an ad in the Inglenook setting forth a plan by which our readers may easily help in enlarging the circulation of our paper. In the ad are a number of coupons to be used by the reader in this work. On one side of the coupon is a short description and recommendation of the paper with blank space for the name and address of the reader who sends it out and on the other side there is the statement of the friend who decides to subscribe with blank space for his name and address. It is stated in the ad that for each coupon thus returned to this office the subscription of the reader who has recommended the Inglenook to that particular subscriber will be extended three months.

The plan is proving very successful, but in some instances there has been a misunderstanding, apparently, and we fear some dissatisfaction will result. For instance, a number of coupons have been returned to the office with subscription price and name and address of new subscriber, but the name of the reader who sent the coupon to this person does not appear in the blank space intended for it. As a result, the manager of this department cannot give the three months' credit to the one who should have it.

Perhaps the reader omitted his name and address through an oversight; perhaps he expected his friend to write it in in case he subscribed. The matter should not be left, however, to anyone else. Let each reader sending out coupons be sure to write his name and address in the proper place before mailing them to his friends.

If any one who sees this is in doubt whether he signed the coupons he sent out, and is anxious to get credit for any new subscriber he may have been the means of securing by this plan, he should at once send us a list of the names and addresses of his friends to whom he sent coupons, with his own name and address. In this way we may be able to help rectify the mistake.

BATTLING FOR THE WORKING CHILD.

For many years the good people of our country have been fighting for the children of the land,—to keep them from becoming the victims of their own ambition or the ambition and greed of others. But it is only six years ago that a sufficient number of people became interested in this important work to give it definite form by organizing the National Child Labor Committee. Owen R. Lovejoy who is general secretary of this committee writes in the November *Review of Reviews,* giving information as to the nature of the committee, the conditions that were found in the working world as they related to children, and a review of the work accomplished during the six years the committee has been in existence and actively engaged in endeavoring to better the conditions of children in the labor field.

It would seem that with our tender regard for children it would have been impossible for conditions to develop in our midst as they have which directly menace the lives of our children and through them threaten the future welfare of the country. But we have been selfish in our regard, we have considered only the well-being of the children of our own families, while the children of others, well-nigh helpless themselves, have been left to the mercy of the merciless money-maker who sees in them nothing but the means of securing maximum amount of labor at a minimum cost.

Knowing that our readers are people with strong home instincts and that they are keenly alive to the best interests of the children—the home's real reason for existence,—we are giving several extracts from Mr. Lovejoy's article.

In the first place the objects of this National Child Labor Committee are:

"To promote the welfare of society, with respect to the employment of children in gainful occupations.

"To investigate and report the facts concerning child labor.

"To raise the standard of public opinion and parental responsibility with respect to the employment of children.

"To assist in protecting children by suitable legislation against premature or otherwise injurious employment, and thus to aid in securing for them an opportunity for elementary education and physical development sufficient for the demands of citizenship and the requirements of industrial efficiency.

"To aid in promoting the enforcement of laws relating to child labor.

"To coördinate, unify and supplement the work of State or local child labor committees, and encourage the formation of such committees where they do not exist."

"The problem of emancipating the toiling children of our country was a stupendous one and the committee recognized that its work must be carefully confined within definite limits. The name was chosen advisedly. The committee did not seek to be a permanent association with extensive machinery and material assets which might serve at times as a source of strength; at other times as an impediment to progress. It deliberately chose to be a committee.

"Following the usual policy of committees, when it has reached conclusions upon any or all of its objects it immediately rises to report. It recognizes the temporary nature of its organic life and eagerly seeks the fulfillment of that mission which will make it unnecessary for the committee longer to exist. An obligation to the American public is taken which will be fulfilled when child labor has ended, and the public moves that the report be accepted and the committee discharged.

"The standards of protection to which the public is invited to rally are:

"First, recognition of the right to a free childhood to the extent that all children under fourteen years of age shall be eliminated from problems of competitive industry.

"Second, recognition that the State is the natural guardian and protecter of all minor children and that the labor of all minors should be regulated in harmony with practicable standards of safety and expediency.

"A program on which it would seem possible to unite might reasonably contain the following standards:

"(1) That no child between fourteen and sixteen years of age shall be employed at night or for a longer period than eight hours a day. Nor in an occupation known to be dangerous to life, health or morals;

"(2) That no such child shall be employed unless satisfactory evidence is given that he has a normal physical development;

"(3) That before the employment of such child, he shall have been given an opportunity to lay at least the foundations of an American education.

"(4) That children above fourteen and under twenty-one years of age shall be guaranteed by suitable laws against specific employments under circumstances that would menace the welfare of society, the restrictions to be graded according to the degree of hazard involved."

It is toward these standards that the committee has pushed its efforts.

In starting out the committee found a very discouraging and deplorable state of affairs. "A number of commonwealths had no law whatever regulating employment of children. A still larger number had laws of the most rudimentary character and with no semblance of machinery for enforcement. A third group had enacted laws fairly comprehensive in scope and providing for an enforcing agency, but without a public sentiment to supply the atmospheric pressure under which such departments can do effective work. In less than ten States was anything like an adequate method of meeting the ever-increasing problem of child labor comparable to systems long since established in such European countries as England, Germany, France, Holland, and Scandinavia, and America was apparently plunging headlong into a policy of child exploitation following closely in outline but exceeding in volume that of these older countries.

"To what extent our mission has been fulfilled is in part indicated by an analysis of the important laws enacted in the interest of working children in the six legislative years since the committee was formed. For convenience the States are divided into three groups, the Western States being those west of the line from Minnesota to Louisiana.

Legislation Secured in Six Years.

	Number of States.			
	North	South	West	Total
Child labor law first passed 1	3	1	5	
Compulsory education law first passed 1	3	3	7	
14 yr. age limit in factories and stores 7	3	7	17	
14 yr. age limit in mines 3	1	4	8	
Eight-hour day 4		7	11	
Other reduction of hours 7	4	2	13	
Prohibition of night work under 16 years 8	3	7	18	
Proof of age required 9	1	7	17	
Certificate of physical fitness to work 10		3	13	
Enforcing agency established ..2	7	4	13	

"Also many States have perfected their laws, especially in administrative details, to a degree not indicated by this rough table."

But what has been accomplished is not even half of the story. A study of the following table which the writer also gives will prove that this is so and that a doubling of forces and efforts is necessary if the committee is to be discharged at the end of the next six years.

Serious Defects in Child Labor Laws.

	Number of States.			
	North	South	West	Total
Children under 14 yrs. may work in factories, etc. 4	7	2	13	
Children under 16 yrs. may work at night 11	8	14	33	
Children under 16 yrs. may work more than 8 hrs. a day 16	9	10	35	
Children under 16 yrs. may work in dangerous occupations ..9	9	7	25	

(Continued on Page 1145.)



THE HOME WORLD



DO A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Time is passing—Oh, how swiftly!
Soon we'll pass beyond this vale;
Then, all vain our hopes and wishes—
Naught with us can then avail.
Tho' we long to do some kindness,
Wish for strength for useful deeds,
Time we wasted in our blindness,
Could not wait for human needs.

Now is the God-given moment;
Let not pass this day in vain;
Precious souls are longing, hoping
For our love to soothe some pain.
Opportunity is present
Every precious day and hour;
Give a word, a smile, a blessing,
Write a letter, send a flower.

Living creatures all around us,
Hunger for the Bread of Life;
God's great goodness still aboundeth,
Time and strength he still provides.
Shall his steward then be careless?
Oh, can we thus slight his trust?
Dare be idle, slothful, pray'rless—
Dare be selfish? God is just.

Time is fleeting; soon will vanish
All our strength and power for good;
Selfish thoughts, then, let us banish;
Live each day as Jesus would.
Kindly deeds and loving actions,
Fill each day with real heart food;
Opportunities are passing—
Do a little bit of good.

IS CIDER HARMLESS?

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

IS cider harmless? and why pledge against cider? are questions often asked, and no person is capable of answering these questions, unless he has studied the subject enough to know why the juice of the apple is good today, but becomes a dangerous article after it has passed from the apple.

The term cider, as used here, refers to fermented apple juice and not sweet cider; but cider remains sweet only a few hours when exposed to the air, and has been known to contain alcohol in less than twenty-four hours. It is a well-known fact that when the skin of the apple is broken, it very soon decays. Dr. Hays, a noted chemist of Massachusetts, says that "the juice of perfectly sound apples begins to ferment within twenty-four hours after it is exposed;" and that "the juice of apples that are more or less decayed (as cider apples usually are), has begun to ferment even before it runs from the press—the bead on the cider in the tub being proof of the presence of alcohol." He further adds that "ten glasses of cider are equal to one of rum."

Brandee's celebrated "table showing the proportions of alcohol in distilled and fermented liquors," agrees with "Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life," that fermented cider contains an average of from five to ten per cent of alcohol, and a greater per cent than wine, beer, porter or ale.

Doctor Woods in the "United States Dispensary" says: "Alcohol is the intoxicating ingredient in all spirituous liquors, including under this head all wines, porter, ale, beer, cider, and every other liquid which has undergone vinous fermentation."

What causes ferment in cider on the outside of the apples is fine particles like dust, called bloom, which all persons rub off before eating an apple. In this dust or bloom on apples there are ferments, which are so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. These ferments do not get through the unbroken skin of a whole apple, but when the apples are crushed to make cider the ferments are washed into the juice as it is pressed out. Ferments are very small plants which change the nature of the cider, from a sweet, harmless drink to an alcoholic drink. In other words, these ferments, when in contact with the apple juice, form alcohol.

Alcohol is a poison; a little does harm; enough more makes drunkards; enough more kills.

But some one says, "It is hard cider which produces such results, not the pure sweet cider we drink." But can any one be positive of its ever being perfectly sweet and entirely free from fermentation? One man claims to have been made drunk on cider just from the press; we do not wonder, when we read that a handbook on cider-making says: "Many practical cider-makers allow the pomace (the crushed apples) to lie from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before pressing;" and also, "The juice, when pervading the pomace, is more exposed to the oxidizing influences of the air, than in the expressed cider."

We are told that unless the presses are thoroughly cleansed each time after using, particles of the juice or fruit will ferment, and so cause somewhat of fermentation in the fresh juice as it passes through the press.

If any one doubts the presence of alcohol in cider, let him test it himself. Any chemist or druggist can arrange a simple apparatus by which alcohol can be distilled from cider. We are told that from eight to ten per cent of cider is alcohol. When bubbles rise to the top, which is carbonic acid gas passing off, alcohol has formed.

Webster defines poison as "any substance which, when introduced into animal organism, is capable of producing a morbid, noxious, or deadly effect upon it;" and as "that which taints or destroys moral purity or health." Surely alcohol can thus be classed.

Mr. Axel Gustafson says in his work, "The Foundation of Death:" "As by food is meant anything which feeds tissue or replenishes force with innocency of the organism, so, by poison is meant anything which, when taken into the body does harm to it." He adds, "Any substance not a food, if used as a food, acts as a poison," He also says: "The regular foods are essential to life. It is positively proved that alcohol is not essential either to life or health. The periodic need felt for regular food ceases each time, after being moderately supplied. With alcohol, the desire if steadfastly denied, will gradually cease; but if satisfied it begets abnormal craving, and that craving having once taken hold, becomes the most insatiable of human passions."

As Linnaeus said, "Man sinks gradually by this fell poison; first he favors it, then warms to it, then burns for it, then is consumed by it." It was proven during the siege of Paris, that alcohol could in no wise be a substitute for food. At one time the army had nothing to eat, but was supplied with wines of every description. Dr. L. A. Klein says: "We thus found out, by bitter experience, that alcohol did not make us warm, did not replace food of any kind, and did not replace coals."

Dr. Huss, of Stockholm, says: "When death occurs from drink, the brain smells of alcohol and is overcharged with blood; the lungs are filled with black blood; the heart and veins are sometimes filled with thick, and at times coagulated, blood; all the same general signs marking death from narcotic poisoning."

Erasmus Darwin said: "It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, until the family become extinct."

When we hear stated the fact that "the taste of alcohol is a universal heritage," should we not stop and think—prayerfully think—dare we put into our mouths that which must taint the next generation?

Many people object to signing a pledge against cider, because they have not studied into the subject or thought seriously about it; yet there are several and sufficient reasons for such a pledge. One is, that cider contains alcohol much sooner than most people think, and alcohol is an intoxicant, a nerve poison, and causes nervous diseases. Even if *sure* that cider is sweet, there is reason for pledging against it, for sweet cider creates a habit for hard or fermented cider. It is very noticeable that people who advocate drinking sweet cider seem to enjoy it most when it "sparkles," and yet they call it sweet cider. In many homes the cider barrel is opened when it comes from the mill and is called sweet until it is all drunk up, no matter how long a time elapses and the children are allowed to drink it whenever they care to until an appetite is formed for alcohol.

We know one woman who is in an insane asylum because her husband would have hard cider for himself and children all the time. The first notice of her being insane was when she took an axe and split up the cider barrels and laughed in glee when the cider was all spilled. Would it not be better for the mothers to split up the barrels before they had brooded over it until it had crazed them, and thus save themselves and the children as well?

The cider mill has justly been called the training school of the distillery. If drinking any kind of cider creates an appetite for alcohol; if cider is a snare to the innocent, and a temptation to the weak; if by its use we may influence a weak brother or sister to take the first step towards inebriety, we willingly, yea, gladly, pledge ourselves to drink no cider while the world standeth, and can say with Paul, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

People who indulge in cider drinking are not found to be active church or temperance workers, but are a "stumbling-block" to many others who might refrain from its use, and become active in helping to raise up a fallen brother, and especially helpful in keeping the rising generation from falling victims to this pernicious habit. How much grander to be the means efficient of keeping a soul from going away into sin, than to lift up one who, although he is saved, must carry with him the scars caused by sin!

TICK-TOCK LULLABY.

There's a little tired shoe and a little mussed frock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
They're glad, I am sure, after going all day,

To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
With no one to greet him, welcomest guest!
He enters and giveth his dear ones rest,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
In exchange for thy store of weariness,
His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

—William S. Lord.

OUR BEST FRIEND.

THE more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can; there is no danger in it; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies; it were well if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship. A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PRIZE YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER.

THERE are usually two periods in our lives when we think much of father and mother. The first is the early years, from the time our eyes first look into the faces of those who love us and who would if necessary give their lives for us. We never know the time when we start to love them in return and place our childish confidence in them. Perhaps the first ten years of our lives, perhaps the first fifteen, are years of implicit love and trust in them.

The other period is when our loving parents are bowing beneath the weight and care of years. Time has spun out its silken thread with them until we know they cannot long remain with us. We begin to count the acts of kindness they have strewn so abundantly along our life's pathway. We begin to measure, or try to measure, that tender affection which has been theirs to bestow and ours to receive all through our lives since we saw the first peep of day. We look back to the times when we have grieved them. We did not see how it hurt at the time; it was only having our way—the best way, we thought as, of course, our father could not possibly be so wise as we. Ah! how we would blot out, if we could, from their memory and from ours, too, the unkind word spoken in a heated moment, the disrespectful act which made mother's heart ache.

But how sad it is and yet how true, that there is a period in the life of almost every boy and girl, usually when well on in their teens—sometimes earlier—that father's way of thinking and plans of doing are all too slow and out of date for the clever young son. Mother's wise counsel is altogether too restrictive for the haughty young daughter.

Father may make mistakes, mother may seem a little too careful, but, remember, they passed over the road you are traveling long ago. They saw the pitfall of bad company, they saw the danger spot of careless companionship of boys and girls, too, whose lives and thoughts were not of the purest. They look back, just as you will do if you follow in their footsteps and thank a kind Providence who guided them into a straight path which leads on and up to victory through the blood of him who loved and gave his Son to die that we might live.

Young folks, do what you can to make father's life easier and mother's care less heavy to bear. You won't have them long at most. If you are living away from home, don't forget they would like to see you. Make the old home a sure mark for at least part of your holidays every year. They know your off time is much taken up with other things, but they prize a thoughtful act and a refreshing visit. You owe it to them. Honor yourself by honoring them with your presence as often as possible.

Don't forget to write to mother. She is worthy of the best letter you can compose, and just as regular and often, too, as you would write a friend of your own age. Joyful reflection is better than regrets of a neglected past. You have it in your power to make for yourself whichever you choose.—*California Christian Advocate.*

EQUIPPING CHILDREN FOR LIFE.

TEACHING rural schools for several years gave me opportunities of knowing the home life of so many children, and also of seing its effects upon them. I used to see a great many girls, in their "teens," who could not make a loaf of bread or mend their own everyday garments, and who knew but very little about doing the general housework.

I remember being at one place where the mother was obliged to leave home for a few days, and the oldest daughter, who was fifteen or sixteen years of age, thought she would do the washing, although her mother would never let her even help about doing it. She got along very well until time to boil the clothes, when, knowing that her mother always boiled them, she put them all in the boiler, the colored ones with the white, and boiled them. You can imagine how they looked and how the poor girl felt! She thought her mother had not done right in not teaching her how to do all

kinds of housework, even if it was harder work and took longer at the time.

I have always been grateful to my mother for teaching me while very young to do all kinds of work, and to do it neatly. If I was putting a patch in an old calico apron, the stripes or figures all had to match. When eleven years old, one of my aunts, who was a very particular and neat housekeeper and a good cook, came to visit us, and for supper we had bread of my own making. Only those who have had a similar experience can understand how much good it did me when she complimented me upon my success in bread-making.

Since having a home and family of my own, I have tried to put in practice what I always believed was right. We have two children, a girl of eleven and a boy of nine. We have tried to bring them up to help us in doing most all kinds of work, indoors and outdoors, and it is a pleasure for them to work with papa or mama.

I do not believe in making children wash dishes alone, or making them do anything else so often that they get sick and tired of it. When possible, let them do things that they will enjoy doing, while at the same time you will be teaching them to do useful and helpful things. When baking, let them sit in their high chairs at the table and have a little bread dough to make a little loaf, or the last of the cooky dough to make cookies. When ironing, let them have their little irons and iron the handkerchiefs, or something else.

Teach children to be gentle, truthful and polite, by example as well as by precept. As soon as they are old enough to be read to, select with great care stories that will teach them to be good, honest, and kind to everything, and as soon as they are able to read for themselves, take good papers or magazines for them and buy them good books. It will be money well invested. If they get a taste for good reading, it will help them all their lives. Parents have a great responsibility in this respect.

Be their companion whenever possible, and take an interest in the things in which they are interested, remembering that you were once a child yourself. Let them feel your loving sympathy in all their little troubles and perplexities. As long as they will take you into their confidence, you have a great power in shaping their lives. If the early training of children is what it should be, they are not very apt to "go astray" as they grow older. Make the home life so pleasant for them that they will think "there's no place like home."—*Farm and Home.*

VENTILATING LIVING ROOMS.

Minimize as we may the progressive contamination of an enclosed inhabited space, the contamination is still progressive, and without renewal of the air, in a few hours you will reach the boundary beyond which lies impaired health. Open your windows, pull up your window blinds, turn up your mattresses and bedclothes, and every morning let the products of the night be swept out by the incoming currents of fresh air. Then, all through the day remember to have a small chink open at the top of your windows; or, better still, raise the lower sash, close the opening beneath with a piece of wood fitting closely, and so the air will enter at the junction of the sashes, and pass upwards without draught. The secret of ventilation without draught is: a little and constantly. Once permit the air to become close and stuffy, and the moment you endeavor to remedy this result of carelessness a cold draught will rush in, and the fear of injury will prompt you to stop it. The mere fact of living in a close atmosphere begets a shivery, susceptible condition of body, which is intolerant of the slightest sensation of chills. If you accustom yourself and your children to fresh air, you become robust; your lungs play freely, the vital heat is sustained, and even a draught becomes exhilarating.—*Selected.*

DOING THE IMPERATIVE.

It is always the busiest woman who has the most time; but in order to have the time, she must always be busy about things. Yet there are many things that busy women never find time to do. Probably Catherine Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, never had time to make ice cream, chocolate cake or chicken salad for the church supper. We never heard that Mrs. Stanton ever gave a nine-course dinner or a bridge whist party; Mrs. Stowe could not have had time to embroider an altar cloth for the famous professor, who, no doubt, may have had to sew on his own buttons occasionally. Many a woman stands wistfully looking at the vision of fame and a fortune that might be a reality to her if she had the moral courage to thrust into the background of her life the things that rightfully belonged there, and to remember that few valuable things ever come to the woman who hesitates.—*The Commoner.*

BATTLING FOR THE WORKING CHILD.

(Continued from Page 1141.)

Boys under 16 yrs may work in mines 9	7	9	25
Proof of age not required in ...6	10	7	23
No adequate system of factory inspection 2	4	4	10
Boys under 18 may work as night messengers 19	12	13	44

The fight for the working child is not over, as you can plainly see, and it is possible for our readers to wield a strong influence in securing laws that will insure the well-being of the children. May we have our eyes open to the opportunities to help along this noble work.

The Children's Corner

NUTS THAT MAKE PLAYTHINGS.

THERE never was such a jolly afternoon as the one when the children went nutting. With the smell of the autumn fires in their nostrils and the breath of the crisp autumn air blowing full in their faces; with the gay red leaves rustling under their boots and the ripe nuts rattling down through the dry branches—was there ever such fun as this nutting romp? Then came the pleasure of cracking and eating the nuts, but presently every child had his fill. One is not a squirrel with a limitless nut capacity. There are so many of the nuts, too, that a child can not resist gathering; the many varieties of acorns, and the fat, brown horse chestnuts, but only the squirrels and pigs eat acorns and horse chestnuts. What can a child *do* with all these charming but apparently useless little brown things?

Gather as many acorns and hickory nuts and horse chestnuts as you wish. Fill your pockets full and your blouse full and your red mittens full. Then, in the evening, pour out the horde of russet treasures upon your work table, get out your jackknife and the family glue bottle, your work bag, some scraps of colored paper and cloth and make a whole cartload of pretty nut toys.



The Chinaman, Brownie, Grandmother and Soldier.

Nut dolls will be dainty and easy for a child to make first in this home, nut toy shop. Select a fat, especially wrinkled hickory nut and you will see that it has a quaint little pointed nose sticking out from one end. On either side of this nose a child with a fine brush and India ink may draw in eyes, and just underneath the nose a mouth for the nut doll. A stiff roll of white cotton cloth should next be sewed in over and over stitches and glued to the nut for a body. Two smaller rolls of cloth sewed an inch and a half below the head to the body will serve for arms, and then the doll is ready to be dressed. A full skirt of red checked gingham may be slipped over the little cloth body and some puffed sleeves put on the cloth arms. A white cloth kerchief may be draped around the body, and a child must not forget to put a big flopping cap on the nut doll's head to cover her baldness. She will look exactly like a doll grandmother when she is finished—this little wrinkled nut lady.

Turn another hickory nut lengthwise and it can be made into a very realistic little Indian. Some strands of black darning cotton glued to the end of the nut will look exactly like the Indian's long, black hair. A dash of red paint on either side of the nut will indicate his painted cheeks, and his features are done with India ink as were those of the little nut grandmother. If a child can find a twig that has two arms and two legs this may be glued to the Indian's head and will serve very well for his body. He should have a pair of chamois trousers, fringed at the side and sewed to his twig waist. A scrap of red flannel folded over his shoulders, blanket fashion, will complete the Indian's costume. A few strings of glass beads should be hung about the Indian's neck, and he may also have one or two hens' feathers glued to his head to show that he is a chief, even if he was only a hickory nut in the beginning.

Crepe paper may be used to make nut dolls' costumes; a roll of the white paper being glued to the nut for a body, and the dolls' clothes are fastened on with photographic paste. With ruffles of crepe paper it will be possible to make most wonderful, Parisian hats for a nut doll, and if the doll's skirts are full, she will really stand alone.

After the hickory nuts have all been made into dolls and Indians for the play-room, the oak tree's treasures will suggest a host more toys. Brownies, and tiny tea sets and necklaces! What child is there who knew that all these delightful things could be made of acorns?

An acorn brownie looks exactly like a real brownie by Palmer Cox. The acorn wears a brownie cap, in the first place, so all it needs will be a tassel made of red worsted and fastened with a drop of glue to the acorn's stem. With the sharp point of a jack-knife the brownie's features may be cut in the soft acorn shell, and a meat skewer stuck into the nut forms the brownie's body. Twisted tissue paper is then glued to the body for the arms and legs of the little man, and India ink will indicate his long pointed-toed shoes.

He should be dressed in brown crepe paper, full trousers and a little jacket stuffed out with cotton to make him look fat.

The acorn brownie always uses acorn dishes when he has his tea. Very small acorns set in large acorn saucers are his tea cups, and his teapot is made of an unusually large acorn with a bit of twig inserted in the front for a spout, and a second scrap of twig bent and stuck in opposite the spout for a handle.

If the acorns are soft and pliable, those remaining after the brownies and tea things are made may be



The Nut Dolls.

transformed into a little girl's play necklace. It will be necessary to fasten each nut to its cup by means of a drop of glue, first, for they may slip out when they dry. The stems of the nuts should be carefully pierced with an awl, next, to allow of their being strung. Then with stout linen thread, and a coarse needle, the acorns are strung and fastened at distances of about two inches apart, making a dainty pendant chain for a little girl to wear when she wants to "dress up," and play at being a princess.

English walnuts are full of toy possibilities. A child must learn to split the shell in halves, first, and then carefully remove the nut meat, leaving the inside clean and smooth. One of these half shells will make a stout little boat, warranted not to break, and able to stand a voyage across either the brook or the bath tub if the wind and skies are favorable. All it needs is a stiff paper sail glued to the side. A half shell may be cut, crosswise, and the section glued to another shell to form a little nut cradle which will really rock and will be large enough to hold a very little china doll. Two of these quarter sections of a walnut shell glued together make the foundation of a little doll's go-cart. Cardboard circles are added for wheels, and a cardboard handle.

A boy who is clever with his pen-knife will be able to carve a nut shell into the shape of a tiny basket, and it will make a capital fob for his watch chain.—*Carolyn S. Bailey.*

* * *

WHEN you are through making your nut dolls, boys and girls, clean up all your litter and see how pleased Mother will be.

FOR THE COOK.

BERTHA DUTCHER.

Dressing for Roasts.

Two quarts stale bread crumbs, ⅓ cup grated onion, ¼ cup melted butter, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls each sage, salt and celery salt (level top).

Method: Sprinkle enough cold water over bread crumbs to thoroughly moisten, cover and let stand for fifteen minutes, or until thoroughly soft, then add the remainder of the ingredients, lastly the well-beaten eggs. Toss up lightly and pile lightly in a well-buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven.

Corn Bread.

1 cup cornmeal, 1 cup flour, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 eggs, 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 level tablespoonful butter.

Baked Dumplings.

2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, salt. Put in hot broth in medium hot oven and bake fifteen minutes. Do not cover. Good with either beef, veal or chicken broth.

Macaroni au Gratin.

⅜ quarts raw macaroni, ½ quart cottage cheese, ⅜ quart sour cream, ¼ tablespoon of salt,

Method: Cook macaroni in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse in hot water. Put in layers, alternating macaroni and cottage cheese. Pour sour cream over all. Bake.

Potato and Rice Croquettes.

3 cups mashed potato, 1½ cups rice, 1½ teaspoonfuls onion juice if desired, ¾ teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly and mold into croquettes. Roll in egg, then, in fine cracker or bread crumbs. Bake in oven or fry. Serve with cream sauce.

Sterling, Ill.

* * *

CRYSTALLIZED APPLES.

MAKE a syrup of one cup of sugar, a half cup of water and the juice and rind of one lemon. Peel and quarter six large, red-skinned apples; place them in a Boston bean-jar and cover with the syrup. Cover closely and bake slowly for two or three hours. If they cook too fast, they will go into a soft sauce. They should be a clear, dark red when done, and should not be disturbed during the process of cooking. Serve cold with cream. They are very rich and only a little can be eaten at one time.—*Selected.*

* * *

"CLEANSING DRAINS—Dissolve copperas in your drain pipes often to clean out slime and grease and to thoroughly disinfect them."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



A three-wheeled automobile will be manufactured in Detroit soon by a company now in process of organization. A sample car has been run 5,000 miles. The single wheel is in the rear. It is claimed that this arrangement does away with skidding. A taxicab is now being made in which the chauffeur will sit behind. A commercial car also will be manufactured.

Directors of the Standard Oil Company have declared a quarterly dividend of $10 a share, which is the same as was declared at this time last year. The previous dividend was $6 a share. John D. Rockefeller is estimated to hold about 40 per cent of the capital stock of approximately $100,000,000, so that his share of the dividend just declared will be $4,000,000.

Surgeons who have been in Chicago attending a national clinic have organized the Clinical Congress of the Surgeons of North America, with a charter membership of 1,000. The purpose is to give the members the immediate benefit of the latest discoveries and developments in surgical science by means of annual demonstrations in the chief cities of the country.

More improved methods in determining national standards for teachers in the public schools and a uniform interstate certification are the ends sought by superintendents of instruction and commissioners of education of more than 30 States who are in session in Salt Lake City. Pleas for the unification of the educational systems of all the States will be heard during the conference.

Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, newly elected president of Brazil, has taken up the reins of government. He comes into power at a time when the republic is in a flourishing condition. The public debt has been greatly decreased and there is more than $233,000,000 in circulation in the nation; peace prevails and the navy has been increased to compare with those of many European countries.

Testimony of Chicago railway officials as to the value of their lines and equipment during the recent hearing of the western rate cases before Interstate Commerce Commissioners Lane and Clark has reacted on those officials in a startling manner. The assessors have revised their figures and have determined to raise the taxes of the roads to about double what they have been in former years.

Postal officials once more are making the appeal to those who are sending Christmas gifts to get them off early "and avoid the rush." They also give the warning not to print or stamp the caution about opening anywhere except on the outside. If this direction is followed no change in the rate will be made and the sender may be certain that his gift will reach its destination in plenty of time

Philadelphia will get the next world medical clinic as a result of a vigorous campaign made in Chicago by Pennsylvania physicians. The first world clinic was a remarkable success. Operations of a wonderful nature were performed daily by the greatest surgeons in the United States and Europe, and some of the work was a revelation to the visiting physicians. It is estimated that nearly 3,000 surgeons from all over the country attended.

The rainiest place on the continent of Europe, so far as meteorological records show, is Crkvice, in the mountains of Dalmatia, back of the Bay of Cattaro. The monthly rainfall at this point for the past twenty-two years is published in the current number of the Meteorologische Zeitschrift, and gives a mean total rainfall for the year of 4,642 millimeters (182.76 inches). The wettest year was 1901, with a rainfall of 6,135 millimeters (241.53 inches).

Increases in rates on live stock on the Illinois Central and eight other roads operating in the Mississippi and Missouri River freight territory have been suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission until March 31 next. The commission also suspended until March 1 increases on all kinds and classes of merchandise shipments on 66 railroads operating to and from New Orleans to points between the Ohio River and Jackson and Meridian, Miss.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer, as a result of his inspection, will cut $300,000 from the estimates for navy yards. It is probable the Charleston, S. C., yard will be continued merely as a torpedo boat station, as experts have estimated it would cost not less than $2,000,000 to open up a channel by which modern heavy draft battleships could reach the yard from the sea. The Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, Puget Sound and Mare Island yards are not to be interfered with.

In order to get action on a reapportionment of representatives in Congress at the hands of the present House and Senate, the census bureau is rushing work on the population figures. Clerks are denied leaves of absence until late in December, when it is expected the compilation will be completed, for Congress will fix the basis of representation and then formally decree just how many members of the House each State shall have for the ensuing ten-year period. Ten years ago, when the House was enlarged to its present size such increase was decided upon so as not to have any State suffer a loss of the representation it then had. If the same idea prevails this time another considerable increase will have to be made. City representation is bound to gain by reason of the phenomenal urban growth and the falling off in rural population.

An embalming fluid which will preserve the human body tens of thousands of years without producing the dried appearance of mummies has been invented by Homer J. Parr, a graduate in pharmacy of the University of Pittsburg. Parr's experiments have been confined to rats and in his laboratory he has a cage of five rodents in various stages of mummification. The embalming preparation is administered as food and all the functions of the nerves and tissues are destroyed gradually. When death comes decomposition does not set in and the subject is solidified.

E. F. Cartier Van Dissel, president of the Phoenix Lumber Company and second vice-president and chairman of the board of trustees of the National Apple Show, has reported to the Western Pine Manufacturers' association that 50,000,000 feet of pine lumber, or sufficient to build 5,000 five-room cottages, was used to provide boxes for the apples grown in the inland empire this season He also submitted estimates prepared by growers and handlers, showing that not less than 300,000,000 feet of lumber will be needed to supply the demand for boxes in five years.

A description of the new mammoth cave in Europe has been published by Hermann Boch, recently discovered near Obertraun in Austria. The cave is situated under the Dachstein, a mountain in Upper Austria 9,800 feet high. The entrance is at an elevation of about 4,500 feet. Among the characteristic features of the cave is a natural tunnel, at the bottom of which is a river bed six feet deep, formed by an early stream. This tunnel leads to a precipice. Still another feature is a gallery 150 feet high, which leads to a series of stalactite caverns. Like many another cave throughout the world, the Austrian cavern has its dome, 340 feet high, with a cone-like heap of debris 250 feet high in the center. From this central dome radiate a maze of other domes and galleries, many of which end precipitately in dark abysses.

The Supreme Court has dismissed the test case of Chas Martel vs. the State of Maine, which involved the legality of the Maine liquor law, for lack of jurisdiction. Martel is engaged in the drug business and in order to sell liquor which enters into medical compounds he had to obtain a license from the United States. The fact of such a license was considered as evidence by the Maine courts that he was selling liquor in violation of the State law. He was arrested, tried and convicted. He appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that his arrest and conviction were contrary to law. The Supreme Court's action has the effect of affirming the decision of the lower court.

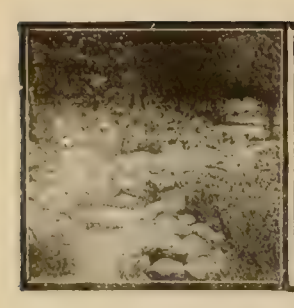
Exports to China from the United States will show a smaller value in the calendar year 1910 than for many years; certainly less than in any year since 1903, and may even fall below that year and prove the lowest of the decade ending with 1910. The September trade statement of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor shows our total exports to China in the nine months ending with September as but 12¾ million dollars, and for the month of September, 1 million dollars, indicating that the total for the year which ends with next month will be approximately 15½ million dollars, against 19½ million in 1909, 21¾ million in 1908, 23 million in 1907, 30 million in 1906, and 58½ million in 1905. The falling off in the value of American exports to China occurs chiefly in cotton and mineral oils.

Members who have arrived in Washington for the winter believe the House will make a record for economy this session. They base this statement on the understanding that there will be no rivers and harbors nor omnibus public building appropriation bills this session. The war department, of course, will recommend appropriations for a number of important surveys, but the amount asked will be comparatively small. In the matter of public buildings it is understood the treasury will confine its recommendations to buildings now under way and for the purchase of sites authorized at the last session.

While a mass meeting was being held at Bakersfield, Cal., of all prominent oil men of California to discuss ways and means of inducing the Government to modify its application of the Yard decision to the California oil industry, Washington dispatches were received announcing that Attorney General Wickersham had begun an inquiry into the right of the Southern Pacific to 6,000 acres of oil lands in that State. Following the Washington announcement came news from Bakersfield that patents to nearly 200,000 acres of Southern Pacific lands in Independence oil district granted under the act of 1868, had just been recorded on Nov. 9 in the county recorder's office. The railroad had thus escaped paying taxes. When the patents were filed, it was disclosed that the grant was made under "primary limits," that is, without any reservations of any sort. As no mineral rights were reserved, prominent oil men believe there is no recourse or method by which the Government can recover the lands so patented.

The first use of an aeroplane for carrying express matter was made by the Wright brothers on November 7th, when one of their biplanes, piloted by aviator Phil. O. Parmalee, left the Wrights' aerodrome at Simon's station, near Dayton, O., at 10:45 A. M. and landed at Columbus, O., 65 miles away, 66 minutes later. Strapped to the passenger's seat of the biplane were two bundles of silk weighing about 100 pounds and valued at $800. A stock Wright biplane, fitted with a 30 horsepower 4-cylinder motor, was used, and owing to a favorable wind of 20 miles an hour velocity, the aeroplane actually covered 62 miles across country in 57 minutes. Parmalee therefore made an average speed of 65¼ miles per hour and set up a new record for a cross-country flight. This flight demonstrates how useful the aeroplane will yet become for the carrying of express and mail matter. Postmaster-General Hitchcock, after a flight with Count De Lesseps at Baltimore, expressed his intention of beginning experiments in mail carrying by aeroplane at once.

Count Leo Tolstoy died Nov. 20, in the hut at the little railway station of Astapora where he was suddenly taken sick not long ago. Seldom, if ever, in Russia have there been so many conflicting elements in the death of a famous man. Tolstoy's love for the common people and the admiration of the upper classes for him; his affectation of the dress of a peasant, although a member of the nobility; his conflicts with the church despite his following of Christian principles of living, all combined to make up a mass of varying circumstances. As was expected a great throng flocked to Yasnaya Polyana to attend the funeral. The great field about "Poverty Oak," under which the count expressed the wish to be buried, is a vast amphitheater capable of accommodating thousands of mourners.



NATURE STUDIES



RATS.

J. HENRY NOWLAN.

THE rat is one of the most hated of the small animals, ranking in order of danger to health next to the housefly.

There are several kinds of rats, the commoner being grey rat, white rat, black and white rat, sewer rat, and the brown or Norway rat. All kinds are very dangerous to health and property where they may be found. They weaken buildings by gnawing the sills and bricks in the structure, digging burrows under the foundations, causing them to settle and perhaps fall; also many mysterious fires are caused by rats gnawing the flues or igniting matches.

Their injury to health is by carrying disease germs, especially the Bubonic Plague, which is worse than consumption.

Perhaps I should give a general description of the rat: The body is about six inches long and one and one-half inches wide; has short, muscular legs, short round head, very small ears, large black eyes, tail about as long as the body and almost destitute of hair, but covered with scales, and the fur on the body thick and short. They dig their burrows to a great depth, some of them going to the depth of fifteen feet.

They are true rodents, yet they will eat anything that comes in their way. In their hunger they have even been known to attack people.

The rat is very intelligent and in the hands of a competent trainer may be taught to do many things.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

OUR ORIOLES.

OFTEN as I look at our orioles, and often as I hear them singing, the lines of Walt Whitman, from "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," come to my mind and I say them over myself, while these gay-plumed songsters swing to and fro in their skyward bower in a rhythmic accompaniment. Here are the lines:

"Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but kept together."

How do I know that these orioles are the same ones that have built on the white oak near the west side of our house, where we can look out at them from a window close for weeks and weeks, year after year? How do you know that Billy is your own horse? And how do you know that Winken is your own pet hunting-dog? and that that gayly-strutting chanticleer is your own prized cockerel? "By their marks ye shall know them." Even the smallest of the wild creatures have distinguishing features, traits and ways, discernible to those who have the blessed gift to know them.

I have a record of this pair of Baltimore orioles for the past five years,—not that we do not have others of this species of bird on our grounds and in our trees, for the Baltimore oriole delights to fly about and sing in hickories and oaks where he finds them and to make his habitation in the tree-tops. But all the members of our family have united in watching and petting and supplying the needs of this one pair. We have come to watch for their arrival when the warm days of April are at hand. Pretty soon then there will be a flash among the budding branches of the trees of a gorgeous orange-colored frock coat adorned with silky black, and near it, in softer tones, a satiny gown. These are the vestments of our own two orioles bedecked in the colors of his grace, for whom this bird is named, Lord Baltimore. At once they inspect the top branches of the white oak, near where their nest last was, always taking a limb to swing from that turns towards the southeast, at least a little; and, when later they really begin to work in earnest, they fasten the "guy ropes" in the crotch of a twig at the very end of the limb, behind the downy blossoms of the oak, and so concealed by the tassels and the bursting tiny shell-pink, gray-green leaves which follow, that though you know just where the nest is started, you may have to look carefully to find it.

When the birds begin to tug away at the cords around plants in the garden we know that these skillful craftsmen have begun to ply their art. Then we keep bits of cord tied once around the bars of a grape trellis near, not too long, for the birds get them tangled in the branches of the trees as they fly, and thus lose them. As a rule only this pair takes the cord, though some of the others in build-

ing do also. These two seem to have learned the place, and find the cord with astonishing quickness directly it is put out. One season I tried putting out bits of yarn or bright colors. They seemed to know it lacked strength and use the white cord (grocer's cord) in preference, taking the yarns only when the stronger was gone, and often not at all. Last year another pair of orioles used much of our cord to build their nest on adjoining grounds, not too far off to sing for us, and to come and eat my suet. Our female oriole builds most of the nest. First she fastens the strong cords, sometimes horsehairs, firmly over the twigs. This she does with her bill, pushing and pulling it over and under and out. Then she weaves the rest of the nest in the same manner, getting down into it and pressing her breast out against its walls to shape it, while the ever-watchful male sits not far off and keeps guard, darting every now and then quickly off to chase away some inquisitive or marauding larger or quarrelsome bird. He keeps up this constant watchfulness during the three long, weary weeks of incubation, singing between whiles, but always pouring forth his melody from some other tree, such apparently is his caution.

For some reason, this summer these two looked the white oak over as usual, but decided not to build in it. Instead, they selected a similar location on a Carolina poplar just north of the oak, and standing not more than ten feet from the steps of our rear porch. On account of the snowstorm and hard freezing in April, this year, the blossoms on the oaks did not reappear after they were frozen, so the oak trees were bare for some time after till the nipped leaf buds recovered, while the poplar, having shed its catkins before the storm came, the more readily leaved out; hence the change of place of residence of our pair; perhaps.

Soon after the mother oriole settled down to her serious duty, one morning about four o'clock I was awakened by the most jubilant matin song, and I heard it every morning afterwards till the birds were hatched, and many times during the day. "Pip, pip, pip-e-e! Co-pip-'ip-e! Co-pip-'ip-e!" he would sing, over and over again. Occasionally, till the end of August, I would hear him, sometimes from a distance, and the young birds taking it up in a twittering sort of way.

The efforts of the young orioles to sing are very interesting and sometimes very amusing. Their voices are wavering and weak. They get off the key and can not strike the right note, but they keep on trying just the same,—else how would they ever learn? The summer of 1901, in this region, was the direst and hottest for many years. During the warmest days of that season about a dozen young orioles that had grown up in our neighborhood gathered among the foliage of a large half-trailing red-and-yellow honeysuckle which dropped its projecting vines close to the grass in front of a large east window of our home. They fluttered around, in and out of it all the long July day, sometimes picking up a stray morsel to eat, and sometimes trying their husky, young voices a little.

Some of the members of the bird department of the Field Museum, it seems, had for some time held the opinion that, taking a strip of country running north and south from Wisconsin into Illinois, through our region here in Ogle County, the birds were a little different in size and coloring from those in the contiguous territory. So a bright, earnest young man, connected with the department, was sent out to investigate. This enthusiastic young naturalist, having relatives in our region, combined the work with a summer outing. With his friends he made us a visit, and, with much delight I showed him the nest of our orioles, as well as the nests of seven other birds,—the rose-breasted grosbeak, robin, catbird, orchard oriole, blue-jay, brown thrush, and a song sparrow still on her nest among a bower of vines by an old stump. After ten days of thorough examination of the strip of country, the young examiner decided there was no difference.—*Rebecca H. Kauffman, in By the Wayside.*

GRUB STONE HOUSES.

THE ways in which the caddis-fly manages to protect itself from enemies, fishy and human, are very interesting. The following account of the little stone houses in which they pass the time during the defenseless period of change from grub to insect is taken from *Birds and Nature,* a little magazine full of pleasantly told information on such subjects:

"The female fly often descends to the depth of a foot or more in water to deposit her eggs. As the eggs hatch, the habits of their larvæ are exceedingly interesting.

"They are aquatic, being long, softish grubs, with six feet. The fish are very fond of them, for which reason they are in great demand for bait. The angler looks for 'cad-bait' along the edges of streams, under stones, or on the stalks of aquatic plants. One can easily see that their lives are not free from care and danger, and so, to protect themselves, they are very wise in building cylindrical cases, in which they live during this dangerous period. The different species, of which there are many, seem to have their individual preferences as to the substance which they employ in building these houses, some using bits of wood, others shells, pebbles, or straws. They readily disregard these preferences when there is a lack of the material which they usually prefer.

"Those brought to me were made of different colored pebbles and were very pretty homes. We counted the pebbles in one of them and found there were eighty-nine used, and built so securely that it could not be easily crushed by our fingers. They were all about an inch in length, a quarter of an inch in diameter, and were perfect cylinders, with a large pebble fastening one end; so no fish could catch them unawares. We placed them in water, where we could watch their development. They never willingly left their homes, only thrusting the head and a portion of the body out in search of food.

"When about to pass into the torpid pupa state, they fastened their houses to some sticks and stones in the water, and then closed the end with a strong silken grating, which allowed the water to pass freely through their houses, keeping them sweet and fresh. We are told that this fresh water is necessary for the respiration of the pupa. Thus they remain quiet for a time until they are ready to assume the imago form." —*Selected.*

TOAD RAISING FOR PROFIT.

DONALD MCCLANAHAN of Edinburgh, inspired by the grasshopper plague which at present threatens crops in that section, proposes to establish a toad farm near Greeley, Colo., as a move toward the extermination of the insect pests. McClanahan believes he can realize handsome profits from the venture.

"I came here because I thought it would be a good place to begin operations," he said. "The farmers will bless me when they see what the toads can do. Toad farms are not rare across the ocean. One full-grown toad will in thirty days devour 700 cutworms, 1,000 ants, 150 weevils and 140 ground beetles. They have prodigious appetites, and nothing can compare with them as insect exterminators. In England toads bring a shilling apiece, and I am confident the farmers in Colorado will be glad to pay 25 cents for them. —*New York Telegram.*

GOOD TEACHERS AND POOR TEACHERS.

THE good teacher is first of all a student. Her methods are the result of her own observation, her own thinking, her own reading. Her discipline is the application of common sense to actual conditions. It is always firm, never wobbly, and broadly and generously sympathetic. Her clear teaching is the result of scholarship that extends far beyond what she teaches. Her simple and direct methods in arithmetic come from her wider knowledge of algebra and geometry. Her power in developing thought in the reading of the geography lesson comes from an intimate acquaintance with the best and noblest literature, and from a knowledge of the science of common things in earth, sea and sky.

The good teacher is a person of culture and refinement. She never stoops to sarcasm, she is free from vulgarities of speech and manner. Her pupils silently weigh her in the balance, and she is always "lovely" or "all right," and the accuracy with which these boys and girls of eight to twelve years of age size up their teacher should often make school committees, the school board, and even the superintendent wonder at their own lack of insight. The teacher who stands the test of the searching judgment of her own pupils counts as much in the system as the building, the course of study and the textbook.

The poor teacher is first and foremost always the one who would rather do anything else that would bring her the same pay; her heart is in her work only for what she is paid. She uses the same methods from year to year. She may have good order in her room. She may even have natural graces of manner and person. She may have tact; but she neither studies nor devises the methods that produce the best results. She becomes in a few years a formal, artificial and lifeless teacher, in spite of grace and tact and natural qualifications. There are always such in the schools who are dead weights upon the entire system. They are routine teachers who look only to the work of their grade and do not concern themselves with what goes before or what comes after.

How to get rid of the poor teachers, how to secure and retain the good ones, is the most vital question of all in our public school system.—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

Between Whiles

Mrs. Wigwag—"How is your husband, Aunt Mandy?" Aunt Mandy—"Porely, ma'am. He was gittin' along all right, but now the doctah done say he got de convalescence."—Philadelphia Record.

"In Mayor Gaynor's early days on the bench," said a Brooklyn lawyer, "a prisoner's counsel said, in the course of his speech:

"'Medical witnesses will testfy that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania, and your honor, you know what that is.'

"'Yes,' said Judge Gaynor, "I do. It is a disease the people pay me to cure.'"—New York Sun.

It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign—"BANKRUPT SALE," and to the left—"CLOSING OUT AT COST." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door, in larger letters—"MAIN ENTRANCE."—Everybody's.

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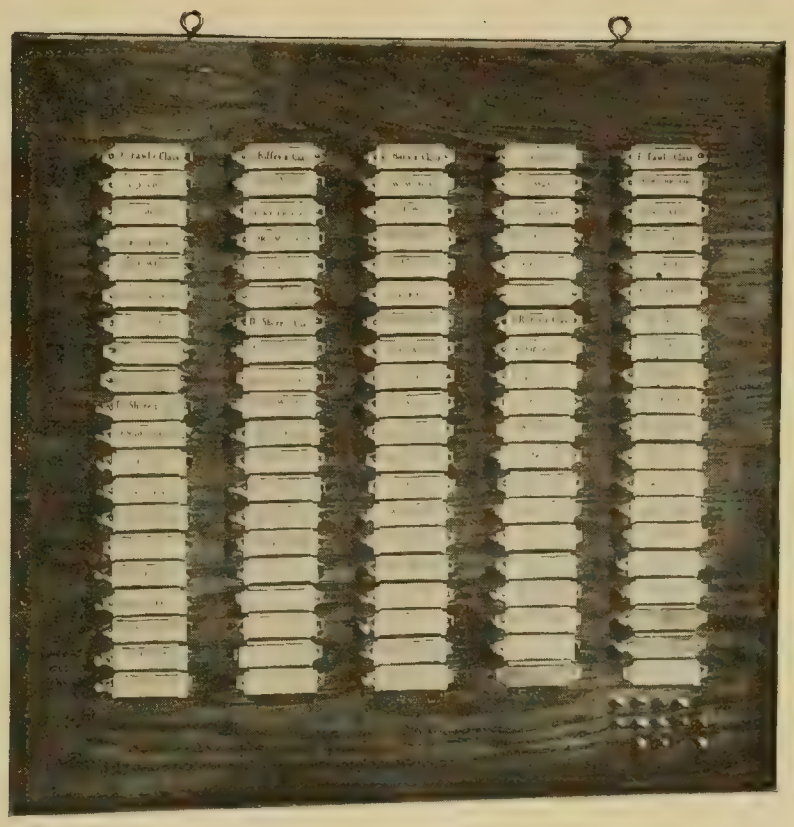
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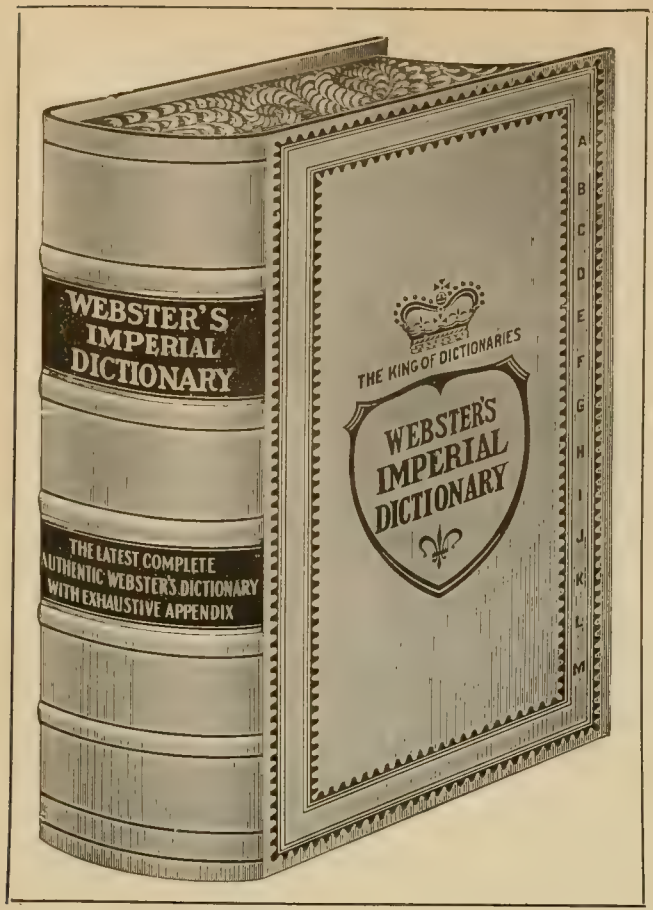
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Montana	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

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PREHISTORIC MAN

John H. Nowlan

IN making researches into the dim, unrecorded past, much use is made of the term Age, with the prefix Stone, Bronze or Iron. We accept them without a query as to their origin, yet a few comments on them may not come amiss.

While making researches in some of the ancient peat bogs of Denmark known as "skovmoses" or "forest mosses," many remains were found. They are swamps or bogs filled to the depth of thirty or more feet with peat which is mostly partly decayed vegetable matter. The evidence is conclusive that the vegetation all grew in the bogs or on the immediate border, and that an immense period must have elapsed since the deposits first began. In this peat were found trunks and branches of various kinds of trees; also implements of stone, bronze and iron. Near the bottom of the bogs are found large pine logs and among them stone implements and weapons. Above the pines are found oak trees and among the oaks are found bronze tools, while near the surface are implements of iron.

There is not a trace of beech trees found in the bogs, yet beeches have been found in Denmark from time immemorial, the oldest records and traditions mentioning them. On the other hand, the oak is found in only a few places and the pines are represented by only a few straggling specimens.

The inference is that in the remote past there lived in the land a race of people who used stone weapons, that they frequented these bogs in search of game, and lost these articles. The pines falling into the bog made a framework for the mosses and other vegetation. Time passed and the people who traversed the bogs carried weapons and implements of bronze. Now the trees falling into the waters were oaks. Later the oaks disappeared and over them the moss held the implements of the ruling race. These being iron give a name to the iron age. This may not be conclusive but at least the position is tenable.

In Europe the bones of man are found in the caves along with those of the mammoth, cave bear, cave hyena and other large animals now extinct. Cinders and ashes are also found mingled with the bones, indicating that the flesh had been cooked. Better still, a piece of ivory was found on which had been carved a picture of a mammoth. In another cave was found a stone on which was pictured a cave bear and on the wall was a drawing of a fight between two reindeer.

Man was learning, so in some of the caves the work was much better done; but here the subjects sketched were not of those we now know as extinct. The implements show better workmanship, bones of the dog are found, as are also bones of fishes never known to come near shore. We infer that he had domesticated the dog and ventured out to sea in boats.

In Denmark and other countries are to be found what are called "kitchen-middens." These are piles of shells mingled with bones of birds, fishes, animals, stone implements, and traces of fire. That they are not the result of natural forces is proven by the fact that the shells are of various species not found together naturally. Some of the kitchen-middens are one thousand feet long, two hundred feet wide and ten feet high.

In Denmark, France, and India are to be found *dolmens*. These are made of several stones placed on edge and supporting flat stones. These are supposed to have been for burial purposes, as in some cases human bones have been found in them.

Gradually the Stone Age gave place to the Bronze Age. Bronze is an alloy, being made of copper and tin. It is quite singular, but it is a fact that the first metal tools found are made of this metal. Copper must have been discovered first and later by some chance the ore of tin was combined with it and formed bronze. America has many articles of copper but few of bronze. Can it be that the myth of "Atlantis" has a foundation in fact and the people of Europe obtained their copper from America by that route?

In Switzerland and other countries of Europe

the remains of piles are to be found in many of the lakes. The order of their arrangement and their number indicates that whole villages were thus built, perhaps for greater security from enemies, both human and animal. Dredging has brought to light many bronze and polished stone articles. These indicate that the people practiced agriculture and had domestic animals. Bones of the ox, sheep, goat, and dog, remains of wheat and barley charred by fire, a kind of cloth, as well as articles of household use are dredged up. In many cases great heaps of these remains are found, apparently having been thrown out through an opening near the kitchen. Among the articles found were many supposed to be of modern manufacture, one such heap yielding several bronze safety pins.

The discovery of iron marked an epoch in the industrial history of mankind. With iron tools he could fashion more elaborate articles, dig deeper into the earth, discover the other metals, and put them to new uses.

Painting and sculpture were developed, dwellings were made of hewn stone, agriculture came to be the leading industry, fruits were cultivated and animals domesticated. Fishing and the chase were not so important to him, hence he became more permanent in his dwelling-place.

This Iron Age gradually blends into the age of mythology and this into history. Nowhere do we find a clearly defined line at which we may say the one ends and the other begins. All these things have made today possible. What are *we* contributing to the advancement of the future?

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

LARGE ESTATES IN AMERICA.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

A TRIP up the Hudson on a steamer is an experience never forgotten. Not alone the beauty of the palisades, but the homes which are built along the cliffs have made the place famous. About two miles below Poughkeepsie is the former home of Samuel B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. He called it Locust Grove and there many of his experiments in chaining the lightning were conducted. Fifty years ago a visitor said: "The mansion is embowered in trees overlooking the river and is one of the most charming retreats along the Hudson." Today, one of the daughters lives in Paris the wife of a famous pianist, Franz Rimmel, another, Leila Morse, is a professional singer, a son, William G. Morse, lives in Texas; and a stranger occupies the Morse mansion.

From Poughkeepsie as far as the town of Hudson is a series of most beautiful homes. There is no automobile tour in any part of the world that has greater attractions than this. The road runs parallel with the river on the top of the cliff from 150 to 250 feet above the water and is perfectly level. From Poughkeepsie northward for many miles it is almost completely shaded by the overhanging boughs of grand old oaks, elms, chestnuts, maples, locusts and other trees, many of which are very old. The way to see these beautiful estates is to hire a carriage and drive through the grounds. Automobiles are not permitted to pass through the gates, but any one driving or walking can see the parks and grounds. The estate of Helen Gould is a magnificent country home. She has one hundred and sixty people on her pay roll here. It requires a small army to keep up most of these places. Almost every one of these palaces has a farm attached to it; a dairy and hothouse furnish the owner with milk, vegetables and flowers.

Fred Vanderbilt has the most beautiful estate along the Hudson. People who have traveled say there is none in England or on the continent that will surpass it for beauty, comfort, or those qualities which make a perfect country-seat.

George Gould has a summer home near Arkville in the Catskills with two thousand three hundred acres of mountain forest. Part of this is enclosed with a barbed-wire fence twenty feet high, and in this enclosure are preserved herds of elk and deer, besides quantities of pheasant and other small game.

In this country large estates change hands often. Rarely has a large estate remained in one family for two or three generations. Their maintenance requires a constant outlay and only the very rich can afford to hold them. Dr. William Seward Webb, a son-in-law of William Vanderbilt, holds 153,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks. Fifteen square miles of this has been enclosed for wild game. In many parts of our country, we find the farmers discouraged because farming does not pay. Their fathers got a scanty living from the soil and now modern methods of farming, and large farms or ranches in the west promise larger profits. The present owners of farms in the East are likely to be discouraged and rather anxious to sell out. There are some of these places which have been abandoned by their owners because they did not afford a livelihood. By modern methods of improving the soil some of these farms have been rendered productive and very profitable. All over this country of ours men are claiming their right to possess homes, farms, and large estates. The tendency among the rich to possess large tracts of land increases year by year. The extent of these holdings is wholly a matter of money; the architectural magnificence of the buildings, the gardens, drives

lakes, and forests are a matter of money also, and the cost of them is such as only the rich can afford.

Last year we took a drive through Biltmore, the estate of George Vanderbilt, the youngest of the sons of the famous family. His brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is content with the reputation of owning the finest house in New York City, and the finest house in Newport. At Biltmore, George Vanderbilt has an estate of thirty thousand acres. Most of it consisted of small farms which the millionaire's agents bought. You stop off at Asheville, North Carolina, to visit the place. It is the highest plain east of the Mississippi, lying between the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Mountains. Much of it is rough mountain land, which was secured at two dollars and a half an acre at first. But we were told that some farmers demanded as high as two hundred and fifty dollars an acre when they learned who the purchaser was. As we drove through the beautiful grounds, the roads bordered with honeysuckle and other vines and receding mountains and green valleys all about us, it seemed as if in all the world there could be no other home so beautiful as this. The whole undertaking is on a scale of lavish magnificence. A railroad was built to convey building materials to the site of the mansion. The foundation alone is said to cost $400,000, the top of a mountain being cut down to receive it. The palace is of marble, beautiful, and seems a part of the grand scenery; something like a fairy palace built by magic surrounded on all sides by mountains. Immense quantities of rich soil for the gardens was transported by rail from distant valleys and river bottoms and everything grows luxuriantly.

There are many of these landed estates held by millionaires in this country. Beyond the limits of all our large cities, large holdings of land are accumulating and growing in magnificence as the individual investments of men of wealth. Their maintenance requires a heavy annual outlay and makes them possible only to the very rich. We are told that the word aristocrat means, "one who rules because he is the best." If that be true, these large estates should be a benefit to the community in which they happen to be located. Could they always be held by such men as the late Senator Leland Stanford of California, they would be a blessing. He built up and endowed a great educational institution and bequeathed one ranch of 59,000 acres and other holdings for its support.

THE STATUE.

In Athens, when all learning centered there,
Men reared a column of surpassing height
In honor of Minerva, wise and fair,
And on the top, that dwindled to the sight,
A statue of the goddess was to stand,
That wisdom might obtain in all the land.

And he who, with the beauty in his heart,
Seeking in faultless work immortal youth,
Would mould this statue with the finest art,
Making the wintry marble glow with truth,
Should gain the prize. Two sculptors sought the fame:
The prize they craved was an enduring name.

Alcamenes soon carved his little best;
But Phidias, beneath a dazzling thought,
That like a bright sun in a cloudless west
Lit up his wide, great soul, with pure love wrought
A statue, and its face of changeless stone
With calm, far-sighted wisdom towered and shone.

Then to be judged the labors were unveiled;
But at the marble thought, that by degrees
Of hardship Phidias cut, the people railed.
"The lines are coarse; the form too large," said these,
"And he who sends this rough result of haste,
Sends scorn, and offers insult to our taste."

Alcamenes' praised work was lifted high
Upon the capital where it might stand:
But there it seemed too small, and 'gainst the sky
Had no proportion from the uplooking land;
So it was lowered and quickly put aside,
And the scorned thought was mounted to be tried.

Surprise swept o'er the faces of the crowd,
And changed them as a sudden breeze may change
A field of fickle grass, and long and loud
Their mingled shouts, to see a sight so strange!
The statue stood completed in its place,
Each coarse line melted to a line of grace.

So bold, great actions, that are seen too near,
Look rash and foolish to unthinking eyes;
They need the past for distance, to appear
In their true grandeur. Let us yet be wise,
And not too soon our neighbor's deed malign,
For what seems coarse is often good and fine.

—Unidentified.

THE NECESSITY OF PERSEVERANCE.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

It makes no difference what talent or genius one may possess, no natural gift can take the place of real work, for according to a Roman maxim: "Toil conquers all things."

Someone, in explaining the difference between the genius and the ordinary worker, has said that the genius never tires in his efforts to reach perfection, while the other regards effort as painful and looks forward to the time when the task will be completed.

Said an able teacher to an idle boy, "Why are you not at work?"

"I have tried some of the work," was the reply.

"But why do you not finish it?"

"I am tired of the monotony. These problems are the same through all the lesson. To much similarity."

"So you are tired of them because they all follow the same general principle? Did you ever think of other people toiling at labor unbroken in its monotony?" asked the teacher of the boy. "And did you ever wonder what would happen should the earth stop moving in its course about the sun? What if the sun would become weary and refuse to shine, or if your mother would get tired of preparing your breakfast?"

"Oh, that would make too much difference, while in my work"—the boy hesitated.

"We can not stop in this world, my boy; if we do, the world will crowd us. We have need of constant effort. Our work and our influence must go on and on and we must continue to do our best. It teaches us patience and faithfulness." Such was the lesson given by that conscientious teacher; and although he has long since gone to his inheritance, his influence for good still lives.

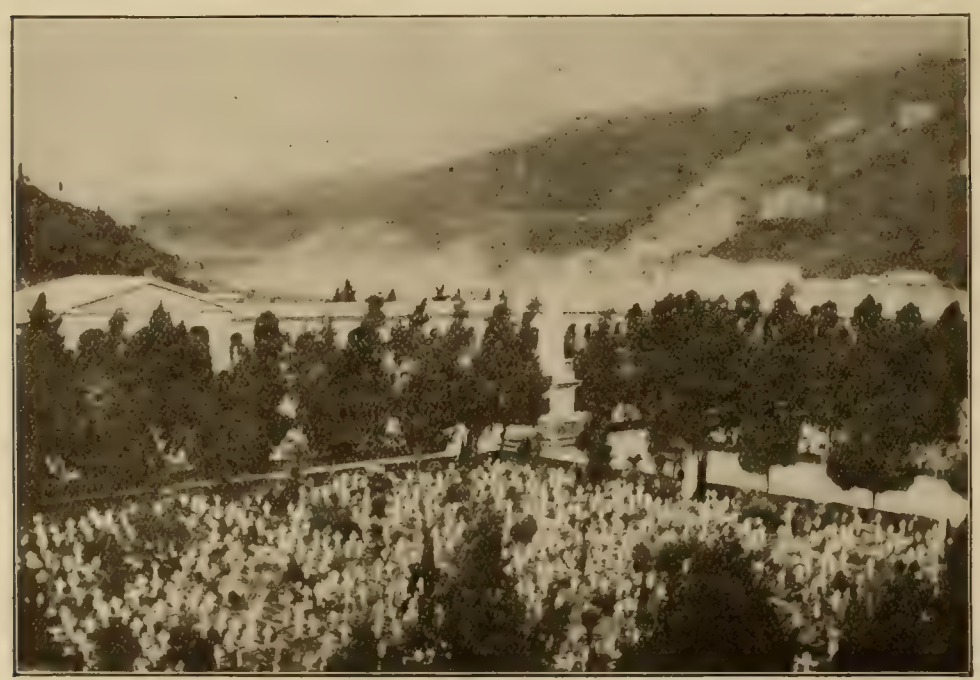
Perseverance, then, at honorable labor is not only a necessity, but a blessing, and certain it is that it brings to the laborer its own rich reward. We can always find work that is worthy. If we do that work faithfully and well, then our living will not be in vain.

Tipton, Iowa.

The World's Most Artistic Cemetery

Galen B. Royer

WHAT! Can the place holding the remains of all on earth near and dear to man,—the spot which has been the climax of his bereavement, the little mound to which he loves to go and spend a little while in recalling the precious past—can such a place be made artistically beautiful?



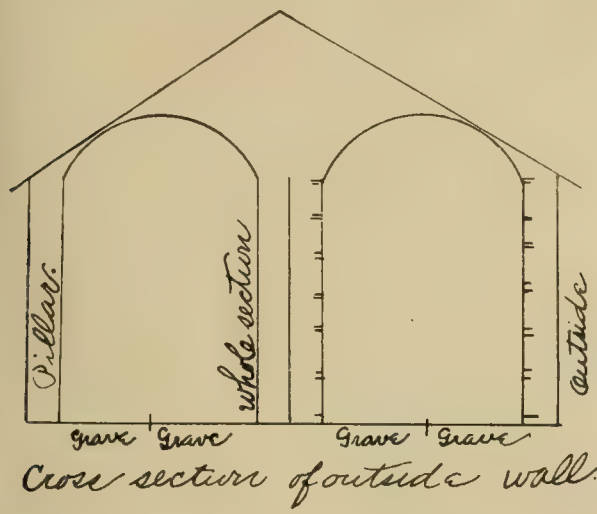
Camposanto—the Most Artistic Cemetery in the World. A Section of the Court of the Dead. Photo by Galen B. Royer, Oct. 13, 1910.

Different ages and countries of the world have treated their dead from different standpoints, revealing in the last tokens for the most part the deeper sentiments of faith which that period held. To many there has been nothing beyond, and the burial is a crude one. To many more there has been the strong conviction, though dimly outlined, that there is a beyond and emblems of immortality are to be found. To the early Christians the privilege of dying the martyr death was honored by the arch in the catacomb instead of the square niche in the wall. At such places often is also found the altar of worship because the heroic life and nobler death was to be an inspiration for the living.

Laying hold of the idea of the catacomb, the people of Genoa, Italy, in planning for their dead, designed and have carried into execution a most splendid conception of a cemetery. It is so beautiful in art, so splendidly arranged in shrubbery, so tastefully laid in general design that one has the impression of a magnificent park and garden of statuary, instead of the solemn City of the Dead.

This cemetery, called Camposanto (Holy Ground), lies to the northeast of Genoa in the valley of the Bisagno. It was begun in 1844 by order of the Commune of the city. The plans were made by Resasco and were especially prepared to meet the contour of the valley in which it is located. Half this sacred spot is on the sloping hillside of

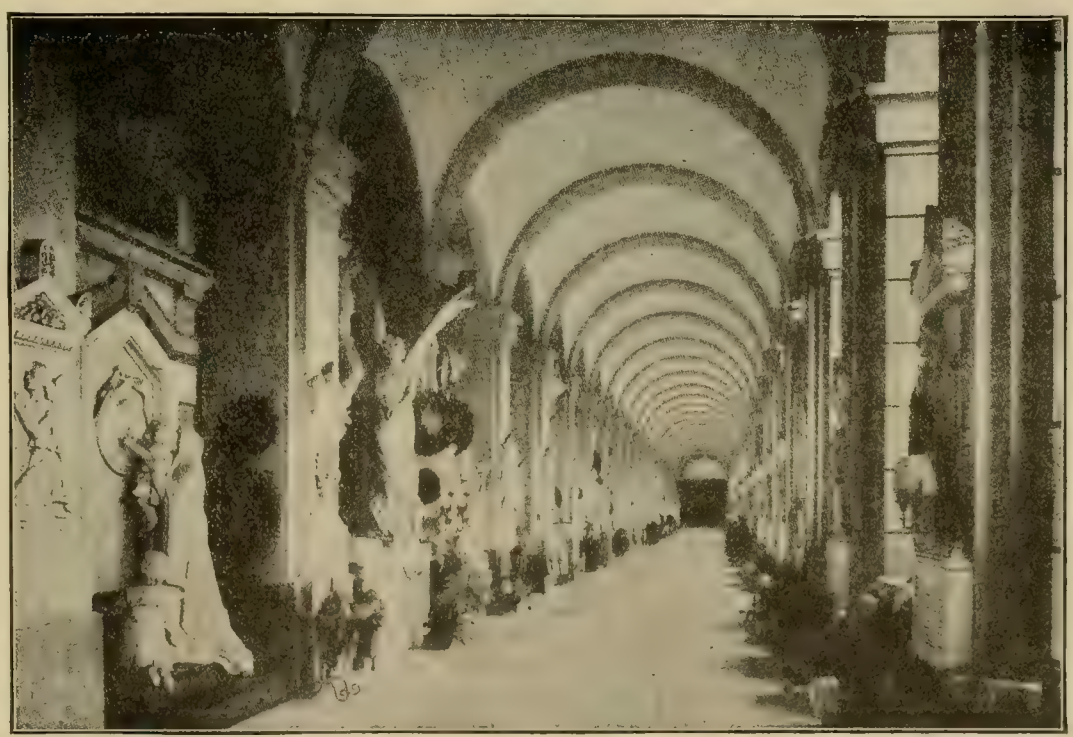
the mountain and the other half in the level of the valley. The lower part, rectangular in form, is divided by cypress trees and avenues into the shape of a cross. To the right stretches out the new part



Cross section of outside wall.

in the form of a horseshoe. The entire contains about thirty-eight and one-quarter acres.

The general view shows apparently a high stone enclosure with a projecting roof. The cross section of this outside wall shows clearly what is seen. For as one enters the east gate, at once he is surprised to see leading to north and south of him a corridor about fourteen feet wide with an arched roof. These vaulted avenues are most beautiful arcades of marble. The sides have six niches one above the other where are placed the dead. The floor has room for two graves end for end. All is in beautiful white marble. The only effort at decoration is in the lettering or designs on the marble slab that encloses the grave. One of the niches costs about $300.



Beautiful Vaulted Arcades.

Instead of following one of these avenues just at this time, a step further in reveals another vaulted arcade, in general plan like the one described. Instead of the niches, however, in the side, a whole section is owned by one person. On the side next to the garden, instead of a solid wall, are pillars supporting the roof and between the pillars room for one grave. In this avenue where one section is controlled by a family,—and only the very wealthy can purchase,—art vies with herself, as one sculptor, supported by unlimited means, does his best to bring out something more striking than any other along the avenues. Ancient art did wonders, but in this place are masterpieces of modern sculpture with thought, delicacy of touch and strength of suggestion, that cause the student to stop, admire and be lost in amazement at the skill of the hand that chiseled the impressive result.

Inside of these covered avenues which encircle the entire cemetery is the court of the dead, a spot where the poor of the city can find a short resting place. For the city, thoughtful of her poor, seemingly something not very common in Italy, bears the expense when the friends can not, and leaves the body lie undisturbed in this court for five years. If then the friends pay the city five lyra (about $1.00), the body may rest undisturbed another five years. At the end of that time the body is disinterred and cast into a common crypt, the lot of all who cannot pay the price of a permanent burial place.

Step back to the avenue where whole sections are owned by a family and look at some special monuments. Note the Carpaneto monument by Scanzi. How happily he has brought into marble that al-

most breathed, the world-wide thought of life being as a voyage on the sea. See the Guardian Angel with upturned eye guided by the Star of Eternal Deliverance, managing the rigging of the little boat and drawing in the sails as the journey is nearly over. The artist has striven to express these words which are engraved on the base of the monument, "Happy he who on the ocean of life had such a trusty Pilot."



"Nothing disturbs him."

Or behold the vigor of the masterpiece in another avenue, the work of Saccomanno. There is Father Time, a fine old man with a somewhat severe expression, yet full of vim, looking majestically down upon human events passing before him. Nothing disturbs him, for he knows that all must pass his way. Below him is the skull, and before him, not seen in the illustration, are the hour glass and a white marble statue of Piaggio in whose memory it was erected, surrounded by a wreath of bronze leaves.

Here is a unique monument made for a hawker-woman while she was still living. The epigraph is interesting, a free translation of which is as follows: "By selling my wares at the sanctuaries of Acquasanta, Garbo and St. Cipriano, defying wind, sun and rain in order to provide an honest loaf for my old age, I have also put by enough to have myself placed, later on, with this monument which I, Caterina Campodonico (called the Peasant), have erected whilst still alive." Below this in a separate paragraph also these words: "1881.—Oh, you who pass close to this my tomb, if you will, pray for my peace."

Though most admirably executed some of the monuments are just a little in bad taste for the common idea of a peaceful close of life. Here is cruel Fate with relentless grip dragging a young woman full of life and hope into the tomb. It is called the "Eternal Drama" and strikingly portrays the constant struggle between life and death and yet one feels that after the struggle is over he would not wish to be reminded of it again and again as he returns to the burial place of his loved one.

Or the widow holding up her youngest, a curly-headed boy, to kiss the likeness of the father carved on a medallion (shown in view of arcade), while the other son kneels and with upturned eyes prays most earnestly. And again the widow giving her last good-bye. Losing heart, she fails to lift the curtain that hides the view of the loved one. Such intense moments in the life of any one seems out of place, even in the cold marble of expression. They should be ever shrouded in the mysteries of the heart that suffers them and never made the spectacle of curious and unsympathetic eyes.

On the other hand there are some most beautiful touches. Behold the widowed husband, standing beside the grave of his loved companion, his hand over his face to hide the grief and tears which are deeply written thereon. Or the father, comforting the son as he weeps over the loss that is almost breaking his heart. Ah, and perhaps if this mother with her child were located in southern Italy it would often be mistaken for a Madonna holding the Christ, so fine is the execution and so delicate the expression. Most beautiful are the resignation and piety depicted in this monument.

On the hillside portion is a dome church "worthy of highest praise for the magnificence of its proportions, the harmony of its lines and the sixteen columns in Ionic style that support its imposing cupola." This is the burial place of those citizens who have merited honor from their countrymen.

Beyond on the hillside further up are seen individual tombs, many of which are beautiful and artistically erected. The place has almost never-ending interest. But the hours have flown and to return to the city is next. As we started out the gate, a funeral came up. It was of the lowly. The funeral carriage was beautiful but no glass enclosed the casket. Soon we discovered that what we took to be the casket was still a part of the car. The end was opened and a very common box was

pulled out and carried to the little chapel near by. We did not intrude but waited till the short funeral ceremony of holy waters and other things was over and the bereaved walked away as they came. Then we hastened to the partly-closed doors to examine more closely the casket. But already it had disappeared through a door on the other side and we know not where they laid it. It had been taken to some spot where with all those that have gone before or shall follow after, whether the burial be grand or otherwise, it awaits the resurrection of the dead and eternal reward.

SCHOOL DAYS OF LONG AGO.

J. I. MILLER.

In the last two years I have read several articles concerning the experiences of some of the old-time teachers. While I never attained that degree of proficiency, the reading of the articles was very interesting to me and reminded me of my boyhood days in school from forty-five to fifty years ago. So many of the dear, old-time memories are fresh in my memory still.

The schoolhouse was built of logs hewn, inside and outside, the cracks were chinked with pieces of wood about two feet long and suited in size to fit in the cracks. Then mortar was made of straw, cut in about one-inch lengths, and clay and put on the chinking inside and out. The house was usually about sixteen by twenty feet, larger or smaller, as the case demanded, one story, from six to eight feet high in the clear, and one door and a few windows. Too many windows let in too much light and was too hard on the children's eyes. After the mortar was put on, as above described, it was left to dry for a few days. Then it was gone over with a wooden paddle dipped in water frequently, and was smoothed over nicely, and when it was whitewashed it made a good appearance and a very warm and comfortable house.

The seats were not of the up-to-date kind of today, but were made of what was called "the first cut," that is the slab. The *soft* or flat side was turned up to sit on. Two holes were bored in each end and pins put in, commonly called legs. These pins were more often much too long, so that the feet of the small children could not reach near the floor. There we had to sit day in and day out, with our feet dangling between heaven and earth,—no backs to rest against—the most tiresome position we could occupy. We remember when the cabinet-maker was employed to make new seats out of boards, he proposed to put backs to them, and one director raised a vigorous "kick" and said it would "make the children lazy," but we got the backs all the same.

Then there was no forenoon or afternoon recess.

The term was usually three months, with school every other Saturday. As to books, we had to start with the "A, B, C," in the primer or spelling book, and keep at it until we could spell and pronounce all the words. Then we "went into the Testament." Later, the readers came into play, McGuffey's being one of the first. In my first advent in school, I well remember there were about thirty pupils enrolled, to study geography, five or six arithmetics, but no grammar.

When we went up to recite (we beginners), the teacher would gallop us down the alphabet and up backwards, as we called it, then tell us to go to our seats and study our lessons. What a foolish idea to tell us to study when we did not know our letters. We have often been made to think such a teacher did not have an overplus of good sense.

Some teachers were very cross, and it was more to their taste and fancy to inflict punishment with the rod or otherwise, than it was to teach.

Penning out the teacher was great sport, and usually occurred the week before Christmas. The pupils would get to the schoolhouse, on a set morning, before the teacher. If the door was locked they would wait until noon, then induce the teacher to go out to play ball, or help in some sport. Then some of the larger pupils would slip in and barricade the door and windows and would not let him in until he would promise to treat the whole school, and sometimes they asked for a half day to play. The treat usually consisted of candy, apples and sweet cakes. Some teachers would take it all in good humor, while others would get very angry and sometimes inflict punishment on the pupils, until the parents would take the matter up and have the teacher discharged.

During each term there would be some spelling schools, usually at night. One school would invite the other over. Sometimes two or three schools would meet for a spelling bee. Two pupils would be appointed to choose the ones they wanted on each side. Then they would line up on each side of the house, facing each other. If one missed a word on A's side, he had to sit down; then B's side would try it, and so on, and all that missed a word had to go down, which caused joy on one side and humiliation on the other. The last one on the floor showed which side won.

The chief amusement for boys was playing ball, hunting the fox, wrestling, jumping, running foot-races, fox in the morning, fox and geese, skating and coasting. The girls amused themselves by building playhouses, swinging in the old grape-

vine swing, playing tag and pussy wants a corner.

The amusements in which both boys and girls engaged were, ring, pop down posy, giving and guessing riddles, selling bonds, skating and coasting, etc.

We remember one teacher, a stranger, who came to our neighborhood who would drive us all out at noon, as soon as we had our dinners, when the weather would permit, *so he could sweep the house*. He would then ransack every basket and pail in the house and steal all the left-over dinner he could find. Some of us would leave a part of our dinner, so that we could have a lunch on our way home, and when we found our baskets had been robbed, we watched through the windows. He continued his petty thefts until he was notified by the patrons that if he did not quit his stealing, he would be discharged. That put an end to the matter.

The boys and girls of today do not appreciate their opportunities and advantages as they should. With the splendid teachers, good houses and good furniture, and plenty of schools they are given every advantage they need, and many we did not have.

Fifty years ago the teacher was paid $15.00 per month and had to board around among the patrons a week at a place, and sometimes longer, and had to teach twenty-two days for a month. When he boarded himself he received $20.00 per month, and that was considered good pay. And we do not know but what it was about equivalent to $50.00 or $60.00 at the present day, considering tuition, board, books, expenses necessary to obtain a proper education and make the necessary preparations to teach the many different branches that are being taught in the schools of today.

"Of all the institutions,
In the East or in the West,
The glorious institution of the schoolroom
Is the greatest and the best."

CHARACTER.

LORA HUTCHERSON.

A MAN'S character asserts itself in early life and changes or does not change, according as he bears the trials and temptations of life. How many of us are aware of our character and are trying to improve it,—to live what we think an ideal life? For character, after all, is the only permanent reality in human life. Neither silver nor gold can be substituted for it.

Are you willing to do work well and to see others succeed? Or are you one who thinks that nobody cares for you, and you care for no one? The world will judge you in a great measure as you judge it. Though you should live to be a hundred years old, that would be no proper test of your life. A man's life is measured by what he does in it, and what he feels in it. The more useful work the man does and the more he thinks and feels, the more he really lives. Those who do not work cannot enjoy the reward of labor. Even on the lowest round, constant useful occupation is necessary.

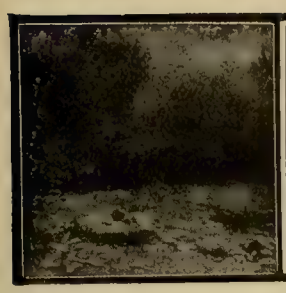
It is true, that some men die of overwork, but many more die of selfishness, indulgence and idleness. Where men break down it is generally from want of duly ordering their lives, and neglect of the ordinary conditions of physical health. It is doubtful if work steadily and regularly carried on ever injured anyone. Work is a character educator, and is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it. Knowledge can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. In youth is the time that character is forming, that wisdom is more easily gained. If one throws away the springtime of their life, what can be expected in after years?

The best character cannot be formed without effort. Every thought, action, and feeling contributes to the education of the temper, habits, understanding and exercises an influence upon all the acts of our future life; but if the heart is right no one need despair of success. Men of an upright character will be honest in their words and works and to be this they must have weight and steadfastness of character.

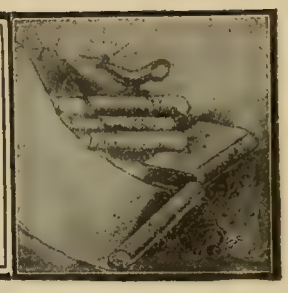
Character is one of the noblest of possessions. Men of a strong character may not become rich in this world, but find their reward in esteem fairly won. When character is lost there is nothing worth saving. Then let us live so that we may enlighten and lift up those who come within reach of our influence.

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself; but my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy, if I may.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"IT is a saying often forgotten, yet none the less important: 'Better mend one fault in yourself than a hundred in your neighbor.' Work on one's own faults is hard, quiet, and thoroughly unattractive work to most fault-finders; yet its results are certain, and its reward cannot be taken away."



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD HOLDS THE KEY.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if tomorrow's cares were here,
Without its rest?
I'd rather he unlock the door,
And as the hours swing open, say,
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand—I hear him say,
"My help is sure."

I can not read his future plan,
But this I know,
And all the refuge of his grace,
I have the smiling of his face,
While here below.

Enough, this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I can not, he can see,
And in his care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

—John Parker.

THE HOLY MINISTRY.

A SERMON BY RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ—Ephesians 3: 8.

THERE is no work equal in range or richness to the great work of the holy ministry. The New Testament gives to it a peerless, imperishable place. "It is the best calling, but the worst trade in the world" wrote Matthew Henry. Dr. Cuyler once said that no royal throne was loftier than the pulpit of Jesus Christ. When Dr. Carey was laboring in India and his son Felix had accepted the office of ambassador to the king of Burmah, Carey said one day to a friend: "Felix has lapsed into an ambassador," meaning that to forsake the lofty vocation of the minister for even the highest earthly court was a descent. The man who is preaching Christ is handling fabulous treasure, "unsearchable riches," our text says. He should be a man of native gifts, and commanding equipment.

Not a few there are who believe that the gravest danger threatening the cause of organized Christianity today in America, is the decline of the pulpit. Because, when the pulpit declines, the channel of inspiration is clogged and the fertilizing river dries up. God has intrusted his heavenly manifests to human lips.

Never, at any time, has prophecy ceased. Once, an old professor at Princeton said to a class of students: "Young men, never belittle your calling. Other parts of worship have changed; the sacrifice has changed; the ritual has changed; the litanies, the liturgies; but the function of the pulpit all through the circle of the centuries has remained virtually the same." The world outgrows its priests, but not its prophets. "It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them which believe."

A true preacher is a man clad in the garb of humility. There is nothing more winsome about Paul than his great human heart. If ever there lived a man who had the right to boast a bit, it was he. But mark his modesty: "Unto me who am less than the least." *Me a vessel of grace!* The wonder of it dazed him. He felt himself a mere anthill before the mountainous conception. "Unto me who am less than the least." "Less than the least." The grammarian would call that a comparative superlative. You say it is impossible! How can one be less than the least? It is not possible—but Paul is speaking the language of the heart, not of the head. This is how he felt. He would like a place—and so would you and I, my brethren, below the least, if we would truly follow *him* who said, "Follow me."

One hardly needs to add that this is not the temper of the age. It is not God's bounty today that awakens our awe. People are prone to ask: "Why has this trouble come upon me?" They do not ask, "Why has this blessing been conferred?" We do not marvel at the mercies any more. We do not stand in awe, or trembling bewilderment, when we behold the miracles that are daily being wrought. We do not see the sublime fact of God, manifested in nature. We rather expect them and murmur if we do not receive them. Today it is our troubles that stir us with wonder. Why has this affliction

come? Why this calamity? Paul had more than his share of ill fortune. His path was very hilly, very stony, very rough. But he was never disturbed. He never said "*why?*" to his trials. It was the manifold goodness of God that evoked his surprise. No man was ever more humble than the great apostle, and yet again one is almost tempted to doubt if any man was more boastful. His epistles are full of the personal pronoun. In this one chapter alone, from which our text is taken he uses the word "I" and "Me" twelve times. But it was a splendid, magnanimous boastfulness. His one aim was to use himself and his experience and his art and his culture as a pedestal for the massive figure of Jesus Christ.

And you are not surprised. I know you are not. Has it not always been so? Have not all the great men of the church, all the immortal prophets of truth been men of humility? Of self abasement? In his eighty-eighth year John Wesley said: "I am still at school." And at almost the same age Gladstone said, "I carry my satchel yet." Instance Luther: In studying Luther the first thing that arrests us is the bashfulness with which he shrank from his work. He said one day to the superior who was urging him to preach, "No, no; it is not a little thing to speak before men in the place of God." What was that but a natural recoil, by a great soul, from a responsible task?

"Why did Jesus choose Judas?" Joseph Parker was once asked. "I do not know," replied the great preacher, "but I have a harder question, "Why did he choose me?" This it was that puzzled Paul. This is what puzzles us all, who are working in the interests of his kingdom. "We who are less than the least. Why me?"

The etymology of the word "humility" is interesting. In olden times it was a word sinister. It was a word of slaves. Hardly could you offer a man a greater insult than to call him humble. On the now upturned statue of Rameses, unearthed a short time ago from the ruins of Memphis, is found this inscription: "I am King of Kings. If any man wants to know how great I am, let him try to surpass one of my works." That was the old appraisement. The world accepts you at your own valuation. Therefore put the price as high as possible. Once humility was a stigma. Today it is a compliment. Christ took the word and made it honorable. It is the Christian's loveliest virtue and his crowning grace. The old order of chivalry has passed away. "'Tis the meek who are mighty now."

Can a life become humble apart from God? I will answer that question by asking another. Can a strawberry ripen without the sun? The strawberry will grow and get juice and color; but no berry ever had its sour sap changed into sweetness without the shining of the sun. It takes the whole solar system to grow a berry; to color a pear or any kind of fruit—it takes the whole solar system to furnish the flavor. It takes the solar system to make a flower perfect and to give to it its perfume, and beauty. And it takes the power of the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, to grow a simple grace like humility. Ruskin says that if you were to cut a square inch out of Turner's skies, you would find the Infinite in that small piece of canvas. Just so, the lowliest grace is rooted in the infinite. Where is boasting then? It is excluded. Grace escorts it to the door, and bows it out.

A minister of the Gospel is a man characterized by the gift of grace.

"God resisteth the proud but giveth grace unto the humble." "Unto me was this grace given." "Was." Note it is past tense. The great apostle to the Gentiles preached not because he was gifted oratorically. Not because he felt a joy in the exercise, but because he had been anointed. "To me was this grace given." The preacher may have the strength of a Hercules, the heart of a Howard, the tongue of a Cicero, or of a Demosthenes; he may be Golden Tongued like Chrysostum, he may have the courage of a Luther, and the passion of a St. Francis. He may have all these attributes and fail. Not until he has been given an unction from above is he equipped for his work. His success depends not on the depth of his thought or the sparkle of his style, but on the baptism of his Lord. He must be sure that God has spoken to him, before he can venture to speak to others. Does he come from some university? *Then he can lift us to learning.* Does he come from some school of music? *Then he can lift us to the heights of art.* Does he come from some parliament? *Then he can lift us to politics.* But, if he would lift us to God, he must come from the secret of his presence. He must have the fragrance of the King's garden. If he would lead us to Zion, he must know the way there. He should wear the halo of the Infinite.

Now what is grace? Let us be quite sure that we are treading a familiar highway. It is not an esthetic outfit. Gracefulness is, but not grace. A man or woman may have gracefulness of carriage, of speech, of manner, but not have grace—which is an attribute of character. It is not simply good will. It is not simply sentimental emotion. It is a great tidal flow. It is the Divine Heart at work in the world. God's love, as an energy going out to the sinner—*that is grace.* Do you remember the old wooden pumps we used to see years ago? You had to work hard to get any water, and sometimes

you had to pour water in to get any out. How different from a spring! A pump labors, but a spring bubbles. Grace is not love that is pumped out. It is love that bursts out! It is a spontaneous, gushing, artesian. It is the outrush of the love of God. Love with us is a passion. Love with us is an attribute. It is the great attribute of the Divine Essence.

The preacher is a man entrusted with a message. And he must not change the message—not a diphthong of it. Can the telegraph boy change the telegram? *No,* that is not his province. St. Paul is our model. Never, for one moment was he in doubt as to what he ought to proclaim. To be sure, it was not always a pleasant task. It is not always so today. Sometimes it was very unpleasant and unwelcome. Even so today. The faith, he says, was once for all delivered to the saints. It was not invented by them. It was handed down to them. It was delivered. Nay, stronger than that. It was *once for all* delivered—delivered he means in its completeness. Man can not add, or take away from it.

The preacher is a voice. The message does not belong to him. He belongs to the message. Preaching is not a man using the truth. It is the truth using the man. He does not possess it. He is possessed by it. He bears the burden of a divine urgency. "He is a voice crying in the wilderness." "He is a bearer of glad tidings to all people;" he is the forerunner of better things, the herald of eternal life—the messenger from God; he holds aloft the cross of Jesus Christ, Sunday after Sunday, day after day, week in and week out, for a dying world to cling to and be saved.

Let us remember that he is not a soothsayer but a prophet; not a foreteller, but a forthteller. He is not moving away over there in the realm of the remote. He is living here in the present. He deals with the twentieth century and its problems. He studies the literature, the poetry, the politics, the art of today, and interprets it in his pulpit so that his people might live better tomorrow. He is a living voice of the times. He speaks for God. He interprets God. He is the exponent of a commission.

And what is the commission? Note carefully again the wording of our text. "That I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Now that is an unsearchable sentence. We can not explore it. It is beyond us. The descriptive word in it is a rare word. It means literally, "Not to be tracked by footprints." It is found only in one other place in the New Testament—in Romans. "How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!" The figure is oceanic! Past finding out! That explains it. "His way is the sea and his path in the great *waters* and his footsteps are not known."

A PRAYER OF ST. BERNARD.

"O Blessed Jesus, we have heard strange things of thee. All the world tells us such things of thee, that must needs make us run after thee. They say that thou despisest not the poor nor refusest the returning sinner. We are told that thou didst pardon the thief when he confessed his sin and confessed thee, and Mary Magdelene when she wept; and didst accept the Syrophenician woman when she prayed; and wouldst not give sentence of condemnation upon the woman taken in adultery even, because she looked sadly and was truly ashamed. Thou didst not reject him that sat at the receipt of customs, nor the humble publican, nor the disciple that denied thee, nor them that persecuted thy disciples, no, nor them that crucified thee. These are thy precious ointments, apt with their sweetness to allure all the world after thee, and with their virtues to heal them. After thee and thy sweet odors, O Blessed Jesus, we will run."

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

The first book printed from movable metal types was the Latin Bible in the year 1455.

The first Bible printed in this country was in the Indian language in 1663 by John Eliot.

The first English Bible printed in this country was in 1782.

The first Bible printed in New York City was in 1792. George Washington owned a copy.

The Bible is now printed in more than 500 different languages, representing the speech of eight-tenths of the population of the world.

In the 13th century a Bible cost £30, which was more than the cost of two arches of London Bridge, and as much as the entire earnings of a laboring man for fifteen years. Today the Bible is the cheapest book in the world. The entire Bible may be obtained for 16 cents, and the New Testament for 6 cents.

A successful novel may have a circulation of 50,000 copies in a single year. The Bible has that circulation every day.

The Bible contains 3,536,489 letters, 773,693 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The 66 books were written by about 40 men during a period of about 1,600 years.

The 39 books of the Old Testament are classed as Law five, History twelve, Poetry five, Prophecy seventeen. The 27 books of the New Testament are classed as History five, Epistles twenty-one, Prophecy one.—*Exchange.*

THE INGLENOOK

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LIVING IN THE FUTURE.

If some of us gave as much consideration to the present and the work of the present day as we do to the future, we would experience a great deal more real happiness and could look back into the past with fewer regrets. It is only the part of wisdom that we should use *some* of our time in looking ahead and laying plans, but often we are not satisfied with that. The present is so commonplace; it presents so many unpleasant duties and hard tasks, and so we betake ourselves in mind to the pleasing realm of the yet-to-be where everything turns out in our favor with as little effort as the waving of the magic wand.

If the false sense of satisfaction and enjoyment were the only disadvantage in such a course it might not be worth while trying to waken the dreamer, but that is not all. The demands of the present are so insistent that he has to come back now and then, and when he finds things so different from what they are in his dreamland—made all the worse, too, by his lack of attention—his interest is only half-hearted and things grow worse and worse. Finally, by his own wish or through the force of circumstances he gives up altogether and tries something else, only to repeat the experience when the newness has worn off.

Let us see that first things come first in our consideration. And no one can deny that present duties stand out prominently as the first things. The thought of duty well done will prepare us all the better to consider plans for the future when the time comes for that.

TO OUR HOME-MAKERS.

It will hardly be necessary to call your attention to the article in the home department entitled "The Kitchen." Doubtless most of you have read it before you find your way to this page. In that case you are ready to hear what we want to say relative to the article. We want to know what you think of it,—whether you think the writer has the right idea of a kitchen and whether you would include anything in the ideal kitchen or its surroundings that she has not mentioned. The subject is an important one and we have no doubt that if our home-makers will freely discuss it, sending us what they have to say, much good in the way of actual improvement will result. How many want to have a hand in such a good work? Who will be the first to give us her "say" about an ideal kitchen?

All articles printed will be paid for at our regular rates.

"THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT."

Lately our readers have no doubt heard a good deal about the Boy Scout Movement, an organization for boys aiming to develop in the boys bravery and other manly virtues as well as promote their health. Some have perhaps taken the time to study the movement and the means used to secure the ends in view, and so are in need of no information that we may give. Others may be interested in the subject but have depended wholly upon enthusiastic supporters of the movement for all their knowledge and so have been able to view it from the one side only.

For the further enlightenment of this class as well as for the serious consideration of all, we give here the opinion of the movement held by the *Advocate of Peace:*

"A number of letters have come to us making inquiries about the Boy Scout Movement, and asking what attitude shall be taken toward it by the friends of peace.

"It is a difficult subject on which to give advice, for two reasons: first, because there are so many features of the Scout program which commend themselves strongly to all friends of boys; and, second, because there are several organizations calling themselves Boy Scouts which differ much in character. A few general observations, however, may help our friends to reach sound conclusions about the particular Scout organizations with which they come in contact.

"First, the movement had a bad origin. It was started in England by Sir Baden-Powell with the express purpose of preparing the younger boys to become soldiers when older. Its purpose was distinctly militaristic, but in order to deceive the people and close their mouths about the military aim, a number of unobjectionable and even commendable features were put in, including many of the outdoor exercises which the boys are expected to perform. But these features did not blind the

English pacifists to the fact that the central aim of the organization was to promote the militarizing of the English people and to open the way for universal conscription, just as were the rifle clubs and other similar things. The Scout Movement was a distinct and cunning device of the military party.

"The friends of peace in England saw, however, that many of the features could be used in an opposite way, and so Peace Scouts have been organized, and we believe with considerable measure of success, just as were the Life-Saving Brigades, which were created in order to counteract the evils of the Boys' Brigades.

"The general Boy Scout Movement in this country has followed so far the original English model. It is distinctly militaristic in its purpose. It means to catch the boys and fill their minds with the love of military performances before they are old enough to discriminate, and thus to foster the war spirit in the nation and promote the further growth of the navy and army.

"With the movement in this form peace workers can, of course, have nothing to do, except to expose it and oppose it at every turn. Nothing could be more deadly and disastrous than to have a whole generation of boys brought up to feel that war is still the same necessary and supposedly glorious thing that it was held to be in the past. The more prominent the unobjectionable and valuable features may be, the more insidious and mischievous the movement is sure to become. Our friends should not be led astray by the fact that ministers of the Gospel are approving the movement and assisting in creating Scout Troops. The boy problem in the churches is an extremely difficult one, and ministers often jump at the opportunity to introduce anything that seems to render its solution more easy. Many ministers did the same thing some two decades ago in regard to the Boys' Brigade Movement, but most of them afterward discovered their error and were heartily ashamed of themselves. It will be so finally in this case, after, however, a lot of irreparable mischief has been done."

The condition pointed out by the above writer in which a wholly objectionable feature is bound up with others that are even praiseworthy is a common one in these days. We are, indeed, living in that period when Satan transforms himself into an angel of light, and there is need of the greatest care that we may not be deceived by his crowning deception. There are ways in plenty to engage all our powers for promoting the best interests of humanity without hitching up with some evil we are pledged to oppose.

RESIGNATION.

(Printed by Request.)

Written in the autumn of 1848, after the death of his little daughter, Fanny. There is a passage in the poet's diary, under date of Nov. 12, in which he says: "I feel very sad today. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control."

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

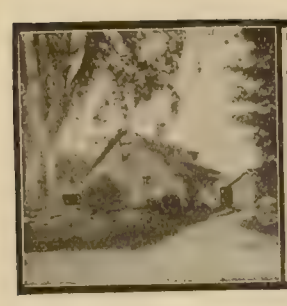
Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

—Longfellow.



THE HOME WORLD



KNEELING ON THE STAIRS.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

Into the hall I went
To bid my darling good-night.
And she was kneeling on the stairs,
In her little robe of white.
I said, "Why, what is this?"
"I fought I'd kneel on the stairs,
I was so very, very tired,
So I knelt here to say my prayers.

. . . . .

"Won't God hear me just the same
As by my little bed?"
A startled look was in her eyes.
It vanished at the words I said,
"Yes, the dear Lord will hear you,
Wherever you may be."
The blue eyes showed the glad relief,
As she closed them sleepily.

. . . . .

And I thought, "When I go to heaven,
If I have no voice to sing,
I trust I shall kneel on the golden stairs,
To adore my God and King."

The Kitchen

Nancy D. Underhill

THERE is no place on earth, we believe, of greater importance than the kitchen in the house at home. The schoolroom has its place of great influence, the church, her place of power for good, the legislative halls their lesser power for temporary gain. But the kitchen at home, where the mothers of the masses and of the common classes, spend most of their time, not only toiling for the welfare of their loved ones, but constantly meditating, thinking the deep, unhindered thoughts that are to make and mould the character of the future generations—that is the place of unlimited power; of stupendous influence. If we wish for good government, and a prosperous future, we must look to the source, even to the condition of the germinating soil where the seed-thoughts are planted, in the atmosphere of the home kitchen, where all the family freely gather without reserve or formality.

The kitchen ought to be the pleasantest part of the home. A little north room where the sun never shines is a good place to breed pessimism and insanity. A little, low-ceiled, iron-roofed south room where the heat in summer roasts the brain of the poor slave therein, is no better. A kitchen should be large, airy and light, having plenty of windows to admit the sunshine, and plenty of doors for convenience. The ceiling should be high, and if possible there should be transoms above the outside doors. If the kitchen be on the south side of the house, it should have a wide porch, screened. If on the north, it should have good-sized windows both east and west, admitting both morning and afternoon sunshine. If in a warm climate, there should be east and west porches. A kitchen which admits the sunshine from both the east and west, is preferable.

The outside view from doors and windows should be beautiful. This may be obtained partly by beautifying the grounds with lawns, shrubs, flowers and vines. Even in the city, where room is scarce and bare yards are on both sides, there may be beautiful vines trained over a high trellis, thus screening the ugly things from view. The space near the alley should also be beautified. In summer, a trellis covered with hops or other vines, or a few rows of tall sunflowers or hollyhocks is very pretty for the back border. A rosebush should be planted near the back porch, and a bush of purple lilacs in a corner of the yard. By all means, let the back yard be beautified by a few hardy old-fashioned flowers. Have grass and walks and a tree or two where a hammock may be hung. The front yard need not have so much adornment—a clean lawn with one shrub or ornamental tree would do very well for it, if it be not very large. But the back yard, where the tired mistress of the kitchen looks out a thousand times a day to rest her nerves and refresh her mind, ought to be a real paradise to look upon,—a restful haven to inspire lovely and beautiful thoughts of kindness, helpfulness and encouragement for every good impulse.

The interior of the kitchen should be finished in some restful, soothing shade. If papered, I prefer a good quality, of modest color or sober tint, covered with forest or landscape designs. Something that gives the mind the idea of a restful day in the

woods, midst trees and flowers, a quiet picnic or a secluded haven of comfort. The other rooms may be finished in solid colors or white: but let the kitchen be so adorned as to give a pleasant thought to the weary mind whenever the worker's eyes leave the pots and pans for a moment of rest or diversion. Never paper a kitchen in red. Green, drab, olive, tan or some other somber shade is best. If the kitchen is a dark room, let a light wall-paper be used; buff is best for a dark room; or a light drab with a little bit of some other color, green, blue or pink.

The kitchen is the best place in the house for a bay window full of plants. They love the warm, moist air, and the woman of that domain delights in their beautiful foliage and blossoms. If one can't have a bay window, a southerly corner may be used by placing two windows therein; have a shelf across the top and one across the bottom. Hanging-plants may be suspended from the top, and the bottom shelf filled with good bloomers; also, several side shelves may be used. If room is precious, a curtain from the lower shelf to floor, makes a convenient receptacle for articles to be kept in, while those needed less frequently may be placed on top shelf. A clean lace or scrim curtain hung across the window and tied back at the sides, makes a beautiful corner in the kitchen and it (the corner conservatory) really does not detract from the available space in the room.

By all means, let us make our kitchens as cosy, comfortable and pleasant as we can, and our back yards as beautiful as possible; for this will have an everlasting influence for good upon, not only the present inmates of our kitchens, but upon the entire family, the whole neighborhood and the country in which our beautiful kitchens are. Also it will affect for good all our future generations, thus casting a benign influence over the whole world, and resulting in eternal blessing to many. Let the kitchen be the dearest, sweetest, loveliest room in the house—a veritable haven of delight.

WOMEN FARMERS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

How shall women acquire the knowledge to successfully carry on a farm, in case it becomes necessary for them to take up the work? If it becomes necessary for a woman to manage a farm, she need not fear a failure, if she is a bright, energetic woman, as most farmers' wives are. In the first place, *most* women and *especially* farmers' wives, have some knowledge of farming even if they have not had to do any actual work on the farm. It would be a very dull woman, indeed, who did not learn a good deal from her association with and observation of farmers and their work.

Most farmers' wives are keen and alert on all subjects that interest their husbands and their work. But if there be any woman who has suddenly come into possession of a farm and must depend on it for a livelihood, who does not understand its management, she need not give up in despair. There are many ways in which she can soon acquire a fair knowledge of the science of farming and soon be one among the best.

Almost every woman knows that stock must be given food and water, the same as humans, and that seed must be planted in order to raise a crop. She has learned that much in caring for her pets and her flower garden. With that much information in stock, it is very easy to get into line.

With the many good farm journals that can be had for a small price, one or two of which if studied carefully will almost pilot one through a season, with the query column open for every subscriber's use, she is sure to move toward success. Then the Farmers' Institutes are excellent places to get information. There are also in a good many States free correspondence courses which she may take up with advantage. The government and also the States send bulletins and books on agriculture which can be had for the asking, and any question submitted to the agricultural department will be freely answered.

Also, if she has the time, a course through an Agricultural College will fit her for the best kind of management. But this is not in reach of many women, although the expense is very light. She should also read Terry's books on farming which are the best to be had.

She should not be discouraged at a failure and charge the cause to her inexperience and ignorance, for it may not be either. The best farmers often fail, why should she not occasionally? And if it is her fault that she failed, the experience is worth the cost and she will succeed next time where she failed this.

As a rule, women are more painstaking and saving than men and more patient in managing cattle and horses, and more humane,—qualities essential to good farming.

In these days when so much is being said and written about farming, one only has to listen and watch to learn much. One can not be present when two or three farmers meet without learning something if she but keep her ears open, for they invariably exchange views on their methods of management.

And last but not least is the advice of her kind, obliging and experienced neighbors who are always

willing and proud to give help and advice; and the hired man naturally knows a good deal about the farm else he would not be following the business, and is generally to be relied upon.

Any one of these sources will not tell her just what to do under all circumstances, but if she studies them all faithfully she will succeed in the end.

Chinook, Mont.

BRAINS AND BROOMS.

Apropos of what girls should be taught, in order to become good home makers, did you ever notice how many women do not know how to sweep a floor properly?

I have seldom employed a woman to clean rooms for me who could do it as well and as expeditiously as I could do it myself, and I am no expert. I was not put at it in my early girlhood and made to know I must do it. It was done for me.

I have occasionally paid a woman fifteen or twenty cents an hour for cleaning house, then gone over it after her and put on the finishing touches. I remember the surprise with which the first came to me in my early housekeeping experience. I didn't take lovingly to cleaning out the corners behind stoves, under sinks and bathtubs, so I hired woman for a day each week to give the house a thorough renovating. After showing her carefully what I wanted, I left her to her own devices. For, being a professional, I had no doubt she would do the work better than I would want to do it.

After paying and dismissing her the first day, I inspected her work and got down and cleaned out those hateful corners after all. She had done simply what I counted my every-day cleaning. Next week I felt that I impressed upon her sufficiently what I wanted and why I wanted it done, but the results were little better. She didn't know how to do thorough, sanitary cleaning, though she did that sort of work every day in the year. I pocketed my natural antipathy and thereafter cleaned the corners myself. At least I reasoned if they must be neglected, I could do it cheaper than $1.50 a day.

There is an art in sweeping and dusting a room.

> "Who sweeps a room as for thy law,
> Makes that and the action fine."

But watch the average woman with the broom. With a high and long stroke she flngs the dust ceilingward. The heavy dirt and a part of the carpet she scoops up with her dustpan. Then, with a feather duster or a rag, she slaps the conspicuous settlings off of the furniture. Much of it settles back on the carpet and walls, and she thrashes it up again next time. It is simply a round of throwing the germ-laden dust up and slapping it back.

With smooth, polished or painted floors the rugs can be cleaned in the sunshine frequently enough to keep them wholesome. The dust is easily all removed from the room with either oil or damp mops and dust cloths. Then when the rugs are relaid the room is really clean. This is not simply changing the location of the dirt from the floor to furniture and back to floor again.

If carpets must be nailed down, there is a right way and a wrong way to sweep them. A moist broom, with a low short stroke, will throw up very little dust. Damp sawdust or oiled sand, scattered over the carpet will catch and hold the dust and it can all be taken out on the pan. Sometimes to wipe off the carpet with a cloth, wrung tight out of hot water, is better than to sweep it. This raises no dust. When the vacuum cleaner is perfected and within reach of the average home, the dust problem will be much less dreadful.

In the matter of beds there seems to be much oversight or ignorance. In my travels I have slept next to comforters in fairly well-to-do nice families. In city homes and country homes I have been surprised with the economy of the upper sheet and have hardly known whether to get under the one lone sheet or over it. In Chicago I advertised for a family to do janitor work in my house for the rent of the basement. A rather nice appearing woman applied for the place. She smoothed her kid gloves, as she told me how they had been well-to-do, but had gone West hoping to do better and had lost out. Now they had come back to start over. I made arrangements with her and they moved in.

Fancy my feelings when I saw that they had no bed linen. Their pillows and mattresses were blackened with unprotected use. I persuaded her to clean them one or two each day, and I furnished her sheets and pillow cases. But they didn't mind being without these things nearly so much as she and the twelve-year-old girl would mind going on the street without kid gloves. Their education had not included the relative importance of things, or perspective.

Sheets are easily sterilized and made sanitary. Comforts, blankets and mattresses are not. I protect my comfort and quilts at one end with a strip of washable cotton basted over it, wide enough to keep it from contact with the hands and face of the sleeper. This can be renewed often enough to be kept sweet and clean, and the comforts need not often be washed. The sheets should be large enough to tuck over the mattress well and keep it from dust and contact.

With the top sheet well tucked down at the foot and turned back a little over the other cover at the head, there need be no untidy bedding.

I have seen the woman who prided herself on her good housekeeping make her bed before leaving the room in the morning. I have heard her criticise her neighbor, who, she said, "never makes her beds till after dinner." I happened to know that the neighbor opened her beds and her bedroom windows wide and the sunshine and fresh air were getting in their purifying work all those hours, while the neighbor was busy with other cares. I know whose bed I would rather occupy.

These seem small matters, but nothing is small that affects the healthfulness of the home, or even the comfort. I have known children to rise late in the morning after an unnaturally long sleep, tired and listless, with no vigorous appetite and no ambition. The anxious mother would urge them to "eat something, if it's only a biscuit and a cup of coffee." So they wash down a biscuit with a cup of strong, over-cooked coffee, and go to school. They come home day after day with headache and we wonder why these children are not well and quick to learn.

When you know that four of them occupy one room, with windows closed, beds unaired, the air stuffy with the odor of soiled clothing and neglected crockery, the wonder is that they live at all. Some do succumb to the treatment. Some survive it, because they love the fields and the woods and spend much time out of doors.

Is it not well to study to avoid such mistakes and in all these homely matters to be familiar with the right way?

Every young woman should know that good housekeeping is something more than a nicely-kept Queen Anne front, with furnishings too good to be exposed to the health-giving sunlight; more than a prettily furnished dining-room, with fine linen and silver; more than keeping the kitchen and cooking arrangements clean. It includes a knowledge of ventilation and sanitation for the entire house, from cellar to attic.

Those who read this, most of you, know these things, perhaps, and do them. But how many homes about you are miserable and wretched, with sickly and ill-tempered inmates because they do not live in a wholesome way and keep a bright, wholesome atmosphere about them?

You can help to influence them and the system of education that has made such mistakes possible. Help to correct or break down the foolish notion that girls should not work. Let them know that it is fine and cultured to do any womanly work well, that it is just as refined to work in some good woman's kitchen and far safer than in some office, where all classes of men come and go. Influence them to dignify their work and make it count for "God and home and native land."—*Candace Lhamon Smith.*

THE ART OF LEAVING THINGS UNDONE.

The art of leaving things undone is one which women seldom acquire. Yet it is absolutely essential if one would get the best out of life. The ability to do things is less rare than the ability to choose the things that are really worth doing.

The average American woman is a problem in complex fractions. She has inherited from widely differing races a variety of gifts and tastes, and a composite temperament which often seems like a miracle of inconsistencies. The probability is that along with all these she has inherited the sensitive New England conscience which makes everything which she might possibly do appeal to her in the light of a positive duty.

The result is that she attempts too much, and either does everything indifferently, or—as is more probably the case—sinks under the accumulated burden and completes nothing.

It may be said by the way that not only does the average woman attempt too much, but she goes to all her tasks too seriously. She regards none of them in the light of recreation. If she plays with her children the play is work to her—for is she not conscientiously training the children by means of their play? If she joins a club it is not for mental relaxation, but to perform her "duties" and prepare the literary exercises which fall to her share. Even the society woman, whose life seems to be all play, works at her task with severe and unremitting application. Indeed, the sanitariums are largely recruited from the so-called "leisure class."

It is a rare woman who has the sense of proportion, the art of leaving things undone. Yet she who would live life at its best must learn that all things are not equally important, and that to choose wisely is as necessary as to do one's work well.—*Unidentified.*

BEAUTY HINTS FOR GIRLS.

To keep your hands nice and soft, wash the dishes for mother, being careful not to use injurious soaps or too hot water. To keep your waist trim and well-rounded, sweep the floors for mother. There is no other exercise that will give the body better grace and poise than the use of a broom. To develop your chest and to give your throat a rounded contour, try washing the windows. Nothing is better. And if you put love into your work it will give a brightness to your face which only comes to the countenance of a girl who is doing her best in a cheerful spirit.—*Woman's National Daily.*

KEEPING WEEVILS FROM PEAS AND BEANS.

A READER asks how he can preserve his crop of beans and peas so the peas especially may not be ruined by weevils. For this purpose, get a pound can of bisulphide of carbon from the druggist. This amount will be sufficient for 1,000 cubic feet of space. If more than needed, get a less amount. Have the beans or peas in jars, boxes, kegs, barrels, or, if a large amount, in tight bins. The smaller receptacles for smaller amounts. Pour into saucers a gill of the liquid to the saucer, and set one on top of the beans or peas, or if in a large bin, several saucers set about. Cover the receptacle closely to make it air-tight as possible. The liquid will evaporate, and the fumes being heavier than the air will settle down through the mass, killing the weevils. Keep closed for thirty-six hours; no fire or flame of any kind should be allowed near it, as it is inflammable, and the gas must not be breathed as it is poisonous. The legumes will not be harmed either for seeding, or for eating.—*The Commoner.*

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head you may think; heart, you may feel;
But hand, you should work alway."

—L. M. Alcott.

"DON'T judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed."

The Children's Corner

SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY.

This is somebody's birthday,
Just as sure as fate;
Some little boy is six years old,
Some little girl is eight.
Some little boy is three today,
Some little girl thirteen,
Some little twins are exactly two—
Two apiece, I mean.

Some one is eating his birthday cake
And laughing over the plums;
Some one is counting her birthday dolls
On all her fingers and thumbs.
Some one is bouncing his birthday ball
Or winding her birthday watch,
Some one is not too wise or tall
For birthday butter-scotch.

Think of the beautiful birthday books,
Think of the birthday cheer,
Think of the birthday happiness
Every day in the year!
Every day in the year, my dear,
Every day we're alive,
Some happy child is one or two,
Or three or four or five.

—Youth's Companion.

MAKING UP.

SELECTED BY ELLEN FORESTER.

"I AM real mad with Jenny Harrison. I won't speak to her again as long as I live, you see if I do!"

Grandpa laid his newspaper down on his lap, and peeping at the little flushed, angry girl over the top of his spectacles, said: "So you are going to sit up all night! you'll be pretty sleepy before morning."

"What does Grandpa mean?" said Mary as she followed her mother into the pantry for a slice of good homemade bread and butter; for her quarrel with Jenny Harrison had not diminished her school girl appetite. "What do you think he means, Mary? What do you do just before you go to bed?"

"Undress and fold my clothes away."

"What else?"

"Say my prayers."

"Would you be willing to go to bed tonight without bending your knees in prayer?"

"Why, mama, how can you ask me such a question? I wouldn't for anything. I could not sleep a wink if I did."

"Then I'm afraid Grandpa is right and you will have to sit up all night."

The big wondering eyes began to grow anxious and tearful, as mama went on, in reply to the inquiring look bent upon her: "If you can't go to sleep without saying your prayers, you will have to omit the prayer for forgiveness. Can you say, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors'? or in other words would you dare to ask your heavenly Father to feel towards you as you do towards Jenny Harrison?"

Mary colored and opened her blue eyes in affright, as the meaning of Grandpa's remark began to dawn upon her. "Should this prayer be answered, you could never live in heaven with Christ and the angels, never see your dear father who has been in glory ever since you were a baby, for your soul's safety depends upon you being forgiven by the dear Savior. What was your verse yesterday morning?"

"'Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" was faintly repeated by Mary in a tone quite unlike her usual ringing voice, and with her curly head bowed in shame.

"Why, mama, I never knew what that meant before. I will have to make up with Jenny. I did tell her that I never would speak to her again as long as I lived and breathed, but I won't dare to go to bed mad, and I don't want to make up, for she was real mean at re-

cess when we played 'I spy,' and told where I was hiding."

"'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'" said Mary's mother, at the conclusion of this long sentence.

"Mama, I wonder if God said that so folks could get over being mad before they said the Lord's prayer."

Mrs. Davis smiled, while Mary looked as careworn and troubled as her round, rosy face would permit. Swallowing her last mouthful of bread and butter she looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "There, I see Jenny's pink sunbonnet, they are playing tag! I'll go and make up right away, because I can't go to bed without saying my prayers, and besides, mama, it's so lonesome to be mad."

In about five minutes Mary's white sunbonnet could be seen moving about Jenny's pink one, as their merry shouts resounded through the still summer air.

As grandpa pushed back the soft brown curls from little Mary's face to give her a good-night kiss, he said, with a slight twinkle in his eye, "I hope my little granddaughter will never again run the risk of being obliged to sit up all night, because she cannot say her prayers."

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

FEARING that our readers will not receive the new cook book in time to make use of some of the excellent candy recipes at Christmas time, we are herewith printing a number of the new ones that are to appear in the book.

Cream Candy.—Take 4 cups of sugar, 2 cups of water, ¾ cup of vinegar, 1 cup of sweet cream, a piece of butter the size of an egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla and a pinch of soda. Boil until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Pour into buttered pans to cool, and when cool pull until white.—*Sister Nellie Hostetler, South English, Iowa.*

Christmas Candy Loaf.—Take 2 pounds of glucose, 4 pounds of granulated sugar and 1 cup of boiling water. Boil until it will form a soft ball, when dipped in water. Beat until cool enough to stir in beaten whites of 4 eggs, 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls of vanilla and 1 pound of shelled almonds. If properly stirred and then placed in a deep custard tin it can be sliced off like cake. Should be made several days before wanted.—*Sister Lauren T. Miller, Elgin, Ill.*

Chocolate Creams.—Take 2 cups of granulated sugar, and ½ cup of sweet cream, and boil them together for just five minutes from the time they begin to boil. Remove from the stove, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and stir constantly until cool enough to work with the hands. Roll into little balls and lay on buttered papers to cool. Put ¼ of a cake of baker's chocolate in a bowl and put the bowl in hot water. Do not add water. When the chocolate is melted, roll the balls in the melted chocolate with a fork, and replace them on the buttered papers. This makes a most rich and delicious candy. When the white mixture has partly cooled, it may be dropped on buttered papers, and nut meats put on top, making it a pleasing variety.—*Sister Rhoda E. Price, Polo, Ill.*

Chocolate Caramels.—Take 1 cup of grated chocolate, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of molasses, and ½ cup of sweet milk. Boil till it hardens when dropped in water. Then add a piece of butter the size of an egg and 1 cup of chopped English walnut meats. Pour into buttered pan, and when partly cool cut into squares.—*Sister Maggie C. Stauffer, Polo, Ill.*

Caramels (Mexican).—Put 1 cup of granulated sugar into a clean, iron skillet and stir constantly over a slow fire until sugar is melted. Then add 1 cup of rich milk or cream and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add next 1 cup each of granulated sugar and light-brown sugar and boil steadily until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Take from the fire and add a cup of coarsely-chopped nuts, stir to creamy consistency and pour into a buttered dish.—*Sister J. F. Thomas, Inglewood, Cal.*

Divinity Candy.—Take 2 cups of sugar, ½ cup of syrup (lily white, or any good corn syrup), ¼ cup of water, and ½ cup of finely-chopped nuts. Boil the sugar, syrup and water until it hairs, when dropped from the spoon, then stir it into the beaten whites of two eggs. Flavor with 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and add the nuts. When getting stiff, pour into buttered pans and cut into squares before cold.—*Sister Katie E. Keller, Enterprise, Mont.*—Chopped figs or raisins may be used instead of the nuts, or in addition to them.—*Sister J. E. Peck, Reserve, Kans.*

French Taffy.—Take 2 pounds of glucose and 1 pound of sugar. Dissolve 1 ounce of gelatin in a little water and ½ pint of cream. When a little warm, put in 2 ounces of paraffine. Stir paraffine, gelatin and cream all together until it is dissolved. Then put in the glucose and sugar and boil until it hardens in water. Pour into a buttered pan, and pull when cool enough. Flavor with vanilla.—*Sister Mary C. Beard Eshelman, Elgin, Ill.*

Marshmallow Candy.—Part one: Dissolve 1 box of gelatin in 12 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Part two: Take 4 cups of granulated sugar and 12 tablespoonfuls of boiling water; boil until it threads. Pour part two into part one and beat. Beat for fifteen minutes with Dover egg-beater, flavor and then beat twenty minutes with a flat beater. When it gets too stiff to beat any more, pour out on a plate which has been lined with pulverized sugar, then turn it over onto the bread board, which has been covered with pulverized sugar. Pat and knead slightly, then flatten out and cut in squares.—*Sister Thomas Jordan, Lordsburg, Cal.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The western border of Manchuria has been officially declared in a state of quarantine on account of the ravages of bubonic plague. A report from there states that men, women and children are dying by the score and that stringent measures have been taken to keep infected persons within the plague zone. Medical supplies are being sent in great quantities in the attempt to check the disease. No trace of cholera has been found.

John Bigelow, diplomat and scholar, 93 years old, is hard at work finishing a new book. Not long ago he published a book and previous to that he was busy over the opening of a museum in his honor. The book just out is another onslaught on the tariff, a lifelong enemy of the scholar-diplomat. It deals with the latest phases of the high cost of living, but it bears a fine old-fashioned title, "Building Temples of Peace With Untempered Mortar." The work he hopes to finish soon is the concluding volume of his "Retrospection of a Long Life."

The Imperial German Postal Department has conducted extensive experiments with various impregnating materials to preserve the life of telegraph poles. It finds that if zinc chloride is used, the life of the pole is about twelve years; with copper sulphate, it is fourteen years; with corrosive sublimate, seventeen years; while if treated with tar oil, the pole will last twenty-two years. The cost of treating the poles follows a reverse order, however. The zinc chloride costs 4 marks per year per cubic meter treated; copper sulphate, 3.5 marks; corrosive sublimate, 3.1 marks; and tar oil, 2.8 marks.

In his forthcoming annual report Postmaster General Hitchcock will renew the recommendation he made a year ago for a limited parcels post service on rural mail routes. As the preliminary step, he hopes Congress will authorize rural delivery of parcels weighing as high as 11 pounds. This form of service can be conducted with little, if any, additional expense. It will not require the appointment of more carriers. Mr. Hitchcock will urge that, in conjunction with the experiment on rural routes, a further inquiry be authorized by Congress looking to the extension of the system. He will recommend a special appropriation for the inquiry.

Department officials interested in child welfare have received semi-official advices that London's county council is arranging for the municipal washing of all children who attend school with dirty faces or dirty necks. Inasmuch as the council can not undertake all of this commendable laundrying business, its members are arranging with the various borough councils to look after the boys and girls in their respective districts, to see that they are well washed, kept clean, and sent to school in that condition. As a result, the borough of Kensington is going to spend several thousand pounds every year hereafter on additional bathhouses and bath appliances.

Members of the National Grange Patrons of Industry have recorded themselves in favor of having railroads come under absolute government control, if not censorship, if Congress could not clothe the Interstate Commerce Commission with sufficient power to compel obedience to its rulings.

Three speckled eggs of the common red head and breasted snipe have been added to the collection of J. L. Childs of Floral Park, Long Island, at an expense of $1,000. The snipe lays her eggs in rock crannies way up in the arctic circle, and Childs' $1,000 eggs were gathered by Eskimos in Fokelanen, in the extreme northern part of Iceland.

Coöperative meat and grocery markets to lower the price of foodstuffs are being planned by the 7,000 labor and trade union men of Des Moines, Iowa, according to S. O. Carter, president of the Trade and Labor assembly. "We plan to organize a coöperative company of at least 1,000 members," said Mr. Carter. "We will sell to the public. We are going to tackle the meat problem first. It is our plan to have a central market and storage warehouses from which we will distribute to suburban stores all over the city. We believe that we can lower the prices of meats from 3 to 5 cents a pound."

The Navy Department has been making experiments with electric cooking, with a view to introducing electrical ranges on warships. The tests show that electricity is slightly cheaper than coal for cooking purposes, and that the action was not only quicker but more thorough, owing to the fact that electrical heat could be distributed to better advantage and more uniformly than could the heat of a coal range. The conclusions of the investigators were that electricity is cleaner and more economical of time and of space, that it eliminated coal boxes, draft troubles, soot accumulation, and excessive heat in the galley, in addition to which it was more economical of operation.

A tentative official list of the members of the house of representatives in the sixty-second Congress has been made public at the capital. It shows that the Democrats elected 227 members, the Republicans 163 and the Socialists 1, giving the Democrats a majority of 64. The list includes Representative Kustermann (Rep.) of the ninth Wisconsin district among those elected. Latest indications are that he was defeated by a margin of about five votes. The Democratic majority, therefore, is 65. Democrats believe that before the sixty-second Congress gets very old the Democratic majority will be increased by the seating of Democrats in place of Republicans who will come to Washington with certificates. It is said that contests will be started in one district in Kentucky, one in Virginia and possibly in other States.

Mr. B. Ball of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange and chairman of the Seed Improvement Committee of the North American grain exchange, says "the most important problem before the American public today is that of obtaining a larger yield of better grain." He is here for the purpose of explaining to the American Association of Farmers' Institutes, the American Society of Agronomy, and other such influential organizations the national movement in this matter. "If the United States is ever to get on an export basis," he says, "we must raise grain enough so that the farmer can make more money, and at the same time supply more than enough grain for home requirements. It seems strange that never before have all the interests which are actively laboring for grain improvement formulated a national plan under which all could work to the same end without friction."

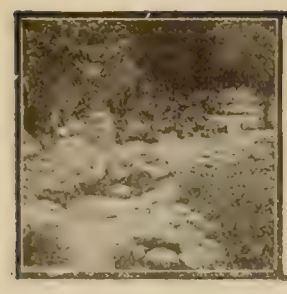
Neither liquor prohibition nor equal suffrage is provided for in the constitution that has been drafted by the State constitutional convention of New Mexico. The constitution will be submitted to the voters of the proposed new State in January and will immediately thereafter be referred to Congress for approval. The proposed charter provides for the election of all State, county and municipal officers for single terms of four years; for woman's participation in school elections and for her ability to hold school offices; for equal and uniform taxation; for military service on the part of all males between the ages of 18 and 45 years; for the prohibition of plural marriages; for perfect toleration of religious sentiment; for the prohibition of the leasing of convict labor and for the establishment of the seat of government at Santa Fe until December 31, 1925. The proposed constitution also provides against the use of passes in the State and paves the way for the legislature to enact liquor laws.

Starting from New York City, Nov. 21, a party of four automobilists in an Ohio car have begun a journey to San Francisco, in which they will cover approximately 5,000 of the least frequented roads of the Southern and Southwestern States. The trip will take 35 days, provided the schedule speed of 150 miles a day is made. The intention of the party is to reach the Golden Gate city on Christmas day and convey a holiday greeting from Mayor Gaynor of New York City to Mayor McCarthy of San Francisco. The object of the trip is to investigate road conditions in the territory traversed and obtain data regarding the cost of maintaining a car on a coast to coast trip. The route will be south through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, thence north into Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky and west across the Mississippi River into Missouri and Kansas, when the course will again be directed south into Oklahoma and Texas. Reaching the Rio Grande River, the route will follow a northwesterly course over the arid plains of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona into California, with the windup in San Francisco. Included in the itinerary of large cities through which the party will pass are Jersey City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Roanoke, Greensboro, Charlotte, Atlanta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Mobile, Montgomery, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Nashville, Memphis, Paducah, St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Guthrie, Forth Worth, Dallas, Austin, San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, El Paso, Phoenix, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Oakland and San Francisco. The stops will be only long enough for sleep and meals.

Smithsonian scientists and archæologists have received information regarding another notable addition to archæological finds in the remarkable discovery within the past few days of the skeletons of a man and a woman belonging to the stone age. These are believed to be priceless in value, and were found by workmen who were laying a wall near the bed of the River Ivel, in England. The skeletons were promptly examined by an eminent antiquarian who declares that they belonged to the Neolithic period, and are of undoubtedly vast importance to the world of science. The male is believed to be a chieftain, and he must have been a man of magnificent physique, as his skeleton measures 6 feet 6 inches, while the head is massive. The woman was laid at right angles to the man, while her feet rested against the side of his body. Apparently, when her lord died, she had been slain and buried with him. Both skeletons are complete and in excellent preservation, due entirely to the nature of the soil. They will likely be placed in the British museum.

Double honors fell to the University of Missouri when the twelve judges of the agricultural students' contests, held annually in connection with Chicago's international live stock exposition, made known their official figures and the number of points scored by the rival colleges represented in the contests and the names and standing of the first ten students at the top of the list. Missouri not only won the team trophy, but it has the extra honor of corralling the first four places on the honor list. As there are only five students on each college team, and as Missouri's fifth man was only a few marks below the leading quartet, the State can boast of having its entire team of five students in the honor list of the first ten. Forty-five students, making nine teams from as many colleges, competed, which emphasizes the completeness of Missouri's sweeping victory. The Missouri students beat all their opponents at judging horses, cattle and hogs and were second in the score for judging sheep. Texas Agricultural College students won the sheep judging contest. J. Ogden Armour donates $5,000 for twenty agricultural college scholarships, to be distributed among the colleges whose students have been most successful in the judging contests, according to the above awards.

Announcement is made of the restoration after a lapse of *267* years of St. Paul's cross to the historic old St. Paul's cathedral in London. The removal of the ancient cross was ordered by the British parliament in 1643. Standing 52 feet in height, the memorial consists of a tall Doric column—erected by a generous bequest of a member of parliament and dedicated by the bishop of London—upon which stands a heroic figure of St. Paul, holding aloft the cross in his left hand, with the right arm stretched in front. It is recorded that the Emperor Justinian made a law to the effect "that none shall presume to erect a church until the bishop shall come and consecrate the place to God by prayer, and erect the symbol of our salvation, a venerable and truly precious rood." In accordance with that old law, in every church erected for years there stood a tall cross, and from time immemorial in the northeast corner of the churchyard in St. Paul's cathedral a cross stood, and it was called "St. Paul's Cross." In this historic spot, heretics were compelled to recant and witches to confess. There Latimer denounced the vices of London. There, too, Luther's Bible was burned. There the pope's bulls were promulgated, and there, also, at the Reformation, the authority of the pope was formally denounced.



NATURE STUDIES



The Skunk

Armelia L. Colwell

ALTHOUGH we know this animal too well in one particular, it is safe to say that we know less of its habits than of almost any other of our wild animals; nor is its economic value appreciated among the people at large, aside from a knowledge of the price of its skin.

One of the first steps in advanced farming is to discover what each little animal or bird, frequenting the place, does to help or hinder in developing the farm to its highest efficiency. And from the farmer's point of view the skunk should be studied, for it has been proven by scientists to be one of the most beneficial of our wild animals because its food consists to such a large extent of injurious insects, like grasshoppers; and of injurious rodents, like rats and mice,—especially field mice and moles. It is also safe to say that if the farmer houses his poultry properly there is no danger of the skunk doing him any harm whatever.

For these reasons we should try to take a new standpoint for judging this interesting as well as odoriferous little creature. A full-grown skunk is about two feet long; its body is covered with long hair and the tail is very large and bushy; in color it is sometimes entirely black but most often has a white patch on the back of the neck with two stripes extending down the back and along the sides of the tail. There is also a white stripe down the forehead. Often the two white stripes along the back unite, making one broad white stripe.

The skunk belongs to the same group as the minks and weasels, which also give off a disagreeable odor when angry. The skunk has a long head and a rather pointed snout. Its front legs are much shorter than its hind legs which gives it a very peculiar gait.

Its fore feet are armed with long, strong claws. It digs its burrow usually in light soil, although in New York State it often finds its home in some crevice in rocks or even takes possession of abandoned woodchuck holes.

The skunk becomes very fat in the fall and during the early part of the winter retires to its den and hibernates, or sleeps, but comes out during the thaws of winter and March.

The young skunks appear in May; they are born in an enlarged portion of the burrow where a nice bed of grass and leaves is made for them, which is kept very clean, as it is naturally a most cleanly animal.

The skunk kittens are very playful, and on warm, sunny days, it is very interesting and amusing to watch them as they come out to sun themselves at the mouth of the hole and play in the open air. They play much as small kittens, rolling, tumbling and cuffing each other, and scurry away into the hole at the least noise.

The fact that the fetid discharge of the skunk is so disagreeable to all other animals has decided influence upon the skunk's character. It has not had to rely upon its cunning to escape from its enemies; it has, therefore, never developed the cleverness of the fox, nor has it a sense of fear. It marches abroad without haste or hurry, calmly expecting that every creature which sees it will give it plenty of room.

A friend of ours who was very witty and always saw the comical side of things, was going home just at dusk, walking along a country road, when he saw something black in the road just ahead of him. As he walked along he thought he would just kick it out. He kicked, but he will never forget that kick, and when he arrived home his wife told him he could never enter the house, but had better bury himself in the ground for a week at least. He said, "Just think of it, I had on my very best suit of clothes, had been crier at an auction sale that day, and had another for the next day." Perhaps the reader can imagine the state of his mind, but he said it "could not be described."

The skunk has few enemies except the farm dog, although its flesh is said to be most excellent food, as delicate as the flesh of a chicken. It is a night prowler, and does its hunting in the dark. The white upon its fur gives warning to all who come near it that here is an animal that had best be left alone.

Dr. Hart Merriam, who has made pets of young skunks, declares that they are very intelligent. However, it has been proven that they can learn

very little from experience, as they are the easiest of all animals to trap.

The food of the skunk consists largely of insects, mice, snakes and other small animals; skunks are also destructive to the eggs and young of birds which build their nests upon the ground. The animal uses its strong fore paws in securing its prey. Dr. Merriam says of one of his pet skunks which was named "Meph": "We used to walk through the woods to a large meadow that abounded in grasshoppers. Here Meph would fairly revel in his favorite food, and it was rich sport to watch his maneuvers. When a grasshopper jumped, he jumped, and I have seen him with as many as three in his mouth and two under his fore paws at the same time."

The only injury the skunk is likely to do the farmers is the raiding of the hen's nest, and this it could not do if the poultry was properly housed. On the other hand, the skunk is of great use in destroying injurious insects and mice. Often when skunks burrow beneath barns they completely rid the place of mice and without doubt they do far more good than harm.

Skunk fur is very valuable and is sold under the name of Alaskan Sable and many a fine lady who goes about decked in this beautiful fur would be shocked if she knew on what animal it grew. Skunk oil is a valuable medicine. Many a country mother keeps a bottle of it on the emergency shelf, in case the children have croup. The skunk takes short steps and goes so slowly it makes a double track, the imprints being very close together. The foot makes a longer track than that of the cat, as the skunk is plantigrade, that is, walks upon his palms as well as his toes.

The fetid material which is the skunk's defense is contained in two capsules situated under the root of the tail. These little capsules are not larger than peas and the quantity of liquid forced from them in a discharge is scarcely more than a large drop, yet it will permeate the air with its odor for even a mile. Dr. Merriam removes these capsules from his pet skunks. Five species are found in North America. Some quite successful skunk farms have been established, they are raised for their fur.

Wellsburg, N. Y.

THE SPARROWS' TOILET.

I WAS very much interested a few mornings ago, on observing two sparrows fast asleep in some vines which spread over the window of my sleeping-room.

I noticed them at the very first peep of dawn but they did not see me. Neither of them had as yet awakened from his night's repose and each one had his head carefully tucked under his wing, and was without doubt sound asleep. Presently one of them awoke and began to smooth his coat very carefully but not until he had had a good big yawn. In a few minutes the other one awoke and you should have heard the low, sweet, musical conversation which followed as each seemed to be telling the other of his dreams or what he intended to do that day. Then both carefully preened themselves and after having finished their little morning gossip, flew away and began their day's work. I have had a better opinion of sparrows ever since I witnessed this delightful morning awakening for I am sure there is lots of love in their little busy bodies if we would only look for it.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

WITH MOUSIE IN WINTER.

THE meadow-mice fix themselves snugly for winter. Under the snow they have long passages winding and twisting about over the meadows and nests in the tussocks of grass. They make these in spring and summer; as the first tender grass comes up they bite it off in lanes close to the ground. As the grass grows tall it arches over their little path, and when it dies in the fall it mats down, making tunnels of the lanes. In a meadow where the grass sedges and weeds are never cut, the mice have very long tunnels which they keep open by nibbling off any grass that starts to grow high in them; and as they are constantly building new ones, they rarely have to come out in the open, except that sometimes they come out on the snow to get seeds from favorite weeds. They go scurrying around in their underground tunnels, and the owls, that like to make a meal of them, listen with their sharp ears, and when they hear the hurrying little feet they hover a moment, listening, then clutch down through the snow and grass roof and grab poor little mousie. If you walk through the woods when there is snow on the ground, and look close about you, you can tell what has happened by the marks in the snow, made by the tracks of mice, or rabbits, or birds. —*Farm Journal.*

BIGGEST WEED IN THE WORLD.

THE largest weed in the world, a sea otter cabbage, has been uprooted off Vancouver island. It is more than 300 feet long and is shaped like a large cask. Spray-like leaves emanate from it and are so thin natives of the Alaskan islands use them as fishing lines. —*Selected.*

THE "SUN DRAWING WATER."

THE phenomenon commonly known as the "sun drawing water" is due to rays of sunlight between the shadows of clouds. It is seen to best advantage when the atmosphere is somewhat hazy, and when the sun is wholly or partly behind a cloud, and is not in

the higher part of the sky. Patchy strato-cumulus clouds are most favorable for the formation of these rays, and they are probably most distinct when seen in the part of the sky below the sun, when they appear to extend either directly or somewhat obliquely downward; it is in this form that the effect is most commonly called the "sun drawing water." But such rays may extend in any direction, so that they diverge from the sun as a center. No rain need be falling anywhere near the observer, though it is not impossible for the rays to be visible at a time when rain-streaks also are visible in part of the sky; the rain-streaks, however, do not diverge from the sun, but are in lines of the falling rain.—*St. Nicholas.*

FIRST PATIENT A DOG.

A NAME that has been long known and loved throughout the world is that of Florence Nightingale. There is indeed something almost angelic in the sound of the name. "Angel of Mercy" was the title which she bore in life and by which she will be remembered in death. The heroic service of this noble woman in soldiers' camps and upon battlefields is one of the greatest examples of kindness and self-sacrifice in the annals of human kind. So beloved was this gentle woman, it is said, that the sick and dying used to kiss her shadow as she passed their cots. The elements which made this life of such beauty and determined so useful a career for Florence Nightingale may be best understood from the following story:

"Her first experiences as a nurse were with her dolls, whose broken limbs and bruised heads she bandaged and cared for with all the tenderness and gentleness of her nature.

"As she grew older she became interested in caring for wounded or sick pets and other animals. Her first patient was a dog named Cap. The dog belonged to one of her father's shepherds, and one day she learned that Cap had been injured by some boys and that the shepherd was preparing to kill his beloved dog in order to save him from the suffering. In spite of the fact that she was still a little girl and very timid, she at once drove to the shepherd's home, and, with the aid of the clergyman of the parish, she nursed the wounds of the injured animal, and soon he was well again.

"Her love for pets and her skill in curing them soon became well known, and in a short time she had become the nurse of all the wounded animals of the neighborhood."—*Exchange.*

SELECTING A TEACHER.

MANY a person of thorough worth has failed to secure employment or a desired position, and wondered at the failure, never dreaming that some defect of manner or some senseless habit was solely responsible. Teachers especially need to consider this subject, both for their own sake and for the sake of their pupils.

Four applications had been received for a position, which carried with it an excellent salary, and had pleasing social features as well. The members of the committee knew intimately the four young women whose names were under consideration. All had won creditable degrees from the State University, and, since graduation, had had some experience in teaching. Since the qualifications were so good the question at once narrowed itself down to the personality of the rival candidates.

The committee made short work of Mary Black's application, for they reflected that her affected speech and gestures were serious drawbacks. Over Florence Foster's letter they hesitated for some time, but a misspelled word and an untidy smear on the envelope sealed her fate.

"She is a dear girl, but very heedless," said her warmest friend. "I acknowledge that the carelessness which she shows in dress and speech, as well as this supposed formal letter, prove her unfitness for the place."

I urged the claims of my own bright young friend, Alma Burton, and spoke warmly of her attractive manner. The chairman looked regretfully at me as he said: "Alma is, indeed, a bright and pleasing girl, but you have overlooked her great defect. She is a confirmed giggler, and the habit, which is an infectious one, could not be tolerated in a member of the staff."

I seemed to hear my friend's familiar laugh, and a silly, empty sound it was, I reluctantly admitted.

The choice fell on the fourth applicant, whose only superiority lay in the fact that she was free from defects of manner; and ever since a little two-word sentence has been saying itself over and over in my mind—it is, "Personality counts, personality counts."

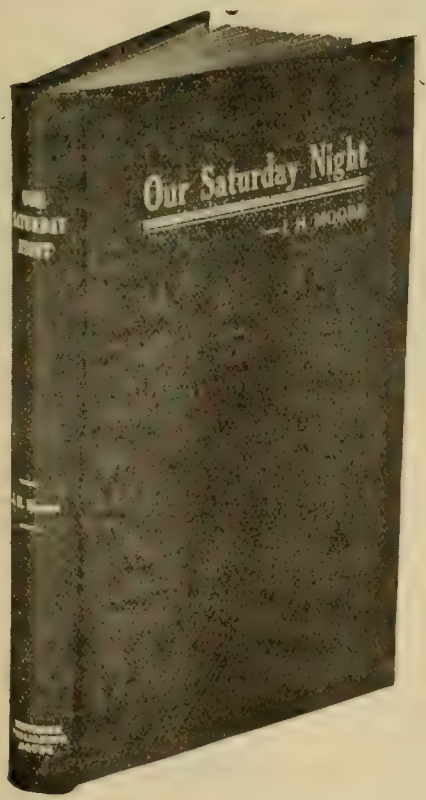
Mary Black, the brilliant student, who had won triumph after triumph in her college career, was defeated by a defect of her own creation. Florence Foster had lost the position because of the easy-going ways into which she had allowed herself to drift; while Alma, who had been so near to securing a post which would have been the realization of one of her day dreams, had lost the golden opportunity because of a silly habit of giggling. It is worth a girl's while to think upon this, and take heed that no defect of manner interferes with the usefulness of her life.—*Northwestern Journal of Education.*

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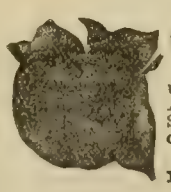
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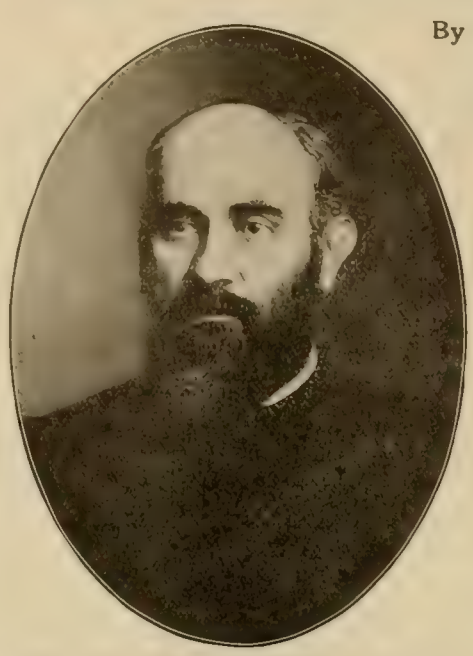
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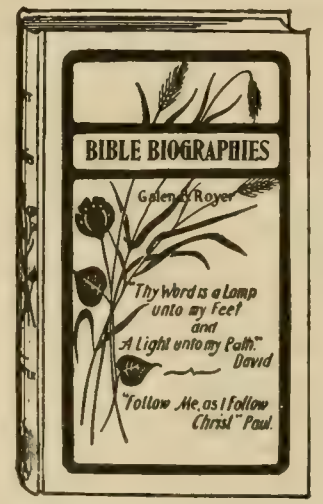
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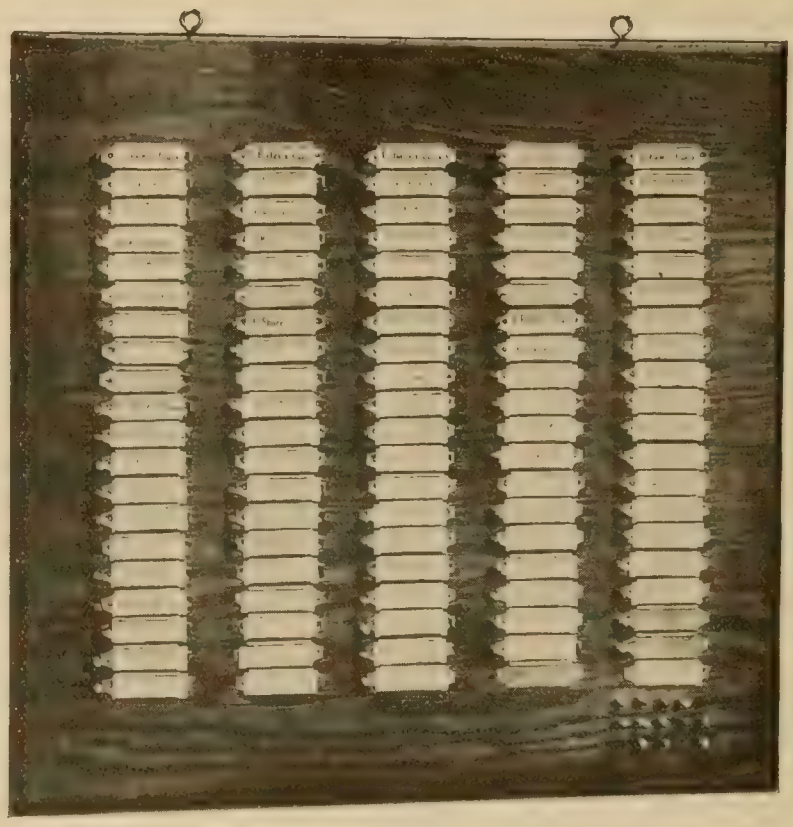


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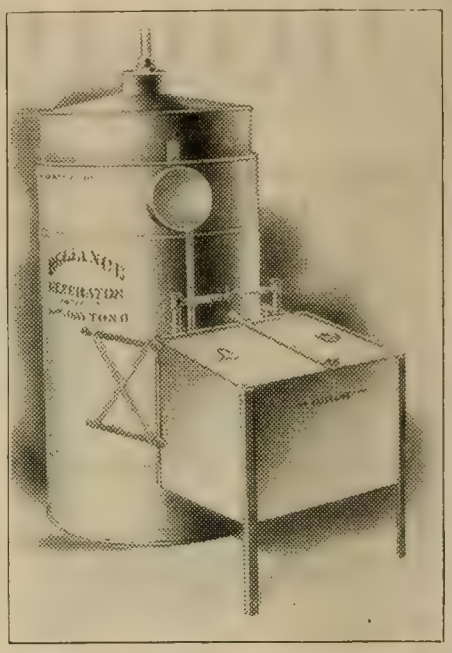
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Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38 0	134 5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30 1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31 2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24 5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33 2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84 0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27 8	81 6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87 9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29 4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14 1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23 5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32 0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25 4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. December 13, 1910. No. 50.

THE CLARK BROTHERS

John W. Wayland

JOHN CLARK of Virginia had two sons, George and William, who wrote their names high upon the scroll of our early national heroes. George Rogers Clark, the older of the two, was born just twenty years after George Washington, that is, in the year 1752. The place of his birth was on the east side of the little Rivanna River, in Albemarle County, Virginia, not far from Shadwell, the birthplace of Thomas Jefferson. The boy Jefferson, tall and sandy-haired, was nine years old when this Clark boy was born; and just across the Rivanna from Clark's home is the round little mountain, Monticello, upon which still stands the brick mansion in which Jefferson lived and died.

When George Rogers Clark was five years old the family moved from Albemarle to Caroline County, Virginia, where William was born in 1770. By this time George Rogers was becoming interested in the great movement toward the West. Emigrants were leaving the older parts of Virginia, crossing the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and flooding the great Ohio Valley with a restless human tide. Among these Ohio Valley settlers was George Rogers Clark, who took up a tract of land about twenty-five miles from the present city of Wheeling, West Virginia. Like Washington, he was fond of mathematics, and did a good deal of surveying for the pioneers. Much of his time was also given to hunting and fishing in the forests and streams of the wilderness.

In 1774, when Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, made his two-headed expedition against the Indians of the Ohio Valley, Clark joined the army—that part that was under Dunmore. Consequently, when the part that was under General Andrew Lewis fought and defeated the Indians at Point Pleasant, Clark was with the Governor somewhere not so far from Chillicothe, now in Ohio. About a year later he went into Kentucky, the "Dark and Bloody Ground," which was then a county of Virginia, and which was being rapidly filled up with white settlers in spite of the desperate resistance of the red men.

In Kentucky Clark soon become a prominent leader. Not only was he a leader in fighting the Indians and in bringing in settlers, but he was also chosen, with the noted lawyer, Gabriel Jones, to represent the new county in the Virginia legislature, sitting at old Williamsburg, far down on the James.

Traveling was a serious business in those days. The distance Clark had to go, to reach Williamsburg, was seven hundred miles through forests, over rugged mountains, and across numberless unbridged rivers and smaller streams. His horse died on the way, but he pressed on, and finally, footsore and weary, reached the capital. Clark was a man who got to the places he set out to reach. As soon as he arrived at Williamsburg he began to point out to the Governor and the legislature the chance they had not only of securing Kentucky, but also of conquering the country to the northwest of the Ohio River, which was then held by the British. The Revolutionary War was in progress, and the result was doubtful.

Having been commissioned by the Governor of Virginia, who was no less a man than Patrick Henry, Clark proceeded to raise men and go into the West. They gathered at Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, at the head of the Ohio River. Thence they went down the river in boats, nearly a thousand miles, to a point below where the Tennessee comes up and joins the Ohio. There they landed and went up northwest through the Mississippi Valley to Kaskaskia, which was one of the important posts held by the British. Having captured Kaskaskia on the night of July 4, 1778, and having remained there until the following February, the little band of frontiersmen set out for Vincennes, the other important post held in that district by the soldiers of King George III. Vincennes is away over on the Wabash, now on the line between Illinois and Indiana. The distance was long; the time was midwinter; and the lands for miles and miles about Vincennes were nearly all under water. It was a campaign to try the bodies as well as the souls of men; but

Clark and his men stood the test, and they took Vincennes near the end of the month—February, 1779.

Some details of the hardships endured by Clark and his men have already been given in the sketch of the Bowman Brothers, two of whom, with many other men from the lower Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, were with Clark in this campaign. I say "many other men"; but this must be taken with proper qualifications; for the whole number of men with Clark when he performed these memorable achievements did not exceed 160 or 170 men. Considering the difficulties overcome, the small number of men, and the importance of the achievements, these deeds of Clark stand almost without a parallel in the history of America. An empire was won for Virginia, and later given to the general government and erected into magnificent States; but without Clark's conquests in 1778 and 1779 the British would probably have held it after the Revolution, and consequently the good people of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as those of Michigan and Wisconsin, would likely all be loyal Canadians today. We're glad they find themselves subjects of Uncle Sam.

From 1779 to the end of the century Clark was prominent in the affairs of the northwest in both civil and military capacities—chiefly military. He did much to promote the settlement of the country that he had conquered for the young republic, and to open up the navigation of the Mississippi River. He rose to the rank of brigadier or major general; was presented with a sword on two different occasions by the Virginia legislature; and was granted a tract of 8049 acres of land in 1783 by the same body. This land was located within the limits of the present State of Indiana, and it was upon a part of this land, near the southern border of the State, that General Clark died in 1818, in comparative poverty. Clarksville and Clark County, just across the Ohio River from the city of Louisville, preserve the name of Clark, if not his memory.

In 1785, largely through the influence of General Clark, no doubt, John Clark and his family moved from Caroline County, Virginia, to the rising young territory of Kentucky. It was there that William Clark, then just fifteen years of age, soon came into prominence. Before he was seventeen he was admitted into the famous patriotic Society of the Cincinnati, and was given a certificate of membership signed by General Washington himself. At eighteen he became an ensign in the army of General St. Clair, and at twenty-one he was made a lieutenant. When General Anthony Wayne made his famous expedition against the Indians in the Northwest William Clark was with him, having command of a rifle company with the rank of captain. After the Indian war was over he retired to his farm in Kentucky, not far from the site of Louisville, where he lived in quiet until about the year 1803. It was in this year that President Jefferson purchased from Napoleon the vast territory of Louisiana; and it was in connection with the exploration of this territory that Captain Clark won his chief fame.

Every American schoolboy knows something about the famous expedition made in 1804, 1805, and 1806 across the Rocky Mountains by Lewis and Clark. Meriwether Lewis was one of these intrepid leaders, and William Clark was the other. Both men had been known to President Jefferson for many years, and it was doubtless mainly through his influence that they were entrusted with this important undertaking. With a little body of hardy frontiersmen Lewis and Clark embarked in a large boat, May 14, 1804, at the mouth of the big muddy Missouri River, and toiled slowly up the swollen tide. Day after day and month after month they pressed on, up the great river into the northwest, past the Black Hills of Dakota, through the long stretches of Montana, across the backbone of the Rockies, and finally down the Columbia River to the broad Pacific. It was November of 1805, a year and a half after the start, that they reached the great ocean of the West. On the return they switched off southward to the Yellowstone in coming through Montana; but for the most part the trail was the same they had followed in going out. They reached St. Louis in September, 1806.

This famous expedition, beset with numberless hardships and dangers, and marked by exciting adventures with wild beasts and Indians, had a great effect in opening up the far Northwest to settlement, and to establishing the claim of the United States to the present boundaries when the matter was in dispute with Great Britain many years later. Thus, we may say, the Clark Brothers are pre-eminent in the winning of the West: George Rogers in the conquest of the great Illinois country in 1779, and William in exploring the Louisiana territory in 1805.

Later in life Captain Clark was made a brigadier general of militia; he served as Indian agent for the territory of Upper Louisiana; was governor of Missouri Territory from 1813 to 1821; and held the position of superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis from 1822 till his death in 1838.

Several years ago, while I was walking about one day in the beautiful city of Indianapolis, I came to a towering shaft, in one of the public squares, surmounted by the figure of a man in the costume of a pioneer hunter or soldier of the frontier. If I am not mistaken this shaft and statue bear the name of William Clark. Doubtless some readers of the INGLENOOK will know whether I remember correctly in the case. At any rate, the people of the West, as well as the people of the Old Dominion, may unite to give honor gladly to the Clark Brothers, no less than to the Lewis Brothers and the Bowman Brothers; for all

had a prominent share in the winning and settlement of the great country north and west of the Alleghanies and the Ohio. Moreover, these men unite in themselves the patriotic sympathies of two or three great nationalities; for the Bowmans were Germans; the Lewises were Scotch-Irish; while the Clarks, I think, were English.

THE MANLY MAN.

The world has room for the manly man, with the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles when his eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man who, when things go wrong, can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need, forsooth,
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the lilied leagues of truth;
The world is his and it waits for him, and it leaps to hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes and the wheels he turns and the hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweep of his dauntless tread!
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do and the will to dare and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and evil flee,
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land or sea!

—American Israelite.

THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

I. The General Unrest.

THE Reformation, like all other great social, political or religious convulsions, was long in preparation. It was one part of that great, complex, general progress which marked the fifteenth century and the opening of the sixteenth as the period of transition from the Middle Ages to modern civilization. The Reformation was a rejection of papal and priestly authority. This growth of a hierarchy was of long duration and gradual. The persecutions to which the church was subject at the hands of the Roman Government, and still more, the great conflict with a swarm of heretical teachers who sought to amalgamate Christianity with various forms of Greek and oriental philosophy, suggested the need of a more compact organization. Confederated government was something peculiar to the Greek mind.

The importance the church attached to tradition may be traced to the time when the defenders of Christianity against gnostical corruptions naturally fell back on the historical evidence afforded by the testimony of the leading churches which the Apostles themselves had planted. The unity of the church was realized in the unity of the sacerdotal body. Rome naturally became the head for this body. The Roman Church was revered as the only Apostolic See in the West. Even the fall of the Western Empire was, in one particular, of advantage to the popes. It liberated them from subjection to the civil power. It was during the progress of the struggle with the Empire that the papal power may be said to have culminated.

But at the same time that the papacy was achieving its victory over the Empire, the power of nationalism, the tendency to centralization, which involved an expansion of intelligence and an end of the exclusive domination of religious and ecclesiastical interests, was at work in the bosom of society which was destined to wrest the sceptre from the hand of the conqueror. The secularizing and centralizing tendency, a necessary step in the progress of civilization, was a force adverse to the papal dominion. The enfranchisement of the towns, dating from the eleventh century, and the growth of their power; the rise of commerce; the crusades; the conception of monarchy in its European form which entered the minds of men as early as the twelfth century, are some of the principal signs of the advent of a new order of things.

The anti-hierarchical spirit was powerfully re-enforced by the legists. They were trained especially at the University of Bologna. They were the natural defenders of the state, the powerful auxiliaries of the kings. They placed bulwarks around the civil authority in its contest against the encroachments of the church. The hierarchy were confronted by a body of learned men, the guardians of a venerable code, who claimed for the kings the right of Cæsar, and could bring forward in opposition to the canons of the church, canons of an earlier date,—the ancient law. By this time the prestige of the papacy began to wane rapidly. It was greatly accelerated by the residence of the popes at Avignon. During a great part of this period the papacy was enslaved to France. For a long time there were vigorous and prolonged endeavors to reform the church "in head and members." The princes intervened to make peace among the popes, but all to no avail. The papacy had sunk almost to the level of an Italian principality. A state system was growing up in Europe. This was the era of brilliant discoveries. One of the forces leading to the Reformation was the increasing discontent with the prevailing corruption and misgovernment in the church, and with papal interference in civil affairs. The misconduct of the popes in the last half of the fifteenth century was

not more flagrant than that of their predecessors in the tenth century; but the fifteenth century was an age of light. Besides, there was now a deep-seated craving for a more spiritual type of religion.

A DAY IN PALERMO, SICILY

Galen B. Royer

CHOLERA in southern Italy worked havoc on travel from Italian ports. Tourists for the most part hastened northward to the English channel and a number of boats scheduled to sail from off the Mediterranean were left in harbor because they had no load. The *Princess Irene* was one of the few which sailed from Genoa on time but with a very light load.



First Sight of the Cathedral.

She left her advertised course, missed Naples, and spent one day at Palermo in Sicily where she took on a good load of third-class passengers; and later touched at Almeria, Spain, where she took on 23,000 barrels of the famous Malaga grapes. This delayed the boat two days out of Gibraltar and of course made her two days late into New York.

The day at Palermo was exceedingly interesting. At 5:30 I was on deck, for we were already approaching the harbor. In the east the soft twilight of an Italian sunrise was pushing back the darkness with a tender caress. The halo of gold that fell upon the mountain to the west and back of the city, was wonderful to behold. As the light grew brighter the tints shaded into a dreamy blue much like the cloudless heavens while an under touch of hazy yellow cast by the direct rays of the morning sun gave lights and shades to mountain and valley in that finest of Italian skies such as can only be thought of when one sees it. I was lost in the raptures of such subdued and rich coloring and knew not how to think as I stood alone on deck during the early moments of breaking day.

But soon my reverie was broken, for I heard the report of several guns. I listened and looked but could understand no more than that the sounds came from over the waters. Just then a fellow passenger came on deck. "What means this early shooting?" was my eager inquiry. He proved to be a former resident of Palermo and said, "Ah, my friend, I am missing fine sport this morning. The sportsmen are shooting skylarks. Just at the break of day this is great sport." My heart sank within me. Its deeper joys as they welled forth on that morning of perfectly wonderful beauty in land, sea and sky was turned into heartaches while I listened to the "slaughter of innocents." The shooting increased until it sounded like the rapid firing of a whole company of soldiers. A cruel sport that robs southern Italy of one of her finest song birds. But the sportsman wants the flesh of the little bird for his palate and he cares not, perhaps no more than a Cæsar before him who ordered the dainty dish of nightingales' tongues for his dinner.

After breakfast a swarm of boats, many colored and no two alike, gathered about our steamer eager to take passengers ashore for a half lyra (ten cents) each and soon a party of four of us were in the city of Palermo.

This city of over 300,000 inhabitants is the capital of Sicily and has the distinction of being the seat of important military and ecclesiastic affairs. The inlet from the sea makes a complete curve from west to east thus making its harbor lie facing the rising sun. The city lies on a fertile plain around its shores. The climate is ideal and as the location is in a luxuriant

valley, it combines wealth and comfort to a very high degree. The exports consist of sumach, sulphur, wines, oranges and lemons. The streets of the city have the marks of enterprise mingled with that same dissolute life which is seen in about all cities of tropical climes. The main thoroughfares are clean; the stores and shops have the snap and spirit of real enterprise. But let him beware who wanders into the side streets. For filth and dirt,—yes, even odors too loud to be described, coming from alley and dwelling, are enough to make one wonder how the people live. The only solution is that Italian sun is a great enemy to Italian microbes and filth.

Beyond the city some distance our party was told there was an old cathedral which had much fine mosaic work of early date and thither we pressed our way. The tram ride up the mountain side leading to Monreale, a place of over 20,000, was hot but showed a most beautiful landscape. When we reached the top and leaned out over the walls of the city and looked back towards the sea, the valley lying at our feet was most entrancing. The azure hue of the clear sky diffused itself through the atmosphere of the valley and rested on vegetation, giving the latter a charming halo of autumnal grey seen only in Sicily. But ridiculous as it may appear, we could hardly enjoy the beauty for nowhere were we pested with beggars who would not let us alone more than in this beautiful land and under the shadow of the cathedral we were about to visit.



The General Detail of One of the Corridors. Photographed by Galen B. Royer, Oct. 15, 1910 (2½ Minutes Exposure).

We entered the side door and at once stood in a cathedral in the form of a Latin cross, 334 feet long and 131 feet wide with three apses. The pointed vaulting of the nave is supported by eighteen huge columns of granite. The transept is borne by four pillars. The style is distinctly Arabian, simple and grand because of its simplicity. St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice contains 45,700 square feet of mosaics which enraptured the gifted pen of Ruskin, but here in this Cathedral is 70,400 square feet of mosaics dating back as early as St. Mark's and portraying a clearer account of Bible incidents though not in better execution of workmanship.

Three classes of scenes are portrayed on the high walls. First in the nave are two rows of twenty tableaus each, setting forth forty scenes from the Creation down to Jacob wrestling with the angel. Each aisle contains nine and each transept fifteen scenes from the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the tribune is the bust of Christ: below the Madonna in Trono with two angels and the Apostles at the side. Here in the right transept are the monuments of William I. and William II., the one sarcophagus being a most beautiful piece of porphyry. The cathedral is grand, because its unity of purpose and harmony of design leads one to be worshipful rather than curious, as is the common impression in visiting so many cathedrals of Europe.

In the evening shadow of this old cathedral was a drinking fountain about which the ragged of the city congregated and near which some rather enterprising women have established a fruit stand. We neither drank nor bought fruit. The sight was enough to make one wonder why such wealth and such poverty nestled so close together.

We returned to Palermo to visit the Convento de' Cappuccini, the only other point of real interest. In the subterranean corridors of this convent are to be found the mumified bodies of the wealthy inhabitants of Palermo of the past, some lying in niches, others hanging on the walls, while a few were enclosed in glass sided coffins. The place is weird and ghastly, if not ghostly. At one spot the light of heaven shone in through an opening and I rested my camera on a

casket, and made a two and a half minute exposure which proved a good picture of the general detail of one of the corridors. We walked through a number of them. Just how the bodies were "cured" was not ascertained. But here hang the bodies of the dead, the skin dried, the grave clothes slowly wasting away but hanging in frail shreds,—one of the most melancholy scenes one is called to witness. Why any people should want their dead in such postures, hanging by ropes or wires to the wall, or desire to look upon them as the years come and go, is more than one can imagine today. Some years since the government forbade burial after this manner and it is well that it has; for the place looked like it was overcrowded now.

A return to the avenues of the living in the bright hot sunshine of the streets of the city was refreshing. A carriage drive back to the wharf and aboard our ship again after about eight hours' absence made one glad for the comforts of a good ocean liner and to feel the motion of a homeward-bound boat.



A Closer View.

AN IDEAL RECITATION: CONDITIONS NECESSARY.

EDNA GARST.

ACCORDING to the definition of "ideal" by Webster, an ideal recitation is one reaching an imaginary plane of excellence,—or faultless. There may be no such thing as a faultless recitation, but we do believe there is a high standard of excellence which every teacher should strive to attain. The ideal recitation is one in which, not only the teacher, but each member of the class, is interested. If one pupil is interested in drawing comical pictures, another in throwing paper wads, another in whispering or making wry faces, no ideal can be reached.

But in order to eliminate all these hindrances and create an atmosphere conducive to an ideal recitation, certain conditions are necessary,—a few of which we shall try to enumerate.

In the first place, certain physical conditions are necessary. No teacher can accomplish satisfactory work who is not in good physical condition. Therefore, we should observe very closely all rules of hygiene, and thus we will not only benefit ourselves, but set an example for others who look to us for an example. Our habits of life should be very regular; if not our health will be impaired, causing us to be irritable, and irritability in the schoolroom is to be severely denounced. The pupils so often, if not always, reflect the condition of the teacher, that it behooves us ever to be pleasant. If the body is suffering because of irregular habits, our mental ability is impaired, just in proportion to the weakness of the body.

The schoolroom should always be cheery, comfortable, and sanitary. Children can not do their best work when disagreeable, uncomfortable, or suffering because of unsanitary conditions in the home or school.

If it is necessary to inflict punishment, a teacher may, by using tact, leave the pupil in a pleasant attitude toward her. No ill-will, or little as possible, should exist between teacher and pupil, or between pupil and pupil.

There must be plenty of ventilation, and it must be so arranged that there will be no draught, especially in damp or cold weather. The room should not be over-heated—rather underheated, for various reasons. In case the room gets too warm, and the children get stupid—as they are sure to do—the windows should be raised and while the necessary draught is being allowed, calisthenics may be given; for by being exercised children are less liable to catch cold. Then close your windows, and a great difference will be noticeable in the energy of the pupils and you have, if properly conducted, given some beneficial exercise and succeeded in getting rid of a dangerous condition.

Pupils can not be attentive, much less interested, when they are overheated and the air is reeky with carbonic acid gas, emitted by probably fifty children, of various degrees of health and cleanliness.

Besides these physical conditions, other requirements are necessary in order to reach the ideal. One of the most important requisites is a clear assignment of the lesson on previous day that pupils may know exactly what is required of them.

Do not require anything that is impossible for them, for there is nothing so helpful in securing order, industry, and system in the school as insistence upon definite, careful and complete preparation of work assigned. The pupils should not only be *requested* but *required* to prepare the work appointed.

In assignment the pupil should be given a foretaste of what is coming that he may have something to which he may direct his energies. Above all things do not let your pupils get the idea that their schooling consists in getting book knowledge alone. They should be encouraged and taught to think for themselves, to find out why certain principles are true. It is very surprising how much interest pupils of even the lowest grades will take in this and how eager they will be for the recitation period, that they may fully discuss what they have learned outside of their books. When you have a child anxious for the class to recite, you don't need to worry about inattention on his part, for it is true that we are always attentive to those things in which we are interested, while not always interested in that to which we are sometimes attentive.

The recitation period must be made intensely interesting. We must appeal to the child's special interests. The true teacher will make a special study of child nature, and of each child's nature; will learn something of its home life and environment. Only in this way can the point of contact be gained and only by gaining the point of contact can you gain the interest of your child.

The teacher must be thoroughly prepared, else any recitation will be a failure. Each lesson should have special preparation, in the way of outlining, illustrations, etc. No definition or explanation should be given in an abstract form. A child can grasp only the concrete. Daily preparation by the teacher, and fair skill in questioning and leadership will invariably result in a good recitation.

All material and books which do not have a direct bearing upon the work in hand should be placed away. Nothing should be allowed to detract the thoughts from the subject. All useless passing over the floor should be prohibited and no unnecessary noise tolerated.

The teacher must have such complete control over the pupils that each recitation may be conducted with no interruption. If a class has to be stopped to order Johnny to the corner for whispering or other misconduct, and then the teacher probably has to have an amateur tug of war to get said Johnny to the corner, where are the minds of the pupils? How much does this add to an ideal recitation?

The teacher's manner, her attitude toward her pupils, and her work; the questions and answers must all be conducive to consecutive, productive mental work on the part of the pupil. This is the way to secure a high degree of capability and trustworthiness in the child which is the crowning glory of all educational work.

In the recitation, as nowhere else, has the teacher a chance to inculcate habits of industry, concentration and completeness. But these results can be obtained only by her who is eliminating things disastrous to and observing all methods contributive to reaching the standard we call "ideal."

Cabool, Mo.

THE DAWN.

THE following poem was written by John Collins more than twenty years ago, a few years before his death. Looking into the future he could see the dawning of the day that would bring defeat to the liquor traffic, the day when Christian citizenship united would rally for the final destruction of the legalized saloon.

O say! do you see on our star-spangled flag
The red stains of a crime that dishonors the nation,
Which soon in its course would to infamy drag
And make of our land one vast desolation?
See the woe and despair! hark what cries fill the air
As the wide flood of ruin pours on everywhere!
'Tis the curse of the demon that fain would enslave
All the free, and defile all the good and the brave.

Long—long doth the tyrant his iron sway wield
In paths drenched in blood, law and order defying,
Till thousands of homes of the drunkards are filled
With vain prayers for help or the groans of the dying;
Yet the lava-tide flows, amid shrieks, wails, and throes
Of victims that know not relief nor repose,
And still the striped banner in mockery waves
Over millions of souls rushing on to their graves.

But, look!—through the gloom of the night and the storm
Arises a star, on Mercy's high mission,
It pierces the darkness—mark how its rays form
In letters of light, the sign "prohibition."
This our war-cry shall be, till from sea to far sea,
Rings one shout from our nation, "Once more we are free!"
And again our bright banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the homes of the free and domains of the brave.

O! then, let us rise in our God-given might
To drive out the foe and all his pollution
With prayers and with ballots, to urge on the fight,
And courage that never will know diminution.
So, with victory blest, in peace we shall rest,
Assured of our birth-right of Freedom possessed,
While the Star-spangled Banner forever shall wave
O'er the land of the free, of the pure, and the brave!

—Illinois Issue.

"AMERICA'S GRAND OLD WOMAN"

Dallas B. Kirk

JULIA WARD HOWE was born May 27, 1819, in New York City. Her mother, Julia Rush (Cutter) Ward, died when the subject of our sketch was only five years old. However, her father, Samuel Ward, a New York banker, carefully directed her education. While Julia was quite young she became very fond of books, a thing which clung to her throughout her long life. When she was sixteen, she had to leave school. Then she studied under private tutors, because her father thought home instruction the most beneficial. She afterward did much studying by her own efforts. Her progress in her studies was rapid, and she was very good in German, French, Greek, literature and music.

While yet in her teens Miss Julia Ward published a review of "Jocelyn" by Lamartine, the French author and statesman. She also published an essay on the minor poems of Schiller and Goethe; and wrote some original poems, which were a credit to this talented young girl.

When Miss Ward was twenty-two she spent the summer in Boston, where she met Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the philanthropist; whom she married in 1843.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe published *The Boston Commonwealth,* an anti-slavery paper in Boston.

Mrs. Howe's conception of the duties of life were very high, even from early womanhood. The general public from the first demanded much of her time, because they readily saw her gifts; nevertheless the thoughts which she spoke from the platform were practiced in her own home which she dearly loved. Her children have been carefully educated, and they have done well in the field of literature, much to the satisfaction of their famous mother.

Julia Ward Howe's first volume of poems was published in 1852 entitled "Passion Flowers." The following year appeared "Words for the Hour;" also a drama in blank verse, which was played in Boston. "The World's Own," a tragedy, was published in 1857. In 1860 was published an important prose work, "A Trip to Cuba," which contained some brave, fearless words.

In the autumn of 1861, at Washington just after Mrs. Howe had visited the Army of the Potomac, she arose from her bed before dawn one morning and wrote hurriedly a few lines upon a piece of paper. This patriotic poem soon became known all through the army as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." This masterpiece was the source of great comfort to the Union soldiers in the prisons of the South, as well as on the battlefields, and became the great marching hymn of each soldier, inspiring him on to greater effort. This particular poem stands almost alone in America, as we have only a few really great national songs, and the "Battle Hymn" leads. Is it any wonder that this sublime poem gained for its author the star of immortality among American writers?

"Later Lyrics" came out in 1866. This third volume contained her masterpiece. She wrote a pleasant book entitled, "From the Oak to the Olive," after one of her European tours.

Mrs. Howe often wrote for the leading magazines; and as a poet she easily found the hearts of the people; while at play writing she was also successful. She published her "Reminiscences" in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1900. This article was written in a free, easy style.

She was often spoken of in literary circles as "America's Queen," and "America's grand old woman." This kind-hearted, far-seeing woman was kept exceedingly busy during her entire lifetime. The world at large has shown in many ways its affection and admiration for the uplifting work of Mrs. Howe among the downtrodden of the earth.

Maria S. Porter, the poet, has written the following lines about her friend, Mrs. Howe:

> "O'er thy pages month by month we sit;
> Charmed with the trenchant thought, the flowing wit,
> Humor with all the pristine sparkle fraught,
> Jewels of beauty from thy mine of thought,
> The pathos, strength, and wisdom of thine age,
> Unfailing power reflected from thy page,—
> Fresh from that hand which in life's sunset calm
> At fourscore years still bears the victor's palm."

Mrs. Howe also wrote: "Life of Margaret Fuller," "Sex and Education," "Modern Society," "Is Polite Society Polite?" "From Sunset Ridge," "Sketches of Representative Women of New England," etc. Had Mrs. Howe done nothing more than give to the nations of the world her battle-hymn, she would have gained lasting fame. As a writer she ranks with the following American women writers: Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Cary sisters, Helen Hunt Jackson, Sarah Orne Jewett, Elizabeth Stuart-Phelps Ward, and others of her generation.

Julia Ward Howe was a cosmopolitan by travel, first visiting Europe with her husband in 1844. In

1872 she went to England and lectured on arbitration, as a way of settling international disputes. When she was in London she held a number of Sunday evening services, devoted to "The Mission of Christianity in Relation to the Pacification of the World." Mrs. Howe was a delegate to the Congress for Prison Reform held in London this same year.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe visited Greece in 1876; they freely lent their aid and sympathy to the Greeks in their struggle for independence. Mr. Howe died in 1876.

Since 1880 Mrs. Howe has traveled much over the United States and written on a great variety of subjects, lecturing and preaching also with lasting effect; she was a Unitarian preacher.

At one time when Mrs. Howe was in Italy, an educated Italian began to talk to her about American literature, and as he did not understand her name, he inquired about an interesting, patriotic hymn which he had lately read. Failing to remember the title or the author, he recited a line for Mrs. Howe of her own masterpiece. Then Mrs. Howe carefully recited:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," etc.

The Italian was deeply interested and remarked how he would like to shake hands with the author, and Mrs. Howe gratefully held out her hand.

At another time when Longfellow, the poet, and Mrs. Howe were examining the skeleton which had been unearthed at Fall River, Longfellow urged Mrs. Howe to write a poem with the rusty armor-plate, as the subject. But strange to say, the honor fell upon Longfellow himself, and his poem, "The Skeleton in Armor," was the result.

During the American Civil War, Mrs. Howe was an active worker in the Sanitary Commission. And as she was an active advocate of anti-slavery much of her work was along that line.

Mrs. Howe made her first speech in behalf of woman's suffrage in 1869, before a legislative body in Boston. The Woman's Peace Congress was organized in 1871 by this noble woman. On June twenty-second of each year a Woman's Peace Festival is held, which Mrs. Howe instituted.

Many years ago, at the home of Harriet Hunt, a woman doctor of Boston, Mrs. Howe and some other thoughtful women organized The New England Woman's Club. This was the pioneer of its kind and aimed at benefiting its members, instead of filling them with fancy wines, tobacco, etc. After the adoption of the constitution, a public meeting was held; Mrs. Howe, the president, spoke; also James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson and others. Some of the first members of this noted club were Louisa M. Alcott, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, William Lloyd Garrison, John Greenleaf Whittier, and others.

Mrs. Howe has held the chairmanship of this club honorably for many years, being made president in 1872.

Since 1874 this organization has employed teachers for the members to study such branches as: literature, natural history, foreign languages, botany, political economy, etc. At the present time it has something like three hundred members.

Noted people in every walk of life have addressed the club, among them being: Robert Collyer, Phillips Brooks, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Sumner, George MacDonald, Professor Tyndall, and Froude, the historian.

This famous club, for both men and women, has endowed a scholarship for women in the Boston University, has given liberally to the Maria Mitchell scholarship fund at Vassar college, and extended much aid to Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee, Alabama. The International Council of Women held in 1888 was largely due to this club.

Mrs. Howe died at Newport, Rhode Island, October 17, 1910, being over 91 years old.

Rockton, Pa.

WINNING.

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame.
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin,
Be a man and face the battle—
That's the only way to win.

—Detroit Free Press.

GIVEN a good wick, almost any kind of oil will burn, down to the drippings from the pan. Given a good, determined will, and anybody can keep up a steady flame of useful effort. The difference in human beings is not so much what is in them as in what they get out of themselves.—*New Guide.*



THE QUIET HOUR



Fuel for the Fire

W. Arthur Cable

A MAN sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat, and went away. But when the harvest time brought forth fruit, the tares were revealed also. And the servants of the proprietor came and said to their master, Sir, did you not sow good seed in your field? from where, then, have these tares come? And he said, An enemy has done this. Then the servants asked, Shall we go and gather them up? But he answered, No, indeed! for while you are gathering up the tares, you may root up the wheat with them.

The "tares" referred to in Matthew 13 are *darnel* or *rye-grass,* a plant greatly resembling wheat. Thus it could not be distinguished from the good crop until harvest, when the seed would appear.

A fellow-laborer, for the eternal sustenance of humanity, had deposited the seed of truth into a field full ready to receive it. But the devil, that old serpent, was still on his fiendish mission of destruction and scattered far and wide his rank and poisonous venoms. Time alone could tell the evil he had done. Malice, hatred, envy, vanity, deception, were all carried by the wings of the wind to take root and bring forth fruit after their kind, wherever condition permitted.

And what shall be done with the tares? Shall they be destroyed immediately? Shall they be sorted out and consumed? Ah, no! destroy them not. Let them grow together with the wheat till harvest. For, perchance, you destroy a Paul, and a life of service is lost; a wide-spreading fame of the Gospel is lost; many souls that otherwise would know and believe are lost.

Destroy them not. Let them grow together till harvest. Their external environments are in common, their hearts are intermingled, their lives are blended. The Savior came to seek and to save that which was lost. Give them the true food; give them time, give them opportunity.

Let them grow together till harvest. Poor, weak mortal among humanity, though in all your gigantic strength, dare you approach a fellow-being with the sentence of death, with the verdict, "chiefest of sinners: eternal banishment"? You know not his intentions, his heart, his life. You know not the heartaches, the struggles, the agonized prayers of the one you would condemn. By his fruits alone you shall know him, and by no means else. Judge him not, for in so doing, you give occasion to be judged.

Scottville, Michigan.

PREACH THE DOCTRINES.

NOT long ago at an evangelistic meeting in this city one of the speakers said, "The world is tired of doctrine." The sentiment seemed to touch a popular chord. On our own ears the cry has fallen. Away with your dogmas! Out with your creeds and confessions and catechisms! We will none of them. This cry has had its influence on the pulpit and on the platform to the detriment of a vigorous Christianity. Much of that which passes current today under the name of the Christian religion, as it is illustrated in the lives of professed believers, is effeminate and weak. Nothing is more to be deplored than the religious superficialness and its double resultant, the disparaging criticism and distressing skepticism today prevalent. Among the reasons for this is to be reckoned the studied suppression, to great extent, of the fundamental doctrines of religion—the comparative paucity of doctrinal preaching and teaching.

They who join in this outcry are out of harmony with the great founder of Christianity. Doctrines were the subjects and substance of his discourses. The effect upon the people of his sermon on the mount was to cause astonishment "at his doctrine." As opposed to Atheism, Christ taught Theism. Against Unitarianism he preached the doctrine of the Trinity. He called himself the Son of man and the Son of God, asserted his pre-existence and his oneness with the Father, and spoke of the Holy Ghost. Take all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, accepted by the different bodies of evangelical Christians, Christ taught them and preached them. If ever the doctrine of man's depravity and guilt, and his helplessness therein, was preached, Christ preached it. If the way out of this dilemma into life and immortality through the blood of atonement was ever preached, Christ preached it.

If the necessity of the holiness of heart and life was preached, Christ preached it. The certainty of death; the solemnity of the judgment; the eternity of the saints' bliss, and the sinners' woes—how he labored to inculcate them! His very presence in this world, his suffering life and ignominious death, were all sermons fraught with compassionate eloquence, on every doctrine of the Word of God.

Therefore, let not his ministers, who are ordained to preach the great saving doctrines of the Bible, nor his disciples who profess to sit at his feet as learners, forget the example of the Great Teacher. Let them be influenced by that rather than by the foolish demand of some that the doctrines be omitted; or, if presented, so glossed by bewitching rhetoric and modifying parentheses as to be emasculated of all energy. The sword of the Spirit, placed in the hands of preachers and teachers is two-edged, nor is it meant to be a toy to play with, but a weapon to slay with, and no one is justified in making it ineffectual by dulling its sharpness with garlands of roses.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A MISSIONARY PRAYER.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and eternal God, in whom we live and move and have our being, and who hast so ordered the world that all nations should seek thee, we humbly pray that thou wouldst be pleased to reveal thyself to those who have not yet acknowledged thy love. Upon thy faithful servants who bear the Gospel to our fellow-subjects in India, pour out the spirit of sympathy and wisdom and patience, that they may in all things discern the signs of thy Counsel, and follow the teaching of thy Spirit, and be strengthened and sustained by thy Presence. Grant to those who hear them a true knowledge of their own wants, and grace to believe that thou art working to bless all who look for thy help. Unite us with their work in heart and soul, that we in them and they in us may learn more and more the power of that fellowship which is perfected in thee. And hasten, O Lord, by their ministry, the time of the restitution of all things, when thou shalt receive from the nations, which thou hast made the offerings of their manifold service, and thy sheep scattered abroad shall became one flock under one Shepherd. We ask in the name of thy Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.—*Compiled by Bishop Westcott.*

THE SPIRITUAL MAN.

Sometimes we hear good men complaining that goodness is so powerless; the effort to do right and to keep a pure soul and to live by highest standards is dishonored and despised, we hear. All such complaints are utterly unworthy of the good man. There is nothing more refreshing and magnificent in the whole world than the satisfied good man, the man who lives to do right, who is entirely above such weak complaints and never dreams of making them. In the first place he is too busy, too perpetually occupied with the enthusiastic struggle of his life, to think whether he is powerful or not. He is a being in himself, and if he can so bear this life of his that God shall see it and approve it, and be able to fill it with himself, he must be satisfied. But then, if he does lift up his eyes and look about, he cannot count himself powerless. Rather, he is overwhelmed and oppressed by the power that he carries. For is he not the judge of all things? O my dear friends, it must be that a truly spiritual man has nothing to complain of in the world! It is not that he must struggle on in misery and contempt until he gets to heaven, and only there be happy and content, but now, here, all that is best in life is his. Let him not degrade the high dignity of his lot, nor make it less tempting to other men by talking of its sacrifices or disgraces. He that is spiritual is already the king of the world.—*Phillips Brooks.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Most of us would gladly undertake some large thing this week—something which would bring us into the "limelight"; but not all of us are ready for the little things which are sure to line our pathway. Some would be glad to make a great speech on some great theme and before a great audience, but they are not so ready to make aright the many little speeches to father, mother, husband, wife, child, or servant. Some would gladly go to the foreign field to take the light of the Gospel to those in heathen darkness, but they forget to teach the heathen at our door. And thus we spend the precious moments of life in dreaming, rather than doing, and leave its unimproved opportunities as witness of condemnation. It is said that an artist in the olden times searched long and diligently for a piece of sandalwood from which to carve a Madonna. He could not find it. And when discouraged, and also ready to give up his life dream, in a vision he was told to use some oak wood near him. He did so, and God helped him to produce a masterpiece.—*Christian Standard.*

That sermon of which it is said, "It is just splendid, and could not possibly offend anybody, no matter what his belief might be," needs no further condemnation. Surely none of Christ's sermons were of that kind, nor were any of Peter's, of Stephen's, or of Paul's. The sermon that does not offend Satan and some of his servants is worthless. The same may be truthfully said of a religious paper.—*Religious Telescope.*

THE INGLENOOK

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WHAT CONSTITUTES GIVING OR A GIFT?

Because of the wide difference in the acts which are looked upon as praiseworthy examples of giving perhaps it would be well, especially at this season, for us to look up the real meaning of the word and see just where we stand in the long line of professing benefactors.

In order that we may arrive at definite results in the matter, it will be necessary first of all to establish some authority to which all our individual notions must give way. The preservation of a pure language also demands that we have a standard to which all who use that language are made to conform; for if each one were allowed to be his own interpreter we would soon have no language and would be unable to communicate with each other intelligibly.

Proceeding on the supposition that no one among us has sufficient knowledge of etymology to establish a better standard than the one we now have in our recognized dictionaries, we will take the definition of the word "give," as it appears in one of these, and then measure our "giving" by it. Webster's International Dictionary says that give means, "to bestow without receiving a return; to confer without compensation; to impart, as a possession." And a gift according to this same authority, is "anything voluntarily transferred by one person to another without compensation."

These definitions sound terribly rigid. Who ever thought that the English language drew such hard and fast lines, particularly as to the use of such common, every-day words? Without prying into any one's motives or endeavoring to do any mind reading —simply keeping our eyes and ears open—we may safely move at least fifty per cent of the Christmas "giving" out of the giving column and set it down in the "exchange" column. The giving list will then appear more respectable,—more in keeping with our standard—but if we were to go back of appearances, it would no doubt shrink considerably still.

In some fields we would run more risk in trying to standardize the giving of others, but even in these the latitude people have allowed themselves has stretched the word out of all semblance to its true character. Take, for instance, the religious field. Many church members get a great deal of satisfaction out of the large sum they pay into their church treasury. They consider themselves bountiful givers and their church, or congregation, a "liberal" church, even when five-sixths of the money paid into the treasury is paid out to meet the running expenses of this church. As well call a man a generous giver who goes to town and buys himself a good suit of clothes and a square meal.

It is true, the cheerful giver does receive some return,—compensation it may be called—but it must be remembered that it is not a return in kind; it is althogether different coin—not even exchangeable.

To this debasing of the meaning of give may be traced the fact that many "givers" are starving spiritually and are not experiencing the blessings promised to the cheerful and generous giver. If they want to realize that these promises are as full of life and power as ever, let them be sure that the direct benefit of their giving goes away and beyond themselves, and they will have that realization.

From now on let us measure our giving by the standard and thus double the good done, in the benefits received by others and the blessings received by ourselves.

THE NEW COOK BOOK.

By the time this reaches our readers the new cook book will not lack much of being completely attired in its new dress preparatory to calling at the many homes which have extended to it hearty and pressing invitations.

We are sorry that these invitations have seemingly been so long disregarded, but, in the words of a well-known advertisement, "There's a reason," and that is what we wish to speak about now. The editor is no more taken with the idea of making a confession than other mere mortals; excuses and explanations appear much more respectable and dignified. For this and other reasons we are taking the long, round-about excuse way of endeavoring to set ourselves right with readers in this matter of not keeping our word as to the date of finishing the cook book.

Observation—and some experience—has taught us that when closely cornered, one good way to disconcert the accuser and gain time is to suddenly point out some other person as the guilty fellow. We will proceed on that policy. In the first place those who have the "say so" and decided on a revision of the

cook book made a mistake in placing the revising work into the hands of the one whose time is fairly well taken already with the chore of getting out an INGLENOOK every week.

But this was only the beginning in mistakes. When the advertiser came around and made it plain that it was "for the good of the cause" that the book be ready to mail in so many days, the "revisionist," intoxicated no doubt by the honor attending the commission and overestimating the power to accomplish great things, said, "It will be done 'in so many days.'"

This would have been no rash promise if the work of securing new recipes and arranging them, etc., had been the only thing to do. The trouble was it had to be done as an "after supper job"—when the day's work of making the INGLENOOK magazine had been laid aside. And so it was that we soon faced the bitter reality of not being able to make our word good.

Notwithstanding these mistakes and disappointments, however, we have enjoyed our work on the new cook book. We have been brought into closer touch with a host of our readers and have felt the inspiration of their help and sympathy. We have been given heart-cheering glimpses of their characters when they have painstakingly written out a number of recipes and then willingly left their disposal to our judgment. We have also gotten some new ideas on cook-book making which may serve us in the future, if we have not fully profited by them in this work. Altogether, we are not sorry for the past months' extra work. The result does not come up to our plans and desires, but what worker is completely satisfied with his work? Is it not the sense of imperfection—of the possibility of doing better—that spurs us on from day to day?

But we say again that we are sorry the book was not finished on the date first set for its appearance. In giving our promise for that date we greatly underestimated the amount of work necessary to bring the material into shape. We are sorry, too, if the book does not come up to our readers' expectations. It is true that few books, as well as other things, do come up to their advertisements, but we have hoped that this might be an exception. In this connection let the reader bear in mind that the person who did the work on the book did not do any advertising and vice versa,

We do not believe we are running any great risks when we ask our readers to write us the result of their examination of the book in its new dress. Whether praise or criticism, let us have your opinion in the matter. Either one will help us to do better next time.

* * *

To get something for nothing is the fundamental immorality in the world.—*William Hard.*

RIGHT IS RIGHT.

HAVE you not often come in contact with a person who is as honest as the day is long in his dealings with individuals, who would not countenance petty larceny from another and who would be one of the first to cast the stone of disapproval at an offender, but, who, nevertheless, will withhold from the street-car company his fare without a qualm? There is also the merchant who will withhold from the railroad company a portion of the freight charges on a shipment of goods when an employé of the railroad company makes a mistake and undercharges such merchant's shipment, although such merchant is never known to remain silent when the same employé of the same railroad company makes a mistake and overcharges such merchant's shipment.

The argument of such persons is that the street-car conductor is paid to collect the fares, and if he fails to do so it is not the passenger's duty to remind him, and that if the railroad company does not charge its full rate it should not expect the merchant to do its clerical work.

A merchant who does not belong to this class of persons said to me, "Right is right!"

This merchant had received a shipment of goods from New York and the delivering railroad had tendered the goods at a weight one thousand pounds less than the goods actually weighed. The merchant detected the undercharge, because it is his custom to scrutinize all of his freight bills, and, in this instance, immediately notified the railroad agent to present a corrected bill at the proper weight.

"The way I feel about the matter," said the merchant, "is that a merchant should act as squarely with a railroad corporation as with one of his customers, or, in other words, he should act as squarely toward the corporation as he wants the corporation to act toward him. If the freight bill had called for an excess weight of one thousand pounds, I would have requested a reduction to the proper weight; and the rule ought to work both ways.

"In fact, there is only one way to do business—it does not make any difference whether you are dealing with a corporation or an individual; and that is, to act squarely with everybody; for right is right."—*W. T. Childs, Baltimore, Maryland.*

* * *

LET us be careful how we think or speak of those who fail to live up to the standard that we had expected of them. We may not know the disadvantages, difficulties and weaknesses under which a soul may be struggling for life. Such a soul may be nearer to God, though it fail in its duty, than the one that apparently succeeds under more favorable circumstances.—*Gospel Herald.*



THE HOME WORLD



GREAT THOUGHTS FOR PASSING DAYS.

Sunday.

Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Monday.

"So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart and thy brave cheer."
—Browning.

Tuesday.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are in each other sure;
Sweet are the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.
—Keble.

Wednesday.

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Thursday.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor on the ocean's calm;
But when it rages, and the winds blow high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Friday.

'Tis sense, unbridled will—and not true love,
That kills the soul. Love betters what is best
Even here below—but more in heaven above.
—Michael Angelo.

Saturday.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.
—James Freeman Clarke.

The Interest on the Mortgage

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

ESTHER DEANE was tired, so tired that she lay tossing on her bed for several hours before she went to sleep, so tired that she arose the next morning feeling as if she could not go to her schoolroom. "It is a good thing for me that vacation is about due," she said to her friend May who taught in the room next to hers. "I do need a rest. And if our salaries were only a bit larger one might feel more resigned to working so hard."

"We certainly earn more than they pay us," replied May. "But I am satisfied; I am earning more than I could get as a typewriter."

"And I heard you say the other day you wanted to study music this winter," went on Esther. "You might as well wish for a trip to Europe. Did it ever strike you that after all our study and preparation for a career back at Oak Knoll College we should be closer to it today than we are?"

May was slowly keeping step with Esther. Now she turned and faced her. "Don't, Esther, please don't, It takes all the cheer and courage I can muster to keep from getting to the point where I shall have to break down and admit that I am a failure."

Esther was surprised. "That would be disastrous; I have been steering around that point and marked it 'dangerous.' I dare not think of the high hopes with which I left college and now here we are in second-rate schools with no immediate prospects of anything better."

"I wanted the music to help my brother. He can never work as other men do and he is trying to fit himself to teach music; I have taught him all he knows. You remember I made a specialty of music whenever I could during our years at school. It was for his sake." And May once more swung into step and the two girls hurried to school.

"I hope, oh, how much I hope you can do what you want to do for him," said Esther sympathetically. "And I do not want to croak or make you see only clouds; I am too tired this morning to look at things as I should. Something's sure to turn up for the better, by another year."

"I don't want to give up hoping; I must keep working for Ralph's sake. He is often moody and—and—"

"I see," replied Esther with swift comprehension. "You must keep up your courage and his too."

As they went up the walk leading to the schoolrooms Esther's face took on a hard set expression that was fast becoming habitual; she looked twenty-eight though she was only twenty-three and when she was rested and happy, she was supposed to be about eighteen. Not even to May had she confessed that she was worried about things at home. But like an incubus that could not be shaken off, the mortgage on their home was sapping her strength and vitality. She had never feared until this year. She had taught two years and her savings had paid the interest on the mortgage and part of the mortgage itself. But now, instead of getting a better position she was to remain in the same room. She had been so sure of getting at least ten dollars a month more in the coming year that it was hard to be patient when the director tried to explain one of those inexplicable situations in which the best board of directors is liable to be involved. His explanation did not clear up matters either.

Two days later May said good-by to Esther as she took the train for Clayton, a small town forty miles away, where Esther and her mother had always lived. "I can do something for Ralph since I have some music pupils for the summer," she said. "And Esther, we'll get better positions sometime."

"If they only knew how very deserving you are, you'd be a principal at least," said Esther. "Now good-by; I'll write to you." Esther found herself on the train and looking forward anxiously to "seeing mother," for she had not been home for six months. How her face brightened when she came close to her journey's end. Before the train stopped she had her suitcase in hand and was close to the door.

Yes, mother and Grace were both waiting for her. And Esther clasped her mother in her strong young arms, feeling as if she must keep all sorrow and trouble from her. "It is so good to see you," she cried.

"I've been too happy to sleep," Grace said. "Are you really glad to get back, Esther dear?"

"Am I glad to come home? Well, I should say so. I've been dreaming about it." And then the three made their way slowly to the house. Not until she was within sight of the house did Esther think of the mortgage, and the remembrance brought with it a pang. How mother would hate to leave her home! And how in the world could they manage to keep it? But if mother or Grace thought of it, they made no sign. All three were talking and laughing as if they had not a care in the world.

"I surely have not eaten anything so good since I left you, Mother. How delightful to sit down to the table with you and Grace!"

Everything was spotlessly clean. The teapot held some very good hot tea and the biscuits were flaky and light, as only mother's could be. "It is almost like heaven to be with you again; I begin to feel better already. I've been homesick without knowing what the trouble was," said Esther. But her eyes were suspiciously bright, as she looked first at mother then at Grace.

All evening they talked about many things, but never a word of the mortgage or Esther's savings. They were blissfully happy; nothing should worry Esther on this first evening at home. And Esther, feeling somehow more comforted and happy than she had felt for weeks, went to bed with a trustful heart ready to do and dare for these dear ones.

She arose the next morning feeling that she had heard some one walking about a long time ago but her peace of mind, her sense of home and its shelter so permeated her that instead of being aroused and instantly wide awake she had slept. Now it was broad daylight and she heard Grace singing in the kitchen. Her mother must be baking bread; the odors of something good came from the oven. But when Esther came into the kitchen she stood open-mouthed with surprise.

"What in the world does this mean?" she cried.

There were loaves and loaves of bread on the table. And a spicy fruitcake was in her mother's hands. The spotless kitchen of the night before had been turned into a bakery.

It was Grace who laughingly vouchsafed an answer. "It means that mother and I are bread-winners or business women or working women. We hated to write, for fear you would not understand."

"Just go into the sittingroom, deary, and I'll tell you all about it in a few minutes," said her mother.

But Esther watched with eager interest while her mother deftly moulded some cookies and the things from the oven were arranged on shelves and covered with snowy cloths until the grocer's boy should call for them.

Then her mother explained: "You know we have worried so much about a foreclosure. And I began to wish it might be possible for me to do something to help. You have carried such a heavy share of our troubles that I wonder you have borne up as well as you have. I heard that our best families were so hard to please in the matter of bread and cake, the grocer did not know where to turn to get good bread. So I asked him to let me try. And, my dear, everything I bake is quite satisfactory. The least I have ever made was six dollars the first week. One week we cleared fourteen. Of course the interest on the mortgage is paid and fifty dollars of the mortgage itself. And we are going to save the house if we can keep well and strong."

"We thought you might object, you are so fastid-

ious," explained Grace with all a younger sister's candor.

"We can do only what we are fitted for," said the mother in her soft, low voice.

But Esther could not reply at first. She was nearly crying. To think that this blessed home was still their own and that there was a chance of getting rid of their indebtedness was such a relief, she hardly knew what to say. "O Mother, Mother, if you knew what a relief it is to feel that our home is secure another year. I have not been able to get a better position, and I was discouraged. But now we shall all work together. Only are you sure the work is not too hard for you?"

"I am feeling better than I have for a year. It is better to work than to worry."

"You do look well and I am so happy," said Esther.

FORGIVEN.

I used to hate Bill Hazelton, for once he done me wrong,
And when I hate a man my hate is deep and wide and strong;
We traded hosses years ago; the one I got from him,
It seemed was crippled up somehow in almost every limb;
He lied like sixty, and I vowed some time I'd break his head,
But—well, let bygones be bygones—his little boy is dead.

I used to love the girl he got; I guess she loved me, too,
But he went tellin' her a lot of things that wasn't true;
I found it out long afterward, when I had ceased to care,
Because I'd learned to love again—but still it wasn't fair,
And so I vowed to make him eat the words that he had said,
But—well, let bygones be bygones—his little boy is dead.

Last night I met him in the road; it was a lonely place;
Land, how I'd often wished that I could meet him face to face!
I know that in a stand-up fight he'd have no chance at all;
I'm six feet in my socks, and he is scrawny-like and small;
He looked up at me when we met; I seen his eyes were red,
And—well, let bygones be bygones—his little boy is dead.

I've found out what it is to love a child that is your own,
To have a little chap around that worships you alone;
I've found out what it means to watch a little face grow pale,
And I know what it means when all the doctor's efforts fail;
Poor Bill! I'm sorry now because of certain things I've said,
For—well, let bygones be bygones—his little boy is dead.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEVER BURN FOOD.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

A CERTAIN kind-hearted old man used to say, "Never burn anything which some creature would like to eat." When a young girl, I used sometimes to brush the crumbs from the table and thoughtlessly throw them into the woodbox. He would say, "There are little hungry birds who would like those crumbs."

It is customery in some towns or cities (and I am sorry to say with some country people also) to burn the scraps from the table. How wasteful! How wrong! After the picnic on the mountain side, Jesus said. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." John 6: 12. He did *not* say, "Cast them into the fire." That would have been utter loss.

It is wrong to waste or destroy any useful thing which God entrusts to our care. In cities as well as the country are many poor, hungry animals and birds—all God's creatures—that would be glad to have the scraps from our tables. *He cares* for the sparrows; yes, and for every living creature. How cruel, then to withhold from them the food which he would have us give to them, destroying it with fire.

In large cities, many a poor *human soul* is obliged to subsist upon the scraps from other people's tables. Let, tea, coffee and other non-nourishing liquids, be disposed of. But have a place to put all bits of solid food (if you do not wish to use it) and let some less fortunate creature be fed thereby. We can make use of all food if we wish. But if we do not, some neighbor's cow, horse or chickens, will be glad to have it. Cows and horses will eat parings and everything except flesh food, while dogs, cats, chickens and little birds are glad to have *any kind of food.* If one lives in a city where human beings subsist upon the contents of the garbage can, it is only human, to keep those contents clean. But where only the lower animals depend upon our kindness, it is Christlike to consider even their need. They look to us for kindness, even as we look to our Creator (and theirs) for our daily bread.

PLODDERS.

"I CANNOT get over it," said Ruth in a bewildered tone. "Norman Duncan, the 'dull twin,' as we have always called him, has graduated with highest honors; and Rick, the brilliant one, from whom we have expected great things has only just pulled through. I don't understand it."

"It is not an unusual occurrence," said Aunt Margaret.

"It is sometimes a misfortune, so to speak, to be as you say Rick is—brilliant. As someone says, 'Gigantic pine trees often spring from poor soil,' and not infrequently the least promising conditions will

develop strength of mind and purpose that will fit one for better and higher work than one nurtured in more favorable conditions can possibly do. I pin my faith not so much on brilliancy, as on steady, persistent, hard work. William Carey said of himself, 'I can plod, I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.' And Edison asserts with emphasis that he never accomplished anything by accident.

"Nowadays so many are looking for easy places, forgetting that whatever is worth while costs hard work and persistence. When Schley was sent to the rescue of the Greely expedition he found the commander in his sleeping bag on the ice, apparently nearly dead of starvation.

"'Greely,' said Schley as he endeavored to rouse him, 'is that you?' 'Yes,' was the feeble response, and then his indomitable spirit rallied. 'Seven of us left,' he said. 'Here we are, dying like men. Did what we came for.' Virgil said of the winning crew in his boat race, 'They can because they think they can.' Mungo Park, the traveler, once fell exhausted in the desert and thought that he must die. But just then he spied a tiny shrub which was growing bravely sustained by but a particle of moisture. 'Ah,' he cried, 'if that can live, I can,' and springing up he resumed his travels and soon reached safety. The world does not owe us a living, we must earn it. It pays us for what we do, not for what we might do.

"A young fellow was boasting to his father of the big wages he was getting in the city. 'Are you worth it, my boy?' asked the honest old farmer anxiously. It is the determination to be worth something, to be worth just as much as possible that wins success for the plodder. He who is accounted brilliant is too apt to 'trust to luck.' A little mouse, so Benjamin Franklin said, by diligence and patience at last ate in two the cable."

"That reminds me of the old darky's definition of perseverance," said Ruth. "'Fustly,' quote he, 'it means take hold; secondly, hold on; thirdly and lastly, nebber let go.'"

"Exactly," said Aunt Margaret laughing, "the ones who 'nebber leave go' are the ones who come out ahead."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

FEAR THE BETRAYER.

It is said that a general at the battle of San Juan Hill noticed a volunteer, a mere boy, panic-stricken under the rain of Mauser bullets and the thunder of Spanish artillery. The officer dismounted, spoke encouraging words to the young recruit, directed his aim again and again, and commended his returning steadiness, until the man in him awoke and the boy found himself a soldier.

Fear may make a coward of a soldier or a liar of a child. Fear and subterfuge are running mates, and often the terrified child, overtaken in a fault, is betrayed into the hands of deceit. The encouragement to find his best self is not given, he is overwhelmed at his weakest moment by wrathful accusation, and, with no time to collect his small fortitude, no word to help rally his courage, no hand steadying his aim, to avert the storm he lies.

A boy of six, sensitive, naturally truthful, and with a sincere desire to do the right, had great fear of his father's anger. One day, in getting a little flag from a mantel, he overturned and broke a picture frame. Before he could tell his trouble to any sympathetic ear his father came, and he joined the other children with his burden unshared. The father soon found the shattered glass on the hearth, and with a retributive air proceeded to determine the culprit. Each child gave a frightened denial, and, pained as well as angry, the father sought his wife's room. One of the children had told a lie; he meant to discover which one and inflict severe punishment, or else he would punish all.

"I think the one who did it will tell at bedtime," she said. "Let us leave it till then."

Dinner was a dreary meal, and the subdued quartet were ready for bed early—all but Jamie. He begged for a few minutes more, and then a few more, even after the others were tucked away, until, the nurse gone, the mother said, "Now, dear, hadn't we better have it over?"

Suddenly the fountains of his soul were broken up: "Oh, mama, I can't go to bed till I say my prayers, and I can't pray till I've told you. I broke the frame, and I told papa a lie."

"Dear, I knew, but I wanted you to tell me."

"I started to tell you right away, but papa came, and—I was so afraid, he seemed so cross."

"And then you told the lie."

"I was afraid. Oh, why do I get so scared?"

"You will be brave next time, I feel sure. Are you sorry, dear?"

"So sorry. Can you love me any more, mama?"

"Dearly. But I'm sorry, too, for the lie. I hope you won't tell another."

"I don't believe I will. I think I'll get braver—don't you? What must I do about papa?"

"Tell him yourself in the morning."

"He'll whip me"—in a frightened whisper.

"Well, then, be a brave boy and bear it. We are bound to pay in some way for misdoing, and the highest price we ever pay is for a lie. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think I do. But, mama, I believe I love you so much because I want to tell you things, even when I'm naughty."

Love casteth out fear—yes, and remember that is reversible.—*Selected.*

DEVELOPING THE DESIRABLE TRAITS IN CHILDREN.

When the gardener seeks to develop a new variety of flower, only the desirable and most beautiful features of other flowers are considered for the production of the new plant, and everything else is sacrificed to the end of attaining a perfect plant of the desired kind.

Luther Burbank, in creating a new yellow chrysanthemum, considers only yellow in the plants, while if it is a red carnation he wants, red for the time being is his study in flower life, and in this way the best of its kind is produced and perpetuated.

If such wonderful things can be done in plant life, why not apply those same methods to child life in the cultivation of the tendencies and habits which we wish to see our child possess as he or she grows up?

By making *truthfulness* one of the qualities to be especially developed a powerful stone is laid in the foundation of character. This fact was brought out in a recent instance which the writer observed.

James was only seven years old but very proud of any distinction in school, so he came home one day telling how his teacher had called him up, that day before the entire room, to show them how clean his face and hands were and how nicely his hair was combed. Soon after his mother met the teacher, and thanked her for her tactful encouragement of James in that way, also mentioning the incident. Seeing that the teacher seemed somewhat confused, she concluded to speak to James, when he came home, about the matter, and when she told him of having seen his teacher, and of what had been said, he confessed that it was not he but another boy who had been called up and shown as an example.

Fortunately the mother was wise enough to see that she had a problem before her and gave herself to its study, realizing that now was the time to emphasize the value of truthfulness, and she made James see that he had made a mistake, and that if he kept repeating it, in time no one would believe him. Young as he was he understood and learned the truthful way.

Children need to grow up in an atmosphere of truth, where the parents love it, where all

> "Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
> A fault which needs it grows two thereby."

—*American Motherhood.*

WHY HIS MARRIAGE WAS A FAILURE.

He regarded children as a nuisance.

He did all his courting before marriage.

He never talked over his affairs with his wife.

He doled out money to his wife as if to a beggar.

He looked down upon his wife as an inferior being.

He never took time to get acquainted with his family.

He thought of his wife only for what she could bring him.

He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.

He never dreamed that a wife needs praise or compliments.

He had one set of manners for home and another for society.

He married an ideal and was disappointed to find it had flaws.

He thought his wife should spend all her time in doing housework.

He never dreamed that his wife needed a vacation, recreation, or change.

He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.

He thought the marriage vow had made him his wife's master, instead of her partner.

He took all the little attentions lavished on him by his wife as his by "divine right," and not as favors.—*Selected.*

TO PREVENT STOOPING.

Many growing girls, especially those tall for their age, are inclined to stoop, and many well-meaning persons advocate the use of braces or shoulder-straps as a means of correcting the tendency. The braces may force an upright carriage but they give the wearer no strength of muscle to maintain the position. A much better way is to teach the girls how to strengthen these muscles of the chest, back and shoulders which produce an erect figure. Old fashioned mothers had their daughters drill with a plate or book, or other article on the head, and this is a good practice. But a much better way is to expand the chest with a long, deep breath and try to maintain the position after the breath is expired. The lifting of the chest by the chest muscles every time the thought of the position occurs, will do a great deal of good, and, in time, correct the defect. High pillows, and a soft bedspring is one cause of this stooping figure, but a child should not be allowed to sit incorrectly, or "lop" when at rest. A stooping figure makes one ungainly and awkward, and apart from the damage done to the health by a constantly contracted and sunken chest, the slouching figure is a very unsightly one. Mothers and teachers should insist on the lifted chest and the upright position, making the child go through the exercises as often as possible.—*The Commoner.*

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

This familiar phrase, like many another, encloses a kernel of wisdom in a nutshell. Among our housewives there are those who make it their boast that they never give up until they drop in their tracks; that

they keep on working after they have had intimations that their strength is failing, and that they never have a doctor until they are absolutely confined to their beds. These good women tell one with satisfaction that when they are ill in earnest it is an affair of weeks or months, and they point with a certain pride to this or that attack that frightened the family and made deep inroads on the savings in the bank. Why would it not have been truer economy and more in line with common sense to stop before getting so weary that nature refused to be longer challenged? Why not, particularly when menaced with cold or rheumatism or some other device of the demon of ill health, take steps at once to ward off the trouble?—*Christian Herald.*

* * *

"*Baked Heart.*—Soak the heart for five or six hours in salted water. Wash it thoroughly. Fill it with good meat dressing made of bread crumbs and put it in a baking pan with several slices of bacon and two thin slices of onion laid over it. Put some hot water in the pan and baste with hot water while the meat is cooking. Two and a half hours will be required for the baking; sometimes a little longer."

The Children's Corner

WHAT I HEARD THEM SAY.

The dog and cat were sitting on the hearth-rug by the fire,
And the pet canary's cage was hanging near,
And while I sat so quietly, they thought I was asleep,
They said these things so loudly I could hear.
Said the cat "'Tis really shocking, how I am mauled around
By the best brought-up of children in this town!
The little folks who live here, have no feeling for their pets—
Now, would you like to be carried, upside down?"

"Your woes, my dearest Madam," the dog politely said,
"Are very sad, I answer, so are mine.
My little master loves me,—at least he says he does—
And then forgets to feed me, half the time.
I run until I'm breathless, I try hard to do my best,
(He always scolds and whips me, when I fail)
But tell me, dearest Madam, pray how would it suit you
To be sic'd, and then held backward by the tail?"

The canary, all this time, had sat with drooping head,
"My friends," she said, "my trouble is not nice,
It is almost a shame to mention, in polite society,
But you never in your lives, were plagued with lice!
They never let me have some dust, or I could kill the pests,
They let me get as dirty as can be,
All my seed is gone, this long time, but some I do not like,
And my water-cup's a dreadful sight to see."

Just then, I sneezed, or coughed,—at least they knew I was awake—
And you'd not believe they'd ever said a word!
But I pass along this story, which is true, you must admit,
Of their troubles and vexations, which I heard.
Now, little boys and girlies, there are pets within your home—
A birdie, or a doggie, or a cat—
Please remember what I've told you, of what I heard them say,
When the cat, and dog, and birdie, had a chat.

—Ethelyn Dyer, in Our Dumb Animals.

* * *

PLAYTHINGS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

CHILDREN are much the same all over the world in their love of games and playthings. And what is perhaps still stranger, is the fact that they loved thousands of years ago, toys very similar to those that delight the children of today.

We still possess dolls made of wood; and, like those of the present time, they differed a good deal in their make.

Egyptian children also amused themselves by working figures of men and animals moved by strings. One of these was a funny little figure of a man bending over a sort of sloping table, with a lump of something, probably dough, between his hands. His arms and legs were jointed; and, by the pulling of a string, he was made to roll the dough along the table for the amusement of the little folks.

Among the animals which they copied in their toys were the crocodile and the cat. Very often they made the lower jaw of the animal hang loose upon the hinges, and they fastened a string to its upper side. The string was then passed through a hole in the upper jaw and, by pulling this string, the child could make his toy bite.

Egyptian children played with balls, as, indeed, the grown-up people did, too. The Egyptians loved painting, and covered the walls of their palaces with pictures of their daily life. These are still to be seen, clear and bright, as if they were painted only a little while ago. Some of these pictures show us men and women playing with balls; so we know that playing at ball was not altogether a child's game, though children did play it. The balls were made of leather, stuffed with bran, and sewed up with string, and were about the size of our cricket-balls.

As the children grew older, they would take up the games of grown-up people, a great number of which are shown in the paintings upon the walls. Among them are wrestling and tumbling, fencing with sticks, lifting weights, and a game with a hoop. Indoors we see them conjuring, and playing draughts. Other games are also shown.—*Children's Own Magazine.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Mrs. Mary Baker Ed-y, founder of Christian Science, died at her home at Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Boston, Mass., Dec. 3, of pneumonia. Mrs. Eddy was in her ninetieth year, having been born July 16, 1821. She was married three times.

Scores of Europeans have fallen victims of the bubonic plague, which is sweeping Manchuria. The death rate of the Chinese is increasing so rapidly that the Russian government is taking steps to prevent Chinese traders from approaching railroad stations. Many Europeans have been caught in the death zone and the authorities refused to allow them to flee. One estimate says that 5,000 natives have perished.

The Russian government has hitherto found it impossible to keep in touch with Kamschatka during two-thirds of the year, owing to the severe winter storms. Now, however, by the aid of wireless telegraphy, this region may be kept in communication with the rest of the world all the year round. A series of stations has been established, and special inducements are offered to operators who will take charge of these isolated points.

It is understood that Count Tolstoy's daughter, Alexandra, in obedience to her father's wish, will sell the rights to the first edition of Tolstoy's writings for the purpose of buying Yasnaya Polyana from the Tolstoy family and dividing the estate, which has an area of 2,500 acres, among the peasants. The price of the first edition will be about $50,000. The copyright will then become public property. It is stated that neither of Tolstoy's sons is mentioned in the count's will.

Aeroplanes manufactured by the Wright brothers at Dayton, Ohio, can now be bought in the United States for the modest sum of $5,000. They used to be $7,500. Albert Bond Lambert, president of the Aero Club of St. Louis, received a telegram from the Wright brothers, stating that their aeroplane products have been put upon the American market. In the telegram received by President Lambert it was added that the tuition fee is an additional $300, and it is said any air tenderfoot can learn to control and fly with them in from ten to thirteen lessons.

Members of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives have returned from the canal zone, after having given hearings to the various departments of the canal service as to their requirements for the coming fiscal year. Evidence on estimates was taken, but the amount to recommend to Congress has not yet been determined. Canal officials ask $47,000,000. Representative Tawney said that in the main the canal was 60 per cent completed. Others of the party were Representatives Keifer, Fitzgerald, Burleson, Miller, Stafford and Sherley.

Some of the ablest and most famous educators in America have consented to address the twenty-first annual convention of the Southern Educational association, which is to be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., December 27, 28 and 29, inclusive. General southern and national educational problems are to be discussed in the general sessions, and technical subjects mainly in the departmental sessions.

Facts obtained from Chicago packing companies as to the effect of cold storage on foods of various kinds will form the basis for an important report to be made by Senator Heyburn of Idaho on the proposed cold storage bill. Senator Heyburn is preparing to recommend the early passage of the bill to regulate and limit the cold storage of foods. His bill will limit the time foods may be kept in storage; would require that the time of entering storage be plainly marked on the goods and would set up standards of excellence that must be maintained.

Chicago boiler-makers will be asked to take the place of the 125 who quit work on the Panama Canal several weeks ago because the government would not increase their wages from 65 to 75 cents an hour and consent to a six weeks' vacation yearly on full pay. Ray L. Smith, head of the government appointment bureau, has opened offices in the federal building and will recruit the crew. "These boiler-makers," said Mr. Smith, "did not strike, but merely resigned because the government would not concede to their demands. We have compromised, however, by offering all mechanics a four weeks' vacation, with pay, annually. The boiler-makers have little cause to complain. They received $5.20 a day, their lodging, five holidays a year, free medical attention, a month's sick leave in case of illness and free steamship transportation."

The first step toward the joint operation of the Bell Telephone and the Western Union Telegraph facilities, which results from the recent consolidation of the two companies into the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been taken in Missouri, Arkansas and other Western States. The action has the effect of giving night telegraphic service by means of the telephone to places in which the telegraph offices close early. The new arrangement went into effect December 1. Under the new arrangement, if a farmer whose home is equipped with a Bell telephone wishes to send a telegraphic dispatch at night after the telegraph office in the neighboring town has closed, he calls up the central station and communicates his desire. The central operator connects the farmer with the night office in whose zone he lives, the farmer telephones his message and it is then transmitted by telegraph in the usual way. The tolls are charged to the farmer with his telephone bill. In the same way incoming messages of importance are delivered.

The population of Colorado is 799,124, a gain of 48 per cent over the population of 539,700 in 1900. The population of Nevada is 81,875, a gain of 93.4 per cent over 42,335 in 1900. The population of Idaho is 325,594, a gain of 101.3 per cent over the population of 161,777 in 1900. The population of Oregon is 672,765, a gain of 62.7 per cent over the population of 413,536 in 1900. The population of California is 2,377,549, a gain of 60.1 per cent over the population of 1,485,053 in 1900. The population of Virginia is 2,061,612, a gain of 11.2 per cent over the population of 1,854,184 in 1900. By the new census California is entitled to four more congressmen while Virginia is entitled to one more.

The cold spell is checking the progess of infantile paralysis, that dreaded disease which leaves its victims cripples for life. According to Dr. Woodward, Washington's health officer, from investigations made by medical men and women throughout the United States it is not expected that the malady will be as prevalent next summer and fall as it was during the past few months. "In other communities," he says, "where the disease has been epidemic, the physicians have noticed that it did not appear in so many instances after the first cold weather. Although it usually reappears the following summer and fall, the disease is never so pronounced, and very seldom reaches an alarming height for several years. We may look for a renewal of the malady in a couple of years."

Official reports show that the world's production of tea totals about 1,200,000,000 pounds every year, of which just about one-half is grown in China; more than three-eighths in India, Ceylon, and Natal—parts of the British empire—and a little less than one-eighth in other countries, of which Japan, Java and Formosa are the most important. These figures would necessarily give more than 450,000,000 pounds as the amount of British-grown tea produced each year. This year, the crop has considerably exceeded this enormous quantity, India having produced in round numbers 262 million pounds, Ceylon 191 million and Natal two million, making a total of 455 millions. A small quantity has also been grown in Nyassaland, the Mauritius, the Straits Settlements, Queensland and the Fiji Isles. In the last named countries tea is mostly grown in small gardens and consumed locally.

Twenty-two million two hundred and twenty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-one dollars will be needed for river and harbor improvement work in the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, according to the annual report of Brig. Gen. W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers of the army. The estimates, it is announced, have been "cut to the bone" on orders from President Taft. No appropriations are asked for new projects and the $22,227,361 is to be divided among 211 projects. Ten per cent of the amount is for restoration and maintenance of works already completed in 136 localities; 70 per cent of it is needed for the prosecution of works on the Mississippi, Ohio, Hudson, Detroit, Delaware and Columbia rivers and on 11 of the most important harbors, while the remainder is for smaller works, 82 in number, the amount of each being less than $25,000 Congress up to the present time, the report states, has appropriated $660,604,209.74 for river and harbor work.

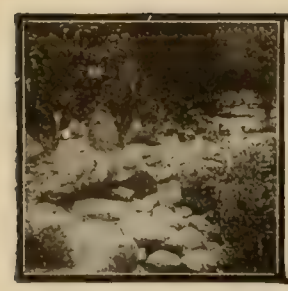
According to consular dispatches, a small suburb of Frankfort, Germany, is giving not only the United States, but all other countries, several good pointers about the erection of cheap and comfortable dwellings for those whose means demand low rentals. The Mietheim—Aktiengesellschaft, a stock company, has completed a block of houses in Bockenheim, which consists of five groups of four buildings each, occupying 60 acres (7,176 square yards). The houses are built around a grass court. In each house are eight dwellings, composed of two rooms, with a kitchen and appurtenances. In addition, a cellar and ground space are allotted or placed at the disposal of tenants. According to a contract made with the city the average rental for these dwellings is to be $7.14 per month. The total cost of constructing the block of houses, 160 dwellings in all, was approximately $173,740. The tract of land on which the houses stand has been ceded by the city under a concession which expires in 1980.

Action to prevent the sale of fine pearl tapioca as sago has been taken by the federal pure food and drugs board. The board holds that to designate tapioca as sago is misbranding and that the same holds true with regard to imitation sago made from potato starch, except in cases where the labeling clearly indicates that the product is an imitation. Real sago is prepared from starch obtained from the pith of the stem of several species of palm trees, native of the East Indies, and tapioca is prepared by heating moist starch made from a root of the cassava or tapioca plant, which is indigenous to certain South American countries. Both products ordinarily reach the consumer in granulated form and are designated as "pearl sago" and "pearl tapioca" respectively. While each is a distinct article of commerce, each resembles the other closely in appearance, and fine pearl tapioca has frequently been labeled and sold as sago. The opinion of the board is that the name sago or pearl sago, without qualification, means the product secured from the pith of the palm trees, and starch products of different origin will be held to be misbranded if labeled or offered for sale as the real article. The same ruling is made about tapioca.

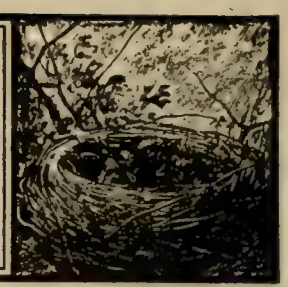
The count of the 1910 census has progressed sufficiently to determine with practical certainty the eight largest cities in the United States and to show that each of these cities has a population exceeding 500,000. During the past decade there has been no change in the rank of the first five of these. The figures follow:

City	Population in 1910	Population in 1900
New York	4,766,883	3,437,202
Chicago	2,185,283	1,698,575
Philadelphia	1,549,008	1,293,697
St. Louis	687,029	575,238
Boston	670,585	560,892
Cleveland	560,663	381,768
Baltimore	558,485	508,957
Pittsburg	533,905	321,617

In the last decade Cleveland and Baltimore have exchanged places, the latter dropping from sixth to seventh rank, and Pittsburg has jumped from eleventh to eighth place. A list of the ten largest cities of the world, according to the latest census reports, includes three American cities, namely, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.



NATURE STUDIES



THE BAG-WORM OR BASKET-WORM.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THIS is a worm that is doing much damage to the trees of late years. The first we notice is a little worm dangling in the breeze by means of a fine thread, having its body encased in a silken case. As the worm grows, it adds to the upper end of this cocoon, entangling leaves in the meshes till the case looks very much like a chance collection of dried leaves.

This cocoon is very tough and effectually protects the occupant from birds and the like, for how can they get him out? If an attempt is made to remove it through the open upper end it seizes one side with its mouth and the other with its legs, closes the opening and successfully defies eviction. The only way to get the worm out without danger of destroying it is to cut the cocoon from end to end.

Left to their own way, they soon defoliate a tree and they are not very choice as to the kind of trees, either, though it appears that the greatest sufferers are the cedars and apple trees. If all the foliage be kept off a tree it will soon die and that is just what happens to many of the trees.

Toward the end of summer a web is spun to the upper part of the cocoon, fastening it to the limb. In this cocoon the worm goes through the changes common to insects, entering upon the pupa stage. But here comes the peculiar part of the story. The occupants of the smaller cocoons soon cast their skins, having first worked an opening in the lower end of the case, where the skin is left hanging, while a fuzzy, black fellow flutters away on the breeze. These are the males. In the large cocoons the pupa case is left in the cocoon and as the complete insect slowly emerges the case is filled with eggs, for the tenant is a female. After several days the egg-laying is completed and the imago emerges. To also flit around in the twilight? Not much! Though she is a moth all right she is not much of a "flitter," though that may not be her desire. Like some other insects the females are all wingless. What about the eggs? Oh, they stay right on the tree in this cosy little nest till the warm days of spring come, then they hatch out, and are already on a tree where they may begin the life cycle again.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

HOW SQUIRRELS TRANSPORT THEIR YOUNG.

JOHN S. FERNALD (DECEASED).

WE are all familiar with the method by which animals of the cat tribe transport their young from place to place, and most of us recall our youthful anger at the family cat the first time we saw her carrying one of her kittens in her mouth. But I doubt if many readers of this magazine ever saw a squirrel moving her little ones from one nest to another. The cat seizes her kitten by the nape of the neck and lifts him as high as she can. Unless he is quite small his hind parts drag on the ground. A squirrel, however, is wiser, or at least has a better method of doing this. She induces the little one to lie down on his back before her, when she grasps the loose skin on his belly in her mouth. He then clasps his fore legs and head around one side of her neck and his hind legs and tail around the other, thus making of himself a sort of fur scarf for his mama. They are then ready for a trip up or down a tree, over the ground of lawn or forest, or even to make a good run from a pursuing cat or other enemy.

HOW ANIMALS LEARN.

LEARNING is the great problem in all human psychology, and any facts we can gather about the way the animal learns will be helpful to us. We can find such facts only by resorting to experiment. We choose some problems for the animal to solve —he must raise a latch, pull a string, slide out a bar, or thread a maze, before the goal is reached; that is, before food can be obtained. The animal, like the human being in this respect, will work at a problem only so long as it compels his interest. We must keep his interest by providing a stimulus. This stimulus may be food, escape from confinement, punishment for wrong action, etc. So long as we keep the stimulus constant the animal will work steadily at the task from day to day.

By such experiments we have established the fact that when animals learn to open doors, run mazes, etc., by their own unaided efforts, they achieve the first success in nearly all cases by some happy incident. If a rat is hungry and confined in a large cage with a small box containing food which it can get access to only by raising a latch, it be-

gins its task by the display of a repertoire of instinctive acts, common to every member of the rat race. It runs around and over the box, gnawing the wires, pushing into every mesh of the wire with its nose, clawing, etc. This random instinctive exercise of energy results early in the knowledge of the fact that the door of the box is the only movable portion. The rat's activity becomes centered here. Since the latch is attached to the small door, the chance has rapidly become better that some movement of the rat, such as butting or clawing, may raise the latch from the socket. In a period of time, which may vary from two minutes to twenty, or even longer, this happy accident will occur, the door will then fall open, and the rat get the food. Will the animal on the second trial run immediately to the latch and raise it? I have hundreds of records, not only upon the rat, but upon other animals as well, which show that such is not the case. The individual animal may take longer on the second trial than upon the first, but the average of the second trial of a number of animals will be shorter than the average of the first. On successive trials the time of success gets shorter and shorter, until finally the animal will open the latch as soon as confronted with the box. This is the type of hundreds of similar experiments which have been made upon animals ranging in development from the monkey to the mouse. Most of the numerous acts of the trained animals on the vaudeville stage are acquired in this laborious way (as the trainer well knows, would he but confess it). Such a mode of learning is the rule, and any higher method (so called "reasoning") is an exception so rare that it is doubtful if it exists.—*Harper's Magazine.*

LUMINOUS BIRDS.

Birds with luminous or phosphorescent plumage were mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers and form the subject of several notes recently published in the *Revue francaise d'Ornithologie*. Phosphorescence has been observed most frequently in herons and owls. It has been suggested that the luminosity is due to particles of phosphorescent decaying wood adhering to the feathers. In the case of the heron this hypothesis can hardly be sustained, and the white barn owl, which exhibits the phenomenon of phosphorescence, frequents buildings rather than holes in trees. Besides, the phosphorescence of the feathers is more intense than that of rotten wood. The luminosity of birds' plumage has also been attributed to photo-bacteria living in decomposing animal matter, but this theory appears to fail in the case of a screech-owl which was observed by Spencer and Purdy, in England, to phosphoresce during a period of several months. Luminosity due to putrefaction would vanish on the drying of the feathers.

The most plausible theory is that of Pycraft, who attributes the phosphorescence to a specific fungous growth on the plumage. The greater luminosity of the breast feathers is probably caused by the mechanical and chemical action of the air current encountered during flight; that is, to concussion and excessive oxygenation. This view is supported by the well-known fact that agitation of air or of water containing phosphorescent organisms usually increases the luminosity.—*Scientific American.*

AN AQUARIUM.

An aquarium with living, moving insects in it is an interesting ornament for the window-sill of a schoolroom. A glass candy-jar may be transformed into such an aquarium. First put into the jar a layer of sand about two inches deep; in this sand plant some small water-weeds, and add a layer of gravel or pebbles; then nearly fill the jar with rain-water, pouring it in carefully, so as not to disturb the plants. The plants will keep the water in a right condition for the water-insects to live in; more water should be added from time to time to replace that which evaporates. In such an aquarium place any insects found in water, and watch their habits.

Such an aquarium is within the reach of any boy or girl, and will prove a source of unfailing interest. Especially would it delight a young invalid, who is shut away from all outdoor pleasures and opportunities for observation.—*Selected.*

ASBESTUS.

Of all the queer minerals which nature seems to have provided for no other purpose than that man might show his ingenuity in their use nothing compares to that mineralogical vegetable asbestus, which in its native state is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and yet brittle, a stone which will float and which may be carded, spun, and woven like flax or silk. Asbestus is mined in practically every section of the globe, and the asbestus of the various countries differs as greatly in appearance as does the foliage of the trees and plants native to each. It is alike in but one feature—that it is absolutely indestructible, no known combinations of acids even affecting the strength or appearance of its fiber and the fiercest flames leaving it unscathed. It is a nonconductor of heat and electricity.

Some varieties of asbestus are as compact as marble and will take the highest polish; others have loose, silky fibers. "Mountain wool" is a variety presenting an irregular filamentous structure, like wool, and other varieties, taking their names from their re-

semblance to the various materials, are rock, cork, mountain leather, fossil paper, and fossil flax.

Asbestus is really a variety of amphibole or hornblende, composed of separable filaments with silky luster. Its colors are various shades of white, gray, or green, passing to brown, red, or black.—*Selected.*

THE USEFUL BARN OWL.

A FAMILY of barn owls will number from three to seven birds. It is hard to believe what an amount of vermin a family of owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry. They will eat their own weight in food every night, and more, if they can get it. A case is on record where a half-grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight, one after the other. The rapid digestion of birds of prey is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal, and swallowed four more mice. If this can be done by a single bird, what effect must a whole family of owls have on the vermin of a community?

It would be difficult to point out a more useful bird than the barn owl in any farming country. Like many other birds, it deserves the fullest protection, but man is often its worst enemy.—*American Birds.*

THE RED CROSS IN THE FIRE-SWEPT FOREST DISTRICTS.

ONE of the strangest facts observed in the forest fires which occasionally sweep over the woods of Northern Michigan and Minnesota is the burning of the ground. Falling leaves, bark and twigs and dying plant life gradually accumulate in the forests. The rains and dense shade keep the mass damp. Mosses grow on the surface of the decaying vegetation. The half-rotted stuff settles down and hardens. Trees spring up and their roots take hold in the peaty substance.

Then comes a season of drought, and the dampness slowly evaporates. A hunter or woodman or farmer builds a fire, or a railway engine drops a spark. The dry surface of the ground is ignited and a slow cancer of fire eats deep among the roots of the trees, smouldering for weeks or months. Then one day a strong wind springs up. The trees, undermined by the fire, topple over, their roots throwing out showers of sparks and burning masses of tinder-like material. Flames burst out in every direction, and, like a flash, a forest fire is in full sweep.

The forest fire which occurred in Northern Minnesota a few weeks ago broke out in many places at once, because many of these smouldering fires were simply awaiting the gale which sprang up on October 7. In this fire about 1,600 square miles of country were burned. The thriving villages of Beaudette, with a population of 1,200, and Spooner, with 850, were swept out of existence in an hour. Hundreds of "homesteaders," carving their farms out of the forests, lost their homes and saved their lives by lowering themselves into wells, or plunging into streams or ponds. Thirty lives were lost, and 3,000 persons were left homeless, with food, live stock, farm crops and machinery all gone.

When the agents of the American Red Cross reached the burned district they realized that winter was at hand in this north country and that their greatest task was the swift construction of a large number of shelters. It was a big job, and it had to be quickly done. Here is the manner in which the Red Cross met the emergency:

Two simple designs for houses were prepared, of one and two rooms, respectively. These required only a few standard sizes of lumber, and tar paper took the place of shingles and plaster. Lumber was rushed in from Canada, the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington having waived the customs duty on supplies required by the Red Cross. A half-dozen carpenters were hurried to the scene. Then "building bees" were organized, with one carpenter in command of each. A half-dozen neighbors, with saw and hammer, would help Ole Olson build his house. Then all, including Olson, would move along and build Hans Hanson's house, and so on. The speed with which these houses were erected, where several "bees" were "humming" at the same time, was startling. While this was going on the Red Cross was hurrying into the fire district from Duluth and St. Paul and Minneapolis big orders of doors, windows, stoves, bedding, chairs, kitchen utensils and provisions. As rapidly as the little houses were ready they were furnished and stocked up with food and the families moved in.

It was a desperate race with winter, and the Red Cross won. While the race was at its swiftest there was not a busier spot between the oceans than this black and desolate stretch of country along the northermost rim of Minnesota. Much remains to be done, but nobody is going to freeze or starve.

The generous people of Minnesota sent in supplies by the carload, and, what is more, they sent $75,000 in hard cash to the Red Cross for the help of the hardy and brave people who are starting all over again with characteristic American pluck.

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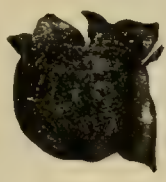
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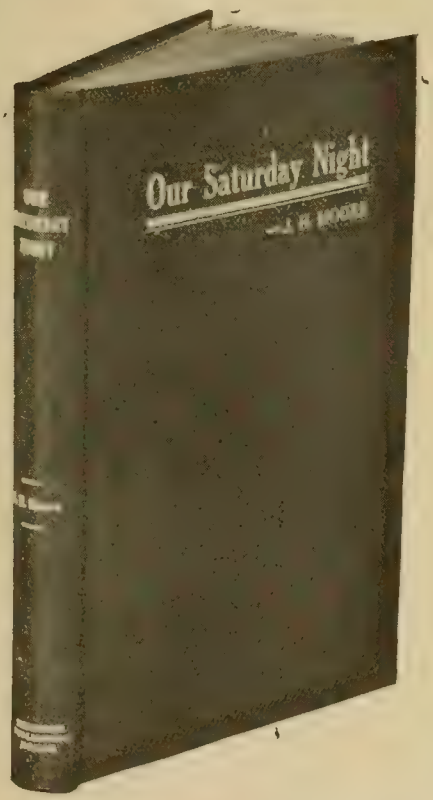
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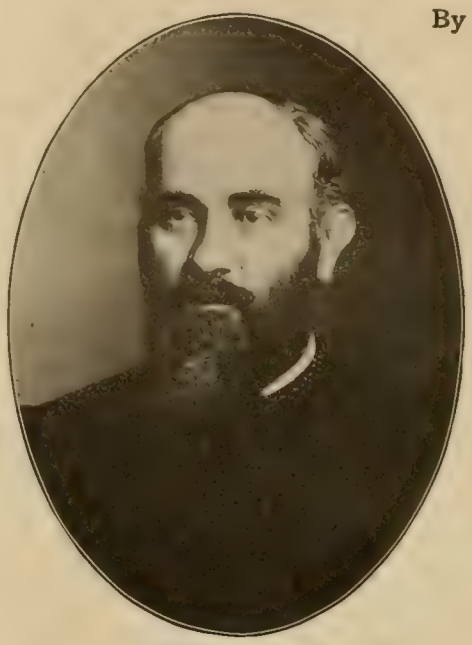


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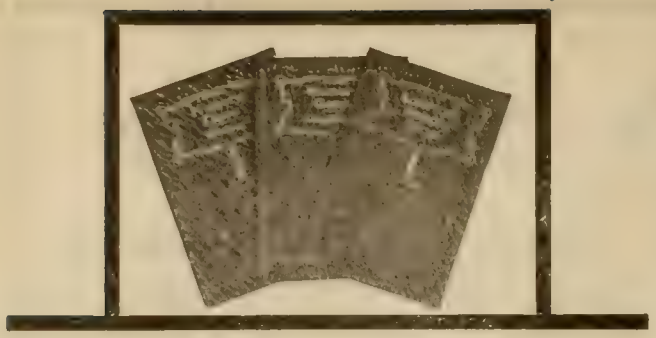
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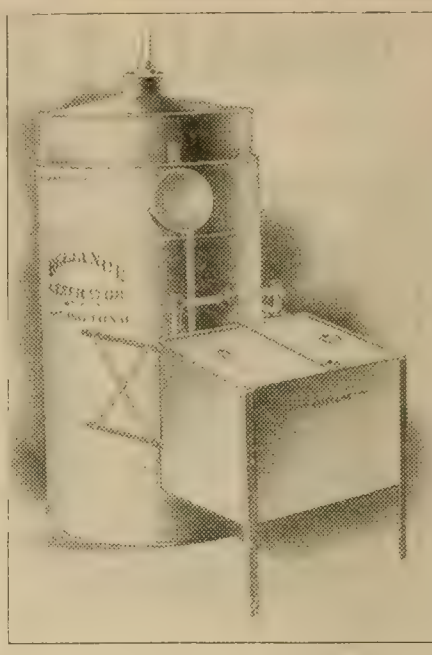
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23 And all the days of Ē'nŏch
sixty and five years:
24 And ᶠĒ'nŏch walked with G
for God took him.

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STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. December 20, 1910. No. 51.

A MESSAGE OF THE MANGER

A Christmas Sermon by Richard Braunstein

Behold, I bring you good tidings. Luke 2: 10.



ANY interesting and practical lessons may be learned from the events centered in and about the Manger. For us, as for the wise men and the shepherds, the human life of Christ has its first appearance in the manger cradle of Bethlehem. What are some of the wonderful truths to be learned by us, this Christmastide, as we study that wonderful birth and the circumstances surrounding it?

First, we may discover the fact that both the learned and unlearned gathered around the Manger to give homage to its kingly occupant. The Book tells us that "there came Wise Men from the East." The *wisdom* of the world came to honor him! And was it not meet and right that they should do so, for was not Christ the Wisdom of God? The wise men, we are told, were the scientists of their day; they were alchemists and astrologers; they were men who delved into deep things and sought out hidden things. Possibly their knowledge was not greatly inferior to that of the scientists of today. Quite likely the science of today is *not* entirely *new* knowledge, but in a large measure recovered knowledge. Doubtless the wise men of olden times could teach important facts to the wise men of today. Like the Shepherd King of Israel they had discovered that the heavens declare the glory of God. They had learned about God in the stars, and by the stars and to them was given the first visible sign of the coming of the King of Glory. Thus wisdom, as personified in the wise men, and in the person of the wise men, came to the Manger.

But we are told that the unlearned also came to the Manger. Shepherds knelt side by side with the wise men and worshiped the new-born King. So the humble shepherds came and knelt by the great Shepherd of the sheep. Unlearned they were, but not ignorant, for living close to nature, she had taught them much. The announcement of the wonderful birth found in them willing believers. They said, "Let us go and see," and thrilled with joy by the glad news, they hastened to welcome and worship the King of kings. So they came from different directions—the shepherds, the wise men, the learned, the unlearned, to the manger cradle. So it has continued to be. The learned and the unlearned have alike found in Jesus Christ an object of surprise, and gratification, of adoration and worship. Peter the fisherman, Luke the physician, Matthew the tax-gatherer, Paul the scholar, Zaccheus the publican, Nicodemus the teacher, you, and I, and the whole world—wisdom and simplicity, poverty and riches,—all pay homage to Christ.

The high and the lowly met at the Manger. The wise men were distinguished persons, held in high esteem, almost venerated in their own land. They were men of high rank and influence. The shepherds were simple and lowly folk—they belonged to the common people. Yet we are told in the sacred record that the common people heard him gladly! The shepherds were respected but not noted. Respectable but not distinguished. The heartfelt worship of these men of the hills and valleys was as worthy and as acceptable as the tribute of the wise men. There was no condescension on the part of the high and no hesitation on the part of the lowly. In the spirit of humility they were one in heart and act of worship. Herein was a prophecy of Christ's attitude toward all men. He was indeed the King, royal in nature, supreme in authority, regal in his bearing, yet the same in his attitude toward all of his subjects, the Good Shepherd who loved all his flock, without partiality.

Two scenes of his life illustrate for us how both the high and the lowly were equally and graciously received by him. Nicodemus the ruler, the man of learning, of position, of power, came to him for instruction. Christ received him kindly and listened

to his questions, patiently removed his difficulties and gave him truth in the place of prejudice and faith in the place of doubt. Later there comes to him the woman of Samaria who was a member of a despised race and not alone belonged to a lowly class, but was of unsavory reputation. But Jesus did not turn away from her, nor did he manifest the least reluctance in his interview with her. Just as graciously and eagerly as with the scholar and the ruler he labored to instruct the woman, to displace her error with truth, to deliver her from the pressure and thraldom of sin, discovering to her, in himself, infinite satisfaction, unfailing joy, spiritual freedom, and leaving in her soul the purpose and power for purity in place of love for evil, peace in place of guilt and hope in place of despair. The lowly were at the Manger.

Herein is an example of the spirit of Christianity. It is the religion for the high, the lowly, for all sorts and conditions of mankind. Other religions may, and do, divide men into classes and exalt one class above another, but in the religion of Jesus Christ *all men are brothers.* There is no spirit of caste in Christianity. The Master's word is, "The rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you." Distinctions and preferances have no authority among those who bow to Christ as the one Lord and Master.

The high and lowly at the Manger is an example for the church. She has not always been true to this Manger Message. Pride, and selfishness, and lust, and a love for ceremony, rather than simplicity, and a desire for display have often had preëminence. And so far as she has yielded to these temptations she has presented to the world a false picture of Jesus Christ, and lost her power for good and influence. The church *is not* for only one class, but for all classes. Both the high and the low. The world makes its distinctions. Not so the church. The king in his regal robes, the peasant in humble garb, the rulers and the ruled, may meet and, if accepted, must meet in one spirit at the feet of Christ.

The rich and the poor met at the Manger. The wise men brought costly gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh. The shepherds came with empty hands, but with hearts that were laden with love and faith. Poverty is no barrier to approaching Christ. Men need but seek him with *love.* Riches will prove a hindrance if not offered with love. With love, both rich and poor may come to Christ and the one will be as welcome as the other. In the poverty of Christ there is a lesson both for the poor and rich. The lesson for the poor is that they may seek him without fear of being turned away and that in him they have a loving *Friend* and *Helper.* The Lord of glory came down from the splendors of heaven and laid his infant Son in a manger, and went through his earthly life poor and despised and rejected of men. And so he knows the poor and is close to their hearts. From how many things are the poor debarred! But poverty does not keep them away —cannot keep them away—from Jesus Christ, and his salvation. By him the poor are made heirs of a mighty kingdom, and a mansion—in heaven.

And the rich can learn also from the poverty of Christ. They can learn that *real greatness* and real power are not secured by wealth; much less does a "purchasing power" secure for them favor from men. And their money cannot buy the love of God —for it is given on the same terms as it is given to the poor,—without money and without price. The only requisite is *Come.* Whosoever will, let him come; come with a lowly spirit and a loving heart.

O ye poor! with your trials and cares and sorrows! Your struggles and your temptations, of which the rich know so little, you are welcome to come to Christ. In him you may be made rich in the real and enduring riches.

O ye rich! with your cares, and your burdens and anxieties and temptations of which the poor know so little, you are welcome to come to Christ. Without Christ the richest are poor. With him the poorest are rich. On him who brings all he has, be it much, or be it little he will bestow the riches of God's grace. He will give all the richest and rarest gift of all, life eternal.

Jew and Gentile came to the Manger. It was but a small group that knelt before the infant King, but it was a representative group. The shepherds were representatives of the Jewish nation and the wise men were representatives of the Gentile races, and so the whole world of mankind was represented in that wonderful event and scene of divine nativity. Here was fulfillment of prophecy. "*In that day there shall be a root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people, to it shall the Gentiles seek.*" "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

When the fullness of time comes, how surely does God fulfill his Word. Through the centuries an ever-increasing multitude from all nations and peoples have turned toward the Star of Bethlehem and walked rejoicingly in its light. He, around whose Manger knelt Jew and Gentile, has broken down the middle wall of partition and in himself made *both one.* In him all nations become one people. In the Man Christ Jesus there is the one new Man of humanity. How like that first scene at his cradle when representatives of different nations bowed down to him in adoration was that last scene

of earthly life when with hands uplifted in blessing over the company of adoring disciples he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." From that day until the present there have been steadily increasing multitudes from all nations and peoples flocking to the standard of the cross.

Watchman, what of the night? The shadows yet linger. Darkness in China, in India, in Europe, in Africa, in the isles of the sea—aye, even in America, the fair land of the free and home of the brave. Yet, everywhere there are rays of light and these are lengthening and growing brighter. Night lingers, but it is daybreak everywhere. In every land shines the light of the Star of Bethlehem. Jesus, the bright Morning Star, gives sure promise of a bright millennial day. From north and south, from east and west, from every nation, people and tongue, they are flocking to the Manger and the Cross! He who was born on Christmas day is fulfilling his own promise—"*I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.*"

Heaven and earth were united at the Manger. Men and angels. Heavenly and human worshipers were there, and the glories of heaven served to celebrate the wondrous birth on earth. The whole universe was represented. It was another note in the oratorio of prediction. "*His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.*"

The Manger is a sign of universal power—and authority. Not of weakness do we think but rather of power as we stand at the Manger. Cradled here in infant form was he, "whose pierced hands lifted empires from their hinges, turned the streams of centuries from their courses and still governs the ages." He had left his throne for a little time; his greatness and power were veiled for a while, but he was *no less* the Omnipotent Ruler. Now and then there were glimpses of his power in word and deed, now and then a testimony from his own lips of that power and in his last words in human voice we hear the full affirmation of that power—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Is not the testimony of the first scene and the last scene of Christ's life one and the same?

And we learn at the Manger the purpose with which Christ's power and dominion are exercised. "Peace on earth, good will to men; glory to God in the highest." This is the story—the old story and the new story—and it will continue to be the story of Christ's reign. Does this yet seem far away? Slow, indeed, its progress to human eyes and many things may seem to indicate that we are receding *from* rather than *approaching* the day of universal peace. What of the wars, and the wrongs and strifes and sins and alienations among men? Yet the Message of the Manger has not failed and will not fail with more careful sight and with the vision of faith, the events that otherwise may seem to indictate the failure of the message will be seen to indicate its fulfilment. Wars and rumors of war, great military and naval preparations and displays, the jealousies and struggles and antagonisms of nations, the downfall of empires and the overthrow of kingdoms—all are but the shock and struggle and confusion of the wreck of Satan's Empire, receding and passing away before the coming and triumphing kingdom of Christ, "the Prince of Peace."

"He must reign until he has put all enemies under his feet." The end is not yet. But God is patient.

The Message of the Manger, can be summed up in a paragraph. The Word of God made flesh, dwelling among us. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save the lost." The Son of man reveals a God who knows every path out of his Kingdom, and the name of every sheep that has strayed, and the Son of man reveals a God who knows the way back from every far country.

So we, who are prodigals, let us take his hand and may he lead us back again this Christmastide to those heights where we are safe, and where there is peace and plenty and joy, and eternal life. And as we rejoice in our Redemption, let us join the sweet singer, Whittier and sing:

"Lend, once again that holy song a tongue
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle anthem for the Savior's birth,
Glory to God and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word,
Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard!
Life in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm
Still lives for earth, which friends so long have trod
The great hope resting on the truth of God,
Evil shall cease and violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day."

HOW DO WE CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS DAY?

JENNIE NEHER.

I WOULD advocate celebrating it in this way: by attending religious services at church, thereby giving honor and praise to God for he gave us the most precious Gift ever given to man. By not having too lengthy a Christmas sermon by the minister, a part of the time could be devoted to appropriate songs and recitations by the young folks. If you should have a Christmas tree in your home on which you hang presents for your children, do

not tell them that Santa Claus or old Kris Kringle came down the chimney and placed them there, for such is an untruth, and should not be instilled in their young minds. I beg leave to relate a little incident read in a Sunday-school paper, of a young man that had grown to manhood and had not confessed Christ. His parents asked him why he did not and accept him as his Savior. "Yes," the son replied, "you said, too, there was a Santa Claus."

In the giving of gifts, we all can give something to make somebody happy; it is not necessary to give costly gifts, for many a distant friend is made to rejoice on receiving only a post card, or a motto with a scriptural verse on it. Treat the children to fruits, nuts, and a moderate amount of home-made candy. Do not indulge in too much feasting on that day, but instead serve a more common dinner that you may be able to remember the sick and needy with a dainty Christmas lunch that they too may be happy.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

WE NEVER DRINK.

On the stage were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Regiment, while at the stage house in Lincoln, there came to the office a poor blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in the gentlest tone, "Boys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that regiment." "What is his name?" "John —" "Oh yes! we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him."

"Where is he now?"

"He is lieutenant in a colored regiment, and a prisoner at Charlestown." For a moment the old man ventured not to reply, but at last, sadly and slowly, he said: "I feared as much. I have not heard from him for a long time."

They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying, "If our whole company were here, we would give you a hundred dollars." The old man replied, "Boys you must put it in my wallet, for I am blind."

But mark now what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on the scene as I had, with feelings of pride in our soldiers, immediately advanced and said, "Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company." I waited with interest for the reply. It came: "No sir! we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer, but we never drink."

The scene was perfect; the first noble and generous; the last was grand. How many such soldiers under the same temptations would have spoiled a singularly good deed in taking thanks for it *out of a whisky* glass.—*Selected from Mother's old Scrapbook.*



The Star of Bethlehem--Matt. 2: 1-12

Effie Reed Polk

In the blue and vaulted heavens,
On that first glad Christmas night,
Rose a star of wondrous splendor
Casting o'er the world its light.

Many wise men saw its beauty,
And it led them on their way,—
Stood above the town of Bethlehem,
Where the little Christ child lay.

There they worshiped the child Jesus,
Laying gifts at his dear feet;
Falling down in adoration,
They were filled with peace so sweet.

Many years have passed since that night;
Many stars have rose and set;
But the glorious star of Bethlehem,
O'er the world is shining yet.

It will travel on before us;
It will lead us all the way
To the heavenly Jerusalem,
To that bright, eternal day.

Mansfield, Illinois.

"THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—James Russell Lowell.

THE Christmastide is approaching with its hallowed joys and influences. The birthday of the Christ child will soon be celebrated by all Christendom. When we wish to remember a friend's birthday we give them a gift, do we not? We do it to express our love and regard for them. Will the Christ child receive the gifts on this his birthday; or will our friends who have plenty to keep them warm and happy, receive the gift we bring? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" speaks the Messiah, and yet we forget the least and give to the greatest.

What a vision the Christ must have on Christmas morn, as he turns his saddened eyes earthward. The warm, bright, happy homes are made still happier by more comforts and riches; the bright, rollicking boy has more toys to break; the sweet little girl has another doll to name; while two squares away a poor half-starved little waif is flattening her tiny nose against the window of a baker's shop.

In our Christian zeal we are searching for the Holy Grail with burning hearts, yet we are passing by the Christ in the form of a starving child, a widow, a poor man. Could we with the good old knight, Sir Launfal, have a vision of the truth, we would not need to take spiritual flights to find the Son of God; but our physical eyes could see opportunities to minister to him at our door, in the street, in the hovel. Do we remember the vision Sir Launfal beheld before he started on his long search for the Holy Grail, the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper? The night before the quest began he slept on a bed of rushes, because he did not wish to sleep on a soft, downy bed until he began to keep his vow. While he slept this vision appeared to him:

It was a beautiful morning and he was young. His pulse quickened, his heart swelled with love for his Master, and he rejoiced in life since he could spend it in serving the One he adored. A leper marred the beauty of the landscape and begged an alms. Sir Launfal, vexed that his meditations should be interrupted by such a loathsome being, haughtily threw him a piece of gold.

"The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
'Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand can not clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.'"

The knight passed on thinking no more of the grewsome leper. Years were spent in the fruitless search. Finally old and bent, worn out and frail, the noble returned just at the Christmas time. He had not found the Holy Grail, but he had found peace of soul, sympathy for the unfortunate and love for his fellow-men. Again he meets the leper who begs an alms "for Christ's sweet sake," and Sir Launfal, filled with love and compassion, answers:

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

The knight became speechless with awe, for no longer the leper crouched at his feet, but stood beside him glorified, smiling sweetly and saying,

"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now."

The knight awoke from his sleep and decided at once to stay at home. He joyfully hung his armor on the castle wall, saying he had already found the coveted prize. The vision had taught him that Christ revealed himself only to those who gave to the poor; and that such service is more acceptable to him than the performance of some great deed in a foreign land.

May we have a vision as the birthday of our Savior draws near. May we find Christ in our home, on the street, in the humble cottage, and give to him our gold, our frankincense and myrrh. It is his birthday, shall we give our gift to him?

THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

II. The Corruption of the Church.

THE papacy was secularized and changed into a selfish tyranny whose yoke became more and more unbearable. The respect of the laity for the clergy was being constantly weakened. The bishoprics were monopolized by the youngest sons of princes

and nobles without regard to qualification. Plurality of office and absence from the diocese were common. Discipline was nearly ruined. Whole monastic establishments and orders had become nurseries of ignorance and superstition, idleness and dissipation, and were the objects of contempt and ridicule. Theology was a maze of scholastic subtilities, Aristotelian dialectics, and idle speculations, and wholly ignored the great and beautiful doctrines of the Gospel. Education was confined to priests and nobles. The mass of the laity could neither read nor write, and had no access to the Word of God, except the Scripture lessons from the pulpit. Preaching was neglected and had reference mostly to indulgences, alms, pilgrimages, and processions. Saint-worship and image-worship, superstitious rites and ceremonies obstructed the direct worship of God in spirit and in truth. Remission of sins could be bought with money. All this caused that outburst of moral indignation which was the beginning of the Reformation and of the fearful judgment of the Church of Rome.

The teachers of the day were of a very uneducated class, indeed. The whole body of philosophers extolled Aristotle beyond measure, while scarcely any studied him, and none understood him; for what was exhibited as the philosophy of that celebrated sage was really nothing more than a confused and motley heap of obscure notions which even the public doctors and heads of schools were unable to comprehend. There were very few expositors of the Scriptures during this century. People in the church were free to believe any sort of pernicious doctrine as long as it did not seem to conflict with the supremacy of the Apostolic See, or to the temporal interests of the sacerdotal and monastic orders. Ministers who would have attempted to inculcate the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel and to represent the love of God and mankind as the great duties of the Christian life, would have been very unprofitable servants to the church and the papacy, however much they might have promoted the cause of virtue and the salvation of souls. The condition of the church was dismal. Its corruption was complete, and the abuses which its rulers permitted were enormous. Many realized the need of reform, but most of them were too impatient in their demands. All they aimed at was to set limits to the overgrown power of the pontiffs, reform the corrupt manners of the clergy, and prevent the frauds so commonly practiced among them; to dispel the ignorance and correct the errors of the blinded multitude, and to deliver them from the heavy burdens which were imposed upon them under religious pretexts. Reform seemed to be needed everywhere.

Syracuse, Indiana.

ROADS AND ROADBUILDING

H. D. Michael

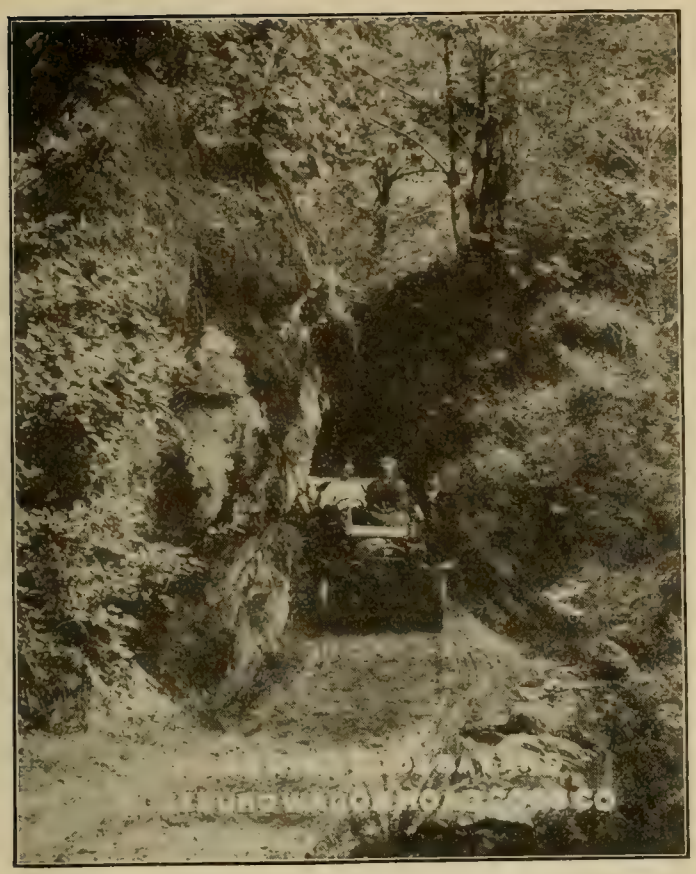
CIVILIZATION has made many changes in this, our fair land. When only the Indians roamed the wilds, no roads were needed—merely trails. Then came the white man with his ox-carts and wagons necessitating the building of roads. Now the automobiles, having come into quite general use, require a still better grade of roads. With their heavy gear and low wheels it is not possible for them to get along on the rough, rutty roads that formerly were made to serve the stage coaches.

I will here endeavor to picture some of the obstacles autoing meets on some of the Oregon roads and show how they are being rapidly overcome.

In the first place I wish to refer especially to an old Oregon stage road now much used by autos. In the accompanying cut may be seen a machine as it rounds one of the many curves on the "Roseburg to Coos Bay wagon road" (of about sixty miles in length). This road though not far famed has some interesting history connected with it. As some might think this picture unreal, I will state that it is not. It is a genuine photo and not exaggerated. The road has many sharp curves around bluffs of rocks, this being one of them.

On this same road in its history many horses have been sacrificed. The mail in winters past has been packed on this road on horseback. It was often quite muddy in the roadbed—with them no better made than they were—so the poor horses naturally crowded to the out edge to avoid wading the mud which was often to their knees. Near a point named the "Dead Horse Point," a number of horses have slipped over the grade and rolled—mail and all—to the depths below, never again to take a step. It is quite steep, quite deep to the river below and is almost sure death to any horse that goes over it.

But it is a pleasure to note the changes that have taken place the last few years. People have been awakened to their own best interests and have



Autoing Over Coos Bay and Roseburg Wagon Road.

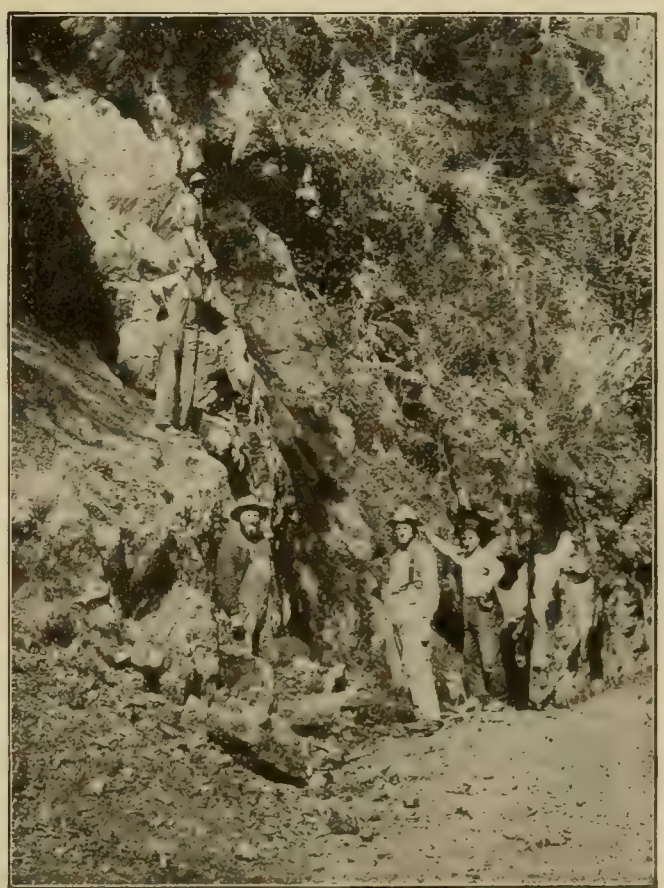
found that good roads *can be made*. True, it is different in a mountainous country from one that is prairie; so we will notice the procedure.

When the mountain side around which the road leads is of a dirt or loose rock formation, the right of way is first cleared of trees by shooting them out with powder. Then comes the crew making a "trail" over which a team can crowd. Then plowing and scraping is commenced to widen the road. The dirt is crowded to the edge with a V-shaped drag. When a wide enough roadbed is formed it is rounded up, then covered with broken rock, hauled from the nearest ledge producing good road building rock, and is then ready for use. Rock is often found that will break down by some use and soon seemingly cement, forming a solid, smooth roadbed.

At times the road-making is more difficult. Rocky cliffs are encountered and quite perpendicular for from seventy-five to two hundred feet above. It is even quite difficult for the civil engineer to get around anywhere near the desired right of way with his surveying apparatus; it being so steep and dangerous. Then the rock must be blasted out and no small job it is to drill a hole in solid rock to the depth of eight or twelve feet to put in a blast. Once the rock are "shot" loose, they are picked and shoveled to the edge and over the steep precipice until enough is removed to make it safe to again use the teams and drags to crowd it over. Then when the roadbed is worked down wide and smooth enough in rock like this, it is a good road.

All the new roads and the changes made in the old ones are toward making the easiest possible grades to get over the mountain to be crossed; *i. e.*, the least rise per rod. This is making it much better for autoing by eliminating many of their former difficulties. True, it is very expensive, but in the end it pays.

The other road—the one that leads above—was also prepared for us at a very great cost, and though there may be mountains (difficulties) to cross, there has been a road built and the promise given (1 Cor. 10: 13) that we will have ample assistance to make it a safe journey if we start over it with the RIGHT Guide.



Building Roads.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM

J. C. Flory

TO some it may seem out of line with the Christian tolerance and good will of our time to enter into a discussion of the defects of Roman Catholicism. But it is the defective and distorted Christianity taught by the Roman Catholic Church which has made Catholic countries legitimate fields for evangelical missions. It is in the interest of true Christian truth that I deem it not out of place to attack error, and in particular error which strikes at the root of the Gospel. The failure of Roman Catholicism may be traced back to fundamental errors in its doctrine. Both doctrinarily and practically, where vital matters are concerned, no yielding is possible. The radical defect of Catholicism is its teaching that Christianity is a sacerdotal system, and that therefore its ministers are priests.

It is not strange how they fell into this erroneous system. The old dispensation, providentially inaugurated among God's chosen people, was a priestly dispensation. Its terminology and many of its concepts passed into the New Testament. That many readers of that Book should remain unaware of the vital transition of which it is the monument, is not to be wondered at. That many should even carry the concepts of this outwardly symbolized and elaborately ritualistic religion of the Hebrews over into that dispensation which God cut clear of all this trammeling ceremony in order to fit it for both Jew and Greek, is but an instance of the unintelligent way in which men in every age deal with both Scriptures and Providence.

The doctrine of sacerdotalism is not exclusive to the Old Testament. It is prevalent even today in many places where the Gospel is not known. But according to the Gospel, Christ is the finality without any additional sacrificial scheme. Paul was shocked that the Galatians were unable to see the folly of becoming ceremonial Jews after they had been made citizens of God's kingdom. Christian sacerdotalism is averse to all Christian teaching. To say that the priest atones for our sins is a perfectly absurd system. Was there ever a Catholic, for example, who, if he knew anything at all of Christ, did not ask himself, "How is it that the priest makes sacrifice for our sins when Christ has already done so?" There is no answer.

In these considerations, it seems to me, is to be sought the reason that while sacerdotalism may be in general a very good form of religion,—was indeed once divinely ordained,—yet as an interpretation of Christianity it is evil and corrupting and that continually. Its adepts must be ever persuading themselves and others against their own better judgment. Whereas there is no place in the Christian conception of salvation for a hierarchy of priests with their sacrificial functions, they are under the necessity of creating such a place. Whereas Christ offered himself once for all, they interpose the mass between sinners and God.

The evil that has been wrought by this one conception has worked up among the priests and downward among the people till the trail of it is over all Romanism. No Christian can afford to approve of any such system as will derogate from Christ his honor of having made a sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. This system confers upon the priest too much power. To confer upon them such vital power has a detrimental effect psychologically. The false claim that the keys were handed down from Peter to the bishops of Rome has not only been injurious to the priests themselves, but has been a curse to the thousands of men and women who have lived all their lives in bondage to the whim of priests, believing them able to save or destroy. The priests have juggled with their own consciences in order to accept as scriptural and right their position as mediatorial sacrificers authorized to forgive the sins of men, and they have naturally been unable to think clearly concerning their own sins. The priest can soon strain his conscience to allow him not only to dictate their spiritual affairs but their financial, political, and domestic as well.

The practice of celibacy has become a grave evil. For a man to overcome his animal passions requires constant effort and continual sacrifice. The most striking evil here is that they do not live up to their profession. It is only where the moral sentiment and standard of living is very high that they comply with their promise along this line. In most countries the Catholic priests are the embodiment of venalty and sexual corruption.

Besides these deplorable sacerdotal defects of the priests, there are others which concern both priests and people, and which are not less disastrous. The priest uses his influence to have his parishioners do as little independent thinking as possible. He does his utmost to keep the Bible out of their possession and schools are at a discount. These are two great crimes against humanity. It is a shame, to have

such a large organization using their influence against education, the very thing that contributes most to civilization. Catholicism is the enemy of the public school in every nation, openly when it is safe, covertly otherwise, but implacable always. In taking this position they are not sincere; it is only from a selfish standpoint. It is detrimental to the priests themselves; no man can preserve a high ideal of intellectual training for himself while encouraging others to remain in ignorance. A man who associates and works with a sluggish and dull people cannot but find his own mind atrophied. He will in time set himself against every ray of popular illumination, every advance step of popular progress. Quite a few of the priests do not have a Bible of their own, and if they do they are very ignorant of its contents. The influence of the Holy Mother Church in behalf of ignorance on a humble and docile people is necessarily disastrous. The average constituent of the Catholic church does not vouch as authority on any Bible subject. They depend on their priest and when interrogated on any subject, they will refer you to their priest. The ignorance and superstition prevalent among the Catholics is a most fruitful source of unbelief.

Due to the wrong teaching and practices of Catholicism there is sure to spring up some inherent weakness which manifests itself in idolatry. Many Catholics will deny such a practice or even a tendency toward it. But any one who knows the inner workings of their religion cannot deny this fact. They not only deny image worship but also the Virgin Mother. Unfortunately this is not true. The worship of the Virgin is so common and so open, even in our own country, that it is surprising that any one should have the hardihood to deny it. The mind of the Catholic is so purely materialistic that when you speak to him of one Christ he is plainly confounded in his belief. The barren and hopeless spiritual life resulting from such worship is a moving spectacle.

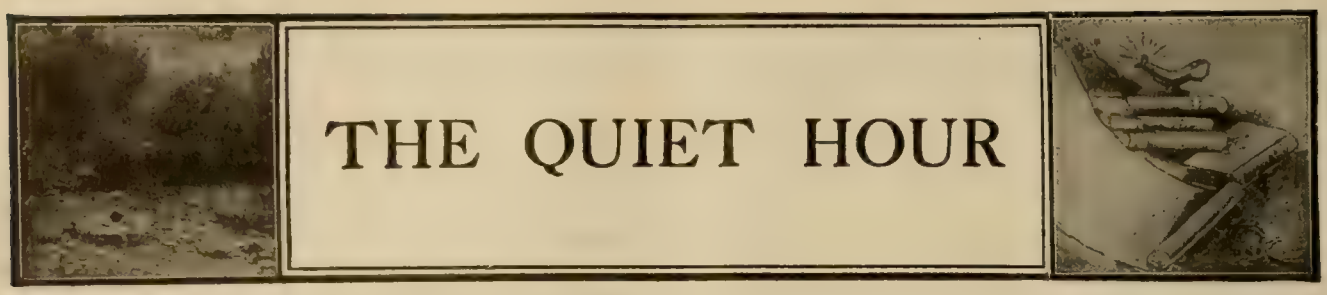
The last erroneous tendency in the preaching of Christ is the divorce between religion and morality. This has ever been the curse of ritualism, the pitfall of ritualistic religions. God prefers mercy to sacrifice. Catholicism has come to exhibit the surprising phenomenon of bad men and women, who are, as they believe, and have been taught, good Christians. The Christian religion has but a poor reputation among the thoughtful in those countries; the Catholic Church, unchallenged and unchecked, is its only representative. And no wonder. The highwayman, the thief, are there often reckoned good Christians. The bull fighter and the low cheat may be loyal sons of the church. Men by paying the priest not only get forgiveness for their past sins, but for those which they intend to commit. So it comes to pass that one's welfare, present and eternal, depends upon how he stands with the priest, who having charge of these things, kindly reduces it all to a financial schedule, so that he may know just how to dispose of it. They need not heed their conscience, for the priest's conscience serves for all. The people will not think, for he thinks for them all. Religion, which should develop the moral nature and be a tonic and a stimulant to the spiritual man, has become merely an objective spectacle, moving, indeed, and highly respected, but external nevertheless, and unmoral. The teaching of Catholicism is so thorough and the confidence of its adherents so strong that it is almost impossible to get them to accept the Christian religion when once it is taken to them and presented in all its efficacious power.

It is only fair to add that the Catholics have some traits that a kindly observer must admire. They are usually devout in their belief in God and reverent in their demeanor. Their implicit obedience to their superiors makes them humble, patient, and deferential. They are usually kind and sympathetic with each other. But their contentment is contentment with ignorance, with squalor, with actual want, —a contentment which springs not from philosophical acceptance, but from utter hopelessness of anything better. The political and religious atmosphere of Catholic countries is thus charged with revolutions and disturbances. It will never clear till a pure Gospel has had time to develop there a robust and self-respecting citizenship. The motive, therefore, for sending missionaries to such countries is not merely religious, it is also social and philanthropic. Kind readers, today, as you know, there is much leniency and brotherly-kindness manifest in religious activities,—and for this I am very glad,—but on the other hand we can afford to be cautious, for truly we may admire our Catholic friends for their apparent sincerity and faithfulness, yet they stand for principles and advocate ideals that undermine the vital teachings of the true Christian religion. We cannot afford to sacrifice anything that will curtail the possibilities of the true Christian religion or hinder the progress of true civilization.

Daleville, Va.

* * *

"THE man who has misjudged and disparaged another person and discovers his mistake, and does not gladly hasten to make correction of it, is so far below the New Testament ethical level that he is invisible from that point of view."



CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Long ago, one stilly night,
Shepherds heard a sweet refrain
Through the domes of heaven swelling,
Nearer coming, gladly telling,
Christ on earth had come to reign.

Through the ages e'en till now,
Lo, the echo soundeth still;
In our ears e'en yet 'tis ringing,
And we hear the angels' singing,
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

Ever nearer, deeper yet,
Grows the echo, full and strong:
Of God's will it is the voicing,
And our hearts are set rejoicing.
By the hearing of that song.

Peace on earth! What else could be
Where the Lord has come to stay?
As he then on earth was living,
Joy and peace to mankind giving,
So he dwells with us today.

Peace on earth! How sweet the sound
As it reaches us again!
In the words are gladness, healing;
List once more the chorus pealing,—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Let us open wide our hearts
At this gladsome Christmastide,
That this peace, our bosoms filling,
All unrest, all soul storms stilling,
May throughout the year abide.

—Pearl Waggoner.

CHRISTMAS.

How suggestive it is that every man in his best moments longs for the day when he shall be better and greater. Like a star of hope, too often perhaps obscured, this thought lures him on until he arrives at the open grave with his aspirations still unrealized.

What too is true of the individual is true of the race. Every age dreams of its "Golden Days," its "Utopias," its "Millenniums," when errors shall be righted; and hatreds, greed, strife, cruelty and sorrow shall be no more. When the strong shall aid the weak, and justice shall be meted out with impartial hand. When the milk of human kindness shall as gently pervade the hearts of men as the sweet spring tide steals upon the meadows. When the dominant note in the songs of singing souls shall be the diapason of love. When peace and good-will towards men shall become an experienced fact.

An idle dream of sentimental fancy, does the critic observe? An ethereal ideal, too impractical for a world of strenuous competition for bread and meat, does the materialist comment? Improbable perchance, but never impractical! It lies as a dear, cherished hope just above the horizon of every man's true vision. It is the one common goal towards which the whole creation moves with sadly irregular steps.

It is the one constant in the dynamic of the soul. And whether it is to be interpreted as man's strongest instinctive intimation of immortality, not to be known until the habiliments of flesh are cast aside; or whether a new cosmic day may dawn when the lion shall lie down by the lamb and the spear shall be beaten into the pruning hook, is but to confuse the issue. As the goal of the soul it ever stands!

How strangely sweet it is and how universally inspiring and comforting, is best seen on the one day in the year when all civilization stops its mad rush and gratefully remembers the Advent of the Christ-child.

'Tis on this one day—Christmas—that from the lowly manager of long gone Bethlehem a light and love arise which enter the souls of men and produce an effect indicative of the glory and beauty of the "Better Day," and wondrously informing as to the One Person and Power in whom man's true hunger and thirst may be satisfied.

"Oh, that every day might be Christmas," is not alone the wish of the present-laden child, but also of the sane sage, and too, of poor sin-burdened humanity. 'Tis then more than at any time we can measure the meaning of love, and observe the transforming effect of a touch of human kindness. 'Tis then we begin to understand the intent of the passion of a Personal God who moved by parental affection for his children, demonstrated to them the fullness of his regard, and gave to them their soul's need—Christ.

In the atmosphere of Christmas we faintly understand the glory of this "Better Day" for which our souls await. And in the sacred presence of this Divine Innocent we are reminded that this "Better Day" may be hastened by us and for us in the complete surrender of our sinful selves, by loving service in the power of Christ to our brother man. This is the

meaning of the "Inception" and the lesson from the "Advent."—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

In a story a good man says: "It's very hard to know how to help people when you can't send them blankets, or coals, or Christmas dinners." With many people this is very true. They know not how to help others save in such ways. Yet the needs which these material things satisfy are the smallest needs of human lives. There are better ways of helping—with sympathy, hope, cheer, courage, inspiration, comfort. These are the blessings which most people need far more than they need blankets, or coals, or Christmas dinners.

So far as we know Jesus gave no money. He did not have it to give. Yet there never was in this world another such dispenser of true alms as he was. He gave encouragement, instruction, love. He told people of higher things.

None of us are too poor to give help in the same way. We may not have silver and gold to bestow, but out of a warm heart we can give coins of love which will mean far more than money. We should always keep a gentle heart, and thus we can be a blessing to many.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

TWO CLASSES.

Those who ought to give for missions are:—The man who believes that when God said the heathen would be given to Christ, he meant it, and can and will accomplish it, and is now accomplishing it. The man who believes in the power of the Cross to conquer the world. The man who rejoices that the world is open as never before, and that the prospects are brighter than ever before. The man who feels that he has only one life to live, and wishes to make it count. The man who believes that giving is as much a Christian grace as loving or believing. The man whose ambition is to be like Christ, who gave himself. The man who wishes to be found a faithful steward when the Lord of the Vineyard sends his Son to receive his fruits.

Those who ought not to give are: The man who believes that the world is not lost and does not need a Savior. The man who believes that Jesus Christ made a mistake when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The man who wishes that missionaries had never come to our ancestors and that we ourselves were still heathen. The man who believes it is "every man for himself" in this world—who, with Cain, asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The man who is prepared to accept the final sentence, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Such a man is not asked to give to Foreign Missions.—*Missionary Voice.*

CHRISTMAS.

Over the hills of Palestine
The silver stars began to shine;
Night drew her shadows softly round
The slumbering earth, without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,
And looked along the darkening land
That waited the Divine command.

When lo! through all the opening blue
Far up the deep, dark heavens withdrew,
And angels in a solemn light
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,
The Seraph sang good-will to men:
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born!

Again the sky was deep and dark,
Each star relumed his silver spark,
The dreaming land in silence lay,
And waited for the dawning day.

But in a stable low and rude,
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,
The gates of heaven were still displayed,
For Christ was in the manger laid.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

PRAY FOR IT.

If you have any trial which seems intolerable, pray—pray that it be relieved or changed. There is no harm in that. We may pray for anything, not wrong in itself, with perfect freedom, if we do not pray selfishly. One disabled from duty by sickness may pray for health, that he may do his work; or one hemmed in by internal impediments may pray for utterance, that he may serve better the truth and the right. Or, if we have a besetting sin, we may pray to be delivered from it, in order to serve God and man, and not be ourselves satans to mislead and destroy. But the answer to the prayer may be, as it was to Paul, not the removal of the thorn, but, instead, a growing insight into its meaning and value. The voice of God in our soul may show us, as we look up to him, that his strength is enough to enable us to bear it.—*J. F. Clarke.*

Our great fault is that we live too near the ground, and therefore is our life full of perplexity and sadness. Let us mount nearer heaven, and the rich and strange shall become familiar; our souls shall be pure, our path luminous, our hopes sublime, our joy full.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

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A Joyful Christmas to All

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

There is a great deal said at Christmas time about the Christmas spirit. Since it is evident that there is more than one spirit abroad at this season, perhaps it would be a good thing for us to "try the spirits," that we may be sure we are controlled by the one that was originally intended to rule at this time, and from ruling at this time to rule through all the year.

The first step should be to find the Christmas spirit. This will render easy the second step, defining the spirit, and in this order the final step, that of making comparisons and examining ourselves should not be difficult.

In the first place, the real Christmas spirit must be found in the One who instituted the day, or brought about the conditions which gave us the grounds for its institution. More than this, it must be the particular spirit that moved him in making these conditions. These two points must be conceded by all; they will gladly be conceded by all who delight to honor the Christmas Babe.

And what was the moving spirit in the action of our Father in heaven when he laid the foundation for Christmas Day in giving us his Son? John says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." The theme of the angels' song at the birth of the Son was "Peace on earth, good will to men." These are simply expressions of the same spirit; where there is love, there is also peace and good will. Since the word love is commonly used to express so many different degrees and kinds of feeling and since we want a definition that will settle the question at once and unmistakably, let us, for the present purpose, take the term, "good will to men," as the definition of the Christmas spirit. It is broad enough to cover every possible phase of a true observance of Christmas among men. It is clear cut and uncompromising. Good will, *good will*, good will to men! How it searches the heart and calls to the highest and best in man's nature!

The last step is a personal matter. Do *I* have any of the Christmas spirit? If so, how much? What is the measure of its expression—not as men see it, but as the Lord himself sees it? Am I *willing* good, in action as well as thought, to *all* men? This does not mean a sickly, sentimental sufferance of things that we know are not right. Men are not things, and we need to discriminate and go on fighting evil, at the same time willing *good* to the evildoer and exerting ourselves in an effort to help him possess that good.

Would that we might all have the true Christmas spirit, now and always!

WITH OUR READERS.

This issue contains another of J. C. Flory's articles on some of the religions of the world. He will conclude the series with a write-up of Mormonism, Christian Science and Unitarianism. Our readers are getting much valuable information in these articles and much that will furnish them material for further study.

In the Children's Corner, in keeping with the season of the year, Uncle Ned has moved from the tea table to the fireside and at intervals throughout the winter months will continue to answer some of the innumerable questions his nephew asks. If others of our boys and girls have some questions they would like to have answered, let them send them in and we will pass them on to "Uncle Ned." He seems to know something about everything and very likely he can tell you what you want to know.

A very timely series of articles has come to us recently which will appear in the Inglenook in the near future. They are entitled "The Newest Republic" and deal with the little country of Portugal, its history, places of interest and people. They are written by Dr. O. H. Yereman with whose clear and interesting style of writing our readers are already familiar.

In a very early issue of our paper, perhaps next week, there will appear a very interesting description of a sanatorium built in Ohio for tubercular patients. The article is called "Ohio's Fight against the White Plague" and is written by a resident of the city where the sanatorium is located.

Then there are other valuable single articles, "too numerous to mention" here, though not so numerous but that we hope to have their number increased as the weeks go by and each issue of the Inglenook

carries some of them into the homes of our waiting readers.

Our readers deserve the best and our contributors are doing splendid work in helping to see that they get the best.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our attention has been called to a matter that concerns some of our subscribers, new and old, and we take this opportunity of bringing it to their notice. In a number of cases the business department receives subscriptions with no accompanying advice as to whether the subscriber wishes to take advantage of any of the offers made to Inglenook subscribers. Without particular directions the business department is in the dark as to the wishes of the subscriber and can do nothing, except to attend to the subscription in the usual way. It is supposed, of course, that a subscriber does wish to take advantage of some premium offer such as the new cook book, but since the premium is given free, the House cannot afford to write to each subscriber and call his attention to the fact that he has said nothing about wanting the premium.

Remember, therefore, that if you want the cook book you must say so when you send in your subscription. Your order will then be held with the others to be filled when the cook book is ready for mailing. Those of you who have sent in your subscriptions without giving advice as to the premium may still have your wishes carried out if you will write at once, being sure to give the name and address that were sent in with the subscription. The business department can then see that you are entitled to a premium and will also see that it is sent to you.

THE BURDEN OF CHRISTMAS GIVING.

In "Holy Writ" we are told that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but it does not say that the giving time is to be limited to the rush period that lies between the end of one year and the beginning of another. However, long practice has made some such interpretation acceptable, until the present custom of giving gifts at the holiday time, has grown into a great fetish.

It is well enough and very commendable for the rich and all who can easily afford it, to give gifts to their friends at that time, for it should be a joyous time for all. But in the numerous cases where gifts are received and the recipient cannot afford to make a similar return, that Christmas giving becomes a burden and the true spirit of Christmas is marred, if not destroyed.

Only the other day the writer heard a woman exclaim, in vexation of spirit, "I just wish there was no such thing as Christmas, for there are so many people I must give things to, and I don't want to a bit, but they always give me something. I just have to make returns and I really cannot afford it!"

Her neighbor replied, "Well I'm glad it comes but once a year, for it's about all we can do to catch up before it's time to begin for next Christmas."

And still another was lamenting the length of the list to whom she "just must" send something, for they all send her something, and how very uncomfortable it makes one feel to get things and make no returns.

So, in this way what should be a sacred and joyous time, comes to be dreaded by thousands of people as a burden to be borne as best it may.

Since reforms never come of themselves, but as the result of long and serious thought on the part of someone, a reform in this much abused custom can be achieved only by thinking people, more especially women, who can brave the conventions and find a more sane and consistent way of observing the Christmas spirit.

One thoughtful, kind woman has solved the question for herself by just sending loving little personal notes, as a Christmas greeting, which requires no gift in return. Another way which gives much pleasure, and no cause for regret, is the sending of a Christmas card bearing a well chosen Christmas sentiment.

Still another opens her house on one afternoon during the holiday period, and bids all her friends who can, come and see her and each other, for a few minutes to exchange happy greetings and the wishes of good cheer for the year to come. This involves no great expense and gives all much pleasure.

One generous soul has long been in the habit of sending the amount she feels she can afford for gifts, to an Old Ladies' Home, making a little cheer where it is a none too frequent guest.

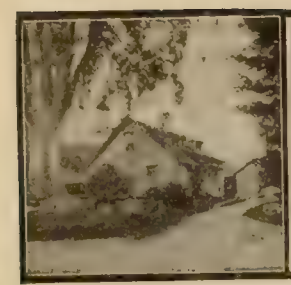
And still another like-minded woman sends in the same way tokens of the day to an Orphans' home.

Of course what has been said does not mean the doing away with the giving of gifts in the family and especially where the children are concerned. To them Christmas is a time long looked forward to, and it should be so, whether Santa Claus plays much part in it or not. It should be made as happy a time for them as possible; and is a time when the deepest impression can be made on their young minds, as to the significance of the day and the beauty of the Christ Spirit.

But their enjoyment need not consist in the number or costliness of their gifts.

"For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make."

—*American Motherhood.*



THE HOME WORLD



CHRISTMAS.

MRS. ANNA M'CONNELL.

Oh, merriest day of all the year!
Oh, glad, sweet day of boundless cheer!
The day that heralds a Savior's birth,
"Good will towards men and peace on earth."
We hail thy coming with delight,
As one that makes the world more bright.

How friend meets friend with cheerier face,
Hearts are unlocked, gold flows apace;
With love renewed we bring our gifts,—
A burden from the heart it lifts,
For hearts are lighter when they hold
Affection sweet in place of gold.

No morn for childhood half so bright
As Christmas morn,—no hearts so light
As the little one gathered round the hearth,
Viewing the wondrous things of earth—
Supposed gifts of "Santa." No king so grand
As the children's king, in all the land.

Our homes are sunnier when they hold
The Christmas tree with its gifts untold,
And the holly and ivy festooned on wall
And plenteous cheer and joy to all;
This was the Christmas of olden time
And it comes to us oft in beautiful rhyme.

Oh, think of the world with no Christmas-time,
No Savior born with love sublime!
The world unredeemed from the thraldom of sin,
No hope in the future to cheer us within.
Then tell us if they who rejoice at his birth
Do not wisely and well—to the ends of the earth.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THERE are many ideal ways of celebrating Christmas. The most common and a good way, too, is the family gathering, the home-coming where father and mother or grandfather and grandmother are the hosts. Here the children and grandchildren gather around the festive board in happy and loving union with the interchange of useful gifts. The parlor doors are thrown open after the dinner, disclosing what has been the great mystery all day. There is the neat little tree laden with kind remembrances for each one. Not only do the children enjoy this, but the grown-ups also, although the happy delusion of Santa Claus has long since passed into a myth. Grandma and grandpa take as much delight in waiting patiently and anxiously for their names to be called as do the children. So also do father, mother, aunt and uncle, although their delight is not manifested so rapturously.

There is also the happy time when parents and grandparents are invited to spend the day with the children who perhaps have flitted to the city or town and made a home nest of their own.

Another ideal way for those who are situated so they can, is to invite a few homeless people to spend the day with them; those who perhaps never knew the delights of a family Christmas dinner. Care should be taken that the company is congenial to each other; the old lady who lives alone, the grandfather who lives with an unloving and unsympathizing daughter-in-law, the grandmother who never has an outing. Bring half a dozen such old acquaintances together, not in a patronizing way, but in all sincerity because you love to have them there. Let them tell over old times to their hearts' content. Bear with their infirmities, laugh at their stale jokes, sing their favorite songs, "Auld Lang Syne," "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing" and "There is a Happy Land," and invite them to sing with you. How their dim eyes will brighten and their sad hearts lighten as they tremblingly repeat the long beloved words,—out of tune no doubt but what of that? As long as they do not realize it, it makes no difference. Cook the food that they like best and send them home happy with a useful little present tucked under the arm, and a kind remembrance of you and the day.

Then, again, a few children may be invited at some Christmas. Not Senator R—'s pampered, petted children, who would consider the favor bestowed on you and never feel grateful for the trouble taken for them, but little Willie Jones whose mother is too ill to prepare a Christmas dinner, Mary Smith who has the care of the home and whose father spends his time and money in the dram shop. These are the ones the Good Shepherd meant when he said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

Then some may give pleasant sleigh or auto rides to a few of the aged or children, or some tired mothers who never have an opportunity for a little pas-

time. They would receive the blessing and thanks of these forever afterward.

The sick might be visited on Christmas; carry to them a dainty and tempting dinner. Gifts might be taken (not sent) to those who would otherwise not receive any.

There is no merit in entertaining friends that are pleasant to associate with. We are not doing anything for anyone but ourselves in this act. We invite them because we enjoy their society and expect them to return the compliment in the future. There is nothing wrong in this, but in inviting those whose society perhaps is not so pleasant and there is no prospect of a return, the reward is greater than we know.

It is pleasant to gather around us the learned, witty and well dressed persons who are most congenial, but after all it is sometimes only a sham and a delusion. They are often people who will not even feel a thrill of gratitude to us, often coming merely to pay an obligation or because they have no possible excuse, or perhaps no better way to pass the day, or perhaps because it is known that we are capable of preparing a good dinner.

The main object is to make as many happy on that day as possible, and our reward will be great in the feeling that we have done well.

Christ does not mean for us to sit down to a bountiful repast on his natal day, without endeavoring to cause some of the many outside who are longing for merely the crumbs from our table to rejoice and to feel glad that we are. We should ever hold before us the gift of the Christ Child and arrange our Christmas in such a way that we would not be afraid or ashamed to give him an account of how we have spent his birthday.

Chinook, Mont.

"BENNY'S PRAYER."

NELLIE CARYL BARLOW.

'Twas Christmas eve and Mother Earth
Was robed in a mantle of white,
And the beautiful moon was bathing the scene,
In her rays of silvery light.

In the little village the streets were thronged
With a crowd of shoppers gay,
All laden with presents to gladden the hearts,
Of their loved ones on Christmas day.

The bells pealed forth on the wintry air,
All earth seemed to rejoice,
While in the homes could be heard joyous sounds,
In many a childish voice.

But one fond mother, with aching heart,
Was listening to these sounds of joy,
For "Good Old Santa," the children's friend,
Would not visit her little boy,

Who stood and watched by the window,
The busy crowd hurrying by,
While his little heart was heavy,
And a tear shone in his eye.

"Mama," he questioned, as he turned to her,
"Please tell me the reason why
We won't have Christmas at our house,—
Why will Santa Claus pass us by?"

Poor mother, she could not tell him,
That if Santa Claus didn't come,
'Twas because his father was a drunkard,
And spent all his money for rum.

So lifting her darling upon her knee,
She told him not to cry,
For perhaps when another Christmas came,
"Old Santa" would not pass by.

The child sat quietly thinking,
Then lifting his curly head,
As if he'd been reading his mother's tho'ts,
He choked back a sob and said,

"Mama, perhaps some one has told him
That papa drinks liquors and beer,
And I think, maybe, that is the reason,
He'll not come to see me this year.

"And mama, I believe that Jesus,
Who knows everything that we do,
If he answers the prayers of grown folks,
Will hear little children too.

"Anyhow I mean to try it,
I'll kneel right down here and say,
'Dear Jesus, help papa to quit drinking,
And send Santa Claus this way.'"

Unobserved by wife or little child,
The father had neared the door,
But stopped at the sight of his little son,
As he knelt there on the floor.

And his heart was melted to tenderness,
While his eyes grew misty and dim,
As the childish voice rose on the air,
In a plaintive prayer for him.

When at last the prayer was ended,
And a soft "Amen" was said,
He turned again into the street,
With penitent heart and downcast head.

An hour later he again came home,
This time with a heart full of joy,
For his arms were filled with numerous gifts,
For both his wife and his boy;

For on his way he had given his heart,
Into his Father's heavenly care,
And resolved to live a Christian life,
In answer to his darling's prayer.

On Christmas morn when the child awoke,
There was shout after shout of delight,
When he saw that many beautiful gifts
Had been left there during the night.

He called his father and mother to come,
His childish joys to share,
With his arms about their necks, he said,
"Jesus always answers prayer."

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"SHALL we stay in this flat another year?" asked Clara Downing of her husband.

"I hope so; you said you did not like moving, and so we shall stay unless you have some other plans," and as he said this her husband looked up rather eagerly from the paper he was reading.

Clara, too, looked hopeful, as if she had some good news to communicate. "I want to stay here until we move into our own house, but, dear, we want to buy a home of our own as soon as we can."

"Sure," responded Edgar, as if that was a foregone conclusion. "But I don't see any brown-stone front in sight yet."

"Neither do I," replied Clara. "But I have been thinking that the twelve dollars a month we put into rent ought to go into a home of our own as soon as possible. And why can't we begin this year to pay for our own house?"

A long, low whistle from her liege lord and husband made Clara smile. He sat up and looked around him as if frightened at something. "If you can find a cabin small enough to be paid for out of the proceeds of my labor, why—oh, I say, let's move tomorrow."

"I've been looking," confessed the bride of a year only. "I've not found our house yet; you must help me. But we will find it, and if you are willing we'll move and live in our own house as soon as we do."

Then followed plans. They could buy a little distance out of town; a small house would be more suitable in every way, and she was going to be so economical that they could pay for it without much trouble. And they did find just what they were anxious to get,—a small house. It did not suit them in every particular, but they were sensible young people who were willing to work and wait until they could make many needed improvements. And they were happy. They denied themselves of some pleasures, and went without things sometimes in order to make a payment on their home. But their reward came when they found they could sell this house to another young couple who wanted a cheap home. Then Edgar took the money thus saved and bought a home far more desirable than the first. They went in debt again and after a few more years of careful management the second home was theirs.

Go back to the flat where the first years were spent and the contrast between its shabby gentility and the comforts of their present home is striking. These young people have never regretted their decision to own a home; it has brought them happiness and a moderate competence. It is a blessed thing to own your own home in this land of homes. And if you never finish it or get it completely furnished you will always have some incentive to keep you interested and at work. If by some means you should get it completed, it will not be long until you want to change some things. But you love the place and home is where our loved ones are; "without hearts there is no home."

Many farms in the East have proved unproductive of late years and are sold for even less than the buildings cost. Some have been abandoned by their owners because they did not afford a livelihood. By modern methods of improving the soil, some of these farms have again been rendered productive and very profitable.

One man, who had been living in a city all his life, found his thoughts straying from desks and typewriters and committee meetings to the green fields lying just outside the city limits. But he knew they were too high in price for him. In the autumn as he crossed the park he pictured to himself the gushing, sparkling streams which must be flowing and splashing somewhere against rocks and bushes; he could see the bare trees and wondered vaguely whether the squirrels and crows had gone into winter quarters. There came a time when he was tired, too tired to sleep at night, too tired to do his work when morning came. The doctor advised a few months abroad. The man listened and said nothing, but afterwards he said to his wife, "If I could go to the country for just a year and work on a farm, I am sure I should get well."

His wife was a sensible woman. She had never thought of living on a farm; but she understood that her husband had been thinking much about it and he really wanted to go to the country. "We'll go to the country if you want to," she replied. And so it was settled. He bought a small place forty miles from the city; and they moved there. The house was old, with large, square rooms and a hall running the entire length of the house, a large sunny kitchen, and a few fireplaces. It stood on an eastern slope, facing the sunrise with a view of fifteen miles of lovely wooded country and picturesque hill and dale. They moved in June. His wife was delighted with the old-fashioned garden and the roses all atangle; she liked the idea of having currant bushes and grape vines and even talked of raising chickens. Lonely? No, neither of them grew lonely. They were both tired of the ceaseless grind of the city and glad to rest. They loved the soft silence of a summer night, the gentle breaking of the dawn, and the quiet stillness of the noon-time. The man became well and strong and his wife thought regretfully of the time when they must leave the farm and go back to the city. From

time to time they deferred their going and at last they decided to spend only a few months of each year in the city. Always they rejoiced to go back to the old house and the fields. In the city, people are always hurrying, with eager, strained faces, pursuing the unattainable, or even if it is attainable, it does not satisfy. Out in the woods is peace.

CURING AND MARKETING MEAT.

JENNIE NEHER.

FIRST we have a good meat house, built on stone foundation. It is a frame with ceiling and weather-boarded with drop siding. The walls are filled with stone and mortar which makes a better house than all stone or brick, as the wood is a non-conductor of heat and cold. The house has ventilators at top and bottom with wire screens over them to keep out flies and insects. By opening the ventilators of frosty nights, a draft is secured through the house from bottom to top. The house is cooled by morning and the ventilators are then closed so as to maintain as near as possible a uniform temperature of about thirty-five to forty degrees.

We place gunny sacks on boards, covering them with salt, then rub the meat with salt, then fill the shanks of the hams with salt. We lay the pieces as close as possible, yet not touching each other, fill in with salt between the pieces, covering the pieces well for the next layer above them. Two layers is deep enough for hams and shoulders. The sides we pack a dozen or more layers deep. We give all meat all the salt it will take in a given time, leaving the meat in salt from two to six weeks, according to sizes and thickness of pieces. Thin sides we leave in salt two weeks and fifty-pound hams and shoulders we leave in salt six weeks. Hams and shoulders from two hundred-pound hogs we leave in salt about twenty-three days. In dry weather we leave it in salt a few days longer.

When meat is salted, we sweep the salt off with a small whisk broom. The pieces are then hung up on hooks in one of the rooms of the meat house. After hanging a few days to dry, we smoke it, using corncobs and hickory wood for said purpose. We place hot wood coals in bottom of a bucket, then place a handful of cobs over them; also a few green hickory blocks above the cobs. Then we place a hood made of sheet iron over the bucket, partly for protection and it also serves to distribute the smoke. By changing about in different parts of the room, meat can be smoked to suit.

When smoked we move the meat and hang up in an adjoining room to finish curing, having said room well ventilated. In three months from time of killing, meat is ready for market. We formerly sold our meat at our town to the grocers, but sometimes we had to hold it quite a while, packed in salt after curing, which was not very satisfactory. Later we shipped our meat to a commission house in Memphis, Tenn. We got satisfactory returns and a demand for more meat. After selling through a commission house for a few years the commission men preferred to buy direct from us. Last April we sold hams and sides at 18½ cents per pound delivered in Memphis.

Should any of the readers of the NOOK like to try our plans in butchering for market, we would say commence in a small way first. There are many things to learn that require experience. The business is all right for the right person, the careful painstaking person.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

BUYING TRUTHFULNESS.

BRIBERY is a doubtful way to cultivate truthfulness. And that is practically what it amounts to when a parent permits a child to go uncorrected for a wrong deed because it has told the truth about it.

This is not only a doubtful way to cultivate truthfulness, but suggests to the child a false idea of punishment. This idea is responsible for the notion that so long as a person does not pretend to be something, it is not so very bad for them to be nothing—or worse. Often one hears a disreputable person say, "Oh, well, I don't make any pretensions to goodness," as though that frank statement of wickedness made amends for drunkenness, immorality, theft or murder.

No, in real life telling about it truthfully does not absolve one from guilt. He must march right up and face the music just the same. And all training should be to prepare the child for right living when it must stand alone. So it should be taught early and late that no wrong ever goes unpunished, that it must face the consequences of all its evil deeds. And it should be made to see that lying—deception, is one of the very bad ways. So it should tell the truth because it is right and manly or womanly to do so. And when it does another wrong it only doubles it to tell falsehoods about it.

So the child should be trained when it does evil to march right up like a brave soldier and tell the truth about it, not from hopes of escaping punishment, but that it may face its punishment unflinchingly and with a heart free of other offense.

This makes it a matter of principle—and that is the only abiding motive. One who does right because bribed to do so is certain to find times when it will seem unprofitable to be true.—*William H. Hamby.*

CREED OF THE HOME MAKER.

THAT is a very good creed which has been adopted by the American School of Home Economics. It reads:

We Believe—

That right living should be the fourth "R" in education.

That home making should be regarded as a profession.

That health is the duty and business of the individual.

That on the home foundation is built all that is good in state or individual.

That the upbringing of children demands more study than the raising of chickens.

That the spending of money is as important as the earning of it.

That economy does not mean spending a small amount, but getting the largest returns for the money expended.

That the home maker should be as alert to make progress in life as the business or the professional man.

That the most profitable, the most interesting study for women is the home, for in it center all the interests of life.

That the study of home problems may be made of no less cultural value than the study of art or literature and of much more immediate value.—*Woman's National Daily.*

The Children's Corner

AT GRANDPA'S, CHRISTMAS-TIME.

JOHN WALTER WAYLAND.

Perhaps you think that little boys,
With picture books and lots of toys,
  Ought not to speak in rhyme;
But please to 'scuse me while I tell
About a time I 'member well,—
  At Grandpa's, Christmas-time.

The dinner table was a show,
With nice new bread, as light as snow,
  And butter that was prime;
And there were puddings, cakes, and pies,
Of every flavor, shape, and size,
  At Grandpa's, Christmas-time.

The biggest roasted turkey—my!
And ham, and duck, and chicken-pie!
  To slight one was a crime;
But, hard as ever I did try,
I had to let a few go by,—
  At Grandpa's, Christmas-time.

I guess it wasn't quite polite;
For anyhow 'most all that night
  I had an awful time;
But then, you know, one can't expect
To keep right well and be correct
  At Grandpa's, Christmas-time.

So, just as soon as school is out,
I want to go where I can shout
  And ride and jump and climb;
For I can tell you I am free
And happy as a boy can be,
  At Grandpa's, Christmas-time.

THE POOREST CHILD.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR MOTHERS TO TELL CHILDREN.)

"I WANT something quite different this year," said the Little Princess. She turned her patient eyes to the minister, and he bowed.

"Other Christmases I have sent money and gifts, and given trees and dinners. But I think I am not quite so strong this year, and I can not go to see them at their trees and dinners. But I want you to find the very poorest child in the kingdom and bring it to spend Christmas with me. It shall share my tree and my gifts. I will make the poor child quite happy for one day."

"It shall be done, your Highness," said the minister. The lame Little Princess was very dear to all.

Then the Princess began to take an unusual interest in her tree. One of the dolls the Princess dressed herself as she lay on her couch by the window. "For I think it will be a girl child," said the Little Princess.

On Christmas morning everything was ready very early. The tree stood in a darkened room, ready to be lighted. The mysterious Christmas bundles were heaped about its base. The Princess was waiting. Then the doors opened softly, and in came the poorest child. She must have been very poor indeed. There were holes in her shoes. She was wrapped in a tattered shawl.

"Merry Christmas," said the Princess as she drew the girl to the fire. "You are to spend the day with me, and this is our tree. We will look at it when you are warm."

"Oh, Highness!" said the little girl, "the tree is beautiful, and I thank you very much, but if you please I can not stay today. You see, there is a baby at home, and my mother goes away to work, and I have made a Christmas surprise for the baby, and I must be there when he wakes. I made him a knitted ball to play with, and I have a bough from a Christmas tree that the marketman gave me. I'm going to hang the ball and a stick of candy on the tree, and I know the baby will clap his hands and laugh when he sees it. So, if you please, Highness, let me go home."

The Princess looked sorrowful. "Do you see the gifts?" she said; "they are for you. Oh! there are wonderful things in those packages, and after awhile we shall have a Christmas feast."

"Yes, but the baby loves me, and I have made a Christmas for him, and he will cry if I am not there."

Then the Princess laughed. "I told them to bring me a poor child, but they have brought me a rich one. You have a mother and a brother to love you, and you have made a Christmas gift. Little rich girl, please may I go with you, and see the baby laugh and clap his hands at his Christmas tree?"

"Why, yes, I think that would be lovely," said the girl.

So the Princess fastened a warm cloak about her, and took her crutches under her arms. They left the palace and the broad streets behind, and went down into the narrow alleys to the little girl's home. The baby was not awake yet, and they set the tiny tree up before his bed and waited for him to wake. And when the baby saw it, and clapped his hands, they both laughed with him for joy.

Oh! it was a beautiful day! The Princess rocked the baby, and sang sweet carols to it. Then they played games with the baby's gay ball. The Princess told stories, and the children listened in wonder.

When the supper was over, a carriage came from the palace for the Princess.

"Good-bye," the little girl said, "we're glad you came. You made us have a lovely Christmas."

"I had a lovely Christmas, too," said the Princess, "and a different one, as I had hoped. Good-bye, little rich girl. I'll come to see you again some time."—*Christian Standard.*

Apple Surprise.—Breakfast dish for five people; to be served with sugar and milk: One quart of finely chopped cooking apples. Butter a baking pan. Fill the pan with a layer of apples, a sprinkling of oatmeal and nuts in alternate layers. Pour over it a pint of boiling water. Bake slowly for thirty minutes. Can be prepared the day before and reheated for breakfast. Use quick-cooking oatmeal.—*Record-Herald.*

MINCING MATTERS.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

Nut Mince.—Put one cup walnut meats through the finest cutter of the food chopper, and two cups sliced apples through the coarsest. Add one-half cup of vinegar, the same of water, or fruit juice, one and a half cups of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and salt and one cup of raisins cut in two. Mix all together and beat thoroughly. This quantity makes two large pies.

Mock Mince.—For four pies take twelve crackers rolled fine, one cup hot water, one-half cup vinegar, and one cup each of molasses, sugar, currants and raisins, spice to suit the taste. Mix thoroughly and bake at once.

Lemon Mince.—Boil six lemons until tender enough to pierce with a straw. Drain and weigh them. Take an equal quantity each of pared and cored apples, seeded and chopped raisins, cleaned currants and finely-shredded beef suet, one-half their weight in candied orange peel and citron, and a quarter of their weight in sugar. Cut open the lemons, remove seeds and chop as fine as possible. Add to all one small nutmeg grated, one teaspoonful salt, one scant teaspoonful each of mace and ginger, one quarter teaspoonful of cloves and three ounces of crumbled stale sponge cake, or macaroons. Add sufficient sweet cider or other fruit juice to moisten and put in jars. It will be ready for use in three weeks.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

This is said to have been President McKinley's favorite recipe for turkey dressing: One dozen oysters minced fine; two cupfuls of grated bread crumbs; one tablespoonful of chopped herbs—parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram; salt and pepper to taste. Mix the whole with a tablespoonful of butter, and do not stuff the fowl too full, as the dressing will swell. The breast of the fowl should be well covered with butter, some slices of fat pork placed in the pan, and the fowl cooked in a hot oven, allowing fifteen minutes to every pound.

Christmas Pudding.—Cream one cupful of sugar with three-fourths cupful of butter; add one cupful of molasses, then four beaten eggs. Sift together one-fourth teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, scant one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, pinch of salt, and add these to the wet mixture. After beating well together and mixing thoroughly, stir in one cupful of sour milk and three and one-fourth cupfuls of flour into which sift one teaspoonful of soda. Pour into a greased mold; cover and steam three hours; serve with this sauce: Mix one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch; add gradually, stirring constantly, one cupful of boiling water; two tablespoonfuls of butter and cinnamon to flavor; boil for five minutes, stirring constantly, and serve.

Roast Turkey.—After filling the turkey with any chosen dressing, and stitching up the openings, bind thin slices of sweet breakfast bacon all over the breast, on the parts of the back that will brown easily, and one piece on each wing, pressing the legs close to the body and wrap a piece around each of these; rub the whole with flour and put into the oven, in an open pan or roaster. The bacon imparts a rich flavor to the small, thin fowls. A few minutes before removing from the oven, take off the strings, lift the slices from the pan, and leave the turkey to get brown.—*The Commoner.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



A prize of $5,000 has been offered by the Havana Post for a flight of over 90 miles from Key West to the Cuban capital. The flight will be a difficult one on account of the strong wind that generally prevails along the coast of Florida above the Gulf Stream.

The constitution for the State of Arizona is completed, adopted as a whole and signed. Among the provisions of the document are: Initiative and referendum, amendment of the constitution by a majority vote of the people upon the initiative of 15 per cent of the voters, recall of all elective offices, direct primaries and direct advisory primary for United States senators.

The agitation for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States has been renewed by the islanders, and the government has received an address in which petitioners asked that negotiations to that end be opened. The cabinet, however, is not likely to take the initiative in the matter because Queen Louise is a keen opponent of any project involving loss to the kindom.

The Rivers and Harbors Congress closed its seventh annual meeting in Washington after re-electing its officers and adopting resolutions urging the appropriation of at least $50,000,000 annually for improvements of rivers and harbors and petitioning Congress to increase materially the corps of engineers of the army. The enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission also was recommended in the resolutions, to the end that the commission may more effectually regulate competing land and water carriers.

Persons all over the country have evidently been anxious to use the new postal savings stamps as Christmas gifts to children and others, but the postoffice department has steadfastly refused to permit the sale of them, or of postal savings cards until after the savings system has been officially started, which will not take place until after the holidays. Letters from parents desirous of teaching their little ones habits of frugality and saving are being received every day in exceedingly large numbers, but the postmaster general has instructed his subordinates to abide by the decision fixing the date of opening the new system all over the country simultaneously.

Trade between the United States and the Philippines has practically doubled since the enactment of the present tariff law, which permits an interchange free of duty of practically all articles passed between the United States and those islands. The total value of imports into the United States from the Philippines during the first 15 months of the new tariff law amounted to $24,333,000, against $11,500,000 in the 15 months immediately preceding the enactment of that law, while the exports to the islands in the 15 months since its enactment are $23,333,000, against $12,500,000 in the 15 months immediately prior to its enactment.

When the Wright suit against Grahame-White for the use of his Farman biplane, comes to trial, M. Henry Farman will probably produce several heretofore unknown foreign patents which he has purchased and which, he claims, clearly anticipate those of the Wright brothers. At the same time the Farman brothers—for Maurice and Henry Farman are now working together—are threatening to prosecute all infringers of the several patents which they hold in common.

The school savings bank system is now in operation in different States of the Union in 1,168 schools of 118 cities, and the scholars of these 1,168 schools have saved, since the introduction of the plan, $5,051,644.60, of which $4,180,948.59 has been withdrawn, leaving a balance of $870,696.01 due little depositors to January 1, 1910. In France there are 10,949 depositors of $1,425,092. In Algeria, 402 depositors of $45,606. These figures are sufficient evidence of the importance of the school savings bank idea, and yet they form only the beginning of the story, which is continued in the records of the savings banks and other means for accumulating the savings of the thrifty.

For producing perfect asepsis of wounds and of areas that have to be prepared for surgical operations, especially where a thorough scrubbing would involve considerable pain, tincture of iodine of official strength has proved itself entirely satisfactory in a large number of cases, and its application for this purpose is rapidly extending, particularly in Germany. The tincture is applied by means of a brush, in thin layers, without previous cleansing of the wound or surface, except that sometimes benzine and alcohol are used to remove excess of grease. Inflammation from the iodine is very rare, and this danger is more than compensated by the advantages of the method.

Germany has stolen a march on Russia in the manufacture of iodine from plants growing in Russian waters. Close to Olga Bay, not far from Vladivostok, a large settlement has been founded, where in the course of a few weeks the first iodine works in eastern Asia are to be opened. Iodine has hitherto been produced from algae and seaweed which were gathered in the North Sea. This seaweed was burned to ashes in Norway, and the ashes were subsequently treated for pure iodine in chemical works in other countries. In France, Belgium and Holland the production of iodine is at present very low, as it is not exceedingly profitable. The Japanese Sea has a far greater abundancy of iodine-bearing plants than the North Sea. To the south of Vladivostok, on Passyet Bay, is situated Expedition Bay, entirely filled with such plants. In summer the air is filled to such a degree with iodine from the rotting plants washed ashore that it is hardly possible to breathe.

In a lecture before the Institute of Civil Engineers of France, Prof Soreau states that the Aero Club of France has issued over 270 licenses, and that the total number of aviators in the world is about 500. The deaths have been about six per cent. The total distance flown may be estimated at 125,000 miles.

The Chinese throne is reported to have decided to accede to the senate resolution praying for the immediate creation of a constitutional cabinet and it is understood that the present autocratic government will be succeeded by a limited monarchy, such as that of England, after the Chinese New Year, in January. The imperial senate, which is itself a new body, having been organized in October, has gained tremendous strength and although it is constituted in large part of persons nominated by the crown, has evidenced a most progressive spirit. It has taken the side of the people in their demand for constitutional government from the outset and has opposed the council and the government in the efforts of the latter to have the introduction of the parliamentary system delayed.

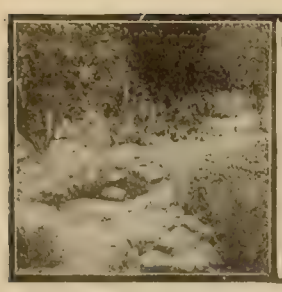
The dead letter office is receiving many letters that had been addressed to foreign countries and were returned as unmailable simply because, besides the usual postage stamps, they bore adhesive stamps of an advertising nature. Again and again the postoffice department has announced that such stamps are forbidden admission to foreign mails. Now, it has announced that the Red Cross Christmas stamps, or stamps of a similar character, must not be pasted or affixed on the face of letters intended for delivery abroad. In countries in the postal union, except Portugal, Uruguay and Guatemala, where the use of the stamps is entirely forbidden, delivery of the letters will be made, provided that the stamps are affixed to the backs of the envelopes. Otherwise the letters or parcels will be sent back to the sender if his or her name and address appear on the envelope or wrapper, or to the dead letter office if the name and address of the sender are unknown.

In view of the efforts at the present time to curb amateur wireless telegraphers and the protest of the latter against monopoly of the atmosphere by commercial and government stations, it is interesting to note the decision recently handed down in the case of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company, the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, and the Western Union Telegraph Company versus the Chicago, Lake Shore and South Bend Railway Company. Suit was brought against the latter company because its 6,600-volt single-phase trolley line affected inductively the lines of the telegraph companies and the signal system of the railroad company. The court held that the use of the single-phase alternating current on one's own premises does not constitute a nuisance, even though the electricity may escape and interfere with the operation of electrical devices on adjoining property; that the companies bringing suit held no monopoly of the atmosphere, and if they found their systems interfered with, that they should provide such mechanical or electrical devices as would protect their lines.

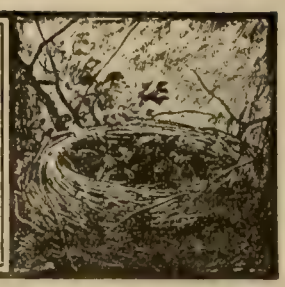
In regard to the parcels post President Taft in his message says: "With respect to the parcels post, I respectfully recommend its adoption on all rural-delivery routes, and that 11 pounds—the international limit—be made the limit of carriage in such post, and this, with a view to its general extension when the income of the postoffice will permit it and the postal savings banks shall have been fully established. The same argument is made against the parcels post that was made against the postal savings bank—that it is introducing the government into a business which ought to be conducted by private persons, and is paternalism. The postoffice department has a great plant and a great organization, reaching into the most remote hamlet of the United States, and with this machinery it is able to do a great many things economically that if a new organization were necessary it would be impossible to do without extravagant expenditure. This is the reason why the postal savings bank can be carried on at a small additional cost, and why it is possible to incorporate at a very inconsiderable expense a parcels post in the rural-delivery system. A general parcels post will involve a much greater outlay."

Scientists are highly interested in the new cloth made from seaweed, recent investigations in Australia indicating that the fiber of a submarine plant found on the southern coast of south Australia, especially in Spencer and St. Vincent Gulfs, may become an important commercial asset on account of its textile and other properties. The south Australian parliament has passed an act authorizing the government to issue licenses for the raising of the fiber over specified areas, and several companies have been formed to experiment with it. Samples of the fiber, cleaned and dried, prove to possess many valuable properties. It is not inflammable, except at a very high temperature. For bedding and upholstering purposes it has been found to have the lightness and softness of flock, while its purity and the utter absence of animal life give it a sanitary value above most materials used for stuffing purposes. A mixture of this fiber with wool appears to weave into an excellent cloth, which may be dyed various colors. Other purposes for which it seems adaptable are rope, string, twine, mats, linoleum, army blankets, paper for packing fruit, eggs, etc., for export, and for many other commercial purposes.

The national capital intends to set the pace for every city and town in the country in the matter of genuine manual training schools, places where boys and girls of 14 and 15 years of age will be taught some legitimate trade, and thus be prepared to enter business life as first-class apprentices. There are to be no frills about this enterprise; everything is to be on a strictly business plane, with nothing visonary about the scheme. Youngsters, according to plans that are almost ready for being put in actual practice, whose parents can not afford them a collegiate or even a high school education, will be taught such trades as will fit them for entrance into the workday life of the nation. As outlined, two-year courses have been provided in seven trades for boys, and in three for girls. The courses for the former are to include machinist work, blacksmithing, wagon and automobile construction, electrical work, plumbing, heating and tinning, house, sign, wagon and fresco painting, paperhanging, printing, brick and stone masonry, plastering and concrete construction. For the girls, there are to be courses in practical cookery and household management, sewing, dressmaking, tailoring and also in millinery. To keep the student close to the line of the work they wish to follow when they leave the school, it is arranged that each one shall select a trade when he or she enters the school, and stick to that trade one year, and take up another one the next year. This arrangement is designed primarily for boys and girls of the sixth, seventh and eighth grade years, who would not go to high school because they have to work for a living.



NATURE STUDIES



A STUDY OF OUR NATIVE ELMS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE ancient Latin name for the elm is Ulmus, and it has been accepted by modern botanists as a fitting name for the genus. We have six species in America. Europe and Asia have ten, and China and Japan one. Our species range from Quebec, Ontario and Saskatchewan south to the southern limits of the United States. The wood of some of the species is of much importance commercially, and all are planted for shade and ornament.

The American or white elm is the largest and most beautiful member of the group. It stands absolutely alone among the forest trees for its special type of beauty. The bole is one of its most conspicuous features. The close-buttressed trunk rising from ninety to one hundred feet in the air, and the several main branches subdividing into many long, slender, drooping branchlets, combine strength and stateliness with airy grace and delicacy. The thick gray bark is fissured into flat scaly ridges. The bark on the young growth is green, soon turning to a reddish brown, and does not develop corky ridges as do some of the species.

This elm takes several diverse forms so distinct that many people think them different species; but they all are varying types of the same tree. Various names are given these types, such as "umbrella-shaped," "Etruscan vase," "plume-shaped," and "oak form," etc. The umbrella-shaped tree has an unbroken trunk with a round, spreading top. The Etruscan vase is, perhaps, the most common form in this part of the country. Just across the street from my home stands an elm which, before the line men mutilated it, was a perfect example of this form. The trunk divides a few feet from the ground into several large limbs of nearly equal size, and the top is flat with long drooping branches. The plume-shape is also somewhat common. In this form the trunk does not divide as in the vase form, but carries a single bole to the height of fifty or sixty feet which then divides into two or three waving, plume-like branches. Sometimes a tree growing in an open field where it has plenty of air and sunshine, presents the oak form. The top is broad and rounding, with heavy horizontal limbs, suggestive of some of the oaks. "Feathered elms," a form not mentioned above, are those trees which have a growth of little twigs along the trunk and branches. Any of the other forms may become feathered by the growth of latent buds which have lain dormant for years, but which, by some impulse have been started into growth.

Some morning in March or April we may see in the top of an elm a greenish gray mist which seems to have settled down on every branch and twig; and we are likely to say, "The elm buds are beginning to swell." But we are too late. It is the small greenish gray flowers that grow in clusters on every twig long before the leaves come out.

The seeds are small and occupy the center of the flat, round or sometimes oval samara, the edges of which are fringed with long hairs. They are wind travelers, and soon mature and are blown about, lodging in little windows against fences and buildings. They sink into the soft, moist soil and, if left undisturbed, will have grown into sturdy little stems by autumn.

The cork or rock elm is a large tree, growing from seventy to ninety feet in height and is found in nearly the same territory as the American elm. The bark on the trunk is thick and deeply fissured. One sure means of identification is the two, three, or four peculiar corky wings which develop after the first or second year. The first year's growth is soft and velvety, becoming smooth when the corky growth begins.

Economically, the cork elm is of great importance. The wood is hard, tough and strong, and susceptible of a high polish. It is largely used in the manufacture of heavy agricultural implements, for railroad ties, bridge timbers, sills, etc.

Every country boy knows the slippery elm because of its fragrant and mucilaginous inner bark, which is a certain means of identification. This tree is found on hillsides, and along banks of streams, preferring rocky soil. It is not so large as the American and cork elms, but the winter buds are larger and rounder; they are soft and downy, being covered with reddish-brown, silken hairs. The wood is close-grained, compact and strong. It is

used for railway ties, fence posts, etc. An infusion of the inner bark is a favorite household remedy.

There are three southern forms of the elm, two of which, the cedar elm and the red elm, seem to be out of harmony with all other American species, in that they bloom in the autumn instead of early spring. The samaras are oval, and those of the cedar elm are entirely covered with whitish hairs, while those of the red elm have their edges heavily fringed. The other southern elm, the winged elm, is a spring bloomer, and gets its name from the abundant development of corky wings or ridges on its branches. The wood of the southern elms is of no economic value, but they are valuable as snade trees and are so used in the South.

For fear some one may think I have overlooked one of our elms, I will mention the water-elm or Planer tree, which is not strictly an elm. Botanists have placed it in a genus by itself. It resembles the small-leaved elms, but its fruits is a distinguishing characteristic. It is a curious structure, oblong, nut-like, and covered with processes which grow out from the seed. It grows in swamps from North Carolina to Florida, westward to Kentucky and southern Illinois.

Trees all have a place in our national history and are inseparable from it because of certain acts or circumstances which have so consecrated them. Of such was the elm tree at Philadelphia, where William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of Indians; also the one at Cambridge, in the shade of which Washington first took command of the continental army on a hot summer's day.

DIE IN TORTURE FOR A LADY'S WHIM.

A FEW years ago Fashion said, "Grebe skins are stylish." Fashionable women hastened to buy them. Since then untold numbers of western grebes have been slaughtered through the lake region of southern Oregon and northern California to supply the market. Scores of professional hunters have been busy shooting these birds and shipping out bales of skins. The grebes have disappeared in many localities.

The western grebe is a diving bird of glistening white breast and silvery-gray back. It is sought not without reason. The grebe hunters call the skin of this bird fur rather than feathers.

I have followed the trail of the grebe hunter. I have seen the effects of his work. I have seen a hunter make a grebe skin almost as quickly as I can explain the method. He picks up the dead bird, severs each wing with the blow of an ax, throws it on its belly and rips the skin down the back from neck to tail. He jerks the skin loose from the upper part of the body and severs it at the neck. Then, with his foot on the upper part of the body, the whole hide comes off with one jerk.

Lower Klamath Lake on the Oregon and California border is a typical breeding ground for western grebes. When we visited the region in 1905 we found floating grebe nests only a few feet apart.

This nesting place containing about fifteen hundred grebe homes was soon discovered by two plume hunters. It took but a few days' work for them to shoot out this colony. I wish the American woman could have followed with me the trail of death and suffering after these two plume hunters left. We poled our skiff out through the tules till we came to a small grass island where the hunters had camped. Fifty feet beyond the edge of the camp fire was the skinning place. Here and there I saw piles of wings, each of which would have filled a washtub. The bodies of dead grebes were scattered about, thrown aside after the plumage had been stripped from their breasts. Each was marked by a buzzing throng of flies that swarmed up at our approach and settled back. On the left I counted a hundred rotting carcasses in one place. The stench was sickening. I turned back to meet a sight that was even worse.

Out through the tules where we had seen the birds thick about their floating homes, I found deserted nests. There were eggs on all sides never to be hatched. Beside several nests I saw dead grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of food that dead parents could never bring. I saw two homes where young grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. Gray chicks were piping faintly for food. Worst of all were sights that brought tears. I saw grebe mothers that had been shot and not been found by the plume hunters,—mothers lying dead by their homes. In a small bunch of tules I saw a grebe baby trying to crawl under a dead mother's wing,—cold, helpless, starving. I can hear him crying yet.

No one could see the sights I have seen and not be moved.

I thought of the women, even human mothers all through our enlightened land, who spread this suffering and starvation among the homes of the wild fowl. Cursed be fashion! This is the price. How long will the American woman demand it? The grebe skins, the tern wings, the egret plumes, are the mothers' life blood. Hat plumes, worn for beauty, are but the signs of famished babies. Do you realize that, fair wearer?—*William L. Finley, in Technical World Magazine for November.*

A WOMAN'S WAY.

A WOMAN was standing at the street crossing waiting for her car. The ground was covered with ice and snow and teamsters with more than the usual

loads had difficulty in managing their horses that went slipping and sliding over the pavement. Many loud words and whip lashes of an angry driver reached her ears. In the middle of the car track ahead of her loomed the dark form of an immense coal wagon.

A crowd of men and women had gathered around the team, which the driver was vainly attempting to swing out of the track. Several of the bystanders tried to stop this unnecessary cruelty to the horses and threatened to call a policeman. But the driver only told them to mind their own business and that he was driving the team.

At this juncture our little woman, with a determined look, had elbowed her way through the crowd and seeing that he still continued whipping the horses, she, too, tried to make him stop his cruelty.

After talking for quite a time he at last said, "All right, if you think you understand more about my business than I do, just get up there and drive the team yourself." In saying this he calmly got off the seat and, amid the laughter of the bystanders, placed the reins in the woman's hands. He kept insisting that she drive the horses.

After a moment's hesitation she took a firm grip on the reins and, addressing herself to a few kindly disposed bystanders, she said, "Please take those blankets off the seat and put them under the horses' feet."

This was done at once and the woman then patted the horses gently and spoke kindly to them. Then she gently tapped them on the back with the lines and asked them to "Gitt ap."

The traces of the harness began to strain, the wagon gave two or three loud creaks, the feet of the horses had gained a firm anchorage, and, behold! the big wagon swung majestically off the track!

The blankets were replaced on the wagon, the driver mounted his seat, and the long procession of cars and waiting teams began their forward movement.—*World's Chronicle.*

ONE WITH GOD.

"I ARRAIGN the rum traffic as the greatest curse the age has known. Its pallor is on our nation and its blight is everywhere.

"You may ask where do I stand. You have a right to know.

"Creep up close to the heart of God who hates every evil thing. Ask him where he stands and put me down on that side.

"Or if that is too much trouble, go to the poor pale faced woman, the ragged and half starved children, the innocent victims of the accursed traffic. Ask them where they stand and put me down there.

"Or if that is too much trouble, go out to your cemetery and creeping in among the graves of the victims of the demon drink, ask yourself as you contemplate their ruin, where in the name of all that is holy, a man should stand. When you have your answer put me down there.

"I stand here tonight giving no quarter and asking none, conscious that I am sustained by heaven, endorsed by every good woman and every honest man. But if I should stand alone here, I should stand, conscious that one with God is a majority."—*Rev. Father McCorry.*

Between Whiles

A Plea for the Christmas Spirit.

"How old is that child, madame?" asked the woman at the ticket window.

"He is not quite 6."

"Six? Dear me! He's awfully big for his age. He looks as if he might be twelve."

"Well, he isn't, and I've never paid for him anywhere."

"Very well.. I suppose if he isn't more than six I shall have to let him through."

"Certainly! You don"t suppose I'd lie to you to save five cents, do you?"

Having succeeded in getting the young man through the gate without paying, the good woman prepared to make a rush for it when the train stopped.

While they were waiting the boy whispered:

"Gee! That was a purty close call, wasn't it, ma?"

"Be quiet! They get enough money out of us, as it is."

"Oh, I'm on all right, all right."

Then the train arrived and the woman elbowed past several men, while her son, being strong and agile, fought his way inside immediately after her. Two people who were getting out left a cross seat vacant and the lady and her son hastened to get into it.

"You get inside next the window, darling," she directed. "Then nobody will expect you to get up."

As the train went on, picking up people at the various stations, the crowd inside became greater and greater. Tired old men who had been working all day were compelled to cling to straps. Weary looking women stood in the aisle and were compelled to clutch at anything which happened to be handy when the train went around curves. Many longing looks were directed at the seat occupied by the boy.

At last a young man who had finished glancing at the headlines in his evening paper said to another who was sharing his strap:

"I should think that boy might stand and give some lady a chance to sit down."

"Yes," his friend replied, "but he won't. I'll bet she didn't pay any fare for him either."

Then the boy's mother, who could not help overhearing the remarks, turned and glared at the shameful creatures.

Several passengers snickered, and an oldish man who had offered his seat to a poorly-dressed woman with a pale, sad face, said:

"I suppose the poor boy is tired out from looking through the toy departments all day."

It was outrageous.

"It's a pity," the fond mother exclaimed, "that one can't ride in one of these cars without being insulted. I should think people might at this time of the year, at least, try to get a little of the Christmas spirit. Freddie, you keep your seat!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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or

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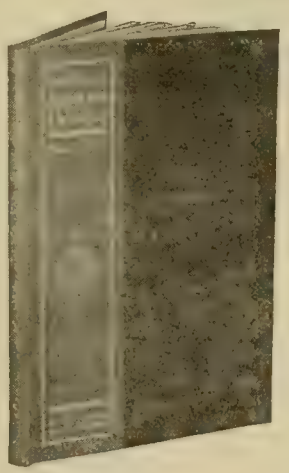
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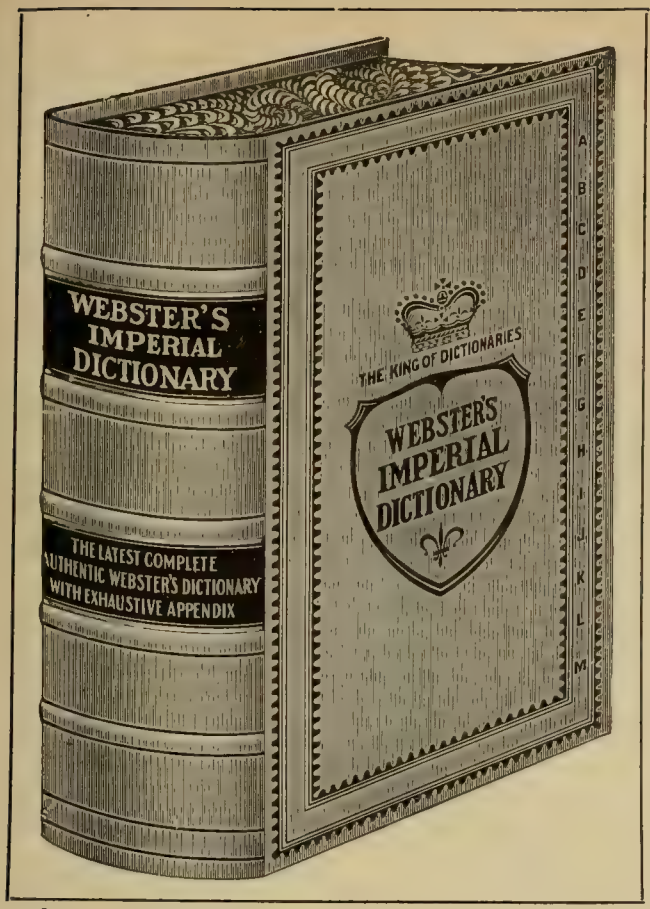
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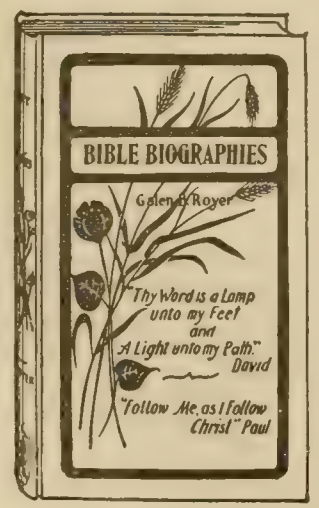
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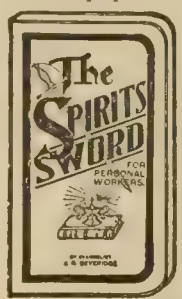
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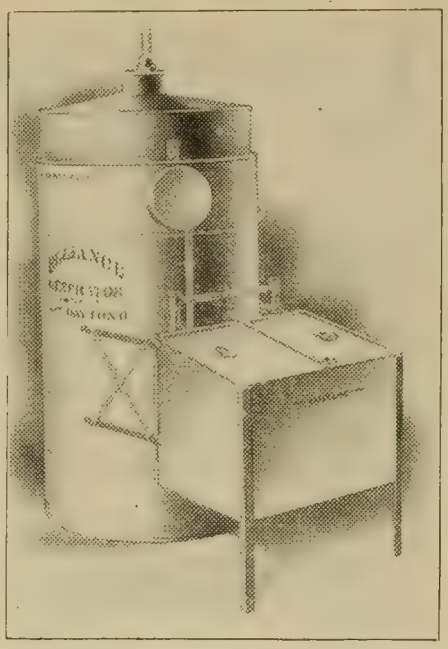
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J. W. Wayland

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1910 marks another epoch in her history of prosperity. Large crops of grain, hay, potatoes and sugar beets were grown this year, and sold at remunerative prices. The Fruit Crop was the largest ever grown in the State. More than $1,000,000 will be realized from the apple crop alone. We invite the settler to see and investigate Idaho before locating. Land values are yet comparatively cheap, but rapidly advancing in price.

The following table will show how it ranks as an agricultural State:

IDAHO IS FIRST

Average Yield Per acre for the Years 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, According to the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

STATE	Corn bushels	Wheat bushels	Oats bushels	Rye bushels	Barley bushels	Potatoes bushels	Hay tons	Grand Total	Rank
Idaho,	29.5	24.3	41.7	20.8	39.8	148.2	2.85	307.15	1
Montana,	23.2	26.4	43.3	23.7	36.2	150.0	1.80	304.60	2
Utah,	26.9	24.5	40.3	17.6	38.4	144.0	2.90	294.60	3
Washington,	23.8	23.3	46.3	19.2	38.0	134.5	2.28	287.38	4
Wyoming,	28.0	24.9	35.9	21.0	30.1	144.3	2.08	286.28	5
Colorado,	21.3	25.1	31.2	12.3	33.8	130.0	2.30	266.15	6
California,	31.4	12.6	31.2	12.8	24.5	125.4	1.83	239.73	7
Oregon,	25.8	19.6	30.0	15.7	32.2	109.2	2.11	231.61	8
Wisconsin,	33.2	16.6	33.3	17.0	28.6	90.5	1.39	220.59	9
Ohio,	35.6	14.9	33.2	17.1	27.3	84.0	1.38	213.48	10
Illinois,	34.5	15.6	31.2	17.6	27.8	81.6	1.35	212.65	11
Minnesota,	28.4	13.0	31.7	19.1	25.6	87.9	1.66	208.36	12
Iowa,	32.3	15.1	29.4	18.0	25.6	82.3	1.55	204.25	13
United States,	25.8	14.1	29.5	16.0	25.7	91.5	1.44	204.04	14
North Dak.,	23.5	12.7	29.9	16.4	32.0	94.0	1.39	200.89	15
Indiana,	34.7	14.2	29.0	15.2	25.4	79.2	1.36	199.06	16
South Dak.,	27.4	12.6	31.6	17.3	25.3	32.7	1.39	198.29	17
Nebraska,	27.4	17.5	26.4	16.8	24.0	82.9	1.55	196.55	18
Missouri,	28.6	14.0	23.4	14.8	21.9	81.3	1.28	185.28	19
Oklahoma,	24.2	12.8	29.4	14.0	26.2	75.7	1.30	183.60	20
Kansas,	22.4	14.2	24.4	14.2	19.8	75.8	1.41	171.81	21

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Colonization Agent
Dayton, O io

D. E. BURLEY
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.
St. Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XII. December 27, 1910. No. 52.

Fighting Grasshoppers a la Filipino

W. O. Beckner

GRASSHOPPERS are one of the worst pests that exist in the Philippines. To those who were pioneers in Western Kansas in the '70's but little need be said about the havoc which they can play in a day. Many have heard the stories of how the wind would blow them into the railroad cuts in great heaps like drifted snow, blocking the train, besides the havoc they had worked on growing vegetation. There are few railroads in the Philippines as yet; so it is useless to tell such stories of this country. But it is true that they rise and fly across twenty or thirty miles of sea from one island to another with comparative ease. Then woe unto the growing crops when they light. I have seen a cornfield standing with tassels just peeping out, all green and fresh in the morning and before nightfall nothing but bare stems were left. Fodder, stems, tassels, all were gone. They alight in the fields of sugar cane and strip it clean also. There is a tall, stiff grass here that is popularly called cogon (ko-goan) grass and they even strip it. It is something like the slough grass of the Western States but more rank and stemmy.

The Bureau of Agriculture has been operating in the Islands such a short time that they have not spread out to seed selection and soil analysis and other eloquent subjects on a large scale, as in the States. About all they have been able to do is to fight animal diseases and crop pests. Orders are issued from the Department that grasshoppers must be fought. The work is done by the citizens of the community. The Governor of the Province is responsible to the Insular Government and in turn the Municipal President, with the Municipal Council, is responsible to the Governor. So it is pretty well organized. When grasshoppers appear in a community, somebody had better get after them.

The old ones that fly are practically indestructible except from natural death. But they lay thousands of thousands of eggs where they light and in about ten days the eggs hatch. The little hoppers that are too small to fly are the ones that can be killed. They are called by the Visayan peoples "lokto-on" (luk-toan). The old flyers are called "do-on" (doan).

As I rode out to a barrio school Monday, I saw some men killing the lokto-on. They dig a hole in the vicinity of the hoppers and with brush or a bunch of weeds or grass drive them near the hole. Pieces of corrugated iron roofing are furnished each municipality for public use in this work. Two or three of them are set on edge making a "V" with the hole at the vertex. The little hoppers are not able to fly at all and can hop only a short distance, so it is slow work to get them to the hole. But they get there if the drivers persist. It takes several, but that is so much the better in view of the constitutional dislike of the Filipino to work alone. Once at the hole, they are whipped down into it and when the whole bunch is safely inside, a man stamps them with his feet until all are killed. Sometimes as many as a bushel or two are killed in one hole.

One man in Bogo has a farm near the foot of the mountains out south of town. The old hoppers lay their eggs up in there where the young cannot be driven for the bushes and weeds and he tells fearful stories of how he has to work to kill them when they migrate down on to his fields of sugar cane. They present themselves in Egyptian style and must be met almost like an army. This one man is very vigorous in his campaign against them.

If the citizens of the community are careless and lazy and do not get busy, they are likely to be visited by the Municipal Police force and given opportunity to contribute to the public treasury. That is exceedingly distasteful to all the Filipinos that I know. They prefer to work a little at killing "lokto-on." If no one takes hold to kill them out when they appear in a community, the Municipal President is likely to be questioned by the Pro-

vincial Governor as to why it was not done. Just tonight, the Police drum sounded on the streets of Bogo and the proclamation read on the street corners, was that "lokto-on" must be killed, that those property owners in town must get out to their farms and get to work. That is the way orders are issued. The Municipal President sends policemen around over the town with a drum, beating it as they march. At a street corner, they stop and read the proclamation.

A few days ago, a body of councilmen refused to act with the President of their town in this work. Very well. There is a company of Constabulary men stationed close to that town and some of them were sent out as a patrol, just to see what was being done out in that part of the country. "Lokto-on" were found in abundance and the word quickly spread that people there had better get after them or trouble would follow. They got after the hoppers. No more stubborn councilmen when their President asked them to kill "lokto-on." Each member of the council is responsible for a certain part of the municipality and must personally see to it that things in his district are moving in the right way.

It is obvious that it will be a long time until all the grasshoppers in the Islands are wiped out of existence, but it certainly is only a question of time if people everywhere will do their part. The unoccupied lands and the mountain districts furnish the greatest obstacles. But the time will come eventually when those areas will be reduced to the minimum and meantime the swarms of hoppers can be fought and their numbers reduced immensely also.

Bogo, Cebu, P. I.

POE'S MESSAGE TO HIS TIME.

FORREST R. GROFF.

AMONG the literary masters of the past, none hold so separate a place as Edgar Allan Poe. To be able to estimate Poe, one must have a knowledge of the unique and strange experiences he had. That which tended toward degradation was thrown into his life in his youth. The evil of intemperance fastened itself upon him when he was a mere child and was served wine from the table of his foster parents. In those dark hours of his life, when thoughts of his evil ways pressed upon his mind and soul, the bitterest remorse of conscience drove him to drown it all with drink. His sanest moments were filled with the deepest of regret; it was in these moments he penned analogies of those terrible struggles his soul underwent.

Our appreciation of Poe will not be because of his likeness to other men of letters, but because of his unlikeness or eccentricity. He struggled in the shackles of heredity and environment, when occasionally he burst forth into some wild, fantastic song or told some fanciful dream to the pitying world about him, that stirred our souls or delightfully fed our imaginations. Where shall we place him? He was unlike all other men of literature. Hawthorne and Cooper described real persons, places, and things; Bryant, Whittier, and others wrote true to life,—they polished the common-place things, but we find no real persons, places, or things in the productions of Edgar Allan Poe; weird and formidable seem the background and atmosphere, filled with writhing shapes and fancied objects, and if we do discern a human being, how distorted it seems, and at last it may be a mere spectre that may please the wildest flight of the imagination.

His very life is depicted in his weird and ghastly stories; he surely had a morbid temperament: he transforms his pessimistic, remorseful, strong, and uncontrolled feelings into such striking pieces of English as "Descent in a Maelstrom," "Pit and the Pendulum," "Black Cat," "Masque of Red Death," "Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," and the "Murders of the Rue Morgue." His sorrowings and disappointments are made beautiful in the music of such poems as, "Ulalume," "Lenore," "To Helen," "Annabel Lee," "To My Mother," "To One in Paradise," "Eulalie," and "For Annie." We sympathize with him, and fain would sit for hours to hear him tell the story of his own life, which makes up the warp and woof of his ingenious stories.

One is uncontrollably moved by the music of his poetry. We cannot scan a stanza of his poetry without unconsciously beating its musical measures. Note the peculiarity of the following from "The Bells":

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tingling of the bells."

The dark and ponderous thought contained in his poem, "The Raven," oft does not appeal to us at first reading, but by rereading it for the music of its measures, throbbing with his sorrowing heart,

we are enraptured, and overlook the dark and gruesome.

Poe saw ideals in the real, which no one else ever saw. The characters he loved were angelic to him. Annabel Lee was a perfect type of womanhood, and his poems immortalize other such objects of his passionate love.

While this trait of character in Poe was predominant, he had another less agreeable to his fellow-men. He went the way of a critic, even to morbid denunciation of successful contemporary writers. Minor writers suffered most severely under his criticism. Such action often involved him in quarrels with these men and his publishers. Had he directed his criticisms more properly at men of note in the field of literature, his criticisms would stand as a criterion today; but his quarrelsome nature caused him to harass his inferiors, rather than his superiors.

Just as a lily, pure as snow, bursts forth from its dark and slimy sepals in the poisonous filth of the pond, so the soul of Poe beams forth from an uncouth habitation. We admire the lily and praise its beauty, but turn with aversion and nausea from its place of abode. So we admire, praise, and honor Poe. We pluck the lily and press its snow-white petals to our nostrils, forgetting its place of habitation, drinking in its sweetness. So we forget the baser part of Poe's life in drinking in the sweetness of his poetry, and are content to be charmed by his stories. Intoxicated by his charms, we, in our delirium, call him our greatest and only poetical genius.

Arcanum, Ohio.

TUNING BELLS.

"WHAT a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones. All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony. The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords. At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone, and shaving the bell till it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.—*Scientific American.*

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Jennie Taylor

Into the wild and wintry waste,
His visage thin and gray,
Old Father Time goes slowly out,
No longer can he stay;
The sifting sand has run its course,
The scythe its harvest mown,
The Old Year passes silently,
Bent, forsaken, lone.

Outside the door, a cherub stands
With beaming face so fair,
With restless feet and bounding heart,
He waits to enter there;
With hour-glass turned, with book anew,
Its pages white and clean,
The New Year brings to all the world
His gift of hope again.

And, as the Old Year passes out
He falters—hesitates
Upon the threshold of the door
Where little New Year waits;
Then, while the Old Year and the New
Meet in the open door,
Find the future here; the past
Going to return no more.

Hoarsely upon the midnight air
Deep clanging voices shout,
The wail of whistle and fog-horn blend,
The North winds rave and rout;
Merrily, cheerily, mingling with these
The tinkle and peal of bells float through,
Madly and merrily, sadly and cheerily
Toll they the Old out, ring in the New.

Tipton, Iowa.

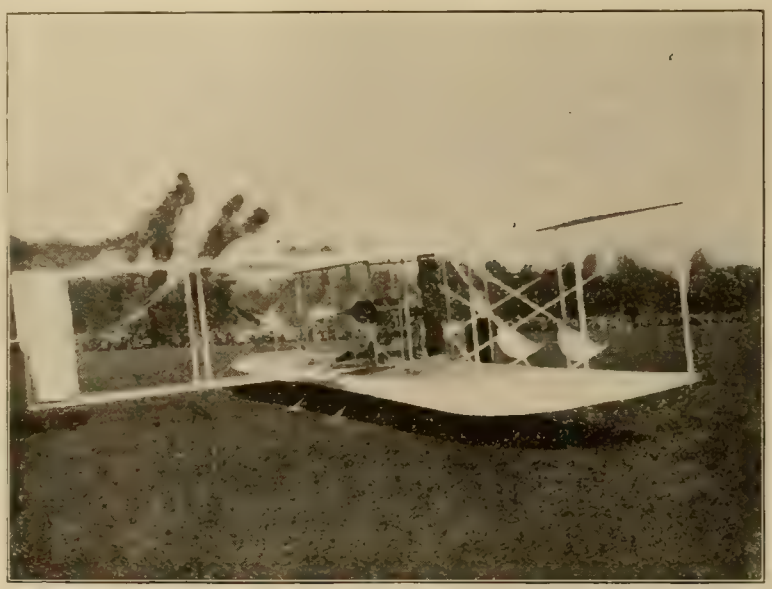
THE WINGLESS WONDER

Henry M. Spickler

In Two Chapters. Chapter One.

A SHORT time ago I was one of hundreds of thousands of excited, delighted spectators that had gathered in the big open space on Michigan Avenue, south and east of Montgomery Ward & Company, in Chicago, to see my first man-bird rise, on outstretched wings, from a spot near the lake, and soar high above the tallest buildings on Lake Front. It was Mr. Walter Brookins, a boy about twenty years old, with a Wright Brothers' machine made in Dayton, Ohio.

My first sensation was the hearing of a buzzing, churning noise that increased as the machine arose from its surroundings and cleared itself in the open sky above us. I could see the rapidly revolving paddle-wheel just behind and in the center of the huge biplanes or wings. This paddle consisted of but one straight board or piece of aluminum, so curved as to drive the machine forward when moved sufficiently rapidly by the engines. Every boy with a jack-knife has made one of these paddles when he constructed a small wind-mill, for its principle of working in the air is the same, except that the boy's whirligig is itself driven by the wind blowing against its beveled paddles, whereas in the aeroplane the paddles are to be driven against the air, to move themselves not only around their axle, but also to move the machine to which they are fastened, just like a screw propeller steamship. The steamship in the sea has practically become the gasoline ship in the air, with the favor of practicability finally, I believe, to the air ship.



Wright Aeroplane in Washington Park, Chicago, Brookins Standing in Front. Photo by H. M. S.

When we saw this great bird cutting the air in curves and spirals, darting here and there, at will, rising and coming down, or sailing clear away out of sight just like a great goose going south for the winter, everybody felt that the flying machine was a sure fact. This was demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt. Imperfect as it was in construction, tentative in every particular, an experiment in every part, crude in many essential points of construction, yet this flying machine was flying, actually *flying* with the other birds up there, and doing it with far more steady grace, and with seemingly far less effort than a duck, a pigeon or a hawk would fly on the same course.

The people strained their necks up to the high buildings, but the two men in the aeroplane were riding around in their air craft hundreds of feet above the tallest sky-scraper with no appearance of being frightened at the unusual height for men to assume in Chicago.

Then, after diving around the Illinois Central Depot just as a hawk would dive and pitch after a little bird, the machine arose to a great height when the men looked like specks and the wings grew small. In another minute they were both down upon the ground, the aeroplane having been made to take great spiral curves as, with its nose pointed right down upon the earth, it dived almost straight down,—for a distance, direct for the ground, and then breaking up this dangerous movement into spirals of great sweep, settling, as it flew, like a bird, with scarcely any noise at all, for the paddle wheels had been stopped or were allowed to run at slow speed.

When the big bird had alighted in the same spot from which it arose the immense throng of people, like one man, took their first real breath since they first saw it rise. They breathed again and were natural. During the few minutes of the fancy flight of the man-bird we were bewildered with a strange delight of something half natural and half supernatural, and we knew that the flying machine was just as assured as the automobile is an assured fact. It had come to stay. It would carry people and freight.

The two most striking aspects of the flying machine as it is developed today are its appearance and its noise. The impression it makes upon the eyesight is marvelous. One stands and wonders and keeps on wondering, rising into an ecstasy of praise for the daring spirit of adventuresome man and the profound depth of the human mind. The human eye, unused to such striking demonstration of man's inventive fruitfulness, trembles in delight in its socket, and the eyelids do not blink as when looking at ordinary objects. The faces of the thousands were riveted all the time on the one object. The expression of these people was as interesting as a psychological study as was the aeroplane from an ingenious one. The face was perfectly at rest, with the mouth set at all angles of opening and closing. Few of the people were staring. Their eyes, like astonished horses when first driven to town, forgot for once their own selves, lost their weakness and lassitude and acted like young and sprightly eyes, too interested and pleased to be frightened, but yet half ready to shy off. The machine was under the perfect control of the aviator. It went up or down, sidewise or crosswise, dipped in front or dipped behind, and in turning curves at a very rapid rate of speed the man-bird swung around in a half overturned position of its big body. We thought he was falling sure. How he maintained his seat and hold on the levers I could not imagine. The very sight of that aeroplane flying around above the skyscrapers of Chicago was an education in itself. The thousands went home with an added breadth to their life. Their horizon had been lifted and set back for an unknown distance. The second striking aspect was the noise the machine made. No other noise is just like it. The nearest simile to it would possibly be that of the noise made by the flapping of the wings of a rooster and a turkey gobbler both at the same time. Another representation would be the trill made by your tongue when the end is allowed to touch somewhere near the roof of the mouth, while you make an audible sound with the throat and emit air rapidly. Your eardrum vibrates with the noise, for the pulsations of the air are very direct upon the ear.

The most absorbing thing in the world today is the aeroplane and the next is the man who runs it, the aviator.

Brookins was to try for the ten thousand dollar prize by flying from Chicago to Springfield. He was to start at nine o'clock from Washington Park meadow, a great open, grassy space, perfectly level, containing, say a hundred acres. As this spot was near the University, crowds of the students "cut" school and hurried to the park. I followed with my camera.



Brookins in Wright Biplane on Way to Springfield. Picture Taken When Machine Was Directly Overhead, by H. M. S.

A tremendous crowd, the largest out-door assemblage I ever saw, was in waiting, pressing against the ropes stretched around the field, outside of which the crowd, for probably two miles around, gazed at the simple looking, harmless bit of kite-like frames and little motors resting flat on the ground at the extreme south end of the crowd. Outsiders were not allowed over the rope, and it was guarded by scores of big blue-coats, afoot, on horses and on motor cycles. But I was there to take a picture of the machine that was to try for the ten thousand dollar race to Springfield, for the INGLENOOK. So *I* had to get through the *lines*. Pushing up through the dense packed throng I got to the rope, and by the ruse of handing my camera to the policeman who was about to club me back, I got in. "Take my camera!" I said to the blue-coat, with as much authority as though the whole daily press of Chicago had sent me down there for that purpose,—and of course he reached out and took it, rather honored at the privilege I had extended to him. While he was thinking about the camera and looking it over I was climbing over the rope and reaching for it. With a "Thank you" I was off past him and with a dozen official photographers I was "taking" the machine at close range. The picture shows at a distance of about twenty feet. Mr. Brookins stands just in front of the bi-plane, and a moment after, he had pulled on his gloves, pulled down his cap, put up his collar,—the collar of a short, heavy, oiled coat used by aviators, took

his seat the other side of the dark upright piece reaching from the lower to the upper plane, and started the engines. These were cranked from behind by one of his helpers, just as an automobile is cranked. The two horizontal paddles began to move and then to fly at an incredibly swift speed, giving the impression of a solid, but transparent wheel. The grass behind the machine, for a hundred yards began to blow away from the machine as if a hurricane were passing over it. The vibration was intense. The looks and actions of Mr. Brookins showed the self-confidence that was necessary to compete in such an undertaking. "Let her go!" he said. The several men holding the machine released their hold from the rear. It began at once to escape from their hands as if enraged at their holding it, ran along the ground for a hundred feet, then began to half skim and half rise for another hundred feet or so, and at the distance of five hundred feet, it was in the air, its tail not far from touching the ground as its nose pointed upwards. By the time it reached the crowds, nearly a half mile on the north side it was well up in the air. Here Brookins turned sharply to the right, and in a rising spiral circle that enlarged as he ascended, he reached a height of five hundred feet and then a thousand, when catching sight of the Illinois Central tracks running along the lake shore on the east and south he made a bee line for them that took him right into the face of the bright forenoon sun of that perfect day. As the sun seemed to swallow him up from our gaze, he reminded me of Dædalus, or some fellow of Latin mythology that once, with waxen wings, sought to fly from the earth, and who on nearing the sun, found his wings melting by its heat and himself falling into it. Dædalus and Green were both the precursors of the flying machine of today and of the perfected one of tomorrow.

You know the outcome of that world-record flight,—how he raced with the special train on the Illinois Central from Chicago to Springfield, making two stops only for gasoline and rest from the intense nervous strain, the passenger train meantime puffing and blowing after him like a frenzied demon.

THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION.

NETTIE C. WEYBRIGHT.

III. Its Forerunners.

THE forerunners of the Reformation have been divided into two classes. The first class was made up of men who in the quiet path of theological research and teaching or by practical exertions in behalf of a contemplative, spiritual tone of piety, were undermining the traditional system. The second class was composed of men who attempted to carry out their ideas practically in the way of effecting ecclesiastical changes.

Among the various special omens of an approaching revolution which would affect the entire religious system of the medieval church, might be mentioned the rise of anti-sacerdotal sects which sprang up as early as the eleventh century, but flourished chiefly in the twelfth and thirteenth. They were characterized in common by a renunciation of the authority of the priesthood. But, being mostly of the common, unlearned class, they were inclined to become fanatical, so they did not prove to be effectual to combat with the inveterate error of the times. But the ecclesiastical revolution was reserved to be accomplished by enlightened and soberminded men, who would know how to build up as well as to destroy.

The conservative reformers, the leaders in the reforming councils, prepared the way for the great change from which even they themselves would have recoiled in dismay. Long before the time of Luther, there were men who were radical reformers, who anticipated the Protestant movement, of whom Wycliffe is the most remarkable. He was a trained theologian, and not only a Protestant, but a Puritan. His principles continued to have adherents in the poor and obscure classes in England down to the outbreaking of the Protestant movement. Huss, Wessel and Savonarola were among the noted precursors of the Reformation. For this great revolution, the Mystics indirectly paved the way. St. Bernard and Bonaventura were among these. With the decline of scholasticism, mysticism assumed a more distinct shape. They were the only people who possessed real piety. They exhorted their followers to aim at nothing but internal sanctity of heart, and communion with God, the centre and source of holiness and perfection.

An event of signal importance as an indispensable prerequisite and means of a reformation in religion, was the revival of learning. The three great writers, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, introduced a new era of culture, when the church was no longer to be the sole instructor, when a wider horizon was to be opened to the human intellect. The downfall of scholasticism followed as one of the effects of the renovation of learning. Not only this, but the Fathers were brought out of their obscurity. Also the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, the primitive documents of the Christian religion, were brought forward in the original tongues, to serve as a touchstone by which the prevailing doctrinal and ecclesiastical system must be tested. In Germany, the new learning was cultivated in a religious spirit. It kindled the desire to examine the writings

of the Fathers and to study earnestly the Scriptures. Wherever the cause of learning was advancing it brought with it increased liberality from the forms, and brought tendencies to reform in religion.

Erasmus did much by his editions of Cyprian and Jerome, and his translations from Origen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, to open up the knowledge of Christian antiquity, and to give his contemporaries access to a purer and more biblical theology. His edition and paraphrase of the New Testament, his treatise on preaching, and various other works promoted Christian knowledge in a most remarkable degree. His writings and the reception accorded to them show that the European mind had outgrown the existing ecclesiastical system, and was ready to break loose from its control.

Syracuse, Indiana.

LITTLE BERTHA

Kizzie Hays

AS the morning west-bound train on the Charleston and Western Carolina blew for station B—, I rapped at the door of a nice two-story house. My call was not answered immediately, so I leaned against the balusters of the comfortable porch. The wistaria trailed up the lattice-work on either side and two scrub orange trees pointed their thorny branches through the vines in front. The yard was well kept, being covered with beautiful flower beds and much shrubbery.

Presently the lady of the house, a young woman, appeared in the doorway. I introduced myself and announced my business. After spending some time with the lady, it was arranged for me to come back the following week as a boarder.

"Yes," continued Miss Maud, as I afterward learned to call her, "everything will be all right. As I have told you, I have no servant at present, but have the promise of one in a few days. The little girl who is with me can help a great deal."

Turning to close the yard gate, I noticed, in the half open gate which led into the back yard, a pair of large bright eyes and a mouthful of pearly white teeth shining from a glisteny black face. The kinky black hair was divided into many parts and tied with white cord. The blue, faded dress was too large for the little girl who wore it, while the soiled apron was far too small to correspond to the frock.

A week later, after trunk, suitcase and several boxes, each in turn, had sounded the floor above, and after two stout negroes had descended the long stairway, I entered the room which I called mine for a number of months. A blazing fire was on the hearth. The fine odor of the rosin filled the room. The long tongues of fire filled the fireplace as they used up the pieces of the southern pine.

"Now, Bertha," it was Miss Maud's voice in the hall, "be sure and fill up the wood-box high, and fill the little box with 'drawt'."

"Yes'm," was the faint reply.

A few minutes later I stepped into the hall. Little Bertha, the same little girl whom I had seen the preceding week peeping through the gate, was coming up the steps with an armful of wood. Near my door was a large box of pine wood—much of it "fat," and a small box or rosin chips,—all of which little Bertha had "toted" up for me.

I praised her and thanked her for bringing me so much good wood.

"Yes'm," she said with a broad smile on her African face.

Little Bertha had been in her new home for ten weeks. She seemed to be perfctly happy and was always willing and ready to do all the errands. She felt at home, for she had known her new "missus" all her life.

Miss Maud's grandfather was a slave-holder and lived on a large plantation near the Savannah River, and in the path over which Sherman traveled on his way from Savannah to Columbia, after his famous "March to the Sea."

Her father inherited a large farm—mostly swamp land—in the Sticks, and had for his servants several of the old plantation slaves and some of their descendants.

Little Bertha's mother lived in a small cabin on this farm and had to support a large family. She used to be the cook of the "big house," but now she only washed and ironed for the "boss" and his family. She hoed cotton in the spring and picked it in the fall, besides doing all the work at her home "and all."

Little Bertha was one of the oldest of her children, and with joy she sent her to town to work for Miss Maud, who had married a rich merchant.

Several weeks after I had become one of Miss Maud's boarders, she, one afternoon, drove out to the old farm and took little Bertha along. Before dinner the little negro was all dressed up. She had on her new red dress, for she was going to see "ma" and the others, for the first time since she had been in town.

When the horse stopped in front of the weather-

beaten cabin, little Bertha ran quickly in—to show her new dress and the bright ribbon on her hair.

The horse and buggy were very slow about coming. She would often look toward the "big house" where she could see it hitched. At last it came, and little Bertha, not saying good-by to any one, ran and jumped into the buggy with the "white folks," for she knew where "the pot boiled fastest."

Little Bertha had her assigned work to do,—set the table, mind the flies, wipe the dishes, "tote" the wood in and the things from the store, feed the "biddies," sweep the hall and porch, "carry" the cow to pasture and "hitch" her there, "and all."

She slept in a large room at the head of the stairway and just opposite mine. In it was an old set of furniture which was covered with canvas. It was the general plunder room.

On the floor in one corner was half of an old worn-out straw mattress. On it was a cotton pillow with a colored case, and a few ragged bed-clothes. On this little Bertha slept, which was much better than what she had at home.

She waited for Christmas with great expectation, since she thought that Santa Claus always left more in the stockings of the little children who stayed in a "big house." All the others at Miss Maud's were grown folks, and surely she would now get that long-coveted doll with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and golden hair.

Late on Christmas eve she stole downstairs in her bare feet and placed a large shoe box on the dining room table, which stood before the open fireplace. She was certain that Santa would come down the chimney sometime during that frosty night.

No one was up the next morning as early as little Bertha. She lighted the large lamp while her eyes were turned toward the table. No doll, no candy, no, not even the box which she had placed there.

Filled with the greatest disappointment, she kindled fire on the hearth and in the cooking stove, then sat down to wait for Black Kate to come and "cook" breakfast.

Miss Maud appeared in the kitchen before Black Kate had come from her humble home.

"Well, Bertha, what did Santa Claus bring you last night?"

"Nothin'," she replied as her eyes filled with tears.

"Did you look good? Did you look every place? Go in and look again."

A little hope came into her countenance. She went into the dining room and looked all around. There in a corner in a low arm-chair was her box filled with candy, fruit, and nuts, and in a fancy box the beautiful doll about which she had so often dreamed.

When the breakfast bell rang the lady boarders appeared first. One handed little Bertha a pretty embroidered handkerchief. "Oh, it's a new one!" she exclaimed. The other gave her a ribbon. "And it's a red one!" she said with a sparkle in her eye.

"Now, Bertha, what must you say to the ladies?" asked Miss Maud.

"You is welcome, p'ease," was her thanks.

Late one night I heard a little tap on my door and called to the late visitor to come in.

The door opened slowly and little Bertha peeped in. "Miss ——, will you p'ease gimme a piece 'o white paper?"

I tore a sheet from a tablet and handed it to her, and also a short pencil without her asking for the latter.

She turned to go, but I called her back and gave her a composition book which was not half full, and a long pencil with a gum on.

The following morning she got up late, and was reproved for it. She again got up late, and again was reproved.

When one of the boarders remarked that she had seen a light real late in little Bertha's room, I told of my giving her the book and pencil.

"Now, Bertha," demanded Miss Maud, "you can stay up as late as you want to, but you must get up in time to make fire before Kate comes."

As the time went on little Bertha became more and more careless about her duties, and would often get a scolding. Occasionally she would tell the untruth. Then her "missus" would get the pepper box and make little Bertha open her large wide mouth, and sift some of the contents into the open cavity.

This treatment was a sapolio which would cleanse for awhile. She would generally look brighter directly after the rinsing.

When she would get sullen and sour, she was told that there was something wrong with her and she needed medicine. Salts was the general remedy by which she was cured. On one occasion when she became unusually crabbed, and even rebellious, a dose of castor oil was added shortly after the salts.

One evening when I came in, little Bertha was sweeping the sandy yard with a handful of little brush which were tied together. Her eyes were swollen, and I could see that she had been crying for some time.

"What is the matter, Bertha?" I presently asked.

There was no reply—only a little sob.

"Did Miss Maud whip you?"

"Yes'm," was heard between sobs.

"Why, what did you do, Bertha?" I further asked.

"Nothin'," was the reply.

An hour later during a conversation with the "missus" I hinted to learn what little Bertha had done that she was punished.

"Everything," was her reply.

Little Bertha was not allowed to "mix" with the "niggers" of the town, and so she had a very lonesome life. Often on Saturday, which is the big day for the darkies, her mother, old grandmother, or some "nigger" from the Sticks, whom she knew, would come to the gate or to the back porch to see her. She would stand for hours at the fence and watch the people go to and fro in the town. She was not allowed to ornament the front gate, so she soon had a favorite spot in the back yard near the fig tree.

Sunday was the worst day for little Bertha. She did not have enough to do to occupy the time. She would play with the simple playthings she had, swing in the old swing under the grapevine, or lie quietly on the joggling-board under the water-oak.

She could see the children of her own race, in their bright colors, go to the colored churches of the town. How she longed to put on her red dress and brown cap, and join the happy sons and daughters of Ham! But her place was at home.

When the warm days of late winter came, little Bertha became very discontented. After some consideration it was decided to send her home for two weeks to cure her. So Miss Maud took her home. Long before the time had passed, she walked all the way to town with her little budget.

"Bertha's back! Bertha's back!" could be heard from one, then from another. Everything moved along better than before, for little Bertha had been cured of her "bad spells." She was busy all the time and did not worry Black Kate any more.

After a few weeks, however, she became more homesick than ever, and everything was wrong. So Miss Maud decided not to put up with "such doings" any longer. One afternoon I heard quick steps upon the stairway. They went into little Bertha's room. Soon they came out again, and the door was closed.

"Good-by, Bertha, good-by! Be a good little girl!" I called after her.

"Yes'm," was the last word I heard from her.

And so little Bertha went back to the Sticks, where "there are more niggers than white folks."

* * *

"MANY a seeming defeat may force us to retreat to higher ground, where we may stand in stronger array, retrenched, reinspired—to fight harder than ever."

AN ALLEGORY OF THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

B. F. ZIMMERMAN.

IT was a beautiful balmy spring morning, when a little patch of foam which had gathered behind a boulder that projected above the water near the old mill, said, "I am tired of the monotony of whirling round and round in these narrow limits," and with a leap and a bound he was out on the gentle ripple of the stream.

At the same time, behind the great mill post had been gathered a little body made up of bubbles which had been cast there by the turning of the great water wheel. She too had beome dissatisfied with her surroundings and had taken advantage of a little wave and was now floating on the same stream.

The rippling waves and the soft breeze had now brought them nearer each other. He introduced himself as Mr. Seafoam; she accepted his respects as Miss Bubbles. And oh, how beautiful the world was! The sun shone on the sparkling waters; the banks of the stream were covered with spring flowers; the birds sang in the trees; the air was laden with perfume. They danced and played on the crest of every wave, for the world seemed bright and gay.

They now came to a little ripple, and she remarked that she was feeling a little dizzy. He was now by her side, so he gently took her by the hand. The dizziness was of short duration, for they were soon gliding upon smoother waters. At about this juncture they passed a large green frog sitting upon the bank who remarked, "Mr. and Mrs. Seafoam!"

The world now looked more beautiful than ever; the songs of the birds, the hum of bees, the flitting of the butterflies were all that heart could wish.

But by and by they reached the noon tide of life. They can smell the perfume of the alder, the corn tassel and new mown hay. They now pass through the shadow of an overhanging bough, then ere long another. They begin to observe the shadows are deeper and more frequent. They have now reached the time in their lives when they can hear the rustle of the ripening corn and the falling of nuts. They can also see the yellow and gold on the maple leaf. Notwithstanding all this, life is sweet and they cling more closely to each other.

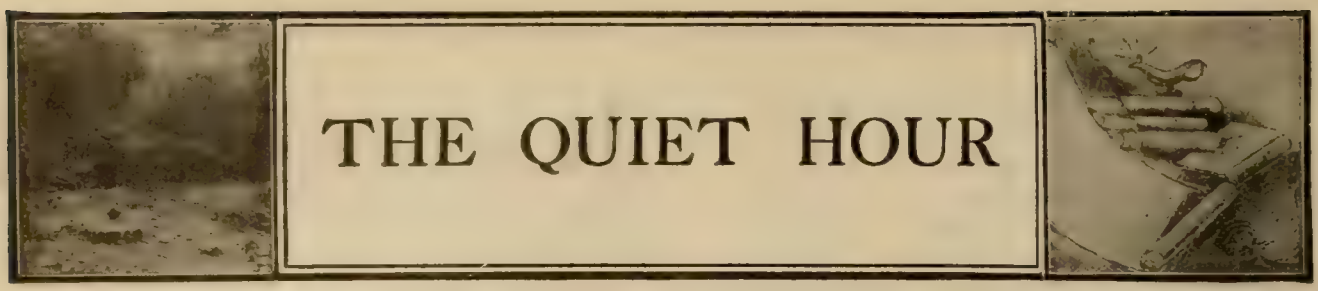
Mrs. Seafoam remarked, "It seems we are traveling faster than we were."

"Yes, it seems so, much faster," remarked Mr. Seafoam, "and it seems but yesterday since we met."

Sure enough they were now traveling much faster, for in fact they were on the very verge of a mighty cataract. I saw them pass over and I saw them no more.

But looking into the mist and spray of that awful cataract, I behold there,—cast by the rays of the setting sun,—a beautiful rainbow, clear, radiant, glorious,

(Continued on Page 1237.)



STAY WITH ME, LORD.

Stay with me, Lord; the evening sun declineth,
And I am weary of this rugged way;
To find repose my fainting spirit pineth—
O Lord, be thou my comfort and my stay;
Tremble my steps with age, my hair is gray,
And earth-born hopes allure me now no more,
But thou, my Savior, cast me not away;
Oh, lead me gently till my journey's o'er
I reach my Father's house, safe sheltered evermore.

Stay with me, Lord; even now to the dark valley
My step descendeth, and the chilling gloom
Is gathering o'er my pathway deep and dreary—
Dread shadows of the aye mysterious tomb.
Now may thy lamp this fearful vale illume,
Its light alone these terrors can dispel;
Where thou, my Lord, art guide, no ill can come.
Though mighty Conqueror of death and hell
To thee I trust my soul, and know that all is well.

—Christian Advocate.

SPARKS FROM THE YULE LOG.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE Yule log upon the hearth blazes again tonight. In the fluctuant shadows come to the dreamer the memories of the past and with them and over them the insistent voices of the present. But whether the joys of the dear dead days have vanished leaving not even a phantom presence of beauty, or whether newer and more vital delight of life fills the wasting hours, there is but one attitude for us to hold. Fortitude even in despair should be in the heart on Christmas night, courage against all ills should buoy us upward. For with Henley it is left us to say in all sincerity:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishment the soul;
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

So as the bells of Christmas ring out across the snow, though we have suffered much, let us extend again the old greeting through all the years—Merry Christmas!

Christmas is not Christmas unless it be merry. Therefore let us be merry, and be ready to make it the most gladsome day of the year. One week later we shall have entered upon another page of the age-long calendar, and before doing so let us put a golden circlet around December 25 and make it a day roseate with pure happiness. We have it in our power to redeem the whole year in a day.

Thomas Carlyle tells us that the happiest day of his life was marked by a gift of a sixpence to a beggar. In his later years, when ill-health gave him a gloomy outlook upon the world, and his own philosophy disposed him to scorn frail humanity, no doubt he would have been glad to renew the joy of his boyish spirit. The virgin simplicity of it could come but once, yet the style and temper of it could be repeated. Very probably he tried to make it reappear by deeds of mercy now and again and very surely in that case he had some degree of success. The festival of Christmas opens the way to that kind of joy-getting.

A good man, whose friend inquired of him the way to Heaven, told him to carry a barrel of flour, a load of coal and other necessities and comforts to a poor family living in a humble cottage at the foot of a hill, within sight of his own towering mansion. He performed the commission and found Heaven in the tears, the smiles and the gratitude of his rejoicing beneficiary.

Not long ago a man spent twenty thousand dollars on a piano. So far as the mechanism of the instrument was concerned it might have been produced for a twentieth of the sum employed. The excess money went into the case, which was constructed of costly wood and adorned with every charm which art could devise. The piano thus lavishly and expensively decorated, though an occasion of joy to the owner and of gratification to the esthetic sense of every lover of beauty, was not capable of any sweeter music than an instrument of equal quality in a far more humble case. Had the owner of this piano chosen to spend twenty thousand dollars on the poor creatures in the cities where there are *too* many of the homeless and friendless, and to whom Christmas will mean no increase of happiness without the charity of others, he might have delighted his soul with music as no instrument, though played by the finest skill of an inspired

genius, has ever produced. The joyful cries of starving children and famishing women, saved by the bounty of those who give bread in Christ's name, make nobler harmonies than the choruses of angels in the celestial world.

The method of making a merry Christmas for oneself, therefore, is to make *others merry* on Christmas. Good deeds to those who have had bad times will make merry hearts in plenty. Society is being steadily sweetened and vitalized by the humane work of those who are visiting the poor, the sick, the needy, and society is being sweetened by those who preach and live a Gospel of Good Cheer. Redeeming children from the cruel despotism of a greed which consigns them to forms of labor too heavy for their feeble bodies, at periods when they should have an opportunity for developing mind and body and soul; carrying the comforts and blessings of an enlightened civilization (a civilization that is Christian) to those who, though living in the very center of its finest manifestations, share no experience of its joys. Miserable, indeed, are those who, knowing the upward movement of society in general, and seeing the philanthropic trend of the age, still keep themselves aloof from personal participation in the work of our times to lift the depressed classes into competency and self-respect, and to give them the pure pleasures of a normal and wholesome life. Let us all get into the tide of helpfulness which is rising so grandly in our time.

What occasions for joy on Christmas morn has a devout soul! The revelations of the Christian religion which began with the birth of Jesus, are sufficient to awaken the highest rejoicing in the thoughtful spirit. An agnostic, who was either too obtuse to understand these revelations or too ignoble to acknowledge that he did, used to declare against them because, in the first place, they dishonored and discouraged men by calling them sinners, condemned to a dark future if they remained impenitent. But it was not necessary to have a Bible to learn this; the newspapers are sufficient for that purpose. If we cannot read, conscience speaks with enough clearness to the same effect. It *was* necessary to have a Bible to tell us that men who are sinners need *not* have a dark future, since Jesus Christ came into the world to save them from that and from the evil which leads to it. It did not require a Bible to teach us that life is short and death is certain. The most indifferent observers ascertain that in an hour.

It *was* necessary for a Christian revelation to instruct us that there is a life beyond, with which in fullness and splendor this life is not worthy to be compared.

There is much confusion about the question of North Pole exploration. Who first reached the boreal centre? The public is so muddled that, in stern impatience, people are crying out that they do not care whether it has ever been reached or not. This is not the situation in reference to the future world. Heaven has been located. The Name of the discoverer is beyond controversy. His report has been accepted by millions of interested persons. "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you." This is the declaration of Jesus, who was born on Christmas Day. It is authentic. It is joy producing. So let us be merry.

Suppose a man should begin to be a Christian on Christmas Day. Would not that be redeeming a whole lifetime in a day? The birth of Jesus—and his own *new* birth would then be celebrated on the same day. For, you see, one is never really alive until he is alive in Christ! What a rich significance they would impart to every Christmas festival thereafter! An Indian who was saved from savagery by the Gospel of Christ, in telling his experience subsequently explained: "That was a beautiful day when I became a Christian. The trees seemed to sing, the sky was full of laughter, the sun smiled with joy, the whole world was full of light! Oh, that was a lovely day when I came to Christ." Reader, if the red man's joy has not yet been yours it is because you have not given yourself to the Savior. Make this Christmas Day *the day*, a *red letter day* in the calendar of your soul. Let Christ be born anew in your life.

TEST OF LIFE.

THE true test of life is character. All else is extraneous, belonging only to the husk, which shall fall off in the day of ripening. Character is the kernel, the wheat, that which is true and enduring. Nothing is worth while save that which we can carry with us through death into eternity. St. Paul puts it in a sentence when he says, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." It is altogether possible that a man may fail in winning any earthly greatness, any distinction among men, anything that will immortalize him in this world's calendars, and yet be richly and nobly successful in moral things which shall abide when mountains have crumbled. It is possible for one to fall behind in the literature, and yet all the while to be building up in himself a fabric of beauty and strength which angels shall admire.—*J. R. Miller.*

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WHAT OF THE PAST YEAR?

This is the time for balancing accounts, and while our minds are running in this channel let us include in our reckoning some of the things that are not represented by dollars and cents, but which are nevertheless worth considering in the year's work.

We are aware that in urging our readers to take a look into the past we are directly opposing the common advice to shut out the past and ever look "onward and upward." We have no desire to quarrel with these face-forward advocates. In the main their advice is good and should be followed, but if we are to learn anything from experience,—and we should—the lessons will be the more surely and perfectly learned if now and then we turn the mind's eye upon the past. As we said above, the close of the year is a good time for this retrospective study.

It must be admitted in the first place that the good which may come from looking into the past depends on *how* we look. We may go to the pains of studying the past in detail and consider how much we have helped our fellow-men as individuals and in the mass and how much force we have exerted, as far as we can determine, in the moral and spiritual progress of that part of the world over which we may have an influence. But even in this study we will not be able to find our real position without something by which to measure our actions and then the benefit received will depend on what our measure is.

If we are to judge by what we hear, a majority of the people will use the "average" for their measure in this study. "I am as good as the average," "I do as well as the average," are common expressions, and the inference is that the average is the ideal of attainment.

Unless one is woefully delinquent, he will receive no benefit from the retrospective view with the average for his standard. Advancement does not come from these "average" people. When we receive more than we give out, whatever the coin of exchange, we are delinquent; we are thieves and robbers. When we give out only as much as we receive,—and this is what the "average" man generally does—we are self-supporting, but that is all that can be said. When we give more than we receive, go two miles when only one is required, in short, when we do our best, then we are contributing to real progress and our balance will be on the right side in our account.

And this is the standard—our best—which we should use in the backward look at this time. What of my life as a neighbor? Have I been of the Good Samaritan class and that, too, in the fullest measure possible to me? What of my life as a member of the church of my choice? Have I stood loyally by the principles for which it stands in the world and has my daily life as a subject of the King of kings shown some degree of approach to the Perfect Pattern, bearing the fruit of the Spirit? What of my life as a Christian citizen of a great nation? Have I made the proper division,—"rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."—being loyal and true to both even in the small details of life?

If we will go into the past after some such manner, we will become much better acquainted with ourselves and can face the New Year with courage and a determination to make better use of it than we did of the one just passing.

NATIONAL SONGS AND THEIR TEACHING.

Among our readers we number many parents and teachers who are daily lending their efforts to the work of bringing up the children of our land with the noblest ideas of true citizenship. But this work means more than simply inculcating right principles, for other influences are at work, wielded by persons who have a false idea of loyal citizenship, and it is a serious question whether or not these false ideas shall rule in the hearts and minds of the rising generation.

In many cases a general supervision by the parents or teacher will be sufficient to lead the children in the right direction, but again there will be cases when the strictest care is necessary. Instances of this kind are found in the study of history where the textbooks extol the art of war and its practices. The same mischievous teaching also creeps in in many of the songs sung in the public school, where with a catching melody and stirring rhythm the false ideas are written deep in the plastic minds

of the children—"line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little." We need to watch ourselves that we do not encourage the singing of popular songs containing sentiments that we do not want to appear in the character of the children.

Lucia Ames Mead, a member of the American School Peace League, has seen the danger in these things. Comparing two of our national songs, the "Star-spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," she says the latter "has a much better scope and is decidedly better verse." Concerning the dangerous teaching of the former, she says:

"The 'Star-spangled Banner,' written in the war of 1812, deals only with that aspect of the flag which associates it with our deeds during a small fraction of our country's history as, out of one hundred and twenty years, we have been at war only ten years. It thrills one to think of 'the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,' but a truly national anthem should deal with more enduring and universal phases of national life. The teacher will do well to correct the false impression made by the lines, 'Then conquer we must, when our cause, it is just.' Nothing is more untrue to history. The conqueror wins in contests of brute force because he has more men or money or better guns, not because his cause is just. The notion that victory implies a just cause is a medieval superstition handed down from the period when duelists fought to settle the question of innocence of a third person. Do not let the child be deceived and interpret history falsely. Brute force never decides justice between nations any more than a bully's blow in the schoolyard settles the question whether the weaker whom he pummels is wrong or not."

Other songs, containing just as false and dangerous teaching, are sent out by different States for general use in the public schools or for special programs. We print the above by way of calling the attention of our readers to this condition and earnestly urge them to use their influence against it. We all know how the sweet lullabies and songs of childhood cling to men and women through life and help to mould their characters for good. It instead of these, songs containing wrong principles are used they will as surely bring a harvest after their kind.

AN ALLEGORY OF THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

(Continued from Page 1233.)

and I said, "Is not this cast there for their final happiness—their complete joy?"

We, too, in the springtime of life pass out from the home that cared for us in our infancy and earlier childhood. We, like the foam and bubbles, often with as little knowledge of the immensity of the undertaking, hasten to try the realities of time on the river of life. We, too, enjoy the sweet springtime of life—its sunshine and flowers. We also soon seek the sweet joys of congenial companionship. But the dizzy ecstacies of our new relationship soon pass and we face the sterner realities of life, with renewed hope and stronger aspirations. We enjoy the song of the birds and the hum of the bees and the flitting of the butterflies. Also the sweet-scented corn tassel and the new mown hay, all of which are but the sunny side of life's passing events. But we encounter the shadow also. For life alternates with sunshine and shadow, and as life grows, the shadows lengthen. And we are led to observe that the shadows are more frequent, and sometimes even sorrow pierces our hearts. But on we glide, and as we do we hear the rustle of the ripening corn and see the yellow and gold on the maple leaf, and by these unmistakable signs are reminded that time is fast passing away. Yes, faster and faster!

And now if we have made our peace with God and have lived the Christ life can we not behold through an eye of faith, even while on the very brink of this seemingly awful cataract cast on the mist and spray by the Son of God, the bow of promise and crown of glory?

Eltopia, Wash.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

H. ATLEE BRUMBAUGH.

The year has made its circle,
We're ready to start anew,
Recalling what has happened,
And planning for what we'll do.

Some have crossed the borderland.
Others are waiting to cross;
Some held important places,—
We are measuring the loss.

Ringing time and joyous time,
The wishing time of the year,
"A happy New Year to all,"
Say the voices, quite sincere.

Count your loss and count your gain,
Balance your account today;
If you've fairly met the world,
Do it in a happy way.

Labor, rest, hope and aspire,
Fate has much in store for all,
For often during the year
Opportunity will call.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

MAKE it a life rule to give your best to whatever passes through your hands. Stamp it with your manhood. Let superiority be your trade-mark. Let it characterize everything you touch. This is what every employer is looking for. It indicates the best kind of a brain; it is the best substitute for genius; it is better capital than cash; it is a better promoter than friends or "pulls" with the influential.—*Orison Swett Marden.*



THE HOME WORLD



Mrs. Butler's Cure

Hattie Preston Rider

"I WISH you would pull the shade lower," said Mrs. Butler, fretfully. "The light hurts my eyes; but I want the white curtain fastened back so I can see who is coming and going. No, not so much as that! You are wrinkling it all up! There! That will do. Dear me! Nobody has any idea how hard it is to lie or sit here day after day, lonesome and suffering!"

The tired little woman who was acting as nurse drew down the corners of her mouth in secret protest. Seven weeks of patient waiting on the whimsical invalid had brought her to the state where a bed or an easy-chair looked like a haven of restfulness. But she answered with stereotyped good humor:

"It is the quietness that is going to help you, Cousin Hetty. The doctor says there isn't a medicine he knows of which would do you a bit of good, unless you keep still and give it a chance."

"But I can't, with all my miserable feelings," the invalid whined. "I've endured this bed now just as long as I can. You'll have to help me into the chair. I want to be drawn out into the sitting-room where I can see what is going on. First, though, I wish you would see what time it is."

The nurse complied, unprotestingly, though the errand made an extra trip for her worn feet. She got the patient into the big rocker very deftly, though Mrs. Butler was much larger and heavier than herself, and presently had her ensconced in a sunny window. Then the shades must be rearranged, a footstool and fresh water brought, and several minor changes made in the wrappings, before everything was satisfactory. Then the nurse laid a fan within reach of the invalid, and went to attend the bread, which was rising briskly above the edges of the pan. No sooner had she plunged her hands into the dough than the querulous voice called from the sitting-room:

"Cousin Anna, I want some steamed rice for my luncheon. It is after ten o'clock, and you'd better put it over right away."

The nurse turned a blank face toward the door. "Rice, Hetty? Why, there isn't a bit in the house! And it is too late to order from the grocery this forenoon. Wouldn't it do for supper just as well?"

"No, it wouldn't!" the invalid snapped, her disappointment sharpening her voice. "Can't you find somebody to send over to the little store on Harvey Street? I don't think of another thing I could swallow. The doctor said I should have everything I wanted, and I'm going to!"

A little frown wrinkled the face bending over the bread-pan; but Anna answered quietly, after a moment's silence:

"Very well; if you can get along by yourself a little while, I will run over myself, as soon as I get this bread into the tins."

Mrs. Butler had not been left alone before during all her illness, and in fact her physician had given strictest orders that she should have constant care, and absolute quiet, callers especially being excluded. She herself, however, as he and the nurse well knew, was her own most disquieting influence. So Cousin Anna believed there would be less harm in trusting her to her own society for half an hour, than in the disappointment over the rice; so following her best judgment she slipped on her long coat and hurried away in the direction of the grocery, having no one whom she could send in her place.

Fifteen minutes later, ponderous steps came along the side veranda, and a heavy knock set Mrs. Butler's nerves all a-tingle. She had hardly time to decide whether to call out, when the door was pushed open, and a large-faced, portly woman in a huge bonnet and bright plaid shawl stepped inside. Mrs. Butler drew herself together, gasping in astonishment; but the intruder stopped short, with a wide stare of something like disappointment, and then settled heavily into the nearest chair.

"Well!" she ejaculated, in a sepulchrally lowered voice. "Be *you* the sick woman? . . . But then, they *do* sometimes brighten up that way, even to the very last! I'm your new neighbor, just moved into the Peabody house in the next block, and I heard down to the drug store how you was desprit bad off, so I thought I'd just run in an' cheer you up a bit. My name's Mis' Bemis. Ain't got a trained nurse, hev you?"—glancing round

furtively. "Them trained nurses is pesky notional about lettin' sick folks see visitors. How be you today, anyhow?"

Mrs. Butler slipped one shaking hand under her wrap, and pressed it against her wildly throbbing heart. For a moment it was a question whether she should faint, cry, or go into hysterics. Summoning every atom of will she possessed, however, she mastered the weakness and answered, though rather uncertainly:

"I —I'm better, I —think."

"Oh! You be!" the caller commented, with a perceptible sniff. "Well, them kind of contrairy, sniptious critters most gen'rally do disapp'int everybody by gittin' up when they ain't expected to. That woman down to the drug store—I didn't find out her name—said as how you was dretful hard to take care of. Be *all* your symptoms better?" She leaned forward to the quilt wrapped about Mrs. Butler's knees, and picking up one thin, white hand, scanned it curiously. "Nails don't show no sign of gettin' black yet, do they? Seems to me your skin looks kind of shiny, though!"

The victim gasped again, but this time with returning resolution. Anger flashed in her faded eyes and sent a red spot into her cheek. Casting about for a suitably haughty and non-committal answer, through the window there met her eyes the welcome sight of her cousin's figure hurrying around the corner of the block below.

"My nurse," she said, with distinct but ominous calmness, "is coming."

"Mis' Bemis" got up with surprising alacrity. "Do tell!" she said. "Well, I guess I'll be going. Couldn't stop long, anyhow. Hope you'll be mending next time I see you. If you git worse, or anything happens, don't be a bit bashful about having them send for me. I'm used to such things, and a master hand at 'em."

She shut the door with lumbering cautiousness, and Mrs. Butler leaned back in her chair, faint with the excitement and various emotions. For days the suspicion had been smouldering within her mind, that she was not going to recover from this obstinate illness. Though after the fashion of her selfish, unthoughtful kind, she had always rather enjoyed the distinction and attentions of chronic semi-invalidism, actual disease and death were possibilities that presented a very different aspect. None of her friends had so much as hinted at such a thing; was it possible that their patience and kindness were due to the fact that they knew she would not be with them long? "Dretful hard to take care of,"—the words of her queer caller came stingingly back to her mind, followed close by those her cousin had spoken that morning! "No medicine in the world can help you, unless you keep still and give it a chance!" Sharp self-accusations flashed into her mind. Her slow recovery was giving untold trouble and worry to her friends, and the slow recovery *was her own fault.* In the face of these harsh discoveries, she sat dumb.

Cousin Anna, coming in a few moments later, found her patient still lying back in the chair, with closed eyes. Moving softly, she took up the tasks she had left; and it was a full hour later that Mrs. Butler asked meekly to be helped back to bed, "whenever it is most convenient for you, Anna." She ate the steamed rice with relish, commending it heartily, and lay quiet all the afternoon, requiring not one unnecessary attention of her nurse. Indeed, the change in her was so radical that it filled her cousin with real concern.

Next morning, however, she was decidedly better, and from that time her recovery was rapid. Best of all, the old fretful habit of speaking dropped from her entirely.

"I don't know what did it," Cousin Anna said privately to their surprised friends, "but it was a wonderful change. What a pity it would have been for us to lose her, now that she has grown so sweet and good!"

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

MRS. MARTIN MOYER.

MUCH has been said on this subject and yet there is much more to say about it.

We must have fresh air and sunshine to live, and the more we get of it, the better. It is the best cure for tuberculosis found yet. But how many people shut up their houses to keep out the air and sunshine for fear their nice carpets, curtains or wall paper will fade. I say, it would be better to live in a log cabin or a tent than that way. Men and women that lived in log cabins were much stronger than the men and women of today.

Think of our sleeping rooms; we spend half of our time in them. Are they full of germs, or fresh air and sunshine? Some people make their beds when they arise. This is all wrong. The bedding should be taken out and hung on a line if it is a nice day; if not they should be thrown back over foot of bed, and the windows be opened and left that way half the day, at the least. Try hanging the bedding out on the line some summer day just to see how sweet and fresh it will smell, and how soon you will fall asleep after going to bed. There would be much less sickness, doctor bills and white plague if this was practiced in more homes.

Teach the children to raise the windows when they rise in the morning; also roll the bedding up and bring it downstairs, to be put on the line, the

earlier the better. Did you ever notice that there is more sickness, such as grip, diphtheria, scarlet fever and lung troubles, after a long cold spell? Why? Because people do not get out as much as they should and do not air the houses. So the germs stay right there and keep increasing and they breathe them over and over. Then some women sweep and never open a window or door to let out the dust. I have seen them nearly choke from it rather than let in the cold air. Better not sweep at all than in that way. I say, open not only one door, but every window and door; let the air rush through the house and blow the dust and germs out.

I was at a place once where one was dying of consumption and they did not allow a bit of fresh air in the room. Others took the disease soon. Was it any wonder?

And about sunshine: *In winter especially* get as much of it as possible in the house. Have white curtains instead of shades at the windows. Or if there are shades, roll them up all the way and have only the white curtains; it is much pleasanter and more healthful.

Goshen, Ind.

THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE.

"THERE'S another side," said the minister's wife, softly.

"How do you know?" asked the visitor who had told the discreditable little tale, strictly in confidence, as she had herself learned it in the bosom of the Wednesday afternoon sewing circle. The minister's wife had not been present, and it was only right that she should be put right about this family of newcomers in the parish. "Some things had come to the ears of the sewing circle that were not —well—not exactly——"

"There's another side!" repeated the minister's wife, not so softly this time. In fact, there was a noticeable little ring of indignation in her tone, which died out in a sort of wondering pity as she noticed the challenging look of her caller. "You're glad there is another side, aren't you? Why, of course you are! And, you see, I know all about it!"

"You weren't at the meeting!" said the other, stiffly. "If you had been, you——"

"No, I was there—at the house! And I say—I saw—O Mrs. Babbitt! if you could have seen what I saw!"

"I saw, too—with my own eyes! That daughter of theirs is an opium——"

"She isn't their daughter—not any relation; not even a friend or a friend's daughter; just a poor girl who had been sick so long and so terribly that the doctors themselves had made her a victim of the opium habit. And they have undertaken to try and cure her. They have given up their home—their very lives—to it. They don't say a word about it. I just found it out—with the help of the doctor."

The visitor rose suddenly—almost unceremoniously. For a moment the hostess looked troubled and aghast. Had she spoken too sharply, discourteously, even? Her mind fled back over the interview and she faltered:

"You are not going yet! You—O, you aren't offended at anything I've said?"

"Yes, I'm going. Offended—I? I'm going round to see all our ladies, every single one of them!"

"And tell them——"

The minister's wife held her breath for the answer. One may be very bold, but it sometimes means a great deal to offend "the ladies."

"And tell them," said the caller, gathering her wraps about her, "that beautiful 'other side'!"

"O!" breathed the minister's wife, gratefully. "And tell them, won't you, that there always is another side—always—always! And it is our Christian business to try and find it."—*Zion's Herald.*

YOUR BOY.

TEACH your boy to be accurate. If he be not taught accuracy in childhood, he will never learn it in his manhood. Teach him to speak accurately on all subjects, and he will scorn to tell a lie.

Teach him the valuable lesson of consideration for the feelings of others. Teach him to disdain revenge. Impress him with this beautiful sentiment, "Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble."

Let your boy be boyish. A mannish boy—a boy who is a man before his time—is a disagreeable object.

Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. The undecided boy is sure to become a namby pamby man. He will be, as Dryden says, "everything by starts and nothing long."

Teach your boy courtesy. "Manners make a man," says a proverb. True politeness is rapidly becoming in this country one of the "lost arts."

Do not give your boy expensive notions. Bring him up to be simple in his habits and pleasures.

Teach your boy to look upon labor as a real dignity and idleness as a disgrace.

Teach your boy to be open and frank. If he has carelessly broken anything and takes the full blame upon himself and makes no excuses about it, don't punish him, but commend him for his honesty, and he will grow up every inch a man.

Teach your boy to be self reliant. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other, said Pythagoras. Let your boy learn no other language but this, "You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exer-

tion whether you sink or swim, survive or perish." The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself.

Teach your boy that there is no such thing as "luck." Good pluck is good luck. Whole hearted energy crowns men with honors.

The word "can't" ought not to be found in your boy's vocabulary. Teach him stick-to-it-ness. Don't flinch. Never fly the track. Hold on; hold fast; hold out.

Teach your boy that the use of tobacco is a filthy, costly and unhealthy habit. The only verse in the Bible that can be quoted in favor of this habit is, "Let him that is filthy be filthy still." The boy with a cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence on his face, a care for nothingness in his manner, older than his father (judging from his demeanor) is going too fast. Stop him, father; stop him! The chances are ten to one that in a dishonored grave will soon lie the buried hopes of a father, the joys of a mother's heart and the pride of sisters fair.

Teach your boy to be strictly honest in all his dealings with his brothers and sisters. If he disregards their rights, he will grow up to disregard the rights of men. "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines."

Put you boy on his honor. Trust his honor. Nothing will improve his character more. The boy that always requires looking after is in danger.

Be your boy's companion. Treat him as a gentleman, and if such treatment does not make him a gentleman nothing else will.

Teach your boy that the best whiskey sling is to sling the bottle or the concealed jug out of the window, and that the best throw of the dice is to throw the dice away.

Teach your boy not to despise little things. Life is made up of little things. The "little things" in the aggregate make up whatever is great. Look to the littles. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then will the whole life be full of beauty and goodness.

Never permit your boy to associate with your neighbor's badly managed boys. "He who goes with wolves soon learns to howl." A boy readily copies all that he sees done, good or bad. A boy's temper and habits will be formed on a model of those with whom he associates.

Above all, bring up that boy of yours in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The only way to bring him up in the way of the Lord is for you to walk in that way yourself. Let yours, then, be the religious home, and God's blessing will descend upon it. Your children shall be like "olive plants around your table"—the "heritage of the Lord." It will give to the boy's soul its "perfect flowering" and make it "lustrous in the livery of divine knowledge."—*Selected.*

TRUE ORNAMENTS FOR WOMEN.

In all ages of the world women have given much attention to ornaments. But there are two kinds of ornaments, those of the spirit and those of gold and gems. Think of Cleopatra, with her precious ornaments of gold, but no ornaments of grace. Think of Jezebel with her queenly adornments, but so vile within that she is spoken of as "the bloody Mary" of the first religious persecution. Compare with her Deborah, who is remembered as the leader of the first praying crusade against the enemies of God.

The most precious necklace that a woman can wear is "the scarlet thread" of faith in Christ bequeathed by the converted Rahab. By that sign Rahab and all her household were saved when Jericho fell.

Another ornament for women is given by the hand of Dorcas: Industry. Many young ladies desire to make their names immortal by their pens, but Dorcas did it with her needle. She is even more famous for her charitable sewing than the four daughters of Philip for their preaching. The women of the Orient unconsciously secure more erect carriage and firmer step than other women by carrying burdens on their heads. So responsibility and activity give any woman improved bearing. Dorcas sends down also as an ornament for women the bracelet of benevolence. The most beautiful hand is the hand that gives. In old England it was formerly the custom for wealthy families to give bread to the poor on certain days by the hand of the mistress at the castle gate. She was therefore called "Lafdy," meaning the loaf giver, afterward contracted to the word "Lady." The true lady is one who gives bread not only for the bodies, but also for the souls of men, bread of sympathy, prayer, helpfulness, especially the bread of life, which saves the soul from sin and hell to holiness and heaven.—*Christian Herald.*

SCHOOL SANDWICHES.

I bake bread for school sandwiches in round tins, using the 1-lb baking powder cans. Sometimes I bake graham or rye bread, also brown bread, besides the white bread. I let the bread get one or two days old, before using, and butter each slice on the loaf before cutting. For fillings I use whatever I have on hand. Sometimes it is left-over bits of meat, chopped fine and moistened with gravy, melted butter, or olive oil; sliced ham, cheese, or fried bacon, flaked salmon seasoned with lemon juice; sardines sprinkled with lemon juice, cream cheese salted and sprinkled with chopped nuts, hard-boiled eggs chopped fine and mixed with creamed butter; chopped celery sauce with a little dressing, chopped chicken livers, or peanut butter.

I never give pie, and only the plainest cakes—jam or honey sandwiches acting as good and more whole-

some substitutes. I always inclose some fruit—dried figs, prunes, dates or raisins, when no fresh fruit is on hand. My children are never troubled with constipation or indigestion.—*Farm and Home.*

MAKE UTENSILS OF TIN CANS.

THE Malay peninsula produces about 65 per cent of the total output of tin in the world, which amounts to nearly 58,000 tons, valued at $41,000,000; of this the United States consumes about one-fourth. The amount of this tin that comes back to the Malay peninsula in the form of tin cans is interesting. Of the approximately $2,000,000 worth of goods shipped from the United States to this region, about $800,000 of it comes in tin cans of all varieties. It requires 1,300,000 one-gallon cans to bring the petroleum, and the purposes for which these cans are used after the oil has been consumed are varied and peculiar.

Thousands of the cans are used as water buckets. The interior of a Malay, Tamil or Chinese home contains American tin cans of all sizes and shapes, put to some useful purpose. Sieves are made by puncturing holes. Thousands of dust pans are made from the cans by removing one side, curving two sides and attaching a large wooden handle. Baking and cooking utensils of all kinds are also skillfully manufactured, and may be seen in thousands of homes. For storing articles of food against ant onslaughts the tin can is a blessing.

Hundreds of men are engaged in manufacturing from tin cans funnels, pepper and salt casters, cocoanut and nutmeg graters, lamps, biscuit tins, tea and coffee pots, ladles, mugs, cake patties, Chinese pipes, oil lamps, money boxes, and the framework for false teeth. So necessary has the American tin can become to these people that to be deprived of its manifold uses would cause a real hardship.—*United States Consul General at Singapore.*

THE conscience is the most elastic material in the world. Today you cannot stretch it over a molehill: tomorrow it hides a mountain.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

The Children's Corner

UNCLE NED'S FIRESIDE CHATS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"UNCLE NED," said Harry, "the teacher wants us to write an essay on some proverb and I don't know what to write."

"Don't you know any proverb?"

"Yes, but I can't understand the one she gave me, Uncle."

"Tell me what it is and perhaps I can help you," said his uncle, amused at the doleful look on his little nephew's face.

"She said, 'Have your distaff ready and God will send the flax,' or something of that kind."

"That is a good proverb, Harry. It means for you to prepare yourself and the time will come when you will have an opportunity to use your knowledge."

"But, Uncle," protested Harry, "tell me about the distaff and perhaps I will be better able to write."

"All right. Have you ever seen any spinning done?"

"No, sir."

"You perhaps remember that I told you the other evening that linen was made from flax. This plant is a native of Egypt, some parts of Asia, and the southern part of Europe. It has also been cultivated to some extent in America. One hundred years ago over twenty-one million yards of flaxen cloth were made in America. Now with about twelve times as many people we do not make one-fourth as much as then.

"Flax grows to a height of two or three feet. When the seeds are a pale brown the flax is pulled. The first process is *rippling*. The next is called *scutching*. By this the fiber or bark is freed from the more woody core. What is left is called tow."

"There is a boy in our room the boys all call 'Tow-head.' Why is it?"

"Because his hair is the color of tow. But don't you do so, Harry. We had one in our school when I was a boy and it did not please him to be called by that name.

"When the flax was freed from the tow it was ready to be spun. I have a bunch of it in my trunk that I will get and show you some time. I had it when I was teaching school, so I could show the children what it was like."

"Was any use made of the tow?"

"Yes, it was used as padding for various articles, as upholstering furniture. Boys also used it to make wads for their popguns.

"But to return to our proverb. When the flax was prepared for spinning it was placed on a staff, called a distaff, and was drawn from it in spinning. In mythology the distaff was dedicated to Pallas, and the Fates are always represented with it and engaged in spinning the thread of life.

"The art of spinning is one of the oldest known arts, being represented on the earliest Egyptian monuments. The first improvement on the primitive apparatus was to cause the spindle to revolve by means of a wheel. This was the spinning wheel, invented about 1530. In 1764 James Hargreaves invented a machine that spun eight threads. He

named it the spinning-jenny in honor of his wife who was a noted expert with the wheel. Since then the number of spindles has been increased almost indefinitely."

"I wish I could see some spinning done," said Harry.

"Perhaps you may some time find some one who can show you how it is done, but not many women now can spin."

TO KEEP LARD SWEET.

To prevent lard from becoming moldy or rancid. This has never been known to fail: After the lard has been put in stone jars and has become hardened, take a plain piece of paper, such as wrapping paper, and cut round, the shape of the jar, and about one and one-half inches larger all the way around than the jar. Press this down on the lard with the edge of the round paper up all around, put on a generous supply of salt and tie cloth or paper in the jar. Put this away in the cellar and lard will keep an indefinite period and be just as fresh when opened as when first put away, and without the least particle of mold.

Sausage or meat fried down may be kept in the same way.—*Selected.*

FOR THE COOK.

Delicious Corn Bread.

1 pint milk.
2 eggs well beaten.
1 cup cornmeal.
½ teaspoonful salt.
Butter size of egg.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Boil the milk, stir in the cornmeal and let stand a few minutes. Add butter, eggs well beaten, salt and baking powder. Bake in well-greased pan 20 or 30 minutes.—*Sister Pearl Weimer, St. Elmo, Va.*

Ginger Bread.

Beat together 1 egg, 1 cup of molasses and 1 cup of sugar. Then add 1 cup of lard, 1 cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, 1 teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves and cinnamon; also a pinch of salt. To this add 2 heaping cups of flour. Mix thoroughly and bake in a dripping pan.—*Sister Martha Holland, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

Lemon Pie.

The following will make four pies which are to be baked between lower and upper crust in deep pans: Take the inside and juice of one large lemon, remove the seeds, add 2 cups of sugar and 5 cups cold water; dissolve well. In another dish thoroughly beat 1 cup of flour, 1 egg and 1 cup sour cream; add this to the other ingredients and bake in a hot oven.—*Sister Annie Johnson, Cando, N. Dak.*

Cream Pie (Banana).

Take ½ cup of sugar, the yolks of 2 eggs and ½ cup of flour stirred smooth with milk. Bring 3 cups of sweet milk to boiling point and stir in the above mixture. Cook a few minutes and flavor with vanilla. Then after cooling a little spread on 2 baked crusts in which you have put a layer of thinly-sliced bananas. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, adding 1 tablespoonful of sugar, spread over custard and brown slightly.—*Sister Lizzie Shirk, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

Old-Fashion Pound Cake.

10 eggs.
1 pound of flour.
1 pound of sugar.
¾ pound of butter.

Do not beat yolks but cream yolks, butter and sugar all together until light as foam, then add flour and last of all add whites beaten very light. Flavor if you like. Put in a moderate oven and let rise one-half hour and then bake one hour. Do not use any thing to raise the cake as the eggs will raise it. Use a lid over the top while in oven so it will not bake too fast. —*Sister Amanda C. Houff, Fort Defiance, Va.*

Walnut Wafers.

2 eggs.
1 cup brown sugar.
3 tablespoons flour.
⅓ teaspoon salt.
¼ teaspoon baking powder.
1 cup walnut meats slightly broken but not chopped.

Beat the eggs, yolks and whites together; add sugar, then flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Lastly stir in the walnuts and drop the mixture by small spoonfuls on buttered pans, bake in a moderate oven until golden brown. Remove the wafers from the pan as soon as they are baked. Leave plenty of room between the cakes as they will spread while baking.—*Sister Addie M. Wine, Reedley, Cal.*

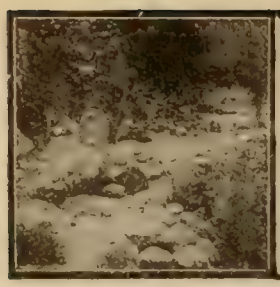
Roll Jelly Cake.

1 cup flour.
1 cup sugar.
3 eggs.
2 tablespoons milk.
1 teaspoon baking powder.

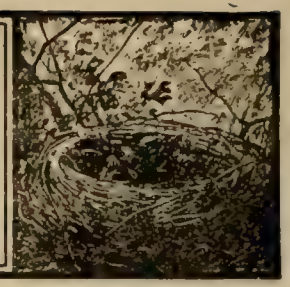
Wrap in a damp cloth for a few minutes. Spread with jelly and roll.—*Sister Addie M. Wine, Reedley, Cal.*

Apple Tapioca.

Take ½ cup of tapioca dissolved over night in a pint of water, add 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar and 1 egg well beaten. Let come to a boil, pour this over 4 apples cut fine, bake brown and eat with cream.



NATURE STUDIES



SONNET TO DECEMBER.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Down from the north December's cold winds blow,
The brooklets babble 'neath an icy sheet;
Gray clouds up in the sky, join hands and meet
To spread earth's beds, with counterpanes of snow.
Remain now, only snow birds and the crow.
All others fly to distant, warm retreat,
Where they can still find food enough to eat.
On window-panes, the fairy frost trees grow
To mock the bare arms of the winter's tree,
Which stretch forth, robed in glittering, cold ice.
The hearts of children are now filled with glee
As thoughts of Christmas will their minds entice.
And even parents, now, it seems to me,
Will keep surprises, to enjoy them twice.
Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW NATURE PROTECTS SOME OF HER BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

MINNIE O. WOLFE.

Almost every one is a lover of animals and birds in their wild state, and yet the most of us who live among them year after year know very little of the habits of either, and of Nature's way of caring for and protecting them.

It is an interesting study for any of us to know what birds go South in winter, how they go and where they stop. Of their return to the North in the spring, the nest building and their ways of living. How the animals of the woods live. Those that hibernate and those that trust to the shelter of bushes and boughs for protection in winter. Of their food and how it is procured.

Those of us who live in the North, where the snow comes early in November and lies deep on the ground all winter, find it interesting to know how Nature protects and cares for some of her animals and birds. We know Mother Nature is very wise and kind in caring for her children of the woods, and providing them with garments to suit every season.

Here in the North, when the first snow of winter falls, the little snow birds begin to change their dress of brown, to one of a lighter shade; and by the time two or three snows have fallen, the light dress becomes almost white. What is lovelier than a flock of white birds with perhaps a spot of rich brown here and there? The little fellows are much safer in their white dress from the sharp eyes of the hawk which is ever on the alert for small birds for his daily food. When the snow melts in the spring, and the trees and bushes begin to leaf out, then the white dress is changed to one of brown which he wears until the coming of the next winter's snow.

The rabbit in his coat of grey, which is so common to us all, also undergoes this change as the first snow of winter falls—first to a mixture of grey and white, and finally Bunny comes out in his coat of pure white and he is really a very pretty little fellow. He also is safer from the birds and animals which prey on him, and even man has to use his eyes pretty keenly to detect a white rabbit jumping along over the snow.

The deer, that animal of the forest that we love, changes from a reddish brown in summer to more like the color of the bushes and trees in winter. He is safer from the wolves which are the greatest enemy the deer has, excepting man.

What is prettier than a white weasel, and we wonder why nature has also made provision for him, when we know he is such a pest, and sometimes plays such havoc in the chicken yard. But his fur also changes with the falling of the first snow of winter to purest white, with the exception of the tip of his tail which is black or brown. This white coat enables him to slip up on his prey more easily without being seen and thus he procures his food.

Norman, Minn.

AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

It was one of those calm, mild, beautiful autumn days that we spent in a fine forest of which Pennsylvania still has some, although they are fast being destroyed. The leaves on the numerous trees were wearing gorgeous colors, and were dropping, one by one and mingling with those that had fallen a year ahead. How they rattled under our feet, and covered the tea cherry leaves and trailing arbutus!

Here we find many things of interest, even though the glory of summer is past. See that rotten log all covered with moss and we gather some of the finest to take home. But the ferns are still beautiful,

although a little the worse for the cold. And such a variety! We find some that seem to resemble so closely the "Boston Fern," which adorns so many homes, and then there are some almost as fine as the "Maiden Hair," and others coarser, but very pretty. Every yard should have some of these beautiful plants of the forest and they are as easily raised as potatoes, especially if you remove some of the native soil with them.

Perhaps "Indian Summer" was in its glory that afternoon, for there was a warm, hazy atmosphere, and the stillness of the forest almost made us feel sad, for

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year"

The thought of the long, cold winter when all nature is resting, and the mantle of white gently covers leaves, ferns and moss, has a tendency to make us look on the dark side, and cause the mind to reflect on decaying matter. But we should think again, and remember how fully our Creator cares for all his workmanship and how sweetly they are resting under the snow, only to come forth later in greater grandeur and glory. Truly we see the hand of God in all his works, and they afford meditation and comfort if we look and listen carefully. Just now the trees look bare and cold, but a Master Mind and Hand will tenderly care for them until the balmy springtime, when the resurrection will come again when he will clothe them with greater verdure and freshness.

Truly we are living in a wonderful world created by One who is powerful and great, and on every hand we can learn lessons that will make us wise and better if we listen to the teachings of nature.

"Every hollow full of ferns,
Turning yellow in their turns,
Struggling brambles, fierce and wild
Yielding berries to the child;
Oak balls trembling from the tree,
Beech nuts dropping silently;
Hosts of leaves come down to die,
Leaving opening to the sky;
Bluebells, foxgloves gone to seed,
Everything to death decreed.
Nothing left of flowers or buds,—
Such is Autumn in the woods."

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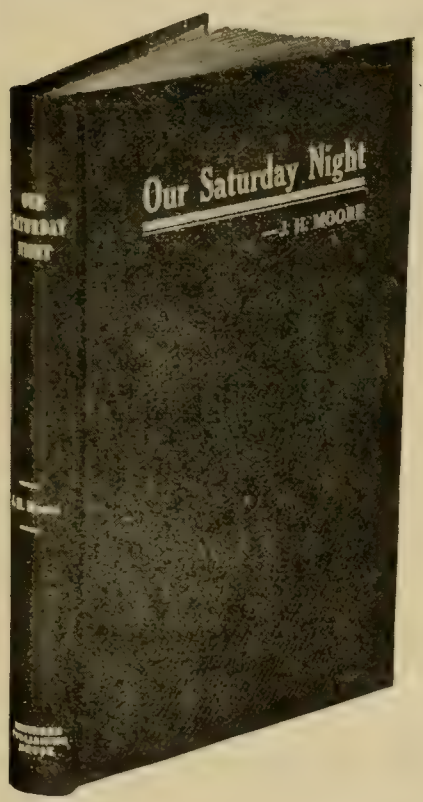
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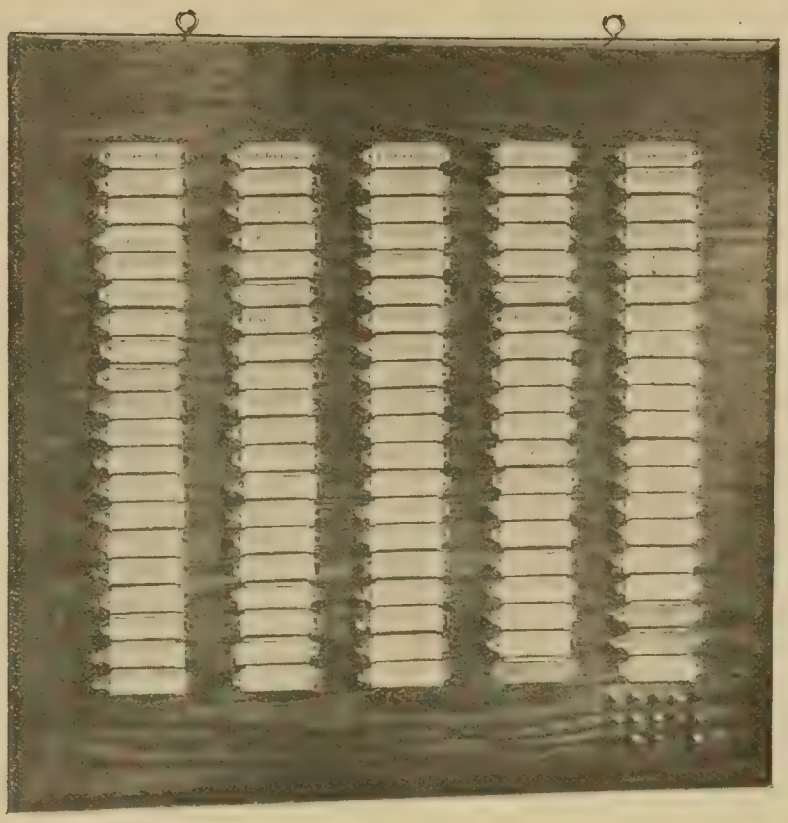
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WHY IRRIGATION BRINGS SUCH PHENOMENAL RESULTS

The farmer in the rain belt hears of the phenomenal crops of the irrigation farmer and pronounces them the grossest of exaggerations. Occasionally he gets an opportunity to behold some of the wonderful returns of the irrigation farmer and then he is filled with wonder and instinctively asks "Why?" A splendid soil, pure soft water and an abundance of sunshine make ideal crop conditions. The soil of the semi-arid regions contains the necessary chemical elements for plant life, water is the element which dissolves the chemicals, and sunshine supplies the mysterious power by which these elements are conveyed to the organs of the plant. The irrigation farmer by controlling his water supply receives the greatest benefit from the three elements under consideration. He virtually controls them, and with as certain results as can the master of a factory or a machine shopman his materials, putting them into a finished product. In other words, the irrigation farmer is a manufacturer of farm products.



IRRIGATED ONION FIELD ON SOD BREAKING--
ON THE SWEET GRASS.

"The very conditions which are necessary to bring rain to the rain belt farmer, of necessity shuts off his sunshine. In Montana the number of sunshiny days during the growing season is probably as great as in any other farming community on earth. Its high latitude brings some sixteen hours of sunshine each day during the height of the growing season, and a cloudy day is a rare occurrence at that time of the year. The peculiar location of the upper Yellowstone Valley in relation to the mountains, and the warm currents of the Pacific, give it an added advantage in the matter of atmosphere to the long days of sunshine."

The farmer who depends on natural rainfall for the growing of his crops must sit helpless while he longs for the needed rain—the irrigation farmer simply opens his gate and puts the water on his potatoes today, his oats or other crops tomorrow, next week, or whenever they need it, while he may be making hay in another field; thus having perfect weather conditions every day for the growing and harvesting of his different crops.

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